

AUTHORS
Today and Yesterday

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PREFACE

THIS second collection of authors' biographies, following on the publication of *Living Authors* in 1931, includes short accounts of the lives and works of some 320 writers of the twentieth century. The subjects for this volume have been drawn from authors living and dead whose books have appeared wholly or largely since 1900. Authors of the nineteenth century whose work continues into the twentieth have been included if they appear to have contemporary relevance, or if the number of requests has implied a general expectation of their inclusion. Obviously, a precise division between the writers of any two consecutive centuries is impossible.

The biographies in this volume are, on the average, almost twice as long as those in its predecessor; the bibliographies are more detailed and comprehensive, with the addition of suggestive references about each author as a guide to further study; a more extensive research than heretofore has been undertaken; a larger percentage of foreign authors is included; the treatment, in general, aims to be more adequate and serious, without declining into dullness; much more auto-biographical material has been secured for publication.

The editor is deeply grateful to the living authors here and abroad who have so generously contributed their own accounts of their lives to the volume. (Nearly all these documents—they are printed verbatim—are unusually communicative; several are refreshingly candid, unaffected, and revealing.) To the many other authors who supplied material and references and who verified data, the editor wishes also to express his debt. The words "autobiographical sketch" in the introduction to a text signify that the account was written by the author expressly for this volume or approved by him, or his publishers or heirs, as an authorized autobiographical statement.

It is hoped that this volume, like the first, will be found to contain a varied and not indiscriminating assembly of characteristic writers of the modern world. Over 3000 names were considered for inclusion; and the votes of over 400 librarians, teachers, authors, and students of modern literature were consulted. Altho the book has been expanded more than 200 pages beyond the original estimate, practical considerations have precluded a further increase in size, with the result that many authors who might have added distinction to our alphabet have been reluctantly omitted. To these we owe an apology for a neglect that is more apparent than real, and that it

may be possible to remedy at a later date. It should also be said that a few authors—but only a few—who were appointed to the present volume have refused or ignored requests for information and have been excluded because of the insufficiency of biographical data. Whatever the specific explanation may be, readers are invited to inform the editor of his more egregious errors of omission and commission, so that an effort may be made to rectify them in future editions.

Care has been taken to include adequate representatives of the more familiar literatures of our time. The following geographical units are represented by one or more authors in this volume: England, the United States—these first two in about equal numbers—France, Germany, Spain, Russia, Ireland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Australia, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Austria, Poland, Italy, Belgium, Nicaragua, and Uruguay. Since this work is addressed to readers of English, only those foreign authors whose books are available in English translation have been considered eligible. Novelists predominate, as is but natural in a novel-reading age. No attempt has been made to satisfy regionalists and specialists.

These biographies, it should be clear, are not essays in criticism; nor is the selection of authors to be construed as a critical judgment, altho it has been thought expedient to omit a large group of popular writers (whose work appears in the magazines of largest circulation) rather than to attempt a choice among them. The editorial intention has been to act as a disinterested literary reporter for the benefit of good readers with normal curiosities. Should any bias, however, be detected, we trust that it will be found a bias in favor of youth and talent. (Our historians of literature fear the one and recognize the other only in the dead.) This we have tried to do: in our *rapportage*, to be alert and interesting; in our information, to be accurate; in the organization of our material, to imply the auctorial purpose and direction. The work will have its sufficient justification if it should serve to introduce some readers to some writers; or, perhaps, increase a pleasure of understanding by relating lonely titles to a life and a continuity.

Not the least of the difficulties in preparing this volume has been the acquisition of portraits for reproduction. Our success in tracking down at least a passable likeness of each of our authors, many of whom have never before exposed their countenances to the vicissitudes of print, must be attributed to good luck as well as to perseverance.

Most of the work on this book was done by a permanent editorial staff, whose heads are named on the title-page: Howard Haycraft, who has shared many of the editor's administrative duties, and Wil-

bur C. Hadden, who has conducted much of the literary research. No more conscientious and helpful assistants could have been desired. Additional contributors of more than one sketch include Angel Flores, author of *Lope de Vega* and other works on foreign literature; Herbert Spencer Robinson, author of *English Shakesperian Criticism in the Eighteenth Century*; Arthur Berthold; and André Schwob. The work of these contributors is signed with their initials. Sketches written by the editorial board and staff members are unsigned.

The following publishing houses have been unfailingly courteous and helpful in countless ways: D. Appleton-Century; Bobbs-Merrill; Albert and Charles Boni; Covici, Friede; Coward-McCann; John Day; Dial Press; Dodd, Mead; Doubleday, Doran; Duffield and Green; E. P. Dutton; Farrar and Rinehart; Samuel French; Gyl-dendalske Boghandel (Copenhagen); Harcourt, Brace; Harper and Brothers; Henry Holt; Houghton Mifflin; Alfred A. Knopf; J. B. Lippincott; Little, Brown; Liveright, Inc.; Longmans, Green; John W. Luce; Macaulay; Robert M. McBride; Macmillan; Minton, Balch; W. W. Norton; Oxford University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons; Charles Scribner's Sons; Simon and Schuster; Smith and Haas; Frederick A. Stokes; Viking Press; W. A. Wilde.

Acknowledgment is made to Mrs. May Lamberton Becker and Angel Flores for their assistance in determining the correct pronunciation of many doubtful and foreign names. Numerous individuals and libraries—too numerous to mention individually—have established or confirmed elusive points of information.

The dates given in the bibliographies are, unless otherwise stated, the dates of original publication. For the convenience of those who will use the book in conjunction with its predecessor, an index to the contents of both *Authors Today and Yesterday* and *Living Authors* has been appended to this volume.

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AUTHORS TODAY AND YESTERDAY

Lascelles Abercrombie 1881-

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE, English poet, critic, and scholar, was born on January 9, 1881; the sixth son of William Abercrombie of Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire, and a younger brother of Leslie Patrick Abercrombie, English architect and writer.

After attending Malvern College he entered Victoria University, Manchester, where his studies were chiefly along scientific lines. His natural bent was literary and academic, however, and 1919 found him lecturer in poetry at the University of Liverpool. Three years later he was made professor of English literature at the University of Leeds and since 1929 he has been Hildred Carlile Professor (of literature) in Bedford College, University of London.

Professor Abercrombie is currently best known to the general public as a teacher, lecturer, and essayist, but competent critics are of the opinion that it is as an exponent of the limited movement in poetry known as "Georgian" that he is most likely to be remembered by future generations. Tho his verse has never been in any sense "popular" he is not infrequently called the Georgian laureate.

His first published writing was a small book of verse, *Interludes and Poems*, issued in 1908 when he was twenty-seven. In 1912, unable to find a commercial publisher, he had *The Sale of St. Thomas*, "a dramatic poem," printed privately. (It was to become his best known poetic effort and was reissued publicly in 1930.) A year later he joined with Rupert Brooke, John Drinkwater, and W. W. Gibson in founding a quarterly magazine, *New Numbers*, which was devoted to the poetry of the four founders. Three issues appeared and then the War intervened and broke up the group. Two of the group, Aber-



LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

crombie and Gibson, together with Walter De La Mare, were named financial beneficiaries of Brooke's literary estate by the terms of his will.

From the outbreak of the War to the early 'Twenties Abercrombie published but little. Since then numerous books have come from his pen. Most of his recent works, however, are in prose. The crowning achievement of his career as a poet came in 1930 when a collected edition of his verse was issued in the Oxford Poets Series. Only two poets have been included in the Series in their lifetimes. (The other was Robert Bridges.)

Despite this unusual recognition, Abercrombie's poetry has found only a small public, chiefly because of its limited appeal, which Louis Untermeyer identifies with the author's "superficially dense style." He is a poet of the intellect and esthetic theory, recording philosophical abstractions rather than emotional sensations, and his writing is opposed equally to the Imagist school

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Monro, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Untermeyer, L. *Modern British Poetry*; Williams, C. *English Poetry at Present*.

Bookman (London) 71:9 October 1926; *New York Herald Tribune "Books"* October 15, 1933; *North American Review* 220:319 December 1924; *Poetry* 40:47 April 1932.

Henry Adams 1838-1918

HENRY BROOKS ADAMS, American author, was born February 16, 1838, in Boston, Massachusetts, the third son of Charles Francis Adams, eminent diplomatist, and Abigail Brown Brooks Adams, daughter of a Boston merchant. His grandfather was John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States; his great-grandfather was John Adams, the second president. He said in his autobiography, "Probably no child, born in the year, held better cards than he."

His three brothers all attained distinction: John Quincy Adams, lawyer, for several terms a member of the Massachusetts general court and vice-presidential nominee in 1872; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., for six years president of the Union Pacific Railroad; and Brooks Adams, lawyer. Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy in the Hoover administration, was a nephew.

Henry Adams attended Mr. Bixwell's School, which he thoroly disliked; read eighteenth century history, Dickens, and Scott in his father's library; listened to the political discussions of celebrated household guests such as Charles A. Dana, John Gorham Palfrey, and Charles Sumner. The latter was Adams' boyhood idol. When his father, defeated for vice-president in 1848, edited the works of John Adams, Henry read the proof. Summers were spent with his grandfather, John Quincy Adams, at Quincy.

As an undergraduate at Harvard; Adams contributed articles to the *Harvard Magazine*, acted in the comedies of the Hasty Pudding Club, and was class orator. After four years, which he believed wasted, he was graduated in 1858.

A year of study at the University of Berlin was followed by travel in Germany and Italy and a chance interview with Garibaldi. Adams wrote long let-



From a self-photograph
HENRY ADAMS

1903

ters to his brother Charles Francis Adams which were published in the *Boston Courier*. Returning home in the fall of 1860, he became secretary to his father, then a congressman in Washington. From his pen came a political treatise, "The Secession Winter, 1860-61," which was printed fifty years afterward in the *Proceedings* of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In the spring of 1861, his father being appointed United States Minister to England, Adams went to London as his father's private secretary. During his seven years in London he mingled with leading personages in political, social, and literary circles and was entertained by Lord Palmerton and Lord John Russell.

Satisfied that literature offered "higher prizes than politics," Adams began to prepare himself for a journalistic career, with the idea of eventually abandoning the family political "go-cart." He studied hard for two years, reading De Tocqueville, Mill, and Comte, and taking an interest in the scientific works of Darwin and Sir Charles Lyell.

Adams returned to America with his father in the summer of 1868 and spent the next two years in Washington contributing political articles and correspondence to the *North American Re-*

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sculptor called the "Mystery of the Hereafter," and listened to tourists' comments on it.

Repeated visits to the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 started Adams thinking in a new direction, and he soon noted that his object of education was changed. Spending most of his summers after 1898 in France, he turned his attention to the problem of correlating history with science, inspired by visits to the Paris Exposition and to the Cathedral of Chartres.

"Working out his theory of history," explains James Truslow Adams, his biographer, "Adams had established in his mind two forces, which he represented by the Virgin and the dynamo. . . . As a working hypothesis to try out his theory and see whither it might lead, Adams decided to take two points between which he could trace the operation of force, and so possibly establish a direction and a rate of acceleration. He chose as one point, that from which to start, the point at which, in his opinion, 'man held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe,' which he located in the twelfth century. The other point was to be, for convenience, *himself*, as a symbol of twentieth century multiplicity."

His study of twelfth century unity was made in *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, of which he had 150 copies privately printed in 1904. He gave six copies to public libraries and distributed the rest among his friends. About this time he wrote the *Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres*, which did not appear in print until after his death.

Completing the second half of his labor, Adams wrote *The Education of Henry Adams*, an autobiography. He had it privately printed, in folio, in 1906, limiting the edition to forty copies for his friends. This work, his crowning achievement, was in his own opinion unfinished, and he would not permit its publication in his lifetime. At his death he left the copyright to the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he was an honorary member.

Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres was revised and privately printed again in 1912. Reluctantly, Adams permitted it

to be published in 1913. It won acclaim as a study of the medieval mind.

In the spring of 1912, at the age of seventy-four, Adams suffered a stroke of paralysis which ended his writing career. He continued to spend his summers in France until the outbreak of the World War in 1914. The last four years of his life he remained at his home in Washington and every evening had old twelfth and thirteenth century songs sung to him. (He had accumulated a store of them in manuscript.)

Adams was a small man, his growth having been stunted by a childhood case of scarlet fever which left him two or three inches shorter than his brothers, none of whom was tall. He had what someone called a "thoughtful forehead," he wore a short beard, and was fastidious. His movements were deliberate and he would look up from his work to make some droll remark to his assembled nieces. He loved children, tho he had none of his own, and always kept toys in the house. He was fond of dogs and horseback riding. One niece said: "No one who loved him really feared him tho his manner might be at times alarming to a stranger. His alternation of great gentleness with sudden brusqueness was temperamental and involuntary, and was part of his fascination. It made life exciting and varied in his presence. The brusqueness was nearly always to conceal a ray of tenderness that escaped him." He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and was the recipient of an LL.D. from Western Reserve University.

Adams died in his sleep on March 27, 1918, after spending the evening listening to medieval songs. He was eighty years old. He was buried beside his wife in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, and his will stated that "no inscription, date, letters or other attempt at memorial" should ever be placed over their joint grave.

When *The Education of Henry Adams* was posthumously published in September 1918, and offered to the general public for the first time, it had an extraordinary sale and was one of the most widely discussed books of the

decade. It was brought out in numerous subsequent editions. The preface, signed Henry Cabot Lodge, was written by Adams. His letters were edited in 1930 by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Adams' nine-volume history was reprinted in four volumes in 1930.

Henry Adams' works:

Chapters of Eric and Other Essays (with C. F. Adams) 1871; *The Life of Albert Gallatin*, 1879; *Democracy: An American Novel*, 1880; John Randolph, 1882; *Escher: A Novel*, 1884; *History of the United States of America During the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison* (nine volumes) 1889-91; *Memoirs of Marat Taron*, *Last Queen of Tahiti*, 1893; *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, 1904; *The Education of Henry Adams*, 1906; *A Letter to American Teachers of History*, 1910; *The Life of George Cabot Lodge*, 1911; *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma* (with an introduction by Brooks Adams), 1910; *Letters to a Niece and Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres*, *With a Niece's Memories by Mabel La Farge*, 1920; *Letters of Henry Adams: 1858-1891* (edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford) 1930.

EDITOR: *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law*, 1876; *Documents Relating to New England Federalism: 1800-1815, 1877*; *The Writings of Albert Gallatin* (three volumes) 1879

About Henry Adams:

Adams, H. *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma* (see introduction by Brooks Adams); Adams, H. *The Education of Henry Adams* (see also various collections of *Letters*); Adams, J. T. *Henry Adams and The Adams Family*; Bradford, G. *American Portraits*; Brooks, V. W. *Sketches in Criticism*; Cournois, J. *Modern Philarchy*; Thwing, C. P. *Guides, Philosophers and Friends*; Whipple, T. K. *Spokesmen*.

Contemporary Review 141:617 May 1932; *New Republic* 15:106 May 25, 1918; *New York Times Book Review* February 10, 1933; *North American Review* 216:695 November 1922; *Saturday Review of Literature* 9:521 April 8, 1933; *Scribner's Magazine* 69:576 May 1921.

James Truslow Adams 1878-

Autobiographical sketch of James Truslow Adams, American historian, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1922:

I WAS born in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 18, 1878, son of William Newton Adams and Elizabeth Harper Truslow. The Adamsses originally came to Vir-

ginia in 1659 and were planters, owning during Washington's life the plantation next to Mount Vernon. They were friends of Washington and mentioned in his diaries. My great-grandfather, Francis Adams, became a merchant in Alexandria and losing his fortune in the War of 1812 went to Trieste, Austria, as U. S. consul, later buying a coffee estate in Cuba, where he died young. My grandfather was sent to New York to his guardian, Mr. Howland, of the firm of Howland & Aspinwall, and when a young man was sent to Caracas, Venezuela, to manage their branch office. There he met and married my grandmother, Carmen de Michelena y Salias, a member of one of the then ruling families. My father was born there.

In the revolution of 1848 the Michelena family was exiled and my own with it. They went to Cuba where my father spent his childhood, not even speaking English until at twelve he was sent to Connecticut to school. Later my grandfather, who was a banker, came to New York as a partner of Moses Taylor & Co. My father had three years in Germany.

Altho I was born in Brooklyn, I was taken to Paris at three and my memory begins there. This international background for several generations, with inter-marriages, together with our moving from South to North here, probably has done much to prevent any sectional prejudice on my part.

I was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic as a prep school and also took an A.B. (1898) in its collegiate department, going to Yale for graduate work and taking my A.M. there in 1900. As a boy I was very bookish and looked forward to some sort of intellectual work either as a teacher or writer. However, I went into Wall Street and remained in business until retiring in 1912 with a very modest income. Working up from office-boy I had become a partner in a New York Stock Exchange firm



JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Pinchot

and had also been secretary of a small railway, treasurer and director of a small manufacturing company, and vice-president and director of a bank. My investigations into investments had taken me into all but five states of the Union, and the training I got in business has been of great help to me in my understanding both of economics and history.

When I retired it was to devote myself to study and possibly to writing instead of money making. I built a small house at Bridgehampton, Long Island, and for a while experimented by a year's study of Persian language and literature and several trips to Europe. Then I began with the writing of local history as a sort of finger exercise.

Then came the War, and for five months I worked with a commission which President Wilson had asked Colonel House to organize to accumulate data to be used at an eventual Peace Conference. Next I volunteered for the army and became a captain in the Military Intelligence, doing geographical work, writing the field handbook used by the English, French and American forces in the Archangel expedition. When the Armistice came I was borrowed by the State Department from the army and rejoined the Colonel House organization at the Peace Con-

ference in Paris, an experience which also helped me to understand the making of history.

On receiving my discharge in May 1919 I went to work on my first serious volume, *The Founding of New England*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1922. Since then I have worked steadily and very hard, my output including in all some fourteen volumes of history and biography and numerous newspaper and magazine articles. I also contributed to the last edition of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and have done about a hundred lives for the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

Among the honors I have received are membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, the National Institute of Arts & Letters, the American Academy of Arts & Letters, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature (England) etc., and degrees of LL.D., Rhode Island State College 1923, Litt.D., Columbia University 1924, and L.H.D., Wesleyan University 1931. After winning the Pulitzer Prize 1922 I was a member of that jury for ten years.

On January 18, 1927, I married Kathryn M. Seely, and for several years have spent most of the time in England, traveling extensively on the continent and in Scandinavia, tho I expect eventually to settle in the United States.

My hobby was always book collecting until I began to write myself. I am fond of the classics and read a good deal of philosophy and science and poetry to get away from history. I like simple living but with the old fashioned simplicity which is now unhappily luxury; i.e., I like seclusion, quiet, big high-ceilinged rooms, personal service, the quiet of the country. I detest apartments and do not own a motor car or radio. I am a constant smoker, usually a pipe, and like good wine. I do not play either golf or bridge. I abominate noise, dislike being lionized, and prefer a dinner of four to a party.

* * *

Critics have accorded James Truslow Adams a high position among contemporary historians. He is one of only

three living Americans to be elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. Herbert Hoover in a speech at Yorktown on October 19, 1931, referred to him as a "gifted modern historian." Allan Nevins, the American critic and teacher, said of his *Epic of America*: "This is the best single volume of American history in existence." The *Epic* was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club for its subscribers and is the only book of history in recent times to top best-seller lists.

In addition to his historical and biographical books, Adams' articles on modern political and economic topics command wide attention and have given him something of the reputation of a prophet. In 1928 he contributed to the *Outlook*, what he calls his "most unpopular article"—a prediction of the economic calamity which overtook the United States just a year later. In 1933, writing in the *New York Times*, he called for a national curb on speculation, warning that unless this were done the 1929 disaster would be repeated and all of the "New Deal" policies would go for naught.

In September 1933 Adams received the *Yale Review's* award of \$1,000 for the best article on a public question appearing in that quarterly during the year. Its title was, "The Voter: His Rights and Duties," and in it Adams declared that if the Democratic party did not take advantage of its opportunities to become the Liberal party of America, a reorganization of the country's constitutional and political machinery would take place, possibly by mass force instead of deliberation and planning.

James Truslow Adams' works:

Memorials of Old Bridgehampton, 1916; History of the Town of Southampton, 1918; The Founding of New England, 1921; New England in the Revolution, 1923; New England in the Republic, 1925; Provincial Society, 1927; Hamiltonian Principles (ed.) 1928; Jeffersonian Principles (ed.) 1928; Our Business Civilization, 1929; The Adams Family, 1930; The Tempo of Modern Life, 1931; The Epic of America, 1931; The March of Democracy (two volumes) 1932-33; Henry Adams, 1933.

About James Truslow Adams:

New York Times Book Review October 9, 1932.

George Ade 1866-

Antobiographical sketch of George Ade, American humorist:

MY father was John Ade, born at Lewes, England, and his mother's maiden name had been Hazleton. My mother's name was Adaline Bush and my maternal grandmother was an Adair. This wing of the tribe came to Ohio and Kentucky by way of the Carolinas. I am English on my father's side, American-Scotch-Irish on my mother's side, and came on the scene as a Hoosier, at Kentland, Indiana, February 9, 1866, the next to the youngest of seven children and the youngest of three boys. From the time I could read I had my nose in a book and I lacked enthusiasm for manual labor.

After high school I attended Purdue University, taking the scientific course because I had no ambition to be an engineer or an agriculturist. A star student as a freshman but wobbly later on and a total loss in mathematics. In 1887 I received my B.S. from Purdue. The same school gave me an L.H.D. in 1926. Indiana University made me an LL.D. in 1927, but I am seldom addressed as "Doctor."

Between 1887 and 1890 I did all sorts of work for two Lafayette newspapers and rather enjoyed a brief experience with a company making patent medicines and developing a health resort. Went to Chicago in 1890 and found a job as reporter on the staff of the *Morning News*, later known as the *Record*. By 1892 I was covering outside assignments, such as the Homestead strike in Pennsylvania and the Sullivan-Corbett fight at New Orleans. During the Columbian Exposition of 1893 I wrote special "human interest" stories about the World's Fair. From the fall of 1893 until 1900 I had charge of a two-column story department, the illustrations provided by John T. McCutcheon, who had been my friend at Purdue and with

whom I roomed for many years. In 1900 I did my last newspaper work and went out to China, Japan, and the Philippines on a visit. Before that I had been to Europe twice and had published five books.

My early story stuff was intended to be "realistic" and I believed firmly in short words and short sentences. By a queer twist of circumstances I have become known to the general public as a "humorist" and a writer of "slang." I never wanted to be a comic or tried to be one. The playful vernacular and idiomatic talk of the street and the fanciful figures of speech which came out for years under the heading of *Fables in Slang* had no relation whatever to the cryptic language of the underworld or the patois of the criminal element. Always I wrote for the "family trade" and I used no word or phrase which might give offense to mother and the girls or a professor of English.

Having been absurdly in love with the theatre for years I found time, after I began syndicating my *Fables* in 1900, to make a shy attempt at writing for the stage. A talented young Englishman named Alfred Wathall induced me to write the book and verses for a musical satire to be called *The Sultan of Sulu* and produced by a club of aspiring amateurs, Wathall doing the music. Henry Savage, well known as a manager, induced us to permit him to give our light opera a professional production. It was whipped into shape and made a success. Later on I wrote the dialogue and "lyrics" for musical pieces known as *Peggy from Paris*, *The Sho-Gun*, *The Fair Co-Ed*, and *The Old Town*. The plays without music which might be worth remembering were *The County Chairman*, *The College Widow*, *Just Out of College*, and *Father and the Boys*. I had three failures.

In 1905 I took up a permanent residence at Hazelden Farm near Brook, Indiana, and within fifteen miles of my birthplace. I have been away from this place very few summers since that time but the wanderlust is upon me every autumn. On checking up I learn that I have been to Europe ten times, cruised thru the West Indies eleven times, visited

China and Japan four times and, also, I have looped the globe twice.

Ever since I settled down in the country I have been involved in activities which did not call my name to the attention of the general public but which have been an interesting part of my career. For quite a number of years I have paid more attention to these and various other activities than I have to writing.

I have done a number of short plays which have been played many times: *Mrs. Peckham's Carouse*, *Marse Covington*, *The Mayor and the Manicure*, and *Nettie*. The moving pictures for which I wrote stories include *Back Home* and *Broke and Our Leading Citizen*. I wrote others, but by the time they arrived on the screen they bore no resemblance to what I had turned in at the studios.

I am a bachelor but I prefer to live in my own home. My enthusiasms include golf, travel, horse-racing and the spoken drama. My antipathies are social show-offs, bigots on religion, fanatics on total abstinence, and all persons who take themselves seriously. I read all the periodicals, sober and frivolous, sacred and profane, and try to know what is going on in the world. I have a card-index memory for the words and music of old hymns, old popular songs, and old "numbers" from the light operas of day before yesterday. I love to put on



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structed the rest of the story with far more disastrous results thru the change of authors than if I had been allowed to finish the original.

Attending the public schools, I graduated from high school and later from Iowa State Teachers College. I taught primary grades in Boone and Marshalltown, Iowa, and Salt Lake City, Utah, and for one year was a critic teacher in the training school of Iowa State Teachers College. In September 1907 I was married to Captain Charles S. Aldrich and after a residence of a year in Tipton, Iowa, we moved to Elmwood, Nebraska, where my husband was a banker and attorney until his death in 1925. I have four children, a married daughter, Mrs. Milton P. Beechner of Lincoln, Nebraska, and three sons who, at this date of 1933, are twenty-one, nineteen, and thirteen years of age.

My output of writing consists of about one hundred and fifty short stories for *American Magazine*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Century*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Delicador*, *McCall's*, and others; and six novels. Many of my stories have been republished in England and some of my books have been translated into several foreign languages.

My writing has been done over a period of twenty years, quite as an aside to the raising of my family and the management of my home. When I first read in a paper that a statue was to be erected in Oklahoma to honor the pioneer mother, a desire which had long been in the back of my mind was renewed. I, too, would like to erect a statue to the pioneer mother—not in marble, but thru the only medium I could use—the written word. I think I would have written *A Lantern in Her Hand* if I had known not a single copy would be sold.

* * *

Mrs. Aldrich's stories are of the type generally known as "wholesome" and thru them all runs a vein of optimism. Several have been filmed and many have been printed in Braille type for the blind. One of her short stories, "The Man Who Caught the Weather," was included in one of the annual volumes of the "O. Henry Memorial" collection. She has a large following of readers, particularly



BESS STREETER ALDRICH

in the Middle West, and all her books have sold well. *A Lantern in Her Hand*, after a modest and unheralded start, built up such sales for itself that the year after its publication it ranked third in the country.

From 1911 to 1918 Mrs. Aldrich wrote under the pen-name of "Margaret Dean Stevens." Since 1918 she has written under her own name.

Mrs. Aldrich travels several months out of the year, but always returns to Elmwood—"so small," she says, "that it is not even a town"—as her home. She likes, she says, the "warm-hearted hospitality, loyal friendship, and deep sympathy of the small town. It is these characteristics and others of the better features of the small town and its people that I have tried to stress in my short stories and books.

"A small town is a good place for a writer to live. Not only is he close to the people, and so close to life in the raw, but also it keeps him humble. . . A prophet in her own village isn't a prophet at all, but just a woman who buys groceries."

Annie Russell Marble said of Mrs. Aldrich in the *Boston Transcript*, "To her the small town is a microcosm of the world. Thru her various characters she sees life, 'and sees it whole.' Three quali-

tics form her equipment as a novelist—sincerity, sympathy, and humor."

Bess Streeter Aldrich's books:

Mother Mason, 1924; The Rim of the Prairie, 1925; The Cutlers, 1926; A Lantern in Her Hand, 1928; A White Bird Flying, 1931; Miss Bishop, 1933.

About Bess Streeter Aldrich:

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section July 27, 1929; Ladies' Home Journal 50:21 June 1933

Leonid Andreyev 1871-1919

LEONID NIKOLAYEVICH ANDREYEV (spelled variously Andreev, Andreev, Andreyeff) Russian author and dramatist was born in Orel, a small provincial capital in central Russia, in the year 1871. Some authorities give the date as June 18 and others place it in the month of August. His parents were middle-class townspeople of mixed peasant and bourgeois ancestry.

He began to read omnivorously at the age of six and showed an early love for the stage, but was a poor student in the gymnasium, the local grammar school. While he was still in school his father, a surveyor, died, leaving the family in poverty. Andreyev went to Petrograd to study law at the university, and by his own account "suffered extreme want." He wrote his first story at this period, about a starving student. "I cried when I wrote it," he said. "In the editorial office they returned me the manuscript with laughter." He was generally depressed and tried three times to commit suicide. One attempt resulted, he always believed, in a heart affliction (called imaginary by his friends) which bothered him the rest of his life. In his student days he drank heavily, as an escape, but drink increased his morbidity. He was, and remained, essentially non-social.

He transferred after a few years to the University of Moscow and took up painting, displaying considerable native talent. In later years some of his canvases were hung in exhibitions and were regarded favorably by the critics. He made his living in Moscow by painting occasional portraits and contributing items of news to a daily newspaper. In 1897 he took his diploma and attempted to practice law, but with practically no

success, and finally took a position as a court reporter for the Moscow Courier. At this he showed such ability that he was promoted to the writing of *feuilletons*—a light-essay type of editorial whose meaning was concealed between the lines; a form which had developed in Russian journalism of the period as a means of conveying opinion despite the rigid guardianship of the government censors.

In 1898 Andreyev's first published story, "Bargamot and Garaska," appeared in the Easter issue of the Courier. It was well received and the editors asked Andreyev for more stories. Some of them came to the attention of another journalist, scarcely older in years, but one who already had an international reputation—Maxim Gorky. The two met and saw much of each other for some years. Gorky's endorsement of Andreyev at this period gave the latter his *entrée* into the literary world. Andreyev always acknowledged his indebtedness to Gorky, altho in later years they broke over the Revolution and became almost enemies. Even in the earlier days Gorky was an active revolutionary, while Andreyev, tho sympathetic with the aims of the revolutionists, never became a participant.

With the help of Gorky, Andreyev quickly became a contributor to the lead-



From a painting by U. Rossinsky
LEONID ANDREYEV

ing monthlies. Once assured a hearing, his stories provoked wide discussion and his reputation advanced rapidly. His work was praised by the leading critic of the day, Merezhkovsky, among others. In 1901 his first book was published. It was a collection of short stories and was an immediate success, going into nine editions and selling forty-seven thousand copies.

Shortly, his stories began to grow more and more frank, on what were considered "delicate" subjects, and he began to be abused on the familiar ground—the common lot of honest and advanced artists of all ages and nationalities—that he had "slandered" his own race and country. The label "filth" was frequently applied to his work. Among the harshest of his critics was the Countess Tolstoy. Within a year after his first book, he was transformed from a highly praised young author into a bitterly reviled one.

This criticism was to continue the rest of his life and to become intensified by his plays. The opposition to his works, however, made him for a period the most talked-of author in Russia, a circumstance that brought financial success in its wake. In 1908 he went to Finland and built himself near the Black Rivulet a colossal villa with huge plate-glass windows which the architect considered out of keeping with the otherwise Northern style of the building. In this "castle" he spent most of the last ten years of his life, writing, painting, and experimenting in photography, by turns, and indulging other whims and hobbies. In 1910 he paid a visit to Tolstoy, to whom he had dedicated *The Seven That Were Hanged*, a polemic against capital punishment.

In 1906 Andreyev's first completely symbolic play, *The Life of Man* (he had written two lesser plays previously) was produced by the Moscow Art Theatre and aroused such ridicule that a burlesque of it was put on at a comedy theatre while the play was still running. Few of his plays were popular. Perhaps the most successful, from the popular point of view, was *He Who Gets Slapped*, which was played on the continent, in America, and in motion pictures, as well as in Russia. With the exception of *The Sabine Women*, a political satire,

his plays were predominantly tragic and are chiefly responsible for his reputation as "the apostle of gloom," a sobriquet applied to him early in his career. They have been called for the most part better adapted to reading than to stage production.

When the Great War broke out Andreyev was surprisingly enthusiastic, considering his previous attitude, and for a while lent his pen to pro-Russian propaganda. Later, when the Romanovs were overthrown, he identified himself with the Kerensky school of thought and proclaimed his faith that the combination of the war and the "army revolt" would have a purgative effect on Russia. He even sat in the "Council of the Republic," the eleventh-hour parliament convened by Kerensky just before the breaking of the Bolshevik wave. The butchery of that later Revolution bitterly disillusioned him and he voluntarily exiled himself to Finland for the rest of his life. There he wrote several pamphlets attacking the Revolution, of which one called *S. O. S.* is most widely known.

During this period his health had been growing steadily worse, and the collapse of Russia left him in actual poverty. He denounced Gorky for accepting favors from the Lenin government and steadfastly refused similar offers made to himself, tho in want at the time. The events of the period kept him in an almost constant state of mental anguish. By his middle-of-the-road political position he had won the enmity both of the Reds and the Whites. His life was frequently threatened and no relief was forthcoming for his dire financial need. Also, he seemed unable to write anything that satisfied him, which was a cause of great chagrin. "Tormenting and black were those last years," his widow said later. In August of 1919 he was preparing, apparently with some hopefulness, for a trip to America in the anti-Bolshevik cause. On the 12th of that month he died suddenly at Kuokkala. His biographer, Alexander Kaun, ascribes his death to hemorrhage of the brain, which was also the cause of his father's death. Other writers have repeated the story that he was shot, "no one knows how," as he sat at a window.

"He died with hatred for the Bolsheviks," says Kaun, "with chagrin at the besotted Whites, with indignation against the Allies, with contempt and scorn for all mankind."

Andreyev was at all times a solitary man, a nonconformist, and given to what the world calls eccentric behaviour. He was deeply sensitive mentally and suffered much thruout his life. His writing was less a conscious process than an intuitive one. He was married twice. His face has been described as "handsome and swarthy," with hair of "pitch-black locks." He was of large build and full figure.

In the days of his financial success he dressed fashionably and expensively and habitually wore a white hat. When he visited Tolstoy he appeared in the ladies' drawing room in a cream-colored knitted jacket. Bulgakov, Tolstoy's "Boswell," who was present, noted that this dress showed off Andreyev's figure to good advantage and commented that "he was, apparently, perfectly conscious of the effect."

Andreyev the playwright is classified by Professor F. W. Chandler as "a major eccentric." His earlier plays were principally symbolic; later he turned to representative drama, but Chandler finds his "true field the symbolic." Both in his plays and in his stories he was preoccupied with the themes of horror and death. Tolstoy, tho impressed with Andreyev personally, was inclined to consider him something of a literary *enfant terrible*, and thought that he wrote too much and "overdid" in some of his work. He once wrote: "Andreyev says 'Boo!' But I am not scared." Andreyev's lack of balance and selectiveness have been commented on frequently. Professor Chandler sums him up as "an original genius, just mad enough to fascinate and tantalize, and not so mad as to cause his admirers to suspect that what he says lacks deeper significance. Like Poe, he revels in kaleidoscopic fancies and in contrasts of color, incident, and character, giving rein to his mind to gallop where it will. . . He is scarcely a dramatist in the older meaning of the term. Usually he makes no attempt to hold the mirror up to outward nature. His hero is the

mind rather than a personality complete and reacting with and against other personalities." John Cournos says: "It is not easy to estimate the place posterity will accord this author. . . Seldom has one seen such an audacious unmasking of the savagery which lurks somewhere deep in the hearts of civilized men."

Most of Andreyev's plays have been translated into English, and many of his better known stories. The latter are published in several separate collections. Both plays and stories are frequently found in anthologies.

Outstanding works of Leonid Andreyev, with dates of original publication:

PLAYS: *The Life of Man*, 1906; *The Black Maskers*, 1908; *Anathema*, 1909; *Thought* (translated as *A Dilemma*) 1914; *He Who Gets Slapped*, 1916; *The Waltz of the Dogs*, 1922.

STORIES: *Silence*, 1900; *Laughter*, 1901; *The Abyss*, 1902; *The Red Laugh*, 1904; *The Seven That Were Hanged*, 1908; *Sasha Zhigulev*, 1911.

Leonid Andreyev's works available in English translation:

PLAYS: *Anathema*, 1910; *A Dilemma* (*Thought*) 1910; *Savva*, 1914; *Love To Your Neighbor* (also entitled *The Dear Departing*) 1914; *The Life of Man*, 1914; *Plays by Leonid Andreyev* (collection including *The Black Maskers*, *The Life of Man*, *The Sabine Women*) 1915; *The Sorrows of Belgium* (*King, Law, Liberty*) 1915; *Confessions of a Little Man During Great Days* (*War's Burden*) 1917; *He Who Gets Slapped*, 1922; *The Waltz of the Dogs*, 1922; *Katerina* (*Yekaterina Ivanovna*) 1923; *Samson in Chains*, 1923.

COLLECTIONS OF STORIES: *Silence*, 1908; *Judas Iscariot*, 1910; *The Crushed Flower*, 1910; *The Little Angel*, 1916; *When the King Loses His Head*, 1920.

SEPARATELY PUBLISHED STORIES AND OTHER PROSE: *The Red Laugh*, 1905; *Silence*, 1908; *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, 1909; *Lazarus*, 1918; *Satan's Diary*, 1920; *Sashka Jigouloff*, 1925; *The Abyss*, 1929.

About Leonid Andreyev:

Bennet, A. *Books and Persons*; Bernstein, H. *Celebrities of Our Time*; Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Gorky, M. *Reminiscences of Andreyev*; Kaun, A. S. *Leonid Andreyev*; Persky, S. M. *Contemporary Russian Novelists*; Phelps, W. L. *Essays on Russian Novelists*.

Dial 67:425 November 15, 1919; *Dial* 76:481 June 1924; *Fortnightly Review* 121:285 February 1924; *Living Age* 314:525 August 26, 1922; *New Republic* 31:133 June 28, 1922; *Nineteenth Century* 85:1061 June 1919.

J. Anker Larsen 1874-

Autobiographical sketch of Johannes Anker Larsen, Danish mystic and novelist:

I WAS born on the little Danish island Langeland on September 18, 1874. My father was a sailor; my mother, daughter of a farmer. I lived on the farm among Danish peasants the first sixteen years of my life, became a student in the high school, studied theology at the University of Copenhagen, as well as a little law and religious philosophy; left the university and became an actor and writer of plays and short stories, was a producer of plays (*registreur*) at the great theatres in Copenhagen. After the issue of *The Philosopher's Stone* I left the stage, but returned recently to the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen as literary censor.

In my very early childhood, heaven was to me an unquestionable reality, for I felt in my innermost being celestial influences. The time came when, from a *reality* beyond doubt and dispute, "heaven" changed into a *conception*, sometimes believed in, sometimes doubted; but a certain "religious" feeling never left me: it made me study theology. Yet, very soon, I left theology deprived of all belief in Christianity. Still there was that religious feeling that seemed inherent in my nature and not to be eradicated as long as life was in me; so I studied as a layman the other great religions of the world, had even a look into theosophy and occultism, till at last I gave up every attempt to find in religion or *isms* a substitute for the Christianity of my childhood and nourishment for my religious feeling. I gave up all preconceived ideas, placed myself naked in naked life, was only a living human being, surrounded with and part of a living life of which I knew only what my senses told me.

Then life began to show me a little more of itself. In the booklet *With the Door Open*, I have told how these "glimpses" of a deeper reality came to me, and how they led me, in the course of some years, into an experience of eternity, not an ecstatic rapture, but an



J. ANKER LARSEN

experience as simple and natural as seeing and feeling the sunshine. Since then I find my ordinary daily life placed in the very middle of eternity; this is not caused by the process of reasoning, it is a simple unquestionable fact, I sense life in that way.

A friend said to me one day, "Do you really believe that you are going to exist after death; for my part I feel sure that when this brain of mine is earth in the earth, there will be nothing left of me." I had to answer, "I neither believe, nor disbelieve; I have simply lost the capability of feeling myself as a perishable being. Eternity is inherent in my life: I have always existed and shall exist always. Why? Because it is so. At all events life reveals itself to me in that way and, therefore, all those 'eternal problems' do not exist for me."

So it is: life may tell an open-minded human being all he needs to know. Here the great mystics like Eckhardt and all those whom we call religious geniuses and saviors bear witness, for I am forced to believe that they simply have *known* and *lived* the fullness of life in a much higher degree than we ordinary men and women. They have known and spoken of a reality—which their followers have more or less failed to *realize*. Still there is—under the embroideries of later times—in what is left of their utterances

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My background was very simple. My parents, both of them, were thrown upon their own resources by the disaster of the Civil War and married soon after its close with almost nothing on which to found a family. The unsettled conditions made life very difficult for my father who was sensitive and retiring, so that our family was usually struggling and gasping financially. Tho little more than a frontier town in those days, Fort Smith had unusually good public schools owing to a gift of lands which had formerly been a large Indian reservation. Teachers came there from a distance, bringing in the breath of the outside world. The schools of course were perfectly free.

The first books I read were taken from a small library which was opened in the local courthouse. They were novels. At home we had Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. I learned German from the pastor of the Lutheran Church, having been inspired to do so by one of my teachers,—this was after I had begun myself to teach in the schools. My sojourn in Germany added to my knowledge of the language. It also added to my knowledge of psychology and philosophy with which I now supplemented my novel-reading.

In the year 1908, I came to New York. It was during the panic and I heard a great deal of talk about poverty and the prevention of poverty that year, which sounded very novel and stimulating to my ears. The woman suffrage movement was also in the up-swing and I threw myself into both causes with enthusiasm. I had left teaching and I worked for the Russell Sage Foundation and other social uplift organizations, analyzing statistics, drawing up reports, writing lectures and so forth.

Since 1908 I have lived continuously in New York in the less-crowded downtown district known as Greenwich Village. Having published a couple of books on social topics, I turned my attention to the field of biography. I think I was more than a little influenced by Bernard Shaw in this direction. After him came the writings of Sigmund Freud to focus my interest in emotional complexes and such things, in all of which I saw the



KATHARINE ANTHONY

Murray

possibility of turning a new light on the understanding of character.

The subjects I have chosen have led me to several intensive journeys thru Europe extending as far as Russia. They have made me familiar with the libraries of London, Berlin, and Moscow. I have chosen women rather than men, thinking that my intuitions might serve me better in the portrayal of specific feminine character; or possibly it was merely my early interest in woman suffrage that has given me this bias. History was never important in my biographies, tho I was always interested to find how much common or garden material about daily life was set down in the most learned volumes. I followed after the great historians like Ruth after Boaz.

My life of *Queen Elizabeth*, published in 1929, was a Literary Guild selection. It has been translated into French. My books are published and read in England. My *Catherine the Great* has had several hundred thousand readers.

I like simple domestic life and have regular habits. I am unmarried. My chief recreation is country life and I have a country place not far away in Connecticut. My summers are spent there with animal and human friends. I still like reading novels, am interested in the education of the young, and in simple

neighborly contacts. I am profoundly sympathetic to the aims of Russia and believe that is the hope of the world at the present time. I am also a great admirer of President Roosevelt, and believe in him.

* * *

Katharine Anthony is described by Jean West Mawry in the *Boston Transcript* as: "not a typical Southerner. She is not at all boastful of her Southern birth, being quite as loyal to her New England father as her Alabama mother. She neither clips nor draws her speech. Her r's and final g's are not noticeable, either by their absence or their over-emphasis. When she says "I" that is what she says, and it does not sound like "Ah" or "Ee-ee." She is decidedly hospitable, but hospitality is not a virtue that, in America, is confined to Southerners, nor is it characteristic of all Southerners. However, Miss Anthony possesses one trait that is characteristic of a certain type of Southerner. She never seems hurried. She has the attitude of one who has all the time there is at her command, to use as she pleases, whether to give or to withhold pleasure. As a hostess, she is not over-anxious. By her manners she assures you of your welcome, but you have the feeling that this quiet, self possessed woman is never bored by her own society, possibly never even conscious of it, so absorbed is she in other interests. You could no more snub her than you could snub the moon, or a field of waving wheat."

Ben Boswell of *Time*, reviewing *Queen Elizabeth* in 1929, pictured Katharine Anthony as "a brown-haired, blue-eyed, middle-aged feminist" and called her "an acute, comprehensive, sometimes vivid biographer." Lloyd Morris, the biographer, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune*, found her "one of the dangerous, disturbing people who accomplish perfectly whatever they attempt."

Katharine Anthony's works:

Mothers Who Must Earn, 1914; *Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia*, 1916; *Margaret Fuller*, 1920; *Catherine the Great*, 1925; *Memoirs of Catherine the Great* (edited and translated) 1927; *Queen Elizabeth*, 1929; *Marie Antoinette*, 1933.

About Katharine Anthony:

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section May 23, 1931; *New York Herald Tribune Magazine* December 15, 1929; *Time* October 21, 1929.

Guillaume Apollinaire 1880-1918

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE (Wilhelm Kostrowitzki) French poet, art critic, and short story writer, of Polish origin, was born at Monaco City on August 26, 1880. Besides Monaco City, Monte Carlo and Rome claim his birth. With such discrepancy about birthplace, the biographer finds his way into a maze of contradictory fables. Apollinaire strove to create a legend around his name and his friends helped him. One fact seems to be well established: he was baptized in Rome at the Sacrosanta Patriarchalis Basilica Santa Mariae Maioris on September 29, 1880. His father was a high dignitary (a Cardinal, some say) of the Church; his mother, "an ambiguous if aristocratic" Polish lady who owned a luxurious chateau near Paris but who could not be at home "save in three capitals within the month." The young Apollinaire spent his nomadic childhood constantly changing languages and environments: now at Monte Carlo or Nice, now in Germany, Italy, or Eastern Europe, now in his Parisian mansion with its "billiard room, music parlors, salons, and animals of all kinds: monkeys, dogs, snakes, parrots, canaries." After completing his studies in the Rhineland, he returned to Paris with a cigar-box full of poems.

In 1900 Wilhelm Kostrowitzki forsook the maternal roof and emerged in the colorful Montmartre and Montparnasse of Paris as Guillaume Apollinaire. For the next eighteen years, till the very day of his death, he lived the rôle of a playboy, incorrigibly naughty, ferociously inquisitive. Gradually his name rose from the corners of third-rate periodicals to the top list of the most distinguished magazines. His personality towered over his generation, coloring and directing it. Apollinaire was energetic, disrespectful, extremely impudent. He loved to hurt people for, as Soupault remarked, he knew "how to make himself despicable." His countless enemies

Guillaume Apollinaire: gē-yōnt ā-pōl-i-nār

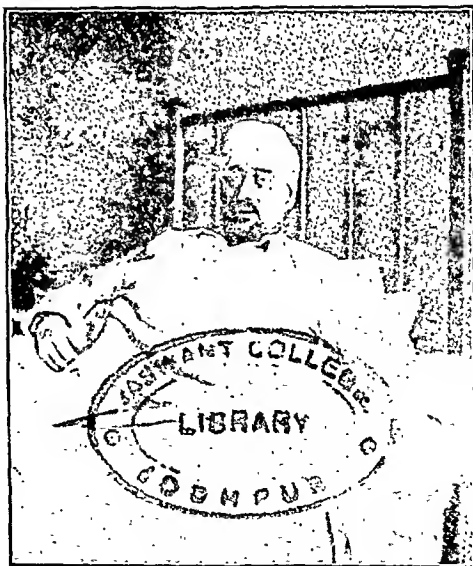
dubbed him the "fat Polish Jew." But, nonetheless, they had to admit his power and accept him for their leader, for the *fusée-signal*, signal flare indicating the course of the new French sensibility.

The distinguished critic René Lalou has said that when Apollinaire's muse went visiting Montparnasse "she" always came out of the National Library. Indeed, when Apollinaire was not fighting for some new *ism* or art-fashion among the bohemians of the left bank, he was on the right bank buried in the dusty tomes of the Library. He was a bookish man, who spent hours and days browsing in the lockpress, in the "Hell" of the National Library, reading about obscure heresies and superstitions, about Wandering Jews and Mormons. He applied this irresistible vice to the nooks and corners of the city of Paris: he knew where the painter Ernest la Jeunesse kept a collection of watches, all the houses where Balzac had lived, the garret where esoteric Canudo slept. Apollinaire made a specialty of odd books, odd corners, and odd persons. And, last but not least, of odd artistic movements. He was always busy boosting the latest tendencies in painting and literature. From the columns of newspapers, thru untiring pamphleteering, he championed cubism, he defended and acclaimed the great Pablo Picasso, he discovered douanier Rousseau and praised the efforts of Braque, Picabia, Metzinger, Gleize, Gris, and Marie Laurencin. In short, he fought for all that was new and exciting—Negro art, cubism, and the naive primitivism in Rousseau's canvases.

His name, thus, will be remembered above all as an animator, for his stimulating almost contagious personality, long after his fragile, perishable works have been forgotten. His first book, a prose poem entitled *L'Enchanteur Pourrissant*, a sophomoric attempt full of banal sophistry, published in 1909, was followed by *L'Hérésiarque et Cie.*, a collection of tales considered by some critics as his prose masterpiece. Apollinaire endeavored to out-Poe Poe but he failed—his tales reek with gross mystifications and eroticism, and they leave in the reader's mind an impression of haziness and pedantry. More successful was *Le*

Bestiaire; ou le Cortège d'Orphée, a collection of witty, delightful short poems, and *Alcools*, generally considered his most important achievement in verse. Altho one can sense the influence of such divergent poets as Heine, Verlaine, and Whitman, it can be claimed that the volume contains the best of Apollinaire, i.e., a few touching poems written from the heart rather than from his acrobatic mind. In addition to these creative feats, mention should be made of works on Symbolist poetry, on the Italian theatre, and a pioneer study of the Cubist painters; as well as his translating or editing several erotic volumes of Aretino, the Marquis de Sade, Andrea de Nerciat, John Cleland, etc., for the Bibliothèque des Curieux; and an index to the volumes in the lockpress of the National Library, *L'Enfer de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, done in collaboration with Fleuret and Perceau.

These intense activities were interrupted by the War. Apollinaire entered as officer of artillery but soon changed to the air corps: the war planes with their picturesque camouflage and mysterious night flights attracted him. He went to the front and gave ample proof of courage and comradeship. He was wounded in the head three times, and, once, at Berry-au-Bac, quite seriously, requiring



GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

Paris, 1916

trepanning. But even under fire Apollinaire did not forget his muse: on June 17, 1915, while in the 38th Field Artillery Regiment, 46th Battery, "facing the enemy," he hectographed an edition of twenty-five copies of *Casé d'Armons*, a sheaf of some twenty-odd war poems.

Most of Apollinaire's friends remember him at his exit from the hospital: a heavy-set, big-bellied hero in blue uniform, brown shoes, police-cap cocked on bandaged head, carrying a Louis XVI cane with apple-shaped top and leather-strap. His face was that of "a patrician consul," double chin, well-developed nose, full, almost carnal, lips, penetrating eyes, often blank, as if lost in some remote drama. At the time, Apollinaire was living with his wife (he called her Ruby) in a sixth floor flat, at Boulevard Saint Germain and Rue Saint Guillaume. A great gourmand, Apollinaire frequently helped Ruby with the cooking or tried his own recipes, and then after dinner they would go to the roof to watch what always entranced him—the chimneys of Paris. Every inch of wall space in the apartment was covered with books and with Picassos, Matisse's, Derains, Rousseaus, Laurencins. From one corner hung his helmet with the hole made by the bullet. Apollinaire never recovered from his wounds; he had lost too much blood; he was weak; and he succumbed to Spanish influenza. He died at the age of thirty-eight, one day before the Armistice, on November 10, 1918.

His last two years represented a ripening of his previous experiments. In 1916 he published *Le Poète Assassiné* (translated into English in 1923 by Matthew Josephson as *The Poet Assassinated*) an autobiographical fantasy, lyrical in tone, intentionally complex and obscure, and despite its obvious pornography, not at all flexible or healthily Rabelaisian. In 1917 he attended the production of his play *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*, a "super-realist" drama as he called it, anticipating present day super-realism. In 1918 *Calligrammes* appeared. In these poems Apollinaire furthered some of his technical acrobaticisms of *Casé d'Armons* and re-introduced an experiment still popular in certain circles.

He made the medium of print itself to collaborate with the contents of the poem. For instance, in "La Cravate et la Montre," a poem about a necktie and a watch, he arranged the lines so that on the page are depicted a necktie and a watch. In a longer poem, "Du Coton dans les Oreilles," he has distributed his lines perpendicularly to represent rain pouring down the sky. The lovers of the bizarre enjoyed the novelty—a novelty, one must add, as old as poetry. Montaigne mentions it in commenting about some Greek writers, and George Herbert, the religious poet, used it in the first half of the seventeenth century.

In short, Apollinaire was a force, a vital force. He helped enormously in fashioning contemporary taste: that is his real contribution. Of his extant works, a few poems (certainly not the calligrammatic ones) and perhaps one or two of his tales and fantasies will find a place in anthologies.

A. F.

Guillaume Apollinaire's principal works:

POETRY: *L'Enchanteur Pourrissant*, 1909; *Le Bestiaire*; on le Cortège d'Orphée, 1911; *Alcools*, 1913; *Casé d'Armons*, 1915; *Vinam Impendere Amori*, 1917; *Calligrammes*, 1918.

FICTION: *L'Hérésie* et Cie., 1910; *Le Poète Assassiné*, 1916; *La Femme Assise*, 1920.

DRAMA *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*, 1918.

OTHER WORKS: *La Poésie Symboliste*, 1909; *Le Théâtre Italien*, 1910; *L'Enfer de la Bibliothèque Nationale* (in collaboration with Fluquet and Perceau) 1913.

Apollinaire's works available in English translation:

The Poet Assassinated, 1923; some poems from *Calligrammes* in *The European Character*, 1931, edited by Samuel Putnam.

About Guillaume Apollinaire:

Bélle, A. *Guillaume Apollinaire Vivant*; Drake, W. A. *Contemporary European Writers*; Dulac, G. *Les Poètes et la Poésie*; Le Gris, F. *Quelques Visages Étranges*; Montfort, E. *Vingt-Cinq Ans de Littérature Française*; Rosenfeld, P. *Men Seen*; Rouveyre, A. *Souvenirs de Mon Commerce*; Soupault, P. *Guillaume Apollinaire*.

Dial 72:267 March 1922; *Esame* 3:181 March 31, 1924; *Esprit Nouveau* 26 (entire issue devoted to Apollinaire) October 1926; *Europe* 18:230 June 15, 1924; *Revue Européenne* 35:1 January 1, 1926.

William Archer 1856-1924

WILLIAM ARCHER, British dramatic critic and dramatist, was born in Perth, Scotland, on September 23, 1856, the eldest of nine children. He was pure Scotch, altho frequently mistaken for a son of Norway because of his familiarity with the Norwegian tongue and his life-long association with that country. When an infant he visited, with his parents, the little town of Larvik in Norway, where their forbears had lived. Archer revisited the town frequently thruout his life and tenderly referred to it as "the first place I can remember, and the last that I shall forget."

Archer's father, a man of unsettled occupation, lived in various towns of Scotland, with the result that young William received his early schooling piecemeal at Arndean, Scone, Lymington, and Inverkeithing. It was at Lymington, when he was twelve years old that Archer had his first contact with the theatre. "I was a country-bred child, and none of my family had any connection with the stage, or any particular interest in it; yet I cannot remember the time when the word 'theatre' had not a strange fascination for me. I did not in the least know what a theatre was, but I knew it was one of the things I most wanted to know."

When Archer was sixteen he matriculated at Edinburgh University, and his parents journeyed to Australia where, at Gracemere, Queensland, they lived for eight years. He did not seem to have any special ambition to gain medals or prizes in school. Yet he was quick-witted and clever, and able to take a creditable position in his class (except for mathematics) without great effort. His preoccupation was with literature and the theatre. He was known as a book-worm, a title which quite flattered him.

A classmate describes him then as a "tall, big-boned, erect boy, with a frank, open countenance . . . of a peaceable disposition and a very even temper . . . pleasant to talk to; not very communicative; with a good deal of self-confidence and a touch of gentle irony." He was known to have a hearty appetite, an insatiable thirst for cold water, and none



WILLIAM ARCHER

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University holidays invariably found Archer visiting in Norway where his grandmother and relatives by marriage lived. He had no time for the fishing, sailing, and other sports which his cousins enjoyed. Books were more important. Contemporary Norwegian literature captured his imagination. Then came the event which had a profound influence upon his career. "I used to see in the Norwegian shop-windows books by one Henrik Ibsen, but my interest in him was not excited until one day I chanced to hear a lady express the opinion that *Love's Comedy* was *glimrende vittig*—brilliantly witty. 'Hullo!' thought I, 'if there is anything brilliantly witty in Norwegian I must read it,' and I bought the paper-covered book; little thinking how much that series of paper-covered books was to mean for me." He recalls, when *Emperor and Galilean* appeared, locking himself up "in a little bare hutch of a bathing-house by the fjord, in order to devour its ten acts in the luxury of unbroken solitude." Thus was conceived the great mission of his life—the introduction and interpretation of Ibsen to English-speaking peoples.

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still a popular vehicle with stock companies. Archer was sixty-five years old when *The Green Goddess* was first produced, a fact which caused C. Lewis Hind to remark: "There is hope for us all."

Archer had been attracted to the subject of dreams by Freud's study and trained himself to write down those he could remember. *The Green Goddess* was inspired by a dream.

The critic invited Shaw's collaboration on *The Green Goddess*, but Archer's scenario was so complete that Shaw said, "It is mere laziness to ask me to collaborate with you." Shaw and Archer had attempted a previous collaboration in about 1885 when Archer made the scenario for *Widowers' Houses* but withdrew, leaving Shaw to write the dialogue alone. The play was hooted off the London stage.

Walter Tittle, the artist, described Archer as "large, vigorous of frame, with a robust, healthy look, and color in his cheeks, with thin hair and long, thin black moustache. . . His eyes twinkled with humor from beneath bushy brows, and the bone-structure of his head and hands was vigorous and angular to a most unusual degree. His voice was soft, and the Scotch accent . . . most agreeable." Hind calls him a "tall, sturdy, book-and-lamp Viking." Caricatured by Max Beerbohm, he had spindly arms and legs and a prominent nose.

During the World War, Archer served under the Ministry of Information and wrote numerous propagandistic pamphlets and articles and books and a play (which was never produced).

He also served as secretary of the Simplified Spelling campaign, and came to the United States several times in connection with it. In 1908 King Haakon VII of Norway conferred upon him the Knighthood of the Order of St. Olav.

Archer was not convinced of the survival of personality after death, but he was "absolutely convinced, from repeated experience and observation," of the genuineness of a very great number of spiritualistic phenomena. He had communications from a dead relative "under circumstances absolutely excluding trickery or fraud." He died in London on

December 27, 1924, following an operation, in his sixty-eighth year.

William Archer's works:

CRITICAL ESSAYS AND STUDIES: English Dramatists of To-day, 1882; Henry Irving, Actor and Manager, 1883; About the Theatre, 1886; Masks of Faces: A Study in the Psychology of Acting, 1888; The Theatrical World, 1893-97; Study and Stage: A Year-book of Criticism, 1899; Poets of the Younger Generation, 1901; The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer, 1911; Play-Making, 1912; Art and the Commonweal, 1912; Fighting a Philosophy (on Nietzsche) 1915; The Old Drama and the New, 1923.

PLAYS: War is War, 1919; The Green Goddess, 1921; Three Plays: Martha Washington, Beatrice Juana, Lidia, 1927.

MISCELLANEOUS: America To-day, 1899; Real Conversations, 1904; Let Youth Know: A Plea for Reason in Education (under pseudonym "Kappa") 1905; A National Theatre: Scheme and Estimates (with H. Granville-Barker) 1907; Through Afro-America, 1910; The Great Analysis, 1912; The Thirteen Days, July 23 to August 4, 1914, 1915; Knowledge and Character, 1916; To Neutral Peace-Lovers, 1916; Colour-Blind Neutrality: An Open Letter to Georg Brandes, 1916; Shirking the Issue: An Open Letter to Georg Brandes, 1917; Gems of German Thought (compiler) 1917; Six of One and Half-a-Dozen of the Other, 1917; God and Mr. Wells, 1917; The Villain of the World-Tragedy, 1917; India and the Future, 1917; The Peace-President, 1918; The Pirate's Progress, 1918; Dean Inge Answered, 1923; William Archer as a Rationalist (collection of his heterodox writings, edited by J. M. Robertson) 1925.

TRANSLATOR: Ibsen's Prose Dramas, 1890-91; Collected Works of Ibsen.

About William Archer:

Archer, C. *William Archer*; Hind, C. L. *More Authors and I*; Murry, J. M. *Things to Come*; Robertson, J. M. (editor) *William Archer as a Rationalist* (see introduction).

American Scandinavian Review 13:228 April 1925; *Drama* 17:36 November 1926; *Saturday Review of Literature* 8:199 October 17, 1931.

Laura Adams Armer 1874-

LAURA ADAMS ARMER, American author and artist, was born in Sacramento, California, on January 12, 1874. Her first book, *Waterless Mountain*—written after she was a grandmother—was awarded the John Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" at the American Library Association conference in New Orleans in

1932. It had previously won the Longmans Prize for juvenile fiction.

Her father was Charles W. Adams of Dublin, New Hampshire, and her mother Maria A. Henry of Chesterfield, New Hampshire. They migrated to California by ox team in 1859. Her childhood was spent in San Francisco where she attended the public schools at intervals, to the age of sixteen. Owing to delicate health she was not able to proceed with the ordinary school education of her generation, never going beyond the grades. When she was nineteen, she began a five-year study of drawing and painting at the California School of Design, under Arthur Matthews. She also studied the Chinese language for a year at the University of California in order to have a better understanding of Chinese art. This in turn led to a study of the symbolism of all primitive peoples.

She was married at the age of twenty-eight to Sidney Armer, an art student, also a pupil of Matthews. Their one son and household affairs occupied most of her time for the next twelve years. She has said of her son that her companionship with him developed her love of children and that her greatest happiness in life was watching him as a growing child.

At intervals she found time to continue to study painting by herself, but it was not until she was fifty that she had the opportunity for free expression. She then went for a year to the Navaho reservation in Northern Arizona and lived among the natives, combining study of art with tribal customs, mythology, and symbolism, and painting thirty canvasses. Her paintings of Indian subjects are nationally recognized. She has since returned to the reservation for a few weeks or months each year. During one of her stays she completed the motion picture, "The Mountain Chant," the only all-Indian motion picture in existence, which was photographed with the consent of the Indians and recorded the Navaho sacred nine-day ceremony. It has been acclaimed one of the most valuable films of Indian life. She has also copied more than one hundred sacred sand paintings for the new Rockefeller Museum in Santa Fé.



LAURA ADAMS ARMER

Early in the century she studied artistic photography and worked professionally for many years in portraiture, winning international honors at various salons.

In 1931 she wrote *Waterless Mountain*, the story of a present-day Navaho shepherd boy who is moved by strange inner longings and a sense of beauty to become a medicine man. Of the writing of the book she has said that she was never able to find any one person who could share her intense enthusiasms for beauty, and that the psychological reason for *Waterless Mountain* was the need to share that inner knowledge. The title of the book is explained by one of the characters in it who says: "We Navahos call it Waterless Mountain because on its top and on all of its sides there is not one spring; but no one knows what may be in its heart. There are six directions always, East, South, West, North, above, and below. Below is the deep heart of things." The illustrations for *Waterless Mountain* were done by Mr. and Mrs. Armer together.

Mrs. Armer's second book, *Dark Circle of Branches*, was published in 1933. It is the story of another Navaho boy and the forced exile of his people from their native land by federal troops, based on an actual occurrence in Navaho history.

Her literary preferences as a child, she recalls, were Dickens' *David Copperfield* and Hugo's *Les Misérables*. Later she enjoyed Conrad and the prefaces to Shaw's plays, Mary Austin's *Land of Little Rain*, and Kipling's *Kim*. "Conrad's escape into romance balanced Shaw's propaganda," she says. "And the mysticism of the old lama in *Kim* sweetened the scepticism of his cheela. *The Land of Little Rain* roused greater love and understanding of mountains, trees, and flowers."

Constance Lindsay Skinner has described Mrs. Armer as "a slender, tall, white-haired woman. . . . She has great charm, is keenly intelligent, without 'pose,' a personality at once sincere, forceful, and gracious." Oliver La Farge, the author of *Laughing Boy*, another Navaho story, which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1930, met her in the desert in the years before either of them was known. He remembers her as "a game lady" and speaks of her "charm and sympathy."

Mrs. Armer makes her home in Berkeley, California.

Laura Adams Armer's works:

Waterless Mountain, 1931; Dark Circle of Branches, 1933.

About Laura Adams Armer:

Journal of the National Education Association 21:265 November 1932; *Travel* 53:25 August 1929; *Woman's Journal* 15:6 September 1930.

Martin Armstrong 1882-

Autobiographical sketch of Martin Donisthorpe Armstrong, English novelist and poet:

BORN near Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, on October 2, 1882. On his father's side he comes of the family of cattle and sheep stealers who inhabited the 'Batable Land, namely the border country between England and Scotland, and acknowledged allegiance to the English and Scottish kings alternately, whichever was the more convenient at the moment. His maternal grandmother was Elizabeth Wordsworth, cousin to the poet.

Educated at Charterhouse School and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he

took a B.A. degree in Mechanical Science, a subject which he disliked intensely. His chief interests were classical and modern literature and music.

After two years in an architect's office he took up various temporary and unremunerative jobs and then went to Italy where he lived for a year, chiefly in the neighborhood of Florence. During this time and on subsequent visits he made a close study, with no definite object but his own satisfaction, of Italian art (Renaissance and pre-Renaissance).

When the War broke out he joined The Artists' Rifles (28th Middlesex) as a private, obtained a commission, in June, 1915, in the 8th Middlesex, and in 1917 went to the French front and stayed there till the Armistice.

On returning to England he obtained a post in the Ministry of Pensions which he resigned a year later to take up freelance journalism and other more serious literary work. Reviewed for the *New Statesman*, *Outlook*, *Spectator*, etc., and later became for a while literary editor of the *Spectator*.

In 1930 married Jessie McDonald of Montreal, Canada (previously wife of Conrad Aiken) and has one son.

Chief hobbies: walking, gardening (which includes growing vegetables for the house) music, wine, painting (especially modern) and English, French, Italian and Spanish literature. His knowledge of these four literatures is unsystematic: there is no period in any of them of which he has an exhaustive knowledge; of many he has no knowledge at all.

He cannot say which writers have influenced him most, but certainly French novelists more than English novelists. An early enthusiasm for R. L. Stevenson has long since vanished. Has always disliked Tennyson and Browning and now dislikes most of Shelley. A few of his favorites nowadays (after Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Dante, and the Cervantes of *Don Quixote*) are John Donne and the Metaphysical Poets; Racine, Balzac, and Paul Valéry.

The musicians he prefers are William Byrd and others of the old Englishmen;

Great gave them a grant of land and serfs as a reward for distinguished military service. The name is of Tatar origin, going back to the Tatar invasion of Russia in the twelfth century. At the time of Peter Artzybasheff the family fortunes had dwindled considerably, but there was still great pride in the family tradition." Mikhail's mother, a woman of Polish descent, was a grand-niece of the famous Polish soldier and statesman Kosciusko. She died when Mikhail was three years old.

Mikhail, according to his son's account, "rebelled against the conservatism of his family, and his inclination to study art led to a misunderstanding between him and his father who would rather have seen him pursue a military career in keeping with the family tradition. However, he succeeded in persuading his father to let him take up the study of painting for which he had a strong inclination and considerable ability. At the age of sixteen he began contributing poems to the local papers and at the same period and up to the age of twenty, studied art in the local art schools.

"In 1898, at the age of twenty, he was married in Kharkov to Anna Koboushko, the daughter of a small landowner of the middle class. His family was very much against this marriage. Their only child [Boris] was born to them in 1899. Soon after that Mikhail went to St. Petersburg to study at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts as he still believed himself to be a painter. Here the necessity of providing for his wife and child led to his doing caricatures and writing articles in the St. Petersburg newspapers and magazines."

Altho Artzybasheff first appeared in literature in 1902, it was not until two years later that he gained the reputation of a coming star in the literary firmament. This he accomplished by the tale *Ivan Lande* which a critic describes as the story of a "life of quest followed by a meaningless death." A year later the disastrous Russo-Japanese war resulted in the first Russian revolution. The events of this year of passion and blood Artzybasheff celebrated in a series of tales collected under the general title *Tales of the Revolution*. They are vivid

descriptions, for the most part of actual happenings, of the revolutionary tide, and as the author's interests undoubtedly leaned towards the revolting masses, his popularity grew apace.

In 1907 came his *magnum opus*, the much-abused *Sanin*. It is a gospel of revolt against all social restraint; a picture of society in dissolution. The critic Mirsky summarizes it thus: "The book is indeed didactic; it is a heavy professorial sermon on the text: Be true to yourselves and follow your natural inclinations." And the Russian post-revolutionary youth took this as the declaration of its independence. *Sanin* clubs were organized where school girls and gymnasiasts disported themselves à la *Sanin*, emulating his predilection for virile love-making and not unfrequently ending it all in self-elimination. The author's own verdict of *Sanin* is worth quoting: "*Sanin* is neither a novel of ethics nor a libel on the younger generation. *Sanin* is the apology for individualism. . ."

The furore created by this novel did not abate even tho Artzybasheff's subsequent stories are little more than variations on the same theme. Between the years 1909 and 1912 appeared the tales *The Workingman Shevryev*, *The Breaking-Point*, and several less significant stories. The former of these is concerned with thoughts of an anarchist worker in the few hours before his execution and contains a striking passage characteristic of Artzybasheff's own views of life. "I do not think of love," says Shevryev. "I can only hate. Why should I love our people? Because they devour each other like pigs? Because they are so miserable, so pitiful, so weak and foolish that they allow millions of them to be driven under the table?"

Ideas such as these could not, of course, be ignored by the gendarmerie of the Czar and as the autocracy once more felt its power to deal with all the turbulent elements in the state, Artzybasheff was apprehended by the arm of the law. This was in 1912. The author was the guest of the authorities for several months, but this seems only to have intensified his hatred for all the elements that conspire to curb the personality.

After his release he once more wielded the pen in his fearless manner, but now also in another medium of expression, the drama. He is now the follower of the naturalistic method of Strindberg and the play *Jealousy*, in the words of the principal character, turns out to be "a concert of amorous tomcats" wherein the wife is portrayed as striving to fascinate every man she meets. *Enemies*, a much more artistic performance, revolves around the idea that "nothing is more precious than love, and that there is no punishment more painful than fruitless regret and a tardy repentance." *The Love of the Savage*, written, like the preceding two, in the year 1913, is a repetition of the same theme. But in *War*, his last play, the author strikes a somewhat different note. Here the theme of female perfidy is abandoned and we are asked to consider specifically "the effect upon women of the loss or maiming of their lovers and husbands."

At the time the World War broke out, says his son, Artzybasheff was at the very height of his fame. "About this time he established a literary weekly called *Svoboda* (Liberty) in which he wrote his 'Recollections of an Author.' These articles attracted so much attention that the Czarist authorities suppressed the paper. At this time he was one of the two highest paid authors in Russia (Leonid Andreyev being the other) and his plays were being constantly produced in nearly every city in Russia."

With the coming of the Revolution, Artzybasheff resumed the publication of his weekly *Svoboda*, but the Bolsheviks, much like the gendarmerie, found little use for an author of such strongly individualistic tendencies and the paper was suppressed once more.

"The Bolsheviks never forgave Artzybasheff for not joining in their movement. While he never sympathized with Communism and remained a radical and individualist to the day of his death, at the same time he was extremely indignant with all Russian intellectuals who fled the country at this period as he felt they were deserting the ship as it were." When his novels were placed on the Bolshevik list of forbidden books, he found himself penniless, starving, and



M. P. ARTZYBASHEFF

with no outlet for the expression of his opinions.

Boris says that his father was not banished from Russia by the Soviets, as is usually stated, but "was forced to escape because of starvation and fear of imprisonment. He went to Warsaw and again for the third time established the publication of his paper *Svoboda* in which he rose up strongly against the suppression of freedom of speech by the Bolsheviks. As a proof of his importance even at this time, the Soviet government tried to arrange with the Polish government to have him extradited."

But the experiences of the Revolution, together with the tuberculosis which he had inherited from his mother, soon proved fatal to Artzybasheff, and he died in Warsaw on March 3, 1927, at the age of forty-eight years.

Of Artzybasheff's literary antecedents it is best to quote himself: "My development, he writes, was very strongly influenced by Tolstoy, altho I never shared his views of non-resistance to evil. . . . Dostoiévsky, and to a certain extent Chekhov, played almost as great a part, and Victor Hugo and Goethe were constantly before my eyes." Much has been also made of the seeming resemblance of Artzybasheff's life-conception to that of Nietzsche. It is curious, therefore, that the author strongly opposes this

view himself. It is to Max Stirner, Nietzsche's own mentor, that Artzybasheff confesses an indebtedness. Tolstoy's influence, tho distorted, is clearly perceptible in *Ivan Lande* and the Stirneresque treatment of *Sonin*, tempered with Slavic pessimism, is also a matter of easy detection. The *leitmotif* throat all of Artzybasheff's works is the same: "Your body proclaims the truth, your reason lies." And "the purpose is always to show the inanity of human life, the unreality of artificial civilization, and the reality of only two things—sex and death."

Boris Artzybasheff gives the following personal description of his father: "Mikhail Artzybasheff was about five-feet-ten-inches tall and weighed around 165 to 170 pounds. He had medium brown hair and light brown eyes. He wore his hair rather long, had a beard, and wore pince-nez. He never wore the usual civilian clothes, but preferred instead the Russian blouses which he had made in silks and velvets in a variety of colors. He always wore high boots."

Concerning the English spelling of Artzybasheff's name there has been a great deal of dispute, and it has appeared in many fashions. Mikhail himself never indicated any preference among the various forms. The spelling used here is the one preferred by Boris (who has been a resident of the United States since 1919) and is adopted at his personal request.

Among the more important works of Mikhail Artzybasheff are:

SMITH: *Lande*, 1901; *Razskazy*, 1905; *Prapovschiki*; *Golobobov*, 1905; *Zhena*, 1905; *Revolutsioner*, 1907; *Sann*, 1907; *Milliony*, 1908; *Rabochii Shevryev*, 1909; *U Poslednei Cherty*, 1911; *Pasha Tumanov*, 1910; *Jenschna Stogashaya*; *Posredy*, 1913.

PLAYS: *Revnest*, 1913; *Vragy*, 1913; *Voina*, 1914.

ESSAYS: *Zapisky Pisatelya*, 1917.

Mikhail Artzybasheff's works available in English translation:

The Breaking-Point, 1915; *Ivan Lande*, 1915; *The Millionaire*, 1915; *Sanne*, 1915; *Tales of the Revolution* (a collection of tales including, among others, *Shevryev* and *Tumanov*), 1917; *The Savage*, 1921.

PLAYS: *War*, 1916; *Jealousy*, 1917; *Law of the Savage*, 1923.

About Mikhail Artzybasheff:

Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Huneker, J. G. *Unicorns*; Olgin, M. J. *Guide to Russian Literature*; Phelps, W. L. *Essays on Russian Novelists*.

Sholom Asch 1880-

SHOLOM ASCH, Yiddish novelist and playwright, was born November 1, 1880, at Koutno, near Warsaw, Poland. He came of a poor Jewish family and had no other source of learning than the Bible and Hebrew religious writings which he read at home. At sixteen he began to earn his own living.

At twenty, determined to be a writer, he went to Warsaw and had his first writings accepted by two Warsaw journals. A year later he published his first book, *The Village*, which contained sketches and stories of his native village folk. The book immediately placed him among the foremost Jewish writers and was translated into many languages. He was drawn into literary circles in contact with the Russian intelligentsia.

For five years he continued to make studies of the Jewish people in stories and sketches. He wrote for a time in Hebrew but soon changed to Yiddish, on the advice of friends. Practically all his books are written in Yiddish.

In 1904 Asch wrote his first play, *With the Stream*, and his one-act play, *The Liar*, was a great success at the municipal theatre of Cracow; in the following year his play *The Temples of the Messiah* was enthusiastically received, both in Russia and Poland.

Asch was introduced to Yiddish readers in America in 1908 when Abraham Cahan printed some of his stories in the *Jewish Morning Journal*. Other journals soon followed suit.

The author was living in Switzerland when he wrote his most famous play, *The God of Vengeance*. The play won him a European reputation when produced by Max Reinhardt in Berlin in 1910. Subsequently it was performed widely in Europe and America, the New York production being accompanied by heated controversy and police raids. The play deals with a man bringing up his daughter in innocence while he runs a brothel in the cellar beneath his house.

Sholom Asch: Sholom Asch

In the end she is drawn into the mire. "The theme is worked out," states the *Nation*, "in a loathsome environment among creatures of the gutter with a brutal frankness unmitigated save for a curious strain of sensuous, oriental poetry."

In 1910 Asch visited New York for six months and wrote a comedy called *The Compatriot*. Then he went to Paris, where he wrote his first novel, *Mary*. This book and its sequel, *The Road to One's Self*, had for their setting the Russian revolutionary movement in the first years of the twentieth century. He wrote them to be "literary" and timely. Asch remained in Paris until the outbreak of the World War, writing a great deal.

He returned to New York in 1914 and remained there until 1925, living on Staten Island with his wife and children. During this eleven-year period he wrote a number of plays and novels of Jewish life in America, notably *Uncle Moses*, *The Electric Chair*, *The Mother*, and *The Return of Lederer*. Most of the novels were serialized in the *Forward*, a Jewish daily. The novel *Uncle Moses*, according to the author, was based on a true story. It is the story of a Polish Jew who emigrates to New York, establishes a sweatshop in the Bowery, and then brings workers from his native village.

To encourage the Jews in eastern Europe who suffered from the World War, Asch wrote two historical novels, *The Enchantress of Castile* and *In God's Name*. His play, *The Dance of Death*, was based directly on the War. His works were collected in Yiddish in twelve volumes in 1921.

The first work of Asch to be translated into English was *Motke the Thief*, in 1917. Written while he was living in Paris before the War, the book was based on a study of the Warsaw underworld and the poor classes of Jews in Poland. Other English translations followed, few in number compared with his large output. Many of his books have been translated into Russian, German, and French.

In 1925 Asch returned to Europe and settled with his family in the outskirts

of Paris. Here he wrote a trilogy which he entitled *Sintflut* [meaning "Before the Flood."] The three novels were published in the United States late in 1933 in one volume with the title *Three Cities*. This trilogy, which is considered Asch's chief work, is an epic of Russia. The first novel of the group, *Petersburg*, describes the Russian and Jewish middle class; *Warsaw*, the second, deals with the revolutionary lower middle class of Poles and Jews; *Moscow*, the third, and, in the opinion of Franz Werfel the greatest volume, draws figures of all classes, nationalities, and races in Russia.

At a banquet given for Asch by the Pen Club in Vienna in 1930, Werfel said: "Sholom Asch is a realist and an epic writer. The great pathos, the prophetic emotion which is his gift, cannot be expressed in words. It dissolves like salt in the wide waters of his tales. It seems to me that his prophetic spirit reaches its greatest heights in Asch's latest work. Strangely enough, the farther he moves from Judaism, the more his soul grows in Biblical power. The three volumes of *Sintflut* [Before the Flood] are a single cry of sorrow at the present condition of divine creation, which is being ravished by despoilers of all kinds." Ludwig Lewisohn feels that *Three Cities* places Asch "on a level with Hamson, Shaw, and Thomas Mann."

Charles A. Madison says: "Sholom Asch is a poor stylist. He often writes very ungrammatically. Few of his sentences can be parsed readily. But this crudeness of style is as much a part of him as is his love of nature. His love for the earth and his pleasure in sensuous beauty come to him from the soul, and he expresses them, not eloquently but with shouts of joy. . .

"He often shows the tendency to sentimentalize his characters. All of his thieves and vagabonds have a strong filial affection for their mothers; and it may be remarked in this connection that these scamps are seen upon analysis to be all of one cloth. Similarly, the smile of a young girl, if this girl be respectable, never fails in reforming the most hardened horse dealer. Again, his ten



SHOLOM ASCH

year old girls show an unusual sense of responsibility; they are also experts in borrowing money for their needy parents."

Asch is described by Herbert S. Gorman as being "rather a large man, tall and of substantial build. His prominent nose and small, neatly cropped moustache suggest the typical business man rather than the sensitive writer of novels and plays. It is when his face lights up—and he smiles often and most agreeably albeit a bit shyly—that his features take on an intellectual aspect. His shyness is somewhat accentuated by the care he takes in selecting his English words. One must grasp at half finished sentences to follow him with any degree of success."

Sholom Asch's works (Hebrew and Yiddish titles given in English):

The Village; With the Stream; The Liar; The Temples of the Messiah; The God of Vengeance; The Compatriot; Sabbatai Zevi; The Beautiful Marie; Shlome Nogid; Earth; Mary; The Road to One's Self; Fainh; Mottke the Thief; Uncle Moses; The Electric Chair; The Mother; The Return of Lederer; The Enchantress of Castile; In God's Name; The Dance of Death; The Peasant and the Land; The Holy Young Hermit; The Red Hat; The Sinner; Before the Flood (trilogy: Petersburg, Warsaw, Moscow).

Sholom Asch's works available in English translation (with dates of publication in America):

Mottke the Thief, 1917; America, 1918; The God of Vengeance, 1918; Uncle Moses, 1920; Kiddush Ha-Shem: An Epic of 1648, 1920; The Mother, 1930; Sabbatai Zevi, 1930; Three Cities (trilogy: Petersburg, Warsaw, Moscow) 1933.

About Sholom Asch:

Asch, S. *The God of Vengeance* (see introduction by Abraham Cahan) and *The Mother* (see preface by Ludwig Lewisohn); Gorman, H. S. *Procession of Masks*.

Bookman 46:686 February 1918; 57:394 June 1923; *Living Age* 339:596 February 1931; *Nation* 116:180 February 14, 1923; 116:250 February 28, 1923; *New York Times Book Review* October 22, 1933; *Poet Lore* 34:524 December 1923.

Helen Ashton 1891-

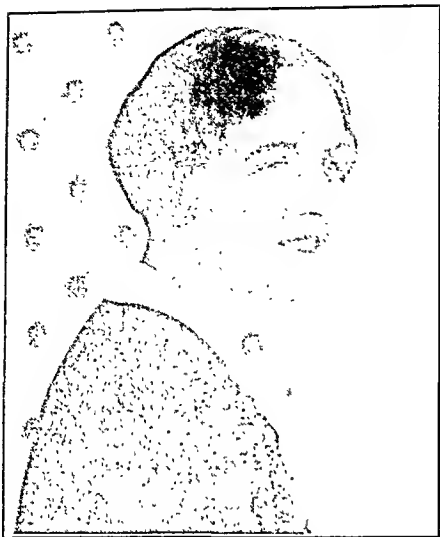
HELLEN ROSALINE ASHTON, English novelist, was born October 18, 1891, in London, and has lived in London all her life. She was the daughter of Arthur J. Ashton, king's counsel, recorder of Manchester, and judge of appeal in the Isle of Man.

She always intended to write. Encouraged by her father, himself the author of legal reminiscences, she published three novels before she was twenty-one, but she is "glad to think that these 'prentice efforts are now out of print."

This early literary work was interrupted by the World War and she took up nursing and after the War studied medicine for some years at London University. Altho she qualified as a doctor she did not practice.

Following her marriage in 1927 to Arthur Edward North Jordan, a barrister of Gray's Inn and the Oxford Circuit, Miss Ashton returned to literature. She drew upon her experiences as a medical student in London Hospital for her first novel of this later stage, *A Lot of Talk*, which was published in July 1927.

Her enjoyment of foreign travel was the origin of *Far Enough*, her next book, whose scene is laid in Jamaica, and *Family Cruise*, which is an account of a Mediterranean voyage in novel form, with the same theme of domestic friction and the endurance of the domestic ties, which she employed in *Mackerel Sky*,



HELEN ASHTON

a story of modern marriage under difficulties.

Challenged by her husband's declaration that it would be impossible to construct a whole book about one day in the life of a country doctor, Miss Ashton wrote *Doctor Scroccold*, which spans one day, and that a not very unusual one, in the routine of a doctor in a typical English country town. She acknowledges that it was hardly fair to accept her husband's challenge because she had learned before she gave up medicine for matrimony how much emotional experience can be squeezed into a doctor's day. *Doctor Scroccold* is perhaps her most successful novel.

Miss Ashton says she has never attempted historical fiction in the ordinary sense, but she made "two careful studies of the domestic changes in the last hundred years in London," *A Background for Caroline*, a woman's life history, and *Belinda Grove*, the history of a Regency house in the suburbs and the people who lived in it, influenced by a kindly old ghost who haunted it.

The idea for *Belinda Grove* was given to her by a complete stranger at a London dinner party. Miss Ashton explored the northern suburbs of London looking for "Belinda Grove" itself. She never found it but she still thinks that it must be somewhere in Islington. But she did

find so many haunted houses and queer true stories that *Belinda Grove* is more a composite photograph than a portrait. In fact, it was such a vivid photograph that Miss Ashton had a difficult time convincing her English publisher and his solicitor that it was not a true story and they were not in danger of being sued for libel.

In 1932 she published *Bricks and Mortar*, the life story of an architect and an account of the changes in architectural fashion during the last half century.

Most of her novels deal with the domestic life of the professional class. "This is the type of subject," writes Miss Ashton, in the third person, to the editors of this book, "which chiefly interests her; she dislikes the fantastic, the dramatic, and the extreme; she prefers to write of everyday subjects, of people who may at first appear dull, commonplace, unambitious, to work out all the details of their background and routine and to prove them, in the end, as pathetic and interesting to the reader as they would appear to themselves." She prefers character to incident.

She believes in numerous revisions and corrections, only uses the typewriter for later drafts, finds the plot the most difficult part of her novel, and keeps it fluid up to a late stage.

Miss Ashton lives with her husband in a set of paneled rooms at the top of an old Queen Anne house in Gray's Inn, London, looking out on the hall where Queen Elizabeth dined. Here she writes her novels. Sometimes she works on fishing holidays in Ireland, scribbling her first drafts in little notebooks which are often so rain-soaked and worn that her tiny handwriting becomes quite unreadable. Her recreations are salmon and trout fishing. She has a country home, Pinchards, at Stockton, in Wiltshire.

Helen Ashton's novels:

A Lot of Talk, 1927; *Far Enough*, 1928; *A Background for Caroline*, 1929; *Doctor Scroccold*, 1930; *Mackerel Sky*, 1930; *Belinda Grove*, 1932; *Bricks and Mortar*, 1932.

Ramón Pérez de Ayala

See Pérez de Ayala, Ramón

"Azorín" 1873-

AZORÍN (pen name of José Martínez Ruiz) Spanish essayist, novelist, and playwright, was born in the little town of Monóvar, province of Alicante, on June 8, 1873, Sunday at three o'clock in the afternoon. The house of his birth is located at 9 Azorín Street, then called Jail Street and later Saint Andrews. His father, Don Isidoro Martínez Soriano, came from the town of Yecla and was a lawyer by profession. A recalcitrant Conservative, he was mayor of Monóvar at different periods and also deputy from that electoral district. He died in 1919 at the ripe age of eighty. Azorín's mother, Doña Luisa Ruiz Mestre de Petrel, who died in 1916, came from Alicante, from a prosperous family of landowners—one of her ancestors had been an official of the Holy Inquisition. Efficient housewife, Doña Luisa kept a detailed family book and from it we learn that Azorín got his first hair cut on November 28, 1874, that he went to school for the first time on Monday, October 21, 1878, and that he wore long trousers the day of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1878.

Azorín had five sisters and three brothers, attended the school of the Padres Escolapios at Yecla, and led the depressingly quiet existence of a typical Spanish town. This slow tempo filtered into the subconscious mind of the youngster, for Azorín has never been able to forget it. Most of his writings contain an almost superhuman effort to recapture the dusty past, to re-establish the lethargic rhythm of this small town and the tragedy of its small souls. From his somewhat autobiographical works, especially from *Las Confesiones de un Pequeño Filósofo*, one can reconstruct the atmosphere and tonality of Azorín's childhood. One must add that an extremely serious illness almost cut short his fertile career.

On completing his studies at Yecla in 1888, Azorín went to Valencia. He registered in the law school and lived in a boarding house in the Plaza de las Barcas. Little interested in his studies, the sensitive fifteen year old boy devoted his spare time to literature: he con-

tributed to the local newspapers—dramatic and book review sections; assiduously visited Sempere's bookshop—Blasco Ibáñez's first editor; and derived great pleasure in writing atheist articles. At the time he underwent two crucial experiences: heard Salmeron deliver a political harangue and read Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil*, a book which, he declares, has influenced him most profoundly.

Tired of the University of Valencia, he moved to that of Granada. He lived in a top floor room near the Puerta Real, overlooking the snow-capped mountains and the exquisite patterns of the fertile fields. He bought nightingale nests, visited second hand bookshops, and in 1893 published his first book under the pseudonym "Cándido"—it was a fifty page monograph on the life and works of the eighteenth century dramatist Leandro Fernández de Moratín. The following year, the same editor, Vives Mora, of Valencia, issued another of Azorín's pamphlets: *Buscapiés* (satire and criticism) under the pseudonym "Ahriman." Once more Azorín worried about the spiritual bankruptcy of eighteenth century Spain, comparing it, quite felicitously, with that of Russia.

In 1894 Azorín still lacked a few subjects for his degree. His dislike for legal studies is evidenced by his restlessness: he moved to Salamanca and then back to Valencia, and, after publishing three more pamphlets and his translations of Maeterlinck's *The Intruder* and Kropotkin's *Prisons*, arrived at Madrid on November 25, 1896.

He brought with him to the Capital a letter of introduction from the literary critic Luis Bonafoux. The letter was addressed to Ricardo Fuente of *El País* staff, and it was in that newspaper that Azorín made his real literary debut. One of his readers, the famous critic Clarín, devoted some space to Azorín in the Barcelona periodical *La Seta*: a correspondence followed, which led to an enduring friendship. The incipient author was launched.

The disaster, the sad year of 1898, threw Spain into a pessimistic mood. The writers preoccupied themselves with the problem of national decadence.

Azorín had published his notorious *Charivari*, subtitled *Discordant Criticism*, which expanded his public considerably, and a collection of short stories, *Bohemia*, in which he idealized the bohemian spirit of a generation nourished on Gautier, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Poe, D'Annunzio, and Baudelaire.

At the time Azorín belonged to a group comprising Baroja, Maeztu, etc., and, more distantly, Valle Inclán and Benavente. They used to meet in the evening in the Café de la Carrera de San Jerónimo and celebrated Christmas at Baroja's home. In these hectic days Benavente was accused of plagiarism for his play *La Comida de las Fieras*, and a duel seemed imminent between Manuel Bueno and Valle-Inclán. . . . the generation of 1898 was living a turbulent career and Azorín helped to define its course: "It loves the old towns and the landscape; it endeavors to resurrect the primitive poets (Percée, Juan Ruiz, Santillana); it admires El Greco and the strange writings of Góngora."

Azorín carried on a lively column in *El Progreso*, a newspaper edited by the spectacular politician, later so prominent, Alejandro Lerroux. In 1899 Azorín published a study of critical theories, *La Evolución de la Crítica*, and a more serious volume, *La Sociología Criminal*, surveying the outstanding currents in sociology and criminology. Soon after he went to Cordoba and Monóvar for a rest.

On his return to Madrid, a new century had dawned. Azorín declared that everything seemed different, more brilliant, as if flooded by the cold light from countless arc lamps—on one side a refulgent present, on the other a past sunk in utter darkness. The young writers gathered in the Buffet Italiano to celebrate the birth of a new epoch and a business man—successful manufacturer of electric belts—gave them enough money to establish the literary magazine *Juventud* (Youth). Its art editor was one Pablo Picasso.

So far mention has been made of books which Azorín did not consider significant enough to include in his *Collected Works*, twenty-eight volumes of which have been published by Caro Raggio since 1919. They could be called

his juvenilia, for most critics begin the study of Azorín's works with *El Alma Castellana*. Printed in 1900, this brief essay on the epos and ethos of Spain initiates an uninterrupted series of books of fiction, criticism, travel, aphorisms, and the drama. The leitmotiv of his fertile creation seems to be Spain: landscape, old towns, ancient buildings, stagnant souls, and he evokes this dusty past in an inimitably impressionistic style of staccato phrases, repetitions, subtle nuances. His style is, indeed, one of the most important contributions to contemporary Spanish letters: he has thoroughly discredited the old fashioned eloquence and pompous rhetoric so much in vogue during the past century. Since his memorable trip to Toledo in 1901 (he was one of the first to love passionately El Greco and his city) he has looked into every nook and corner of the Peninsula in search of the quintessence, of what Havelock Ellis called the "soul of Spain."

But Azorín was not a silly dreamer evoking a dusty past. If he praised Larra (1809-1837) and called him "the master of our generation" and organized with Baroja the celebration of his anniversary on February 13, 1901—it was perhaps because he saw in Larra an intelligent satirist of Spain's stagnation and self-complacency. Azorín's paramount desire was to discover the really authentic in Hispanic sensibility. And that explains also his attack on Echegaray. Half a Nobel Prize had been awarded to this dramatist in 1904 (the other half went to the Provençal poet Mistral) "in consideration of his rich and inspired dramatic production which revived, in an independent and original way, the great traditions and the old glories of the Spanish drama." Some of Spain's more patriotic and orthodox figures in letters, sciences, and politics (the King included) assembled on March 13, 1905, in the hall of the Senate to render homage to their dramatist. The Spanish press, with its usual exaggeration, announced that, for once, all of Spain had joined in the apotheosis of her greatest genius. Of course, next day a letter of protest, drawn by Azorín, Grandmontagne, and Valle Inclán and signed by over fifty dramatic critics and



"AZORÍN"

prominent writers (Unamuno, Baroja, Maeztu, etc.) denied their adherence to such an homage, and declared that their artistic ideals were very different from those of Echegaray. Thus Azorín voiced and championed the new esthetic credo of a new generation, and Echegaray found himself an anachronism in his own country on the very day of his deification!

His political activities, too, showed clearly Azorín's concern with the immediate problems of his country. At the beginning of the century he fostered the idea of erecting a monument to the Unknown Soldier, to the memory of countless forgotten warriors who fought and died for their Fatherland in the distant colonies. Also, with Baroja and Maeztu, he started a campaign against the inordinate gambling rampant then in Malaga. His political interest never abated and, despite his continuous literary production, he found time to enter the arena in a more direct way: in 1907 he was elected deputy from the electoral district of Purchena; in 1914, from Puenteareas; and in 1917, from Sorbas, province of Almeria. He married Doña Julia Guinda Urzanqui in 1908.

Prime Minister La Cierva, whom Azorín had praised in several political works, named him Under-Secretary of

Public Instruction in 1917 and 1919. As deputy, Azorín maintained an intelligent silence: only on a few crucial occasions did he show his merits. As Under-Secretary of Instruction, he favored the establishment of a Hispano-American house, and pleaded for the representation in the Council of Public Instruction of the Casa del Pueblo, of the Atheneum, of the Society of Newspapermen, and of the Fomento de las Artes.

Azorín's literary career scored a triumph of recognition in 1913 when, on November 23, his friends gave him a banquet in the gardens of Aranjuez. Among those present were the philosopher Ortega y Gasset, the poet Juan Ramón Jiménez, and the novelist Ramón Gómez de la Serna. It was at this festival that Ortega y Gasset decided to start the magazine *España*.

During the War, Azorín supported the Allies and was sent in 1918 to Paris as correspondent of the somewhat pro-German paper *A B C*. His war experiences and francophile activities have been recorded in his short volumes *Entre España y Francia: Páginas de un Francófilo*, 1917; *Paris Bombardeado*, 1918; and *Los Norteamericanos*, a visit to the United States Army front-line.

With the appearance of *El Chirrión de los Políticos* in 1923, one feels that Azorín is thru with politics: in this "moral fantasy" he shows the machinations of petty tyrants and the dishonest tendency of politics. From then on he focused his creative genius on literary production, and on May 28, 1924, was elected, by unanimous vote, to the Spanish Royal Academy. Instead of the traditional reception speech, he violated the rule by reading his newest work *An Hour of Spain, Between 1560 and 1590*, which is available in English translation. His academic career was very short, for he did not return to his chair after his candidate Gabriel Miró (1879-1930) was refused entrance twice in succession.

One of Azorín's earliest passions was the theatre. Not only did he write dramatic criticism, but as early as 1901 he composed a tragicomedy in four acts entitled *La Fuerza del Amor*. And just as at that time he translated Maeter-

luck's *The Intruder*, more recently he has made a version of Gantillon's *Maya* and of Evreinov's *Dr. Fregoli*—another way of saying that, despite his deep love for the classics, Azorin has kept in touch with all vanguard literature. With the emergence of surrealism, he has renewed his art. Since 1920 he has written one bold play after another: *Old Spain*, 1926; *Brandy*, *Mucho Brandy*, 1927; and *El Clamor*, 1928 (in collaboration with the popular playwright Muñoz Seca) which caused a tremendous scandal because of its scathing satire of the journalistic world. Both authors were expelled from the Asociación de la Prensa, the society of newspapermen. A few months before this notorious affair, when Azorin was accused of having "gone crazy," Ramón Gómez de la Serna honored him with a banquet which took place at the Café Pombo on November 23, 1927. Three days later, the Teatro de Fuencarral presented his three-act play *Comedia del Arte*.

Azorin has lost many of his admirers who have refused to follow him in his experiments. His "etopeya" *Félix Vargas*, 1928, like his "pre-novel" *Supercrismo*, 1929, and his short stories *Blanco en Azul*, 1929 (translated into English as *The Sirens*) and his novel *Pueblo*, 1930, contain a certain density difficult to grasp. This latest manner, some claim, stands in contrast to his previous clearness and simplicity. In 1930 a statue, sculptured by Palacios, was unveiled in his native town of Monóvar. Azorin attended the ceremony and also the première of his play *Angélica*.

Whatever one's position may be on the theories of art, one has to agree with Jean Cassou that Azorin is "perhaps the most perfect realization of European impressionism." A writer almost in his sixties, whose career began forty years ago, he remains, paradoxical as it may sound, one of the youngest and most discussed writers of Spain. The admirer of Gracián, Cervantes, and Larra has undergone the influence of Joyce, Proust, Freud, and Rilke, and this marriage of the old and the new has produced disturbing results.

A. F.

The works of Azorin:

JUVENILE: Moralin, 1893; Buscapies, 1894; *Notas Sociales*, 1895; *Anarquistas Literarios*, 1895; *Literatura*, 1896; *Charivari*, 1897; *Bohemia*, 1897; *Soledades*, 1898; *Péculchet*, *Demagogo* 1898; *La Evolución de la Crítica*, 1899; *Sociología Criminal*, 1899.

CONFESSIONS AND FICTION: *La Voluntad*, 1902; *Antonio Azorin*, 1903; *Las Confesiones de un Pequeño Filósofo*, 1904; *El Licenciado Vidriera*, 1915; *Don Juan*, 1922; *Doña Ines*, 1923; *Félix Vargas*, 1928; *Blanco en Azul*, 1929; *Supercrismo*, 1929; *Pueblo*, 1930.

ESSAYS, TRAVEL, AND CRITICISM: *El Alma Castellana*, 1900; *Los Pueblos*, 1905; *La Ruta de Don Quijote*, 1905; *El Político*, 1908; *España*, 1909; *Lecturas Españolas*, 1912; *Castilla*, 1912; *Los Valores Literarios*, 1913; *Clásicos y Modernos*, 1913; *Un Discurso de la Cierva*, 1914; *Al Márgen de los Clásicos*, 1915; *Un Pueblecito*, 1916; *Rivas y Larra*, 1916; *Entre España y Francia*, 1916; *Parlamentarismo Español*, 1916; *El Paisaje de España Visto por los Españoles*, 1917; *Paris Bombardado*, 1918; *Laberinto*, 1921; *Mi Sentido de la Vida*, 1921; *Autores Antiguos*, 1921; *Los Dos Luises*, 1921; *De Granada a Castelar*, 1922; *El Chirrión de los Políticos*, 1923; *Racine y Molière*, 1924; *Una Hora de España*, 1924; *Los Quiñeros*, 1925; *Andando y Pensando*, 1929.

DRAMA: *Old Spain*, 1926; *Brandy*, *Mucho Brandy*, 1927; *Comedia del Arte*, 1927; *Lo Invisible*; *Dr. Death*, *El Segador*, *La Araña en el Espejo*, 1927; *El Clamor* (with Muñoz Seca) 1928; *Angélica*, 1930.

Azorin's works available in English translation:

Don Juan, 1924; *An Hour of Spain*, 1931; *The Sirens and Other Stories*, 1931; selections in *Farwell, I. Spanish Prose and Poetry*, 1920; *Putnam, S. European Caravan*, 1931; *Gorkin, J. G. Great Spanish Short Stories*, 1932; the *Dial* for February 1927 and March, June, July, August, and September 1928.

About Azorin:

Boyd, E. *Studies From Ten Literatures*; Cansinos Assens, R. *La Nueva Literatura*, I; Casares, J. *Crítica Profana*; Deumer, H. *Das Stilproblem bei Azorin*; Ernst, F. *Shaklen zur Europäischen Literatur*; Azorin; Gómez de la Serna, R. *Azorin*; González Blanco, A. *Los Contemporáneos I*; Gonzales Ruano, C. *Azorin, Baroja*; Madariaga, S. de. *The Genius of Spain*; Mulert, W. *Azorin*; Ortega y Gasset, J. *El Espectador II*; Villaronga, L. *Azorin*.

Ray Stannard Baker 1870-

RAY STANNARD BAKER, American author who writes under two names, his own and "David Grayson," was born April 17, 1870, in Lansing, Michigan, the son of Major Joseph Stannard Baker and Alice Potter Baker.

When he was a child the family moved to northern Wisconsin, where he attended a backwoods school and spent many hours camping in the countryside.

Scientific training at Michigan State College, where he received a B.S. in 1889, was followed by a partial law course and the study of literature at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. The desire to write crystallized while he was in the university.

Advised by his professor in English composition, F. N. Scott, to go to work on a big city newspaper, he got a job with the *Chicago Record* in 1892 and stayed there five years. He was married on January 2, 1896, to Jessie I. Beal, daughter of Professor William James Beal, a noted Michigan botanist. They have two sons and two daughters.

While working as a reporter Baker began to write stories for the *Yonth's Companion* and then for *McClure's Magazine*. One day he received a telegram from John S. Phillips, the editor of *McClure's*, asking him to come to New York. The result of the trip, his first to the East, was that he became a member of the McClure staff. That was in 1897. He was manager of McClure's Syndicate for a year and then associate editor of *McClure's Magazine* for six years. He began to write articles about politics and business and to collect them in book form from time to time. The first of these was *Our New Prosperity*, which appeared in 1900. A trip to Germany occasioned the next book.

In 1906, at the age of thirty-six, Baker associated himself with John Phillips, Ida Tarbell, William Allen White, Peter Dunne, and others, in the purchase of the *American Magazine*, and served as one of its editors for nine years. Much of this time he lived in rural Michigan, commuting to New York once a month.

"I tramped all over that Michigan countryside," he says, "and thru the northern Wisconsin region of my boyhood, for miles in every direction, talking with the farmers, sometimes stopping overnight with them, loafing thru pleasant little towns, taking a new look at life and nature—a look that became more fascinating the more intimate it was." He continued the habit he had made in boyhood of recording his rural



Blank & Stoller

RAY STANNARD BAKER

observations and experiences in notebooks.

An immediate demand for material for the *American Magazine* sent Baker to his notebooks, which had never been intended for publication. From them he gathered extracts and arranged these into first-person essays, or stories, which were, in the main, exact transcripts of his experiences, with fictitious names of people substituted. For his spokesman he invented the character of David Grayson, a farmer-philosopher.

"I thought then," he explains, "that I was saving the world under my own name, and it seemed to me that what I considered my more important work would suffer in esteem if readers knew that I was also writing anything so entirely different and so simple as the David Grayson essays."

When these essays were first collected in 1907 as *Adventures in Contentment*, Baker was deluged with letters addressed to David Grayson. He says he has never been able to understand the public enthusiasm for this book and for the others which followed it, including *Adventures in Friendship*. Sometimes he found it difficult to avoid the people who tried to seek him out in person, but he managed to keep the identity of David Grayson a secret for ten years.

The artist Thomas Fogarty, who illustrated the essays, did not know who he was; neither did his publishers, who dealt with an intermediary, Walter Hines Page. The secret was divulged in the *Bookman* of March 1916.

Baker's main job during this time was writing as Ray Stannard Baker. He traveled much in search of material, in America, Hawaii, Central America, Cuba, and Europe, and wrote the magazine articles which were collected into the volumes *Follow the Color Line* and *The Spiritual Unrest*.

About 1910 he went to live in Amherst, Massachusetts. At first he lived in a house which Eugene Field once occupied. Then he bought some land on the outskirts of Amherst and built a house beside a giant elm that he liked, commanding a westward view over level miles of farmland to the hills. He helped lay out the grounds himself. He made a street and called it Sunset Avenue.

In the spring of 1910 Baker met the man who, living and dead, was to be his chief preoccupation in the succeeding years—Woodrow Wilson. The first interview with Wilson left Baker "fascinated by the brilliance of his mind, and his progressive idealism." A Republican by tradition, he supported Wilson in 1912 and again in 1916, giving up his connection with the *American Magazine* in 1915.

Early in 1918, after America had entered the World War, Baker went to Europe as a special commissioner of the State Department to study radical opinion and the extent to which "peace by negotiation" had developed. He traveled for a year in England, France, Italy, and Belgium. During the Paris Peace Conference he directed the press bureau of the American commission. Afterward, he wrote, in three weeks, the thin volume, *What Wilson Did at Paris*, which had a wide circulation in several countries.

Wilson, a sick man, turned over to Baker the entire collection of papers which he brought back with him from Paris. Baker worked on them in the White House until the end of Wilson's term in 1920, continued the task at the

Wilson home on S Street in Washington, and completed it in Amherst. The result was *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement: A History of the Peace Conference*, published in three volumes in 1922. Baker's next major undertaking was to edit the six volumes of Wilson's public papers, in conjunction with Professor William E. Dodd of the University of Chicago (who was appointed Ambassador to Germany by President Roosevelt in 1933).

Just before he died, Wilson wrote a letter to Baker asking him to undertake the task of arranging and publishing his private papers, "a task of magnitude," says Baker, "I did not then envisage, else I should never have dared to undertake it." He brought out the first two volumes of Wilson's *Life and Letters* in 1927 and the next two volumes in 1931. "I keep busy making ammunition for a long time," he says, "and then once in two years or so I fire it all off." The end was not in sight in 1933, nine years after the President's death.

Baker works mornings on the Wilson documents at his Amherst home, and devotes the afternoons to relaxation in the garden and orchard. He keeps bees. He is known as a good neighbor. Walter A. Dyer, who lives nearby, finds remarkable his "zest in life, his capacity for friendship, his ability to make an adventure of the day's experience and to glorify the commonplace, his faith in the world and its people, his love of good talk and laughter."

The seventh David Grayson book, entitled *Adventures in Solitude*, was written while Baker was in the hospital, recovering from an illness, in 1931, when he was sixty-one. The book paid the expenses of the illness, and left something over, he said.

"David Grayson has been a great relief to me," he told Winnifred King Rugg, an interviewer. "A relaxation from other work. Writing under his name I have been able to tell more directly how I feel about things. He is myself alone."

Baker has round features, and wears a clipped moustache and rimless glasses. He frequently visits New York and Washington, D. C. He has received

honorary degrees from Michigan State College and Amherst College. He was a Democratic presidential elector for Massachusetts in 1928. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Ray Stannard Baker's books written under his own name:

The Boy's Book of Inventions, 1899; Our New Prosperity, 1900; Seen in Germany, 1901; Following the Color Line, 1908; The Spiritual Unrest, 1910; What Wilson Did at Paris, 1919; The New Industrial Unrest, 1920; Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement: A History of the Peace Conference (three volumes) 1922; The Versailles Treaty and After, 1924; An American Pioneer in Science (life of William James Beal, in collaboration with Jessie Beal Baker) 1925.

EDITOR: The Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson (six volumes, with W. E. Dodd) 1925-26; Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters (four volumes) 1927, 1931 (further volumes to come).

Ray Stannard Baker's books written as "David Grayson":

Adventures in Contentment, 1907; Adventures in Friendship, 1910; The Friendly Road, 1913; Hempfield, 1915; Great Possessions, 1917; Adventures in Understanding, 1925; Adventures of David Grayson (collection of four books) 1925; Adventures in Solitude, 1931.

About Ray Stannard Baker:

Bookman 43:1 March 1916; *Bookman* 43:394 June 1916; *Boston Evening Transcript Book Section* December 31, 1932; *Current History* 55:501 January 1932; *Mentor* 13:1 October 1925.

Margaret Ayer Barnes 1886-

Autobiographical sketch of Margaret Ayer Barnes, American novelist:

I WAS born in Chicago on April 8, 1886. My father was Benjamin F. Ayer, a Chicago lawyer; and my mother, Janet Hopkins Ayer, was the daughter of James Hopkins, a judge on the Federal bench in Madison, Wisconsin.

I come from old New England stock on both sides of my family. The ancestors of both of my parents came from England in the 1600's and my mother was a Colonial Dame. Her father moved to the West from northern New York state, and my father was born in Kingston, New Hampshire, and was a graduate of Dartmouth and of Harvard law school.



Henry C. Jones
MARGARET AYER BARNES of

I have one older brother, Walter, two older sisters, Mary (Mrs. T. Chase) and Janet (Mrs. Fairbank); all of Chicago. Janet is also a writer, the several novels; among them: *The* and *The Bright Land*.

I was educated at the University of Chicago and at Tufts College, which I entered in 1907 with a

(In 1931 I received an M.A. from Tufts College.) I lived in Chicago, and in 1911 we lived in Cecil Barnes, a Chicago architect. We have three sons: Cecil, Edward, and Benjamin Ayer. As the eldest, I am the second in school at Milton, and the third still at home with me.

Though I studied English at Brown, I never thought of writing, until a few years ago—in 1925, I was in Paris with my husband and some friends and had a serious motor accident. I fractured my skull, splintered three ribs, and broke my back. I spent a good many months in spine braces and plaster casts, both in the American Hospital at Neuilly, near Paris, and at the New York Ortho-

paedie Hospital, where Dr. Russell Hibbs operated on my spine.

I began writing short stories at that time, for my own amusement, and having finished three or four and having read them to a few long-suffering friends, I came finally upon the friend who suggested, "Why don't you try to sell one?" That was a completely new idea but I hobbled out of the hospital on a crutch and came with my manuscript under my arm, and did try. No one was more surprised than I at the result. I was able to sell all that I had written and this naturally made me go on trying to write more.

I sold my first story to the *Pictorial Review* in December 1926. Since then I have done ten or eleven more and sold them to magazines. The first eight were published in book form under the title *Prevailing Winds* in 1928. The same publishers who issued them brought out my first novel, *Years of Grace*, in 1930. *Avenue* was awarded the 1930 Pulitzer

In theor fiction. In 1931 my second man who *Westward Passage*, was published. his chief I was writing these books I was years—Weg to write plays. In 1927 I interview with Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel, ated by the *of Innocence*, and it was prohis progress played in New York and on by tradition, Katherine Cornell during 1912 and again season.

connection with Edward Sheldon in 1915. I called *Jenny* which was

Early in I played by Jane Cowl in entered the and on the road during the Europe as a 1929-30.

State Department with Mr. Sheldon a play ion and the *Dishonored Lady*, produced and negotiation" Katherine Cornell in New for a year on the road from January and Belgium, December of the same year. Conference present writing, I am busy with of the novel.

ward, b only association with Hollywood volun-ten thru the sale of my novel *West-which Passage* to the Radio-Keith-con-Pheum Company, which produced it with Ann Harding in the leading role.

I have lived in Chicago all my life except for occasional trips to Europe and summers usually divided between Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, and Mount Desert, Maine.

I am very fond of outdoor things, tho

not of competitive sport. I like to walk and sail and climb little mountains—nothing ice-bound or stupendous—and I like to motor across the country, as I do every summer from Chicago to the Atlantic Coast.

Thirty miles out of Chicago we have a little week-end camp, at which we spend Saturdays and Sundays; a three-room house in the woods beside a river, with open fires, wood stoves, and a pump in the kitchen. When there we do all of our own work and even cut down our own trees for firewood.

In Chicago I live on North Dearborn Street. My home originally belonged to my husband's grandmother and I have lived in it as my own for nineteen years.

It's hard to think of things to say about myself. I led such a quiet, domestic life until 1926 that very little has happened to me of any public interest whatever. Before that date, friends, books, music, and letter-writing, together with a little amateur acting, took up my leisure time. I have always been interested in the theatre. But my tastes are mainly domestic. I do all my writing in a third-floor front-hall bedroom, without benefit of secretary. I find that writing is very easy to combine with domesticity—even when I write six or eight hours a day.

Margaret Ayer Barnes' works:

NOVELS: *Years of Grace*, 1930; *Westward Passage*, 1931; *Within This Present*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *Prevailing Winds*, 1928.

PLAYS: *The Age of Innocence*, 1928; *Jenny*, 1928; *Dishonored Lady*, 1930.

EDITOR: (with Janet Ayer Fairbank) *Julia Newberry's Diary*, 1933.

About Margaret Ayer Barnes:

Literary Digest 99:27 December 15, 1928; *Pictorial Review* 32:2 August 1931.

Pío Baroja 1872-

Antobiographical sketch of Pío Baroja y Nessi, Spanish novelist:

I WAS born in San Sebastian, province of Guipuzcoa, on December 28, 1872. My father's name was Serafin Baroja y Zornoza. He was a mining engineer, also of San Sebastian, who had done some writing in Castilian and Basque. My mother's name is Carmen Nessi y Goñi; she comes from Madrid.

I knew nothing of my ancestry until I began to investigate the life of a revolutionary of the nineteenth century, one of my kinsmen named Eugenio de Aviraneta, whom I made the hero of one of my series of historical novels. From this investigation I learned about some branches of my family. Baroja, my first surname, comes from a village of the province of Alava in the district of Peñacerrada. The word Baroja is Basque or Celto-Basque. If *Bar* (mountain) is Celtic and *otea* or *otza* (cold) is Basque, Baroja means cold mountain. If *Bar* is not Celtic but Basque, and a variation of *Ibar* (river) Baroja means cold river.

The Barojas were noblemen and had a coat of arms with a red lion, a castle, and three fleurs-de-lis. My other ancestral names—Zornoza, Goñi, and Alzate—appeared in the Middle Ages and have complicated coats-of-arms. The Alzates were lords of Vera in Navarre from the thirteenth century and are listed in one of the oldest genealogical books of Spain, entitled *The Good Adventures and Fortunes of Lope Garcia de Salazar*, as chiefs of a band, the so-called *gambuinos*, that fought in Biscay against another band called the *oñacinos*. The name Nessi, my mother's first and my second surname, is Italian, from Como in Lombardy. A distant forefather of mine, Giuseppe Nessi, was a professor of the University of Pavia in the eighteenth century and chief physician of the Austrian army.

My great-grandfather Rafael de Baroja gave up his lands in Alava, became a pharmacist, and established himself in Oyarzun (Guipuzcoa) in 1803. Don Rafael, a man of modern tastes for his time, bought a printing press and type and began to print leaflets and other occasional items. Later Don Rafael migrated to San Sebastian where in 1822 he published a liberal periodical called *El Liberal Guipuzcoano*. He had two sons, Ignacio Ramón and Pío. Both established themselves in San Sebastian as printers; and since the city was one of liberal ideas they dropped from their name the *de*, which had a certain air of nobility. Pío was my grandfather.

I was born in Calle de Oquendo in San Sebastian, in a house of my paternal

grandmother, Doña Concepcion Zornoza. My grandmother was a determined woman and a bit eccentric. I knew her only when she was already old. She had mortgaged two or three houses that she owned in the old part of the city to build this one in Calle de Oquenda, in the new section of the town.

Doña Concepcion had planned to furnish the house and rent it to King Amadeus for the summer season. But before Amadeus could come to San Sebastian, the Carlist war began. The Italian king of the house of Savoy was forced to abdicate; my grandmother had to abandon her project and was ruined.

The earliest recollection of my life is the bombardment of San Sebastian by the Carlists in 1875 or 1876. This memory is very vague and fades into what I have been told. Also I have a confused idea of the return of some wounded soldiers on stretchers and of having looked over the top of the cemetery wall on the outskirts of the town where many dead waited to be interred. I have a faint recollection of having been taken up from my bed one night in a blanket and carried to a chalet next to the shore. I went to live with my family in the basement of the chalet. Upon this house fell three shells that smashed the ceilings and made a hole in the wall that separated our garden from the adjoining one.

From San Sebastian I went with my family to Madrid; from Madrid to Pamplona, within whose walls we lived as in time of war. At night the drawbridges were raised and one of the gates guarded. One of the strangest impressions I received in Pamplona as a child was the spectacle, from the balcony of my house, of a criminal going to be executed outside the walls. He was being taken in a little cart accompanied by four or five clergymen. He was dressed in a yellow tunic striped with red, and a cap. Two long rows of hooded penitents bearing yellow candles walked before the cart chanting responses. Behind paced the executioner swinging his arms. All the church bells of the town tolled the death knell. I have many other intense and grave impressions of Pamplona. I remember distinctly a child of our community who

fell off the wall and died, the stone fights we had with other urchins, and our adventures on the river."

From Pamplona I went with my family to Madrid where I began to study medicine; from Madrid to Valencia where I finished my course. Later I received my doctorate in Madrid.

At the time my family was living in Burjasot, a town near Valencia. One day I read, or some one of my family did, in our newspaper from San Sebastian that the doctor's post in Cestona (Guipuzcoa) was vacant. I decided to apply and wrote a letter asking for the position. I was the only applicant and was given the post. I went to Cestona as municipal physician and lived in the small dark house of the sextoness—let me add that in the Basque country there are two church offices, that of sexton and that of sextoness. She was a most energetic woman, sympathetic and orthodox. Many times I read to her the *Analecets* (a little manual of church practices) and helped her to make wafers in the fire on the eve of feast days when there was much work to do. In Cestona I began to feel myself a Basque and to pick up the thread of the race which was lost to me.

After two years of rural medicine I moved to San Sebastian with the intention of practicing medicine, but it was not profitable and I went to Madrid where I had the opportunity of renting a bakery. I was a baker for seven or eight years, struggling against economic difficulties. Later I tried a few other industrial and commercial ventures, and a little journalism, also without success, and finally I took refuge in literature.

As an author I am not spacious, but I am original. My favorite modern authors have been Dickens, Poe, Balzac, Stendhal, and Dostoevsky. Of all these the one who influences me most is Dostoevsky.

I have not had great sales either in Spain or outside of Spain. In Spain almost all the critics have written of my works; outside of Spain several studies of my novels have been made.

At present I live half the year in Madrid and the other half in Vera de Bidasoa (Navarre) where I have an old



PIO BAROJA

house that belonged to the family of Alzate.

* * *

Pio Baroja, according to Jean Cassou, "remains always himself, which is to say that his is a temperament possessed of an inalienable originality, highly forceful, colorful, contemptuous, and quite in keeping with what one can only call Spanish bad humor. He writes *à la diable*, but what he has to say is always incisive and unforgettable. He is crabbed, cynical and without hope, under all his bustle and his free and easy air. He is adorably ingenuous, brimming with prejudices; and yet, he is the freest of men. None, at least, strives more strenuously for freedom nor is more concerned with being free. In this, he is akin to Stendhal: in his atheism, his contempt for style, his speed, his sentimentality at once peevish and repressed. He is a prodigious draughtsman of picturesque and extravagant types."

Baroja's attitude towards life, says Aubrey F. G. Bell, is always "a shrugging of the shoulders and a muttered 'What is the use?'" His novels are breathlessly swift, disconnected, almost picaresque in their vivid movement and action, but illuminated by original reflections and descriptions, shadowed by

a tragic sense of life. The author is blunt and ferociously honest. "I do not claim to be a man of good taste but to be sincere," he says. He is "the champion of unliterary literature." His protest against "literature" is that whereas "life never ends; one is ever at both the end and the beginning," literature consists in giving an ending to what has none. He considers it to his credit that the hypothetical critic of 1954 will say of his work: "There is nothing less literary than this book. It is a pity that it is not properly finished and that it was written in such a hurry and in part in a telegraphic style." Artistic composition and unity of plot do not interest him. "I write my books without a plan; were I to make a plan I should never get to the end. When I attempted to write a play I could never follow it out to its *dénouement*." His style is described as harsh, concrete, exact, invigoratingly fresh, sometimes ungrammatical. He does not deny that he "writes badly." In his own phrase, "intellectual spinach" is the dish he offers. Among the authors whom he dislikes are Dante, Milton, and Plato.

It is frequently said that Baroja's character is molded from his Basque origin. "Like the Basques as a race," writes Samuel Putnam, "Baroja is opinionated and passionately fond of freedom. He has a worship for energy, the will and action, and would seem to be bent upon the Nietzscheanization of Spain. . . Our author, in brief, is frank, misanthropic, pessimistic, passionate, capricious—in other words, he is a Basque."

Most of Baroja's novels are loosely conceived and grouped as trilogies. His latest trilogy *La Selva Oscura* was completed in 1932 with the publication of *Los Visionarios*, in which he views the new republic with his customary detachment and ruthless candor. The people as a whole, he maintains, are indifferent to the republic. They were tired of the monarchy and wanted a change, but not too radical a one. The result is that the new government isn't much better than the old, but is probably the best that Spain is capable of. Baroja, who is above all an individualist, resents the

deification of the mass. He has no belief in Utopias.

In addition to his trilogies and several volumes of meditations and memories, Baroja has written twenty volumes of *Memorias de un Hombre de Acción*. The man of action is the Liberal adventurer and freemason Eugenio de Aviraneta, the ancestor whom he has mentioned in his autobiographical sketch above.

Baroja disclaims popularity, but not long ago was declared the most popular novelist in Spain as the result of a poll undertaken by a Madrid newspaper. His works have been translated into practically all the European languages.

Baroja describes himself as "bald-headed, with a broad face, a potato-like and ruddy nose, gentle and smiling eyes, thick lips, a drooping moustache, a faded long yellowish beard; a sort of friar and glutton at the same time, pessimist and epicurean, cynic and romantic."

The works of Pio Baroja:

SEQUENCE NOVELS: "La Vida Fantástica": Aventuras, Inventos y Mixtificaciones de Silvestre Paradox, 1901; Camino de Perfección, 1902; Paradox, Rey, 1906. "La Lucha por la Vida": La Busca, 1904; Mala Hierba, 1904; Aurora Roja, 1904. "La Raza": La Dama Errante, 1908; La Ciudad de la Niebla, 1909; El Arbol de la Ciencia, 1911. "Las Ciudades": César o Nada, 1910; El Mundo es Así, 1912; La Sensualidad Perversa, 1920. "Agonías de Nuestro Tiempo": El Gran Torbellino del Mundo, 1926; Las Veledades de la Fortuna, 1926; Los Amores Tardíos, 1926. "El Pasado": La Feria de los Discretos, 1905; Los Últimos Románticos, 1906; Las Tragedias Grotescas, 1907. "Tierra Vasea": La Casa de Aizgorri, 1900; El Mayorazgo de Labraz, 1903; Zalacain el Aventurero, 1909. "El Mar": Las Inquietudes de Shanti Andia, 1911; El Laberinto de las Sirenas, 1923; Los Pilotos de Altura, 1929; La Estrella del Capitán Chimista, 1930. "La Selva Oscura": La Familia de Errotacho, 1932; El Cabo de las Tormentas, 1932; Los Visionarios, 1933. "MEMORIAS DE UN HOMBRE DE ACCION": El Aprendiz de Conspirador, 1913; El Esequio del Brigante, 1913; Los Caminos del Mundo, 1914; Con la Pluma y con la Sable, 1915; Los Recursos de la Astucia, 1915; La Ruta del Aventurero, 1916; La Veleta de Castizar, 1918; Los Caudillos de 1830, 1918; La Isabelina, 1919; Los Contrastes de la Vida, 1920; El Sabor de la Venganza, 1921; Las Furias, 1921; El Amor, el Dandysmo y la Intriga, 1923; Las Figuras de Cera, 1924; La Nave de los Locos, 1925; Las Mascaradas Sangrientas, 1927; Humano Enigma, 1928; La Senda Dolorosa, 1928; Los

Confidentes Audaces, 1931; La Venta de Mirambel, 1931.

FICTIONAL BIOGRAPHIES: Avinareta o la Vida de un Conspirador, 1931; Juan Van Halen, 1933.

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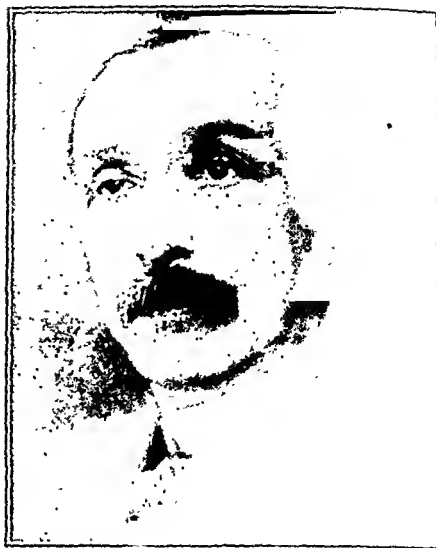
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Maurice Barrès 1862-1923

MAURICE BARRÈS, French author, was born in Lorraine, at Charmes-sur-Moselle (Vosges) on December 22, 1862. The name Barrès was derived from a little commune of Mur-



MAURICE BARRÈS

de-Barrez. For centuries members of the family were residents of Auvergne and the name appears in the registers of Blesle (Haute-Loire) as far back as 1550; after the First Empire they removed to Charmes.

Maurice's grandfather, Jean Baptiste Auguste Barrès, an officer in Bonaparte's Imperial guard, was taken hostage by the Germans and died in their hands in 1849. Barrès edited his *Memoirs of a Napoleonic Officer* (translated 1925). Barrès' father was Auguste Barrès; his mother was of the family of Luxer, one of the oldest in Lorraine.

Barrès spent his early childhood at Strasbourg in Alsace as well as at Charmes in Lorraine, attending religious institutions. The Catholic mysticism of that region had a deep influence upon him. As a boy of eight, he witnessed, hidden one long day in a hay cart, the 1870 retreat of the French thru Charmes in the Franco-Prussian War. He developed an intense nationalism, making his life task the vindication of Lorraine. At the Lycée de Nancy his mind was drenched with German Romantic philosophy and he attended the lectures of Burdeau whom he later ridiculed as Bouteiller in *Les Déracinés*. He also attended the Collège de la Malgrange.

His first magazine article, an analysis of the plays of Auguste Vacquerie, ap-

peared in *La Jeune France* in May 1881, when he was eighteen years old. His first published fiction was a short story, "Le Chemin de l'Institut," in the same periodical in 1882.

After three years' law study in Nancy, Barrès went to Paris at the age of twenty-one to continue preparation for the profession his father had chosen for him, but abandoned it almost immediately for a literary career, encouraged by the praise of Anatole France and Leconte de Lisle for his magazine articles. In 1884 he founded a monthly gazette, *Taches d'Encre*, and took advantage of the Parisian excitement over the assassination of one Morin in the Palais de Justice by hiring sandwich men to parade the boulevards bearing the sign, "Morin ne lira plus les *Taches d'Encre*." ("Morin will no longer read the *Taches d'Encre*.") The publication died after four issues, so that the prophecy would have been just as true of Morin living as of Morin dead. His second journalistic venture, *Les Chroniques*, which he launched in 1886 in collaboration with Charles Le Goffic, was similarly short-lived. Tho unsuccessful, these two journals gave him valuable experience and served to make him better known.

In 1888, when he was twenty-six, Barrès published his first book, *Sous l'Oeil des Barbares*, which William Drake calls "a strange and passionate production, full of pride, full of self-searching, and charged with Horatian disdain of the vulgar"; the product of what Barrès termed "une prodigieuse susceptibilité cérébrale." Brought to the public attention by Paul Bourget, it was hailed by the younger generation, the "haute intelligence Française" whom Barrès addressed as his special audience, and it made him famous. Two more novels, *L'Homme Libre* and *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, completed a trilogy entitled *Le Culte du Moi*, which expressed Barrès' philosophical egotism. These "metaphysical novels," as he called them, have no plot; they follow a hero from boyhood thru a career like the author's own.

Barrès was elected deputy for Nancy in 1889, following a hotly contested campaign in which he narrowly escaped

death from a bomb, and thereafter divided his life between literature and politics. His political interests began to appear in his writing, beginning with *L'Ennemi des Lois*, 1892, a novel exalting the discipline of tradition against the ferment of revolution and reforms which he saw as the triumph of materialism. In it he defined his nationalistic ambition: "Give us something that will change the heart of man. It is a state of mind, and not laws, that the world demands—a moral, not a material reform." Failing election to the Chamber of Deputies in 1893, he traveled in Italy and Spain, then edited, for six months, with Charles Maurras, a paper called *La Cocarde*, in which they blocked out the future doctrines of the French Nationalist Party. In 1899 he represented a Paris daily at the famous Dreyfus trial at Rennes. He opposed Dreyfus, as he supported Boulanger and championed the government in the Panama scandal, because he felt the national policy demanded it. A trilogy of novels, called *Le Roman de l'Energie Nationale*, was devoted to the defense of his beliefs. These novels have more plot than the early ones. They were followed by another trilogy, *Les Bastions de l'Est*.

In explanation of his evolution from an egoist to a nationalist, Barrès said: "Having thought out at great length the idea of the Ego, with no other methods than that of the great poets and mystics, I descended among shifting sands until I found, at the bottom, collectivity as a support." According to William Drake, "There is hardly a modern writer to whom the consciousness of his own and of his national identity are so inextricably mingled as to Maurice Barrès, who thought of France as a lover. . ."

Barrès was elected to the French Academy in 1906. In the same year he was elected to the Chamber from the first arrondissement of Paris, notwithstanding a newspaper campaign against him in which passages from his novels reflecting on national institutions were quoted. He held this seat in the Chamber for the rest of his life (seventeen years) seldom raising his voice in debate, campaigning mainly thru his books for France's neglected churches, new scientific laboratories, and mission schools.

He established a national celebration in memory of Joan of Arc. He scorned professional politicians. In 1913 he wrote an epic of the countryside, *La Colline Inspirée*, which, along with *Colette Baudouche*, is considered his finest romance. *La Colline Inspirée*, translated into English as *The Sacred Hill*, is the best-known of his few publications in other countries.

In his writings, Barrès was known for his brilliant style and rhythmical diction, and his ability to marshal facts. He said: "The art of writing must satisfy these two requirements—it must be musical and meet the demand for mathematical precision, which exists among the French in every well-regulated soul."

A disciple of the "strenuous life," Barrès was a hero-worshipper of Napoleon, Renan, Racine, and Déroulède, besides Boulanger. His own health was never strong and he was of nervous temperament. He was alert, eager, restless. D. C. Cabene speaks of his "gift for a haughty yet whimsical irony, his power of scornful disdain."

Barrès was of medium height, had a sparse figure, swarthy face, heavy dark hair, deep-set piercing eyes. "The slightly arched eyebrows," says Arthur B. Bateman, "a dreamy gaze under half-closed eyelids, the mouth in its almost voluptuous curve recalling a face of Rossetti's, the delicate poise of the head turned languorously to one side, the attitude a little weary, as if feeling 'Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux,' disclose the poet, the dreamer, the exquisite artist of *La Mort de Venise*. . . . The massive head, with a forehead indicative of keen penetration, a chin eloquent of force and inflexible decision, a hand that betrays the presence of personal power in its grip, indicate an indomitable spirit that is in strange contrast to the face." His profile was compared to Caesar's.

Said Ugo Ojetti: "To esteem Maurice Barrès for his uprightness and his art; to admire him for the watchful harmony of his life; to re-read him for the enjoyment of the music, mainly in the bass, which he knew how to extract from the few strings of his lyre; to long for his wise and serious company—this indeed was a pleasure and a duty. But really

to love him was utterly impossible. And yet the man could not have been more affable."

When the World War came, Barrès worked unceasingly for the French cause. He helped create the "sacred French union." In 1914 he succeeded Paul Déroulède as president of the League of Patriots. For four years he took frequent trips thru the war zone and wrote daily articles for *L'Echo de Paris* which were collected into a ten-volume series, called *L'Âme Française et la Guerre*, which he considered his most imperishable work. The restoration of Alsace and Lorraine justified his lifelong doctrines. After the War he carried on his work as defender of the Eastern Front in a series of lectures delivered at Strasbourg, *Le Génie du Rhin*.

Barrès died at the age of sixty of a sudden heart attack on December 4, 1923, the day *Une Enquête aux Pays du Levant* was published. He left material for his autobiography and a large correspondence.

Maurice Barrès' works:

GROUP NOVELS: *Le Culte du Moi—Sons l'Oeil des Barbares*, 1888; *Un Homme Libre*, 1889; *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, 1891; *Le Roman de l'Énergie Nationale—Les Déracinés*, 1897; *L'Appel au Soldat*, 1900; *Deux Figures*, 1902; *Les Bastions de l'Est—Les Amitiés Françaises*, 1903; *Au Service de l'Allemagne*, 1905; *Colette Baudouche*, 1909.

WORLD WAR ESSAYS: *L'Âme Française et la Guerre* (in ten volumes)—*Les Saints de France*, 1915; *L'Union Sacrée*, 1916; *La Croix de Guerre*, 1916; *L'Amitié des Tranchées*, 1916; *Les Voyages de Lorraine et d'Alsace*, 1917; *Pour les Mutilés*, 1917; *Sur le Chemin de l'Asie*, 1917; *Le Suffrage des Morts*, 1917; *Pendant la Bataille de Verdun*, 1917; *Voyage en Angleterre*, 1918; *Les Tentacules de la Pieuvre*, 1920.

OTHER WORKS: *Huit Jours Chez Monsieur Renan*, 1888; *Trois Stations de Psychothérapie*, 1891; *Toute Licence Sauf Contre l'Amour*, 1892; *L'Ennemi des Lois*, 1893; *Une Journée Parlementaire* (comedy of manners in three acts) 1895; *Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort*, 1895; *Stanislas de Guaita*, 1899; *Un Amateur d'Ames*, 1899; *Une Soirée dans le Silence*, 1901; *Scènes et Doctrines du Nationalisme*, 1902; *Pages Lorraines*, 1903; *Amor et Doolri Sacrum: La Mort de Venise*, 1903; *Quelques Cadences*, 1904; *La Vierge Assassinée*, 1904; *De Hegel aux Cantines du Nord*, 1904; *Ce Que J'ai Vu à Rennes*, 1904; *Visite sur un Champ de Bataille*, 1905; *Le Voyage de Sparte*, 1906; *Ce Que J'ai Vu au Temps de Panama*, 1906; *Un Discours à Metz*, 1911; *Grecs ou le Secret de Tolède*,

1912; *La Colline Inspirée*, 1913; *La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France*, 1914; *Au Fond du Cloaque*, 1914; *Une Visite à l'Armée Anglaise*, 1915; *Les Traits Eternels de la France*, 1916; *Autour de Jeanne d'Arc*, 1916; *Dix Jours en Italie*, 1916; *Les Diverses Familles Spirituelles de la France*, 1917; *De la Sympathie à la Fraternité d'Armes*, 1919; *La Minute Sacrée*, 1919; *La Lorraine Dévastée*, 1919; *L'Angoisse de Pascal*, 1919; *Le Tombeau d'Ernest Psichari*, 1920; *La Génie du Rhin*, 1921; *La Politique Rhénane*, 1922; *Un Jardin sur l'Oronte*, 1922; *Dante, Pascal et Renan*, 1923; *Un Enquête aux Pays du Levant*, 1923; *Pour la Haute Intelligence Française*, 1925; *La Folie de Charles Baudelaire*, 1926; *Le Mystère en Pleine Lumière*, 1926; *Mes Cahiers*, 1929; *Les Grands Problèmes du Rhin*, 1930.

Translations of Maurice Barrès' works (with dates of publication in America):

The Dying Spirit of France (address delivered before the British Academy; English edition has title *Soul of France*) 1917; The Faith of France (based on French soldiers' letters) 1918; *Colette Baudoche*, 1918; *The Sacred Hill*, 1929.

About Maurice Barrès:

Drake, W. A. *Contemporary European Writers*; Fay, B. *Since Victor Hugo*; Gosse, Sir E. W. *French Profiles*; Guérard, A. L. *Five Masters of French Romance*; Huneker, J. G. *Egoists*; Ojetti, U. *As They Seemed to Me*; Stephens, W. *French Novelists of Today*. *Correspondant* 203:979 December 25, 1923; *London Mercury* 7:64 November 1922; *North American Review* 223:150 March 1926.

Vicki Baum 1888-

Vicki Banni, popular German novelist who came to America to live in 1931, was born in Vienna on January 24, 1888, the only child of a civil servant. Autobiographical sketch (written in English):

BORN in Vienna towards the end of last century. Brought up as the single child of a good family in very bourgeois surroundings. As a rather dreamy and romantic child I was always in opposition to the very dry and strict education my parents thought to be the right thing for my sort of character.

At the age of eight I started studying the harp, and three years later I made my first appearance on the concert platform. Altho I was very devoted to my profession as a musician, I always used the nights for writing and reading secretly. I was fourteen when the first of my short stories appeared in print.



VICKI BAUM

At the age of eighteen I married. It was what one would call a companionate marriage and did not last very long. My first husband was a writer and as unsuited for practical life as myself at the time. We parted friends and remained friends until he died. After my divorce I left Vienna and went to Germany. For three years I played the harp in the orchestra and was professor of the musical high school in Darmstadt. This small town in South Germany was at the time a center of art under the patronage of the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig von Hessen, who was a real friend to all his artists. My time was shared between music, writing, and—during the war—nursing. I got married [in 1916] to my best pal since childhood, Richard Lert, who happened to be the conductor of the orchestra I was playing in.

By sheer accident one of our young actors, the brother of the famous German writer Jakob Wassermann, discovered that my writing desk was filled up with stories and novels I had written just for the fun of it. He sent one of them to a publisher and this man to my big surprise printed my work. After two of my books had been published, I got two babies and completely forgot about being a promising young writer. It was six years later that I took up writing again.

All the time I lived in Germany, moving from one town to another, accompanying my husband whose profession took him to different theatres. In 1926 I decided to leave the German provincial towns and went to Berlin. I took a job editing some of the magazines which are published by the biggest German publishing house, Ullstein, the same firm that publishes all my novels. I forgot to tell that I gave up music as a profession after marriage, but I felt and still feel that a writer should always have some profession which brings him into close contact with the realities of life. I found editing of magazines very interesting and learned a lot at the time.

I would still be an editor if a very clever young writer Dr. Erdei had not come along and bothered me to dramatize my novel *Grand Hotel*. I did it against my own convictions and it turned out to be surprisingly successful. I got an invitation to come to New York and to see the performance of *Grand Hotel*. It was a perfect performance and it was a great country I encountered on this occasion. The country just got me. I came to America in 1931 and my visit was supposed to last two weeks. It is 1933 now and I am still here. I have taken out my first naturalization papers and transplanted my two boys from Germany to America. I am just about to build a house and settle down near Santa Monica on the West coast and I hope to spend part of the year in New York, part of the year out West, and visit my old country from time to time.

I like books, music, children, trees, and bad people.

I dislike high society, politics, bridge, and important people—if they know they are important.

I don't smoke and don't drink, not as a principle, but because it tastes bitter and sour to me. My main vice is dancing whenever I get a chance. My main wishes: traveling, seeing the world, and seeing that my boys are brought up to be nice fellows.

The writers I like best are Thomas Mann, Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Knut Hamsun, Dostoevsky, Colette, and Herman Bang.

* * *

In Germany Vicki Baum's public has been drawn largely from the readers of the Ullstein illustrated weeklies, in which her novels have been serialized. She confesses now that she is ashamed of her early work, considering it weak and sentimental. Her first great success was *Stud. Chem. Helene Willfürer* (Helen Willfür, Student of Chemistry) which set the world of German women astir with its story of a girl student's struggle in modern Berlin. When Frau Baum was editing *Die Dame*, a German woman's magazine similar to the American *Vogue*, her mail overflowed with the life-stories of men and women who wrote to her for advice. She adapted *Helene Willfürer* for the screen, and in 1929 the film had a successful run throughout Germany. Her dramatized version of *Grand Hotel* was first produced at the Nollendorf Theatre in Berlin under the production banner of Max Reinhardt in 1929-30. It has subsequently been shown on more than 150 stages in Central Europe, including the Deutsches Theatre in Vienna, where she once played the harp.

The greatest success of Frau Baum's career has been in America, with the importation of *Grand Hotel*, produced in New York, as adapted by William A. Drake, in November 1930 and published in its original novel form early in 1931. Frau Baum had always wanted to write of "the little clerk," who, learning he had but a week to live, embezzled enough money to escape into the exciting life of the metropolis; she wanted, too, to express the sadness of the night she saw Pavlowa, poised at the decline of her artistry, falter before an audience. "I mixed the two stories in my head," she says. *Grand Hotel*, with Greta Garbo, the Barrymore brothers, and Joan Crawford in the cast, was made into one of the most successful of American talking-pictures. Most of the author's writing, since coming to this country, has been done in Hollywood for the screen. In October 1933, however, a dramatization of her novel *And Life Goes On*, entitled *A Divine Drudge*, was presented on the legitimate stage in New York by John Golden, veteran Broadway producer, who also collaborated in the writing of the play.

Vicki Baum is described as "a young looking matron of medium height and that slenderness women strive for these days. She has yellow, marcelled bobbed hair, blue eyes, which seem a little tired, and in manner is both concentrated and abstract. Her English is excellent, tinged slightly with a German accent, and she speaks in a soft, slow, faintly melancholy monotone that belies a personality energetic and animated."

Vicki Baum's principal works in German:

Eingang zur Bühne; Ulle, der Zwerg; Feme, 1926; Hell in Francensee, 1927; Stud. Clem. Helene Willfür, 1928; Menschen im Hotel, 1929; Zwischenfall in Lohwinkel, 1930; Die Andern Tage, 1931.

Vicki Baum's novels available in English translation:

Grand Hotel, 1930; And Life Goes On (published in England under title Results of An Accident) 1931; Martin's Summer (from the German, Hell in Francensee) 1931; Secret Sentence, 1932; Helene, 1932; Falling Star, 1933; The Divine Drudge (dramatization of And Life Goes On, with John Golden) 1933.

About Vicki Baum:

Pictorial Review 32:2 September 1931.

René Bazin 1853-1932

RENÉ FRANÇOIS NICOLAS MARIE BAZIN, French novelist, was born December 26, 1853, on a farm near Angers in the province of Anjou, France. Of delicate health in childhood, he was brought up in the country.

"I did little at De Viris Illustribus," he recalled in later life. "but I learnt what is unteachable—to see the infinite in things, and to listen to its life. Instead of my horizon being bounded by the walls of a classroom or a courtyard, it was limited only by woods, meadows, the sky changing every hour, and a little stream changing too in concert. My friends were the mist, the sunshine, the twilight, where fear haunts you in your shadow; the flowers, whose dynasties I know better than those of the kings of Egypt; the birds, whose names are written in the motion of their flight; the dwellers on the land, who are silent mysterious persons."

He attended the lycée and the petit séminaire Mongazon at Angers, studying



RENÉ BAZIN

Keystone

for the priesthood. Then he took up law and practiced for a time. For many years he taught criminal law in the Roman Catholic University of Angers, writing books the while, giving up teaching at length to devote himself entirely to writing.

Bazin began his literary career by publishing several narrative verses; then he wrote his first novel, *Stephanette*. He was thirty-one when it appeared in 1884 and received the favorable attention of Ludovic Halévy. It was followed by a long succession of novels, about one a year. His third novel, *Une Tache d'Encre*, was awarded a prize by the French Academy in 1888, and his initial travel book, *Sicile*, was similarly honored. In 1896 his collective works were crowned by the Academy.

The events of his childhood were recalled in a book of short stories, *Contes de Bonne Perrette*, which took its title after his old nurse. Another book of tales, *Les Récits de la Plaine et de la Montagne*, contains the story of the lime tree under which his mother used to sew and embroider.

After a period of extensive travel, Bazin won fame in 1899 with his novel, *La Terre Qui Meurt*, the story of a family of farmers in the Vendéan marshes. This is his best-known work, along with *Les Oberlé*, the novel of a

divided Alsatian family whose son deserts from the German army to cross into France. *Les Oberlé* was successfully dramatized. His many other novels of peasant life and country scenery include *Donatienne* and *Le Blé Qui Lève*. Brittany, the Vendée, and the Vosges were his favorite settings.

In his novels Bazin touched occasionally upon the problems of the hour such as the abandonment of the country for the town (*La Terre Qui Meurt* and *Donatienne*) or the tyranny of trade unions (*Le Blé Qui Lève*) but his main theme was the love of the peasant for his native soil. He wrote much about work, little about love. "Love," he said, "is only an episode, a spectator, or sometimes a firework of life, and occasionally its guiding lamp. But whether or not that lamp be burning, work continues unremitting, the inflexible law of humanity." His characters are rustic laborers; with fashionable city folk he is not concerned. "It is predicted," he said, "that tomorrow these working men will be our masters, and it is probable that we shall do their work as they are doing ours."

Bazin's novels were a protest against the prevailing type of sex fiction—against Zola and the "naturalistic school." Shunning the sophisticated Parisian novel theme, he pictured the wholesomeness of the family. "The society novel," he said, "has been done, redone, overdone, done to death. The perpetual recurrence of adultery in the plots is due to intellectual indolence. The typical society novelist is actually too lazy to derive unhackneyed plots from a close study of life about him. I desire to portray the sweetness, purity, and beauty in French family life, and not to perpetuate a gross libel upon it. If I make a great deal of religion in my novels, it is because religion plays an important rôle in our life." Edmund Gosse acclaimed him as one whose works might confidently be recommended to English readers "without the possibility of a blush." He was elected to the French Academy in 1903 and inducted by Ferdinand Brunetière in April 1904.

Bazin traveled widely and came twice to the United States, the first time as a member of the Champlain Tercentenary

Commission, and again in 1912 as one of the escorts of Rodin's sculptures. He shunned the limelight, and few Americans met him. *Une Tache d'Encre* was the first work of Bazin to be translated into English, as *A Blot of Ink*, in 1892.

After the beginning of the World War, Bazin wrote fewer novels and published numerous patriotic essays. In his last years he turned to biography, publishing notably a life of Father Charles le Foucauld, explorer, hermit, and African missionary; and a life of Pope Pius X. His final novel was *Magnificat*, dealing with the religious scruples of the Bretons. During his lifetime he produced about fifty volumes of fiction, travel, biography, and essays. He never wrote hurriedly. He was a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Correspondant*, *Journal des Débats*, and other publications.

Bazin made his home at Les Raugeardières, Saint-Barthélémy (Maine-et-Loire) in his native province of Anjou, near Segre. The winters he spent in Paris. His recreation was hunting. He was made a doctor of laws by the University of Paris; he was an officer of the Legion of Honor, and a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

His wife was Aline Bricard. They had two sons and six daughters. His eldest daughter, Elisabeth Bazin (Mme. Sainte-Marie Perrin) wrote essays, "meditations," and biographies, and was the author of *Pèlerins d'Emmaüs* and *Images*. One time when he returned home from one of his long voyages, she wrote in celebration an intimate comedy, "Les Autres Filles de Papa," whose characters were the heroines of his novels and which was enacted by his daughters. Elisabeth Bazin died a few years before her father.

Bazin died in Paris on July 21, 1932, at the age of seventy-eight, after an illness of about two months.

"The strongest force in René Bazin's character," said Henry Van Dyke, "was his religion. He was not only a *Catholique pratiquant*. He was also a profoundly devout man, a believer without reserve, a natural mystic. Inevitably

his mind and heart were drawn to the tragic circumstances which followed the separation of church from state in France at the close of the nineteenth century." The novels written under this impulse like *L'Isolée* and *Blé Qui Lève*, Van Dyke regarded as his best.

René Bazin's works:

Stephanette, 1884; Ma Tante Giron, 1886; Une Tache d'Encre, 1888; Les Noëllet, 1890; A l'Aventure, 1891; La Sarcelle Blanche, 1892; Sicile, 1893; Madame Corentine, 1893; Les Italiens d'Aujourd'hui, 1894; Humble Amour, 1894; Terre d'Espagne, 1895; En Province, 1896; De Toute Son Ame, 1897; Contes de Bonne Perrette, 1898; La Terre Qui Meurt, 1899; Croquis de France et d'Orient, 1899; Les Oberlé, 1901; Le Guide de l'Empereur, 1901; L'Ensigne de Vaisseau Paul Henry, 1901; Donatienne, 1902; Pages Choiesies, 1902; Récits de la Plaine et de la Montagne, 1903; L'Ame Alsacienne, 1903; Discours de Réception à l'Académie Française, 1904; L'Isolée, 1905; Le Duc de Nemours, 1906; Question Littéraires et Sociales, 1906; Le Blé Qui Lève, 1907; Mémoires d'une Vieille Fille, 1908; Le Mariage de Mlle. Gimel, 1909; La Barrière, 1910; La Douce France, 1911; Davidée Birot, 1912; Au Nord-Sud, 1913; Ginguolph l'Abandonné, 1914; Récits du Temps de la Guerre, 1915; Aujourd'hui et Demain, 1916; La Closerie de Champdolent, 1917; Notes d'un Amateur de Couleurs; Les Nouveaux Oberlé, 1919; Charles de Foucauld, 1921; Il Etait Quatre Petits Enfants, 1923; Le Conte du Triolet, 1924; Baltus le Lorrain, 1926; Fils de l'Eglise, 1927; Pie X, 1928; Le Roi des Archers, 1929; Paysages et Pays d'Anjou; Magnificat, 1931; Un Monastère de Saint Pierre Fourier, 1932.

English translations of René Bazin's works (with dates of publication in America):

A Blot of Ink, 1892; Autumn Glory, 1899; Italians of Today, 1902; Les Oberlé, 1905; The Nun, 1908; The Coming Harvest, 1908; Redemption, 1908; This, My Son, 1909; The Barrier, 1910; The Children of Alsace, 1912; Davidée Birot, 1912; The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel and Other Stories, 1913; Those of His Own Household, 1914; Pierre and Joseph, 1920; Juniper Farm, 1928; Madame Corentine, 1928; Pius X, 1929; Charles de Foucauld, 1931; Magnificat, 1932.

About René Bazin:

Bennett, A. *Books and Persons*; Gosse, E. W. *French Profiles*; Reilly, J. J. *Dear Prue's Husband*; Stephens, W. *French Novelists of Today*; Talbot, F. X. (editor) *Fiction By Its Makers*.

Revue des Deux Mondes 52:227 July 1, 1929; *Catholic World* 135:745 September 1932.

Carleton Beals 1893-

CARLETON BEALS, American author and journalist, authority on Mexico, Central America, and Cuba, was born at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, on November 13, 1893. Carrie Nation was his godmother. "At the age of three years," he says, "I took my family to Pasadena, California." There, and in adjacent towns, he lived until 1911, when he went to Berkeley, where he attended the University of California, graduating in 1916. In 1917 he took a master's degree at Columbia University.

Toward the end of 1918 he took a trip to Mexico. A year later he became attached to the personal staff of President Venustiano Carranza as an instructor. From 1920 to 1923 he travelled in Europe, spending a year in Spain and one in Italy—he was in Rome at the time of Mussolini's march. From 1923 to 1929 he travelled extensively in Mexico and Central America. In 1929 he went to Europe and visited, among many other countries, Spanish and French Morocco. He spent 1930 on an anthropological and educational mission thru the Oaxaca Mountains, and 1931-32 in Mexico on a Guggenheim fellowship preparing a biographical study of Porfirio Diaz. In 1931 he was married in the Palace of Cortés in Coyoteacán to Elizabeth Wright Daniels.



CARLETON BEALS

It was during these travels that he became known as a journalist, serving as a special correspondent on many unusual occasions. His most outstanding journalistic achievement was an interview in 1928 with General Sandino, the Nicaraguan "rebel," at a time when 5,000 marines and the American press were convinced that Sandino had fled to Honduras. The interview was printed in every known national language, including Chinese and Japanese. In addition, he has watched the overthrow of four Central American governments; was held up by Mexican bandits and rode thru the Catholic revolt at Jalisco; was seized and held incommunicado by a Mexican general because of articles in American magazines; has been on trains attacked by Villista rebels; was refused admittance to Guatemala, then given forty-eight hours to cross the country because the authorities were angered by an article he had written for *Current History Magazine*—to mention but a few of his experiences on journalistic missions. He has known personally or interviewed Premiers Data and Primo de Rivera of Spain; Mussolini of Italy; Presidents Carranza, De la Huerta, Obregon, Calles, Portes Gil, and Ortiz Rubio of Mexico; Presidents Chamorro, Estrada, and Diaz of Nicaragua; General Sandino of Nicaragua; and President Gonzales of Costa Rica.

His books have also come largely out of his experiences. The best known of those dealing with Mexico include: *Mexico: An Interpretation*, *Mexican Maze*, and *Porfirio Diaz: Dictator of Mexico*. *Banana Gold* is about his Central American adventures. He has written one novel, *Destroying Victor*. He has published one short story, which was given three stars in the annual Edward J. O'Brien anthology. He is a frequent contributor on educational, economic, and political subjects to the leading American periodicals.

Much of the success of his books has been attributed to his ability to choose timely subjects. *The Crime of Cuba*, an exposé of the horrors of the Machado regime in Cuba, was timed so closely that its publication date came just two days after Machado's fall in the revolution of August 1933.

Carleton Beals' literary preferences are principally historical and sociological. The writers who have influenced him are many and diverse, ranging from Zimmern and Cervantes to James Joyce and John Dos Passos. Aside from literature he likes horseback riding, "investigating social phenomena," the tropics, reading, and outdoor travel; and dislikes hunting, fishing, golf, and the customs. For immigration officials he has a special aversion. In art his taste is almost entirely Latin. Among his best friends he counts Diego Rivera, the Mexican artist, whom he induced to illustrate *Mexican Maze*. He says that he likes almost all persons who have "interested themselves, in one way or another, in just causes."

Of his highly developed penchant for travel and his philosophy as an author he says: "Nationalism is not enough for the human spirit. Just as love of self is barren without loyalty to the community, so love of country is sterile unless it contributes to the common aspirations of humanity. Perhaps this is part of the reason, in addition to my own love of adventure and novelty, and desire for knowledge, which led me, before the age of thirty-eight, to visit or live in some twenty-two countries. . . I have systematically attempted to become an authority on Latin America. . . To know and understand a foreign people, it is necessary to understand and have contacts with every strata of society. A writer should feel equally at home in a hovel or a palace. Humble people everywhere make a nation; writers, singers, builders, painters, shape its ideals; only to a minor degree are politicians responsible for the social forces they presumably guide.

"My own experiences have made it possible to understand humble people. At various times I have worked as newsboy, grocery driver, delicatessen clerk, carpenter, machinist, chauffeur, farm hand, book-seller, laboratory assistant, teamster, teacher, dish-washer, waiter, shoe clerk, ditch-digger, bookkeeper, cashier, chess-player (at \$2.00 an hour) porter, shipping-clerk, advertising solicitor. I have worked in a foundry, hurling scrap into a roaring furnace; in factories, and on farms. Also I have

been principal of a high school. I have gone prospecting for gold; and once traveled fifteen hundred miles to Mexico without a cent in my pocket. I have slept in haystacks and in the rain on streets of a foreign city; once I was kicked off the same train five times. . . I have traveled on foot, horseback, and train thru most of Mexico. I have also walked thru much of Spain and did Tuscany in Italy with a knapsack on my back. I have also gone thru the Riff country in North Africa on horseback.

"This was not mere adventuring; it was born of my desire to know foreign peoples intimately."

To write his biography of Díaz he covered the route of the dictator's longest march from Querétaro to Oaxaca City on horseback. It was a month's trip thru the wildest of the Mexican sierras. He has witnessed personally four Mexican revolutions and has lived for a time in all Latin countries of the world except Rumania and South America.

Carleton Beals' works:

History of San Francisco as a Steamship Center, 1917; Mexico: An Interpretation, 1923; Rome or Death: The Story of Fascism, 1923; Brimstone and Chili, 1927; Con Sandino en Nicaragua, 1928; Destroying Victor (novel) 1929; Mexican Maze, 1931; The Mexican Genius (co-author) 1931; Banana Gold, 1932; Porfirio Díaz. Dictator of Mexico, 1932; The Crime of Cuba, 1933.

May Lamberton Becker 1873-

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, American author, editor, and literary authority, was born in New York City on August 26, 1873, the daughter of Ellis Tinkham Lamberton and Emma Packer Thurston Lamberton. She did not go to school until she went to high school, but received her early education at home, mainly from her mother, "who was a genius at passing on a love of study and the knack of doing it," and by reading in the family library, well stocked with the old classics. "In our house no bookcases were locked at all," she recalls. "I took my chances with the rest of the family."

In her sophomore year in high school, May Lamberton founded a literary sorority which continued in existence in the



MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

school for twenty-five years. After graduation, when she was eighteen, she joined the staff of a small suburban newspaper as a reporter and became its musical and dramatic critic as well. In 1894 she was married to Gustave Louis Becker, the pianist and composer. The marriage was dissolved in 1911. They had one child, a daughter, Beatrice (who married Frederic Warde, the typographer, and who is herself known to the typographical world as the expert, Paul Beaujon).

Tho her literary interests had been widely known to her friends for many years, it was not until 1907 that Mrs. Becker's formal career really began, and then somewhat by chance. In that year she accepted an invitation to substitute for a friend who had been asked to deliver a series of lectures on Victorian literature before a women's group in New York. The venture was such an immediate success that after two appearances she was asked to prepare a second series to follow the first. Thus began long years of platform appearances which have been assigned by Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, the editor and critic, as the only reason she is known to the public as an actual being and has escaped the suspicion of being a "syndicate" which her numerous subsequent activities would otherwise logically have

suggested. Each year brought wider audiences until shortly she was giving as many as ten lectures a week at the height of the season, principally in the larger cities of the Atlantic seaboard, with occasional longer tours to other parts of the country.

In 1915, after eight years on the lecture platform, she was approached for advice by the editors of the *New York Evening Post* who were in search of a "circulation feature" for their weekly literary supplement. "They asked me what sort of a column or department I could suggest from my experience," she relates.

"I replied that I had discovered—from the questions I was invariably asked after my lectures—that people bought and borrowed books each for a special purpose, and that this was equally true whether the books were wanted for self-betterment or entertainment. And so I suggested a sort of 'personal guidance' question-and-answer department."

The *Post* editors were dubious at first but decided eventually to give the idea a trial and asked Mrs. Becker to conduct the test. The new department was christened "The Reader's Guide," a name that has been synonymous with May Lamberton Becker ever since. The first column was made up of letters and answers taken from her correspondence as a lecturer. It was expected that this procedure would be necessary for most of the trial period, but by the end of the second week more original inquiries, inspired by the department, had been received than could conveniently be answered in print.

Mrs. Becker remembers the first inquiry clearly. It arrived within forty-eight hours after the initial publication of the column and was from an editor in a small Canadian city, asking for a list of books for the library of a daily newspaper. The second request, which came almost as soon, was from a woman who wanted suggestions for books to read aloud to a convalescent husband, with the restriction—"Anything except uplift!"

One day, less than a month after the column first appeared, Mrs. Becker was searching at the New York Public Library, she recalls, for information on a

difficult point. "Why don't you write to that new department in the Saturday book-section of the *Post*?" suggested a young desk attendant. "Then," she says, "I knew that the 'Reader's Guide' was a success."

The department has continued virtually without interruption ever since. It follows its conductor, one writer has said, "like a literary Mary's Lamb. Neither trains nor steamships interrupt its weekly regularity. It is almost as likely to be dated from London or Paris or Charleston or Back Bay as New York." It was transferred to the *Saturday Review of Literature* when that publication was founded in 1921, and in 1933 to the Sunday "Books" supplement of the *New York Herald Tribune*, of which Mrs. Becker had become juvenile department editor the previous year.

In addition to the duties of her "Reader's Guide" editorship—each year in this capacity she receives more thousands of inquiries than she has ever dared to estimate, all of which are answered personally and the great majority by mail—Mrs. Becker has carried on in the course of her professional lifetime sufficient other activities to amount, it has been said, "to several separate careers for less energetic people." She has at various times served in editorial positions on many of the leading magazines of the country, including the editorship of *St. Nicholas* in one of its latter-day transitions. During the War she acted as chief of the Foreign News Bureau of the National Council of Defence. She still gives some fifty lectures a year, is a frequent magazine contributor, and edits a monthly department in the *Scholastic Magazine*. Her "Books For Young People" department in the *New York Herald Tribune* has established her as an authority on juvenile literature and has given her what she calls a "second personality" in the American literary scene. She has also found time to write a small shelf-full of books of her own, largely based on her experiences and knowledge as a reader's advisor. Lately she has delved into the regional anthology field (long a personal hobby). The result is a series known as *Golden Tales of Our America*, which has achieved particular popularity

with libraries. She is considered an authority on literary pronunciations.

Mrs. Becker makes her home in New York, in a "book-filled, sunlit apartment" on the heights of Morningside Drive, overlooking Morningside Park. The Columbia University library is within easy walking distance and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is a near neighbor. She has traveled widely, both in the United States and abroad. Two to four months of each year she spends in England with her daughter. When in London she makes her home in the literary Chelsea section, with such celebrities as Charles Morgan and A. A. Milne as "round-the-corner" neighbors. "I can always make friends with children by telling them I have held Christopher Robin in my lap," she says. Formerly, she passed many of her summers in Vermont. It is her boast that she was known to the natives not as a "literary lady" but as a housewife who could turn out as large a day's work as any one of themselves.

Most of her literary work is done late at night and on Sundays. She answers her correspondence personally, much of it in her own handwriting. She has never employed a secretary or assistant, but depends upon her own wide reading, reinforced by "knowing the ropes" of the standard reference sources, for her "Reader's Guide" correspondence and the backgrounds of her editorial work and original writing. "Books are a personal problem," she says, "and my value to my readers is likewise personal."

One of her enjoyments is relating amusing and touching experiences from her work as a literary column conductor. Her favorite story is that of the "Four-Books-a-Year Woman," which created wide interest at the time it occurred and is related in full in her first book, *A Reader's Guide Book*. A more recent case which she likes to recall as equally illustrative of the human side of a book advisor's work is that of an aged New England bachelor, left alone by the tragedy of death, who asked her to recommend books to give him the needed courage and interest "just to keep on living." As an example of the opposite extreme of experience she tells of four young business women in a Middle

Western town who wrote demanding: "Rabelaisian humor—the rougher the better!"

"You see," she told an interviewer, "I can't complain of lack of variety."

She is an omnivorous reader and her taste is "completely catholic." No believer in censorship, she dedicated one of her books: "To My Daughter, With Whose Reading I Never Interfered." (Another is dedicated to "the librarians of America, in gratitude for countless kindnesses.") She is equally conversant with the old and the new in literature. In her "Reader's Guide" work she stresses books of the current decade.

She does not believe in creeds or mottoes, in the usual sense, but she has one definite principle which she follows in all her work. "What success I have had," she says, "I attribute to the fact that I always place the reader—his problems and interests—first; and books second." She prides herself that despite the fact that her life is spent among the literary and those associated with literary professions, she has remained "a human rather than a bookish person."

The following description of Mrs. Becker appeared in the *Boston Transcript* in 1933: "This unusual woman, who has made a career and vocation of corresponding with thousands of people about books, is, as one might expect, a vital and interesting personality. One's immediate impression upon meeting her is of cheerful and tireless energy; such as, indeed, her intensive work and varied interests require. More detailed observation reveals pleasant, intelligent, and constantly animated features; large, strikingly dark eyes that twinkle behind and over rimless eyeglasses; smooth, dark hair; and a generous mouth. One would say that she is not within a decade of the fifty-nine years of age her *Who's Who* biography discloses. Perhaps the result of the long years on the platform, there is something of the 'old trouser' in her easy poise and readiness of wit. Her speech and gestures are rapid and natural, her expression lively. Her conversation is characterized by the same traits which make her writing, as some one has said,

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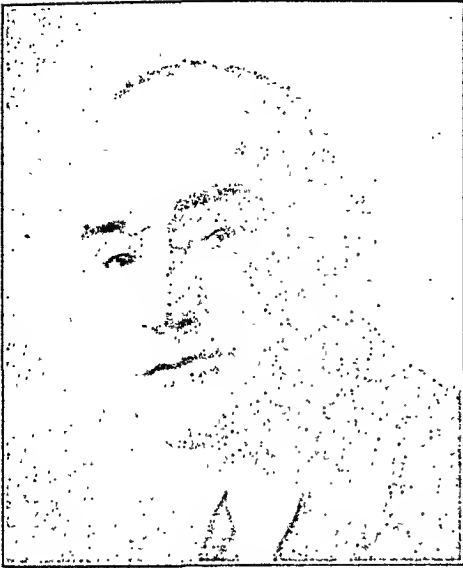
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S. N. BEHRMAN

first play written entirely by himself. In 1923, at the age of thirty, he wrote *Bedside Manners* with J. Kenyon Nicholson, and three years later *The Man Who Forgot* with Owen Davis. But he was virtually unknown when the Theatre Guild produced *The Second Man* in New York in 1927 and George Jean Nathan found him "a young man possessed of a considerable potentiality in the direction of light comedy."

Working rapidly, Behrman adapted *Serena Blandish* from a novelette and had it produced late in 1928. The 1929-30 season saw the production of *Meteor*, which was a study of egotism. In 1931 Behrman had a "hit" in *Brief Moment* and Joseph Wood Krutch said he came "closer than any of our contemporary playwrights has ever come before to rivaling the great masters of pure comedy in their own field."

Biography had a run of six months in 1932-33 and was Behrman's most successful work to that date. Stark Young wrote in the *New Republic*: "He is one of those rare authors in the theatre who do not mistrust civilized society and do not think that Times Square must understand or no tickets will be sold. . . . In his new comedy there appears a certain roundness or sweetness, more in solution than expressed, that marks a definite advance for him."

The play dealt with a woman portrait painter who had the apparent problem of choosing between an unwanted politician and a radical, idealistic youth; her solution was to choose neither but to remain a spectator with detached tolerance.

Joseph Wood Krutch pointed out in midsummer 1933 that altho each of Behrman's plays enjoyed a considerable run and *Biography* was one of the outstanding plays of the 1932-33 season, still none of them was "taken unreservedly to its bosom by the general public or given quite the wholehearted approval accorded to certain other plays less relentlessly consistent in tone. . . . Mr. Behrman's plays are obviously 'artificial'—both in the sense that they deal with an artificial and privileged section of society and in the sense that the characters themselves are less real persons than idealized embodiments of intelligence and wit. No person was ever so triple plated with the armor of comic intelligence as his hero; no society ever existed in which all problems were solved—as in his plays they are—when good sense had analyzed them."

The amazing thing about Behrman, Krutch observed, is "his sudden, unexpected emergency from obscurity with both attitude and technical skill fully formed. . . . From the very beginning it was evident that he had accepted and assimilated the Comic Spirit so successfully that he could write with a consistent clarity of thought and feeling unrivaled on our stage."

Behrman's name was not to be found in the 1932-33 edition of *Who's Who in America*.

S. N. Behrman's plays (with dates of production):

Bedside Manners (with J. Kenyon Nicholson) 1923; *The Man Who Forgot* (with Owen Davis) 1926; *The Second Man*, 1927; *Love Is Like That* (with J. Kenyon Nicholson) 1927; *Serena Blandish*, 1928; *Meteor*, 1929; *Brief Moment*, 1931; *Biography*, 1932.

About S. N. Behrman:

American Mercury 11:249 June 1927; *Catholic World* 130:724 March 1930; *Nation* 128:212 February 13, 1929; 133:621 December 2, 1931; 137:74 July 19, 1933; *New Republic* 73:188 December 28, 1932; *Theatre Arts Monthly* 17:103 February 1933.

Marie Belloc Lowndes
See *Lowndes, Marie Belloc*

A. C. Benson 1862-1925

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, English author and educator, was born on April 24, 1862, at Wellington College, in Berkshire, the second son of the headmaster of the college who later became the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a brother of E. F. Benson, novelist and biographer, and Robert Hugh Benson, a priest in the Catholic Arch-diocese of Westminster, author of many books on religious subjects.

After attending a private school at Temple Grove, East Sheen, which he thoroughly hated altho he stood at the top of his class, he entered Eton in 1874 on a scholarship. He played football, developed a wholly untakeable service at lawn-tennis, and was president of the Literary Society, securing John Ruskin to lecture on one occasion. Eventful holidays were spent at home, where, with his energetic brothers and sisters, he collected butterflies, made chemical experiments, played in amateur shows, composed organ music, and contributed to the family *Saturday Magazine*. E. F. Benson recalls that Arthur "could do everything with ease, was listened to by my father with attention when he talked, and yet remained unconscious of his sovereignty." A delicate boy, he was often ill and secretly felt a morbid inferiority. He was known to be inquisitive, capable, fond of imaginative things, very teachable, listless, and timid. At school he secluded himself from the other boys and had few friends.

Benson entered King's College, Cambridge, in 1881 as a Classical Scholar, contributed occasional poetry to the Cambridge *Fortnightly*, and in 1884 took a first class in the Classical Tripos. For six months afterward he remained in Cambridge, his mind in a state of great turmoil and indecision, finding expression at length in his first published work, *Arthur Hamilton*, a fictitious memoir.

Taking the course of least resistance, Benson went back to Eton in 1885 as a house-master. He remained there for eighteen years, always popular with the

boys, leading a quiet life, knowing a few masters well, and absorbed in his own thought and work. Schoolmastering bored him and he often wondered that he got along so well, liking it as little as he did. (He deplored trying to inspire boys who really despised knowledge and admired only athletics). He had a faculty for getting thru a task amazingly fast, without any loss of thoroughness. Writing was his joyful occupation. "When the day has rolled past and when the sacred hour comes, I sit down and write with an appetite, a keen rapture such as a hungry man may feel when he sits down to a savoury meal." During this period he produced several volumes of verse and experimented in the meditative essays which soon became his particular *métier*.

When he was thirty-five, after twelve years at Eton, Benson began to keep a regular diary and continued it daily to the end of his life. He filled 180 small notebooks—enough to make forty volumes—and packed them neatly away in a large black wooden box. After his death they were condensed into one volume by Percy Lubbock. The diary is intimate—and reveals that Benson was an unhappy man, for all his good-fellowship and geniality. Introspective, he brooded over his own shortcomings: "My own real failing is that I have never been in vital touch with anyone—never either fought anyone or kissed anyone! Like Dmitri Rudine, I can neither be soldier or lover—and this not out of any principle, but out of a timid and rather fastidious solitariness."

Benson went three or four times to Italy and Spain and occasionally to Switzerland (where he took up mountain-climbing) but he was unenthusiastic about travel and finally gave it up altogether. Foreign ways disagreed with him. At home, likewise, he seldom entered a strange house, limiting his hosts to a few chosen friends. Those with whom he spent his holidays were the Duchess of Albany, William Harcourt, Bishop Davidson, Stuart Donaldson, Arthur Ainger, or Howard Sturgis. Often he established himself in some provincial inn with Herbert Tatham and explored the countryside. His other acquaintances

included Henry James, Lady Ponsonby, and Thomas Hardy. He never married.

When Queen Victoria visited Eton for the "diamond jubilee" fête of 1897, she liked the lyrics he had written in her honor and asked to meet him. Thereafter she favored him by demanding poems for various occasions, and dined him privately in the Castle in the last year of her life. Benson's long-sought opportunity to break away from Eton came in 1903, when he was commissioned to edit the Queen's letters (with Viscount Esher). Continuing residence at Eton for a time, he worked at the task mornings and spent the afternoons writing his impressions of a schoolmaster's life in *The Upton Letters*.

Removing to Cambridge, Benson accepted a fellowship at Magdalene College in 1905. He plunged into the affairs of the college and took a personal interest in every undergraduate, entertaining two or three of them at lunch each day. He nourished a great pride and pleasure in Magdalene for the rest of his life. Of a rich humor and an insatiable curiosity, he was characteristically seen in congenial company, "sitting low in his chair, ruddy and bulky and rough-haired, twitching his cigarette with restless fingers, throwing back his head with his enjoyable infectious laugh." He stood six feet two, was large-boned, and wore a full moustache.

Benson could not bear an idle moment. He continued to write in after-school hours, explored the countryside on a bicycle, and made hurried trips to London to attend meetings of various educational committees or the Modern Languages Association (of which he was at one time president) or to examine naval candidates at the Admiralty. He carried on a voluminous correspondence with his readers, many of them feminine admirers. One American lady, whom he had never met, but with whom he had become very friendly thru letters, made him a gift of a considerable fortune. The money he used for the benefit of the college.

Several times in his life Benson suffered from a baffling affliction, caused mainly by overwork, but hardly curable by indolence or rest. It was a depression



A. C. BENSON

—a raging toothache in the mind, he called it. In 1907 the melancholic illness got so bad that he left his work, traveled abroad, spent some time in a London nursing-home, and finally returned to Magdalene in 1910, well and energetic. The great event of his life came in 1915 when he was made master of the college, succeeding Stuart Donaldson. He never ceased writing, and the period from 1903 to 1917 was the most prolific of his life (he produced from one to four books yearly). The dreaded mental nausea returned in 1917 and Benson was again forced to suspend work. He spent two years in a nursing-home near Ascot, returning to Cambridge in 1920, but it was another three years before he had completely conquered the illness. During the few remaining years of his life, he suffered from gout, and he died of pleurisy on June 15, 1925, at the age of sixty-three.

A. C. Benson's works:

ESSAYS: Essays, 1896; The Schoolmaster, 1902; The Upton Letters, 1905; The Thread of Gold, 1906; From a College Window, 1906; The Gate of Death, 1906; Beside Still Waters, 1907; The Altar Fire, 1907; At-Large, 1908; The Silent Isle, 1910; Along the Road, 1913; Joyous Gard, 1913; Where No Fear Was, 1914; The Orchard Pavilion, 1914; Escape and Other Essays, 1915; Rambles and Reflections, 1926.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY: Archbishop

Laud: A Study, 1887; Men of Might (with H. F. W. Tatham) 1890; Fasti Etonenses (a biographical history of Eton College) 1890; Life of Archbishop Benson (his father, died 1883) 1890; Tennyson, 1901; Rossetti, 1901; Edward FitzGerald, 1905; Walter Pater, 1906; Selections from the Correspondence of Queen Victoria (edited, with Viscount Esher) 1907; Ruskin: A Study in Personality, 1911; Leaves of the Tree, 1911; Thy Rod and Thy Staff (autobiographical) 1912; Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother (Robert Hugh Benson, died 1914) 1915; Life and Letters of Maggie Benson (sister) 1917; The Trefoil: Wellington College, Lincoln, and Truro (the three stages of his father's career before he became Archbishop of Canterbury) 1923; Memories and Friends, 1924; The Diary of Arthur C. Benson (edited by Percy Lubbock) 1926.

POETRY: Poems, 1893; Lyrics, 1895; Lord Vyet and Other Poems, 1896; The Professor and Other Poems, 1900; Peace and Other Poems, 1905; Poems (collected) 1909.

FICTION: Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, 1886; The Hill of Trouble, 1903; The Isles of Sunset, 1904; The Child of the Dawn, 1912; Watersprings, 1913; Father Payne, 1916; The House of Menardue, 1925.

About A. C. Benson:

Bennett, A. *Books and Persons*; Braybrooke, P. *Peeps at the Mighty*; Ryle, E. H. (editor) *Arthur Christopher Benson As Seen by Some Friends*; Squire, J. C. *Sunday Mornings*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Bookman (London) 68:237 August 1925; Spectator 134:1046 June 27, 1925.

Phyllis Bentley 1894-

Autobiographical sketch of Phyllis Bentley, English novelist:

I WAS born in 1894 in Halifax, a busy manufacturing town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the heart of the Pennine Chain; and I have spent most of my life there, my family on both sides being intimately connected with the local textile industry. I am the fourth child and only daughter of Joseph Edwin Bentley, cloth manufacturer, and Eleanor Bentley.

I was educated at the Cheltenham Ladies' College, and took a London University degree in 1914.

I cannot remember a time when I did not invent stories and mean to be a writer. My three brothers are all several years older than I am, so as a child I was left to dream out the days in interminable fairy stories which I invented as I went along. Largely owing to this habit, I believe, I was sent to school

when I was four years old, but I could read when I went there. My habit of dreaming and inventing stories persisted in school life, and I remember once, as I was walking home with several bigger girls, suddenly uttering aloud the words "said she," to the great alarm of my companions. I do not know the date of my first actual attempt at literary composition, but I distinctly remember giving my father, as a birthday present, an original poem on "The Volcano"—with illustrations—when I was about six years old.

During the World War I first taught in a neighboring boys' school, and then did secretarial work in the Ministry of Munitions. Two slim volumes belong to this period: *The World's Bane*, a set of allegorical tales published in 1918, and *Pedagomania*, a satire on the art of teaching. I was also busy with my first novel, *Environment*, but it went thru so many vicissitudes that it was not published till 1922. Its successor, *Cat-in-the-Manger*, a study of a selfish woman, was accepted first, tho not published till 1923. (All these are very early and youthful works, better forgotten!)

After a pause of several years which I filled in with library work, lecturing, and reviewing, came *The Spinner of the Years*, a story of the ironic working of circumstance in a woman's life; *The Partnership*, a study of the relationship between two different types of women; *Carr*, a biography of an ordinary man; and *Trio*, the story of three girls whose lives are woven together in an ironic and intricate pattern.

All these novels have a Yorkshire background and led up, as it were, to *Inheritance*, a kind of "saga" of the textile trade in the West Riding of Yorkshire since the industrial revolution in 1812, symbolized by the varying fortunes of one family, the Oldroyds. *Inheritance* was published in 1932.

The whole "feel" of the woolen industry, the social and industrial atmosphere, I have got simply by living all my life in the West Riding amongst it all. As a child I used often to go to my father's mill, lean over the edge of the boiler pit, and watch the various processes of cloth manufacture. My father was a man very highly skilled in

all textile processes, and famous for this far beyond the walls of his own mill. My two younger brothers are still in the textile trade as dyers and finishers; we still own the same mill, but we have not the long history of the Oldroyds. I am familiar with the dialect and conditions of Yorkshire workers' lives today largely thru my regular voluntary work at the Halifax Child Welfare Clinic, where I have come into contact with their wives and children.

It is characterization which interests me most in a novel, and character which interests me most in life. Especially I am interested in the difference between any person in youth and the same person in later life; the way life moulds character; and character moulds life, is what appeals to me. I am particularly fascinated by characters which seem rather unsympathetic and unattractive to a casual observer. How they become so, from being charming and lovable children, is, I think, a deeply interesting and important study.

At present [summer 1933] I am engaged upon a novel of modern industrial life. I am so intensely interested in the book that I want to be working at it all the time. I can't write out of doors—I find the birds and the flowers and the bees and the breeze too dis-

tracting. I can't write looking out of the window, either, for the same reason; so I just have to sit at a desk looking at a blank wall broken only by a picture of an old pack-horse road climbing a West Riding hill and write away. In addition to my novel I am writing a book causerie every week for the Manchester *Evening Chronicle*. I am planning to have my holiday in the autumn, when my book is finished; then I shall perhaps do a walking tour along the Roman wall between Scotland and England.

* * *

The new novel of industrial life which Miss Bentley finished in the autumn of 1933 was entitled *A Modern Tragedy*. It was scheduled for publication early in 1934.

Phyllis Bentley's works:

The World's Bane, 1918; Pedagogomania, 1918; Environment, 1922; Cat-in-the-Manger, 1923; The Spinner of the Years, 1928; The Partnership, 1928; Carr, 1929; Trio, 1930; Inheritance, 1932.

About Phyllis Bentley:

Bookman (London) 80:202 July 1931.

Earl Derr Biggers 1884-1933

EARL DERR BIGGERS, American writer of popular fiction, was born at Warren, Ohio, August 26, 1884, and died at Pasadena, California, in his forty-ninth year on April 5, 1933. His parents were Robert J. Biggers and Emma E. Derr Biggers. He was educated at Harvard. Following his graduation in 1907 he went to work for the *Boston Traveler*, conducting a humorous column and doing dramatic criticism. He also contributed to magazines and attempted fiction and plays. One of the latter, *If You're Only Human*, was produced in 1912, but was not notably successful.

His first success was *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, a mystery and adventure story, published in 1913. It was published in serial and book form and was dramatized both for the stage and moving pictures. As a stage play by George M. Cohan, who also acted in the leading role, it had its widest popularity and brought Biggers considerable financial reward. It is regarded as an outstanding specimen of mystery melodrama.



PHYLLIS BENTLEY

For the next twelve years Biggers continued to write fiction and plays without producing any notable successes until the publication of *The House Without a Key* in 1925, the first of his "Charlie Chan" detective stories. The hero of these was a creation of Biggers' imagination, a patient and epigrammatic Chinese detective who traces down criminals thru his knowledge of human nature. He was not taken from life, as is erroneously believed in some quarters, altho Biggers adapted the name from that of an actual Chinese-Hawaiian detective in Honolulu, one Chang Apana, whom he had heard of but did not meet personally until later.

Explaining the origin of his detective, Biggers once said: "Sinister and wicked Chinese are old stuff in mystery stories, but an amiable Chinese on the side of law and order had never been used." On another occasion he remarked of his character, "If I understand Charlie Chan correctly, he has an idea that if you understand a man's character you can nearly predict what he is apt to do in any set of circumstances."

So popular was Charlie Chan from the very beginning that the first story had scarcely concluded as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* and had not yet been published in book form before Biggers was virtually deluged with letters from readers demanding more stories with the same central character. Then he realized, as one writer put it, that Charlie Chan could never be killed off but would ride his shoulders forever as Sherlock Holmes dogged Sir Arthur Conan Doyle all his life.

Altogether, Biggers wrote six full-length novels with Chan as the chief character, five of which were published together in a 1,600-page omnibus volume entitled *The Celebrated Cases of Charlie Chan*. (The one not included was the final Chan novel, *Keeper of the Keys*, published separately a few months before Biggers' death.) All of the stories were serialized in periodicals, many of them were translated (one into ten foreign languages) and four were made into moving pictures. Shortly before Biggers' death Charlie Chan became a radio character and a few months later, in the fall of 1933, he made his bow on



EARL DERR BIGGERS

the legitimate stage when a dramatization of *Keeper of the Keys* by Valentine Davies reached Broadway with William Harrigan in the leading role.

Biggers had a wide personal acquaintance in literary, journalistic, and dramatic circles, and was famed as a raconteur. He also enjoyed a reputation for his wit. When he lost his job with the *Boston Traveler* early in his career, he wrote Franklin P. Adams that running a humorous column in Boston was like making faces in church: it wasn't much fun, and it offended a lot of very nice people. He was also credited with the widely quoted quip that the height of embarrassment would be to bring a harp to a party and not be invited to play. He had a predilection for the word "key" in the titles of his books.

Biggers wrote several moderately successful plays, including a collaboration with William Hodge and a musical comedy adaptation of one of his novels.

In 1912 he was married to Eleanor Ladd of Medford, Mass. They had one son, Robert Ladd Biggers. Both his wife and son were at his bedside when he died. Death was caused by heart disease. A collection of his short stories was published posthumously under the title *Earl Derr Biggers Tells Ten Stories*.

The *Nation* said of Biggers and his work: "Earl Derr Biggers wrote detec-

tive fiction that was also good literature. No boy's taste was corrupted by reading the entrancing mystery stories that began with *Seven Keys to Baldpate* and ended with *Keeper of the Keys*. And boys from nine to ninety read them with equal zest. But there was a less obvious accomplishment to Biggers' credit. Perhaps unconsciously, he served the cause of international understanding—no slight service in these days. In Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective-sergeant from Honolulu, the hero of his last half-dozen novels, Biggers created a delightful character, who for millions of readers came to symbolize the sagacity, kindness, and charm of the Chinese people. No Biggers 'fan' today considers that 'the Heathen Chinee is peculiar.' Chan's epigrams redistilled the wisdom of the ages in a new and captivating fashion. As the exponent of the philosophy and wit of a race, Charlie Chan takes his place with Hashimura Togo and Mr. Dooley in the gallery of literary notables whose pungency 'lingers on the lips of living men.'

Earl Derr Biggers' works:

CHARLIE CHAN STORIES: *The House With-out a Key*, 1925; *The Chinese Parrot*, 1926; *Behind That Curtain*, 1928; *The Black Camel*, 1929; *Charlie Chan Carries On*, 1930; *Keeper of the Keys*, 1932; *The Celebrated Cases of Charlie Chan (omnibus)* 1933.

OTHER FICTION: *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, 1913; *Love Insurance*, 1914; *The Agony Column*, 1916; *Fifty Candles*, 1926; *Earl Derr Biggers Tells Ten Stories (collected short stories)* 1933.

PLAYS: *If You're Only Human*, 1912; *Inside The Lines*, 1915; *A Cure for Curables (in collaboration with William Hodge)* 1917; *See-Saw (musical comedy adapted from Love Insurance)* 1919; *Three's a Crowd (in collaboration with Christopher Morley)* 1919; *Keeper of the Keys (adapted by Valentine Davies)* 1933.

About Earl Derr Biggers:

Mantle, B. *American Playwrights of Today. Canadian Bookman* 15:72 June 1933; *Nation* 136:431 April 19, 1933; *New York Herald Tribune (obituary)* April 6, 1933; *Saturday Evening Post* June 27, 1925.

"George A. Birmingham" 1865-

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, Irish author who in private life is the Rev. James Owen Hannay, was born July 16, 1865, in Belfast, Ireland. His father was the Rev. Robert Hannay,

the vicar of Belfast. He has two notable ancestors of the seventeenth century: Patrick Hannay, a poet, and James Hannay, dean of Edinburgh.

He was educated at Temple Grove, East Sheen, which he says "was then probably the best and most famous private school in England," and afterwards at Haileybury, an English public school. Then he went to Trinity Collège, Dublin, "where young men in my time read the philosophy of Bishop Butler and learned to be sceptical about all things in heaven and earth."

Receiving his A.B. degree in 1887, he was ordained a deacon the following year and a priest in 1899 and served four years in the curacy of Delgany, a country parish in the County Wicklow. He was married to Ada Wynne, eldest daughter of the Rev. F. R. Wynne, the bishop of Killaloe. They have two sons and two daughters.

"I wrote my first story," says the author, "when I was about twenty-five years old, and I cannot lay claim to any sort of inspiration, divine afflatus, or impelling passion for self-expression. I found myself unexpectedly faced by a coal bill which I had not money to pay, and it occurred to me that a little might be made by writing a story. I sent it to a magazine, now no longer existing, and got ten guineas for it, which paid the coal bill."

In 1892 the Rev. Mr. Hannay went to the town of Westport in County Mayo, in the remote part of western Ireland, where he was rector for twenty-one years. There he began to learn Gaelic and made a study of the ancient fathers of the church. He received the A.M. degree in 1895 from the Dublin University and was Donellan lecturer there in 1901-02.

Using his own name, J. O. Hannay published his first volume in 1903, when he was thirty-eight years old. In an interview with Isabelle Wentworth Lawrence, he tells the story of his beginnings as an author:

"I wrote a book which nobody read at the time, but which I find constantly quoted in theological papers now, called *The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism*, a more or less learned

study of an obscure point in church history. . . After that I did no more writing for some time except the translation of some out-of-the-way remains of the early Egyptian hermits. Then I was faced again with a problem something like that of the coal bill, the need of educating my eldest son.

"This time I attempted a full length novel, dealing with Irish politics, which I called *The Scething Pot*. . . I used to work at my novel in the corner of the house while my wife darned stockings and mended the children's clothes. At a certain stage of the proceedings we used to cook our supper over a turf fire burning on the hearth, and read out such portions of the novel as I had succeeded in evolving. Earlier in the day, before my regular parish work began, I used to chop up firewood, dig potatoes, pump water, and carry up creels of turf on my back, while my wife did the housework and minded the babies."

The Scething Pot aroused a storm of excitement when it appeared in 1905 under the pseudonym of George A. Birmingham. The principal characters were thought to be recognizable as Parnell, Standish O'Grady, George Moore, and Sir Harry Johnston. The scenery was like that of Clew Bay on the Irish Coast and the author was very evidently a Protestant. The pen name concealed the Rev. Mr. Hannay's identity only a short time.

The book, he recalls, "brought me a great deal of notoriety, but very little money. It, and a couple of similar books which followed it, rendered me so unpopular in the west of Ireland that I was burnt in effigy in the streets of the town in which I lived, mildly boycotted, and crowds used to come and boo at my gates at night. At the same time I got into trouble with the authorities of my own church over my sympathy with Irish nationalism. So life was difficult. The work of my parish took up so much time that I had to do all my writing at night, and drink green tea to keep myself awake."

His sixth novel, *Spanish Gold*, made the pseudonymous author's first real literary success in 1908. It was about an Irish curate in a remote western

village of Ireland, such as his own. He says he "can still recollect sitting at my desk and working away at it with the howls of a silly and infuriated mob in my ears."

When his play, *General John Regan*, was produced in his own town of Westport, in County Mayo, a mob of five hundred persons attacked the theatrical company. According to a newspaper report, "the hotel where the company was stopping was partly wrecked and one of the actors was seriously injured."

The Rev. Mr. Hannay left his Westport parish in 1913, and went to the United States for a lecture tour. He had been made a canon of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in the preceding year and had served as a member of the general synod of the Church of Ireland since 1905. (The latter connection was continued for two more years.) His visit to America gave rise to a book called *From Connaught to Chicago*. He thought Chicago was a city much like Belfast.

In England and Ireland too Canon Hannay enjoyed a considerable reputation as a lecturer. His favorite lecture topics were "The Stage Irishman" and "The Fiction Irishman," and he advised his listeners to laugh whenever they felt angry. *T. P.'s Weekly* spoke of his "delicious humor, in its quiet repression and spontaneity. . ." He liked America so well that he returned in 1915. His experiences as an army chaplain in 1916 were set down in a small volume entitled *A Padre in France*.

In 1922 Canon Hannay went to Hungary, remaining two years as chaplain to the British community in Budapest. In the introduction to his book about this experience, *A Wayfarer in Hungary*, he wrote: "I went there full of sympathetic curiosity. I remained full of curiosity, more or less sympathetic, till the end."

Returning to England in 1924, Canon Hannay became rector of Mells, in Frome, in Somersetshire. The rectory, where he makes his home, has tall windows, many wide chimneys, and is covered with ivy. It was built in 1750. Here he continues his prolific writing as George A. Birmingham. Altho his books are chiefly novels, he produces



"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM"

also short stories, essays, travel books, besides tracts on religion and miscellaneous subjects. He is perhaps best known as a humorist and philosopher. Of his own writing he says: "There is very little humor in it, mostly dull, hard work. The humor comes in afterwards when the book is published and one reads the comments of reviewers and others."

Isabelle Wentworth Lawrence found him a "tall, cheery gentleman, with jolly smile avrinkle above his immaculate white clerical collar, picturesquely gray-ing hair . . . and Irish eyes atwinkle behind most unbecoming spectacles." He is modest and makes no effort to be a humorist in conversation. His recreation is yachting. He is a member of the Royal Irish Yacht Club and the University Club of Dublin.

Works of George A. Birmingham:

The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism, 1903; The Wisdom of the Desert, 1904; The Seething Pot, 1905; Hyacinth, 1906; Benedict Kavanaugh, 1907; The Northern Iron, 1907; The Bad Times, 1908; Spanish Gold, 1908; The Search Party, 1909; Lalage's Lovers, 1911; The Lighter Side of Irish Life, 1911; Eleanor's Enterprise, 1911; The Major's Niicc, 1911; The Simpkins Plot, 1911; The Inviolable Sanctuary, 1912; The Red Hand of Ulster, 1912; Doctor Whitty, 1913; General John Regan, 1913; Irishmen All (illustrated by Jack B. Yeats) 1913; The

Lost Tribes, 1914; From Connaught to Chicago (American edition, From Dublin to Chicago) 1914; Minnie's Bishop and Other Stories, 1915; Gossamer, 1915; The Island Mystery, 1918; A Padre in France, 1918; Up the Revcls! 1919; Our Casualty and Other Stories, 1919; An Irishman Looks at His World, 1919; Good Conduct, 1920; Insheeney, 1920; Lady Bountiful, 1921; The Lost Layer, 1921; The Great Grandmother, 1922; A Public Scandal and Other Stories, 1922; Send for Doctor O'Grady, 1923; Found Money, 1923; King Tommy, 1923; The Grand Duchess, 1924; Bindon Parva, 1925; The Gun-Runners, 1925; A Wayfarer in Hungary, 1925; Goodly Pearls, 1926; The Smugglers' Cave, 1926; Spillikins, 1926; Lady of the Abbey, 1926; Can You Answer This? 1927; Children, Can You Answer This? 1927; Fidgets, 1927; Gold, Gore, and Gehenna, 1927; Now You Tell One: Stories of Irish Wit and Humour, 1927; Ships and Sealing-Wax, 1927; The Mermaid (light opera with Sydney H. Nicholson) 1927; The Runaways, 1928; The Major's Candlesticks, 1929; Murder Most Foul: A Gallery of Famous Criminals, 1929; Wild Justice, 1930; The Hymn-Tune Mystery, 1930; Fed Up, 1931; The Silver-Gilt Standard, 1932; Elizabeth and the Archdeacon, 1932; Angel's Adventure, 1933.

About George A. Birmingham:

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section
February 13, 1926.

Augustine Birrell 1850-1933

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, English essayist, biographer, lawyer, and statesman, was born at Wavetree, near Liverpool, January 19, 1850. He was the youngest son of the Reverend Charles Birrell, a nonconformist minister, and Harriet Jane (Grey) Birrell, the daughter of an Edinburgh clergyman.

He was educated at Amersham Hall School and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1872 with honors in law and history. Three years later, when he was twenty-five, he was "called to the bar" and attained unusual prominence for his age. In the trial courts—as later in politics—he was famous for his wit and epigrammatic oratory. His particular method of demolishing opposition by means of pointed but good-natured satire came to be known as "birrelling." He won numerous honors in the legal profession.

His literary career began in 1894 when he published a collection of essays in a small and unassuming volume entitled *Obiter Dicta*, which was immediately

successful and remains his best known work altho he wrote many more essays and a number of books in other fields, principally biography and the law, in his long lifetime. The title, taken from a legal phrase denoting words uttered casually, or by way of digression, indicates the informal nature of the essays.

Birrell was already well established as a writer before his political career—which was to bring him his greatest prominence—began. But his public life, tho a long one, was scarcely a happy one. His easy manners and witty, almost slippant, attitude made him a popular figure, but they were not the qualities necessary for the sterner business of administration.

In 1889 he was elected to Parliament, where he served, with one brief interruption, as a representative of the Liberal party until 1918. In 1905, in return for faithful service to the party and because of his personal popularity, he was given the education portfolio in the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet and in this capacity was responsible for the government's education bill of 1906, which went down to defeat in a struggle between the two houses of Parliament over the question of denominational schools. It was agreed later that Birrell was not to blame for the bill's failure, but the incident was considered at the time a blow to his political prestige.

In 1907 he was transferred to the secretaryship for Ireland, a position which he held for nine years in the face of increasing criticism of his conduct of the office. Always of a casual and optimistic nature, he adopted a *laissez faire* policy toward Irish affairs, seldom visiting Dublin and refusing to take seriously the growing unrest on the island. As a result he suffered a number of major political set-backs, climaxed by the Sinn Fein uprising in 1916, which caught him unprepared. Faced with open rioting and insurrection, he still failed to take a decisive stand, and when the uprising culminated in the bloody Easter Rebellion he was forced to resign under a heavy fire of criticism. A Royal Commission which investigated the affair later held his laxity responsible. His friends claimed that he was made the scapegoat for others. He himself was always silent on the subject.



AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

Two years later he retired from public life. In 1919 his name was mentioned as a possible choice for ambassador to the United States, but he showed no interest and the matter was dropped.

The last fifteen years of Birrell's life were passed quietly among his books and friends. He contributed leisurely essays to the literary periodicals, published an occasional volume, and came to be regarded as something of a literary patriarch. He died on November 20, 1933, at his home in London after an illness of two months, at the age of eighty-three. He was married twice and had two sons by his second wife, who was the widow of Tennyson's second son.

"Birrell had the rare gift as speaker, writer, talker, of never being dull," an old friend wrote in the *Contemporary Review* after his death. "Racy and irrepressible humor was his most characteristic gift." The *London Daily Telegraph* said: "It was his *obiter dicta*, his side remarks on literature, politics, and human nature, that earned for him the particularly affectionate admiration with which he was regarded."

Augustine Birrell's works:

Obiter Dicta, 1884; *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, 1885; *Obiter Dicta: Second Series*, 1887; *Res Judicatae: Papers and Essays*, 1892; *Men, Women and Books*, 1894; *Lectures on the Duties and Liabilities of Trustees*, 1896; *Boswell's Life of Johnson* (editor) 1897; *Sir*

Francis Lockwood, 1898; Copyright in Books, 1889; Collected Essays, 1899; Miscellanies, 1901; William Hazlitt, 1902; Andrew Marvell, 1905; In the Name of the Bodleian and Other Essays, 1905; Frederick Locker-Lampson, 1920; Collected Essays and Addresses: 1880-1920 (three volumes) 1922; More Obiters Dicta, 1925; Et Cetera, 1930.

About Augustine Birrell:

Gosse, E. W. *Books on the Table*; Jones, H. A. *Foundations of a National Drama*; Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.

Contemporary Review 145:11 January 1934;
Fortnightly Review 141:109 January 1934;
Literary Digest 116:22 December 30, 1933.

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez 1867-1928

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, Spanish novelist, was born in Valencia in January 1867 and died in France, a voluntary political exile, on January 28, 1928.

He grew up in Valencia, studied in Madrid and Paris, and returned to his native city to begin early in life a stormy career as lawyer, editor, novelist, propagandist, and political agitator. In later years he said of himself at this period that he had known "all the physical privations which may descend upon a human being, including the direst poverty."

Possessed thruout his life of enormous vitality and energy, it was the boast of Blasco Ibáñez that he was a man of action. "I prefer to live my novels rather than write them on paper," he said with the grandiloquence which became a characteristic of his later years. "I am not a man of letters."

Certainly, few writers have had careers more varied or dramatic in external events. By his own testimony, Blasco Ibáñez was jailed for political offenses no less than thirty times during his life, frequently at hard labor. He was returned for six terms to the national legislature from his native Valencia; founded, owned, and managed a liberal newspaper for more than thirty years; traveled extensively; fathered a colonization scheme in the Argentine; and at the end of his life was still peppering away from exile in France at his arch-enemy, the since deposed Alfonso XIII, king of Spain, by means of pamphlet attacks scattered over Spain by aviators. During such a life he found time to write upwards of

two score novels, one of which became a "world best-seller," and others of which have received high critical praise as types of regional writing.

It is in his first regional novels that critics have termed Blasco Ibáñez, the author, most artistically successful. These were written in his "early period" before he was thirty and dealt in vigorous colors and terms with the common people of Valencia, the fisher-folk, the tradesmen, and the peasants in the nearby fields. He was at this time a follower of Zola and Hugo, and his work belongs primarily to the "naturalistic" school. The novels of the period which have won the widest critical recognition are *Flor de Mayo* (*The Mayflower*) *La Barraca* (*The Cabin*) and *Cañas y Barro* (*Reeds and Mud*). *La Barraca*, particularly, has been singled out for critical recognition because of its form and color. Thru all of them runs a strong vein of tragedy and pessimism and a recurring theme of resentment against the evils caused by tradition and prejudice.

With the commencement of the author's "middle period" his novels began to take on a more particularized social tinge. In rapid succession, and, in the opinion of most capable judges, with less artistry than in his earlier novels, but yet with some of his previous effectiveness of description, Blasco took up the leading cities of Spain and their problems. The novels of this period were distinguished chiefly by communistic philosophy. Among the better known are *La Catedral* (translated *The Shadow of the Cathedral*) a social document woven about Toledo's famous cathedral, *La Horda* (*The Mob*) and *Sangre y Arena* (*Blood and Sand*) a novel of Spanish bull-fighting and the only work of the period to join his more widely known later stories in the moving pictures.

The latter part of the period saw a falling off in the author's literary production. It was then (a few years before the World War) that he journeyed to South America and began his Argentine colonization movement. He seems to have suffered financial reverses in this venture and they in turn may have been responsible for the tendency to sensationalism noticeable in his next novel

—the opening of his last phase—the world-famous *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, a spy story of the World War which took advantage of the hysteria of its times to set new records for book sales. Its popularity was enhanced by the moving picture version which brought first fame to the late Rodolph Valentino, the cinema actor. *The Four Horsemen* was followed by *Marc Nostrum*, another war adventure story which, if it was not specifically written for the pictures, was at least found to be ideally suited to their needs. These two were the outstanding novels of the closing period of Blasco's literary career, altho *Enemies of Women* and *At the Feet of Venus*, which followed in the same vein, also enjoyed some current popularity.

Following the War, thruout which he was active as an anti-German and pro-Ally propagandist both in his novels and in journalism, Blasco entered one of the stormiest periods of his career when he took up the cudgels against King Alfonso and Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator, then in his ascendancy. At one time during the conflict a rival editor challenged Blasco to a duel, to which he retorted with an offer to fight either the king or the premier. In 1924 he published the famous polemic *Alfonso Unmasked* which brought about its author's exile. Not only was the pamphlet itself vigorously suppressed, but all his books were forbidden thruout Spain as a retaliatory measure by the government. By that time, however, Spanish sales were an almost infinitesimal part of the world sales which had brought Blasco a fortune of no inconsiderable proportions.

Retiring to France, he seemed to view his exile and the feeling against him with more hurt than bitterness. He remarked shortly after his arrival that he was not a politician and had written his attacks against the monarchist regime and the dictatorship only with the thought of being useful to his country; so that his place of residence was not important. He also pointed out that tho he was known as a radical in Spain, he would probably be labeled a conservative in any other country. Time has shown that he was chiefly unfortunate in expressing his ideas prematurely. In the years im-

mediately after Versailles the anti-royalist cause lacked the impetus which it was to attain only a decade later. Furthermore, he would probably have fared better in popular opinion, it has been said, if he had limited his attacks to the arrogant and mistrusted Primo instead of assailing the debonair and at that time romantic figure of the king. Blasco's reward for his patriotism from his countrymen during his lifetime (with the exception of his native Valencia which remained loyal) was unbridled vilification. In the minds of many Spaniards of the time, influenced by the monarchist press, he was branded an arch-traitor. There are evidences that he felt this attitude deeply.

He established his home in exile at Mentone on the Riviera in an incongruous and lavish "palace" composed of four marble and plaster villas, where, surrounded by autographed photographs of Zola, Anatole France, and Pearl White, he lived the remaining years of his life. At the time of his death he was at work on a novel of peace, to be called *The Fifth Horseman*.

Altho Valencia was eager to bury her favorite son, the remains were interred with civil rites at Mentone by the author's express wish. He had said, "Dead or alive I will never return to Spain as long as the present regime subsists." In 1933 his body was taken from Mentone to Valencia, escorted by cruisers and airplanes, and there reinterred amid much pomp and ceremony.

The Mentone palace, which had been carefully "de-modernized" by its owner, whose first act upon moving into it was to tear out all telephones, was made by terms of his will a garden retreat for writers of the world (he had shown great generosity to needy authors thruout his life). It contains one of the finest libraries in southern France. Despite his life-long extravagances Blasco left an estate of nearly a million dollars, largely the proceeds of his last-period writings and motion picture rights to them.

The name Blasco Ibáñez is a compound surname, according to the Spanish custom. If it is to be shortened for con-



VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ Ruth Colby

venience, the proper form is "Blasco," not "Ibáñez."

The novelist was large, heavy, and rugged in appearance; partly bald; and, except for the moustache which he sometimes wore and his thick Catalan lips, had features not unlike those of the late Edgar Wallace. In manner he was said to give an impression of coldness at the first instant, followed by quick warmth when his sonorous voice boomed forth. He was at all times impatient and impulsive. In his later years, he conceived a passion for boastfulness, publicity, and the bizarre, and was given to such affectations as receiving interviewers while attired in flowered silk pajamas. More than one critic lamented his abandonment of "literature for advertisement."

Thruout his life he was frequently associated with Anatole France, whom he considered the last really representative French writer. The two made a lecture tour to South America together in the early part of the century and saw each other frequently in later years up to the time of France's death. Whenever they met, the Spaniard said, they talked of love and women. Blasco, tho always an ardent republican and tho married twice, was known as an anti-feminist.

A. F. G. Bell says in his *Contemporary*

Spanish Literature: "Blasco Ibáñez has an overwhelming personality but little imagination. When he is describing his personal experience of Valencia and the pampas of the Argentine, he achieves an intense and finished picture, despite the perhaps deliberate carelessness of the style. A certain didacticism runs thru his work, and his republican and anti-clerical convictions intrude.

"His really valuable and remarkable work is contained in the first ten years of his literary activity, from 1894 to 1903, and in the novels of 1906-1909: *La Maja Desnuda*, *Sangre y Arena*, and *Los Muertos Mandan*.

"His weakness has been his style, loose and incorrect but by virtue of its very tumultuousness capable of powerful effects. . . . With Blasco Ibáñez the Spanish novel becomes largely social and anonymous: a new departure in the very individualistic literature of Spain."

Walter Starkie, English scholar and critic, says of Blasco Ibáñez: "He was a big, untidy genius with no gift of style, but sometimes he would dash off scenes in hot haste that are among the most striking of all the modern literature of Spain."

Jean Cassou says: "He resided almost constantly outside of Spain, and belongs not so much to Spain as to the world. Nevertheless he was eminently Spanish; his was the true conquistador's temperament: generous; eager for risks and for independence; fond of all that is splendor, life, and color;—in short, an authentic Mediterranean."

Outstanding works of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez with original Spanish publication dates:

Arroz y Tartana, 1894; Flor de Mayo, 1895; La Barraca, 1898; Entre Naranjos, 1900; Sonnica la Cortesana, 1901; Cañas y Barro, 1902; La Catedral, 1903; El Intruso, 1904; La Bodega, 1905; La Horda, 1905; La Maja Desnuda, 1906; Sangre y Arena, 1908; Los Muertos Mandan, 1909; Los Cuatros Jinetes del Apocalipsis, 1916; Mare Nostrum, 1918.

Works of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez available in English translation:

Sonnica, 1912; The Cabin, 1917; The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, 1918; The Fruit of the Vine, 1919; The Dead Command, 1919; The Last Lion and Other Tales, 1919; Luna Benamor, 1919; Mare Nostrum, 1919; The Shadow of the Cathedral, 1919; Enemies

of Women, 1920; Mexico in Revolution, 1920; Woman Triumphant, 1920; The Mayflower, 1921; The Torrent, 1921; Blood and Sand, 1922; In the Land of Art, 1923; The Temp-tress, 1923; Queen Calafia, 1924; Alfonso XIII Unmasked, 1925; The Old Woman of the Movies and Other Stories, 1925; A Novelist's Tour of the World, 1926; The Mob, 1927; The Pope of the Sea, 1927; The Intruder, 1928; Reeds and Mud, 1928; Unknown Lands, 1929; The Borgias or At the Feet of Venus, 1930; The Knight of the Virgin, 1930; The Phantom With Wings of Gold, 1931; Three Roses, 1932.

About Vicente Blasco Ibáñez:

Bell, A. F. G. *Contemporary Spanish Literature*; Cassou, J. *Panorama de la Littérature Espagnole Contemporaine*; Gasco Contell, E. *V. Blasco Ibáñez*; Pitollet, C. *Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*; Swain, J. O. *Vicente Blasco Ibáñez: Exponent of Realism*.

Contemporary Review 133:599 May 1928; *Literary Digest* 66:41 February 25, 1928; *Living Age* 325:334 May 9, 1925; *Living Age* 334:399 March 1, 1928; *Nineteenth Century and After* 103:542 April 1928; *Outlook* 148:216, February 8, 1928.

Alexandr Blok 1880-1921

ALEXANDR ALEXANDROVICH BLOK, Russian poet, was born in St. Petersburg in 1880. His father was a professor of public law at the University of Warsaw, and the family had come to Russia with Peter the Great in the eighteenth century. They were descended of an old Holstein family. Alexander's mother was the daughter of Professor Beketov, scientist and for many years Rector of the University of St. Petersburg. Soon after the birth of the poet, the parents separated and Blok went to live with the Beketovs. Life at the Beketovs was "cultivated and idyllic" and the poet soon came to mix with the intellectual élite of the capitol. It is in this circle that he met the daughter of the eminent chemist Mendeleyev, whom he married in 1903.

Blok entered the University in 1898 but owing to a change from the faculty of law to that of philology, he did not receive his degree until 1906. He began to write rather early, and by 1900 he had already an enviable reputation as a poet of promise. His first verses were published in Merezhkovsky's review *Novii Put'* and in 1904 they were collected in a volume entitled *Verses about the Beautiful Lady*. In this volume the influence

of the mystic poet and philosopher Vladimir Soloviev is quite apparent. There is a complete freedom from everything sensual and concrete. It is pure music of words and symbols, and tho the public in general was inclined to seek nourishment in somewhat more solid substance, the critics of the day, Bryusov and Merezhkovsky, recognized in Blok a kindred spirit. Andrey Bely went even farther and, together with Sergey Soloviev, acclaimed Blok a prophet and a seer whose ethereal poetry was to reanimate the flagging spirit of mystic religion.

Like most of his symbolist contemporaries, Blok welcomed the Revolution of 1905 with deep anticipation. It is recorded that he joined the Mystical Anarchists and that he even carried the red flag at a demonstration. The subsequent failure and reaction affected him deeply. Despair and pessimism became the prevailing note in his verse. He took to the drama in an effort to return to the radiant presence of the Beautiful Lady. *Balaganchik* and *Neznakomka*, the plays that resulted, were a parody on Blok's own earlier infatuation and as such brought about an estrangement between the poet and his two staunchest admirers, Bely and Soloviev, who considered the plays as a betrayal of their common ideal of the Beautiful Lady.

In 1915, according to Mirsky, Blok married Apollon Grigoriev, a nineteenth-century Russian poet of "great creative genius" who had written but a few songs in the gipsy manner. Blok collected the songs of this poet and wrote a preface to the collection and was given a movingly-discovered tribute to the period of new master. This began a new

and joyous creative activity Blok in the World War found when his rôle of a passive pacifist, as he did so turn came to enter the army of the Czar, reluctantly. After the fall returned to Blok left the front and was appointed Petrograd where he was society Examiner of the Extraordinary investigating Committee which was to of the old the actions of the Minister came under regime. At this time the Social Revolution the influence of the left finally under its tionary Party and especnik. As this ideologist, Ivanov-Razumnik.

party later went over to the Bolsheviks, Blok became definitely a part of the new régime. Tho never an orthodox Marxian Communist, he nevertheless found in the turn of events a definite step for Russia towards its mission, the revolutionary Messianism of the world. In his most famous poem, *The Twelve*, he celebrates the realization of this mission. The Twelve are red army soldiers patrolling the streets of Petrograd but "the figure twelve turns out to be symbolic of the Twelve Apostles, and in the end the Figure of Christ appears, showing the way, against their will, to the twelve Red soldiers." Blok died of heart disease on August 9, 1921, and his death was accepted as a signal for his acceptance as a national poet of the first magnitude.

Blok, by general agreement, is the greatest of all the Russian symbolist poets. "His work," in the words of Mirsky, "is at once very typical of the whole school—for no one carried farther the realistic mysticism of Russian symbolism—and very peculiar, for he has a white kinship with the great poets of the Romantic Age. His poetry is more pubescent and inspired than that of my contemporaries. His very appearance is that of a poet. . . . He was the Prize joint of several lines of tradition, both very Russian and very

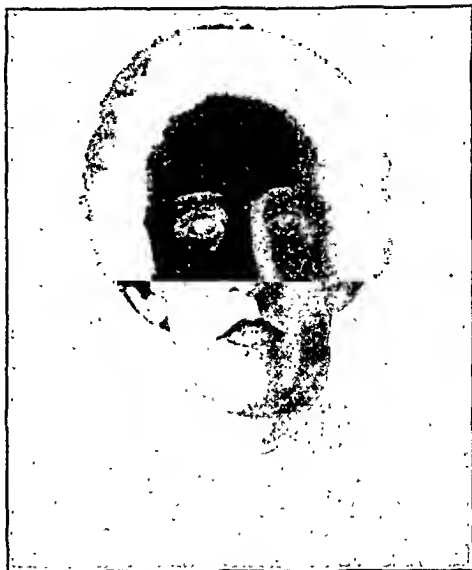
While As a Russian he owed much also to the symbolism of Vladimir Soloviev, the dramatization of music of the gipsy poet *The Age*; as a European he owed equal dues to the French school of which he was the chief representative. The 1928-29 season exulted in the mystic

In collaboration with the fluttering of I wrote a phony of fleeting clouds. produced an *Lady* had no earthly New York he was of the type of the season of *Line*," of Gretchen and

I also wrote called *Dis* and realities of life, after played by the Revolution of 1905, York and lives upon Blok's soul, the 1930 to Dinner was changed into an

At the list. He wrote *The Stranger*. a third of this new woman frequents

My houses, and mixes with the has been the earth, there are still flashes war, training discernible that make the



ALEXANDR BLOK

whole atmosphere grotesque and full of unexpressed longing for that which might have been. Blok was now a realistic ironist, but even in this period his essentially lyric personality asserts itself. He may still sing:

In my soul lies a treasure,
And the key is confided to me alone.

This is indeed very true of Blok and all his work. It is not possible to classify him with any one school. For even tho he began as a symbolist, he soon forsook the school for a path known only to himself. He was not a deep thinker, he never became a great moral strength, but he remained to the last a great poetic spirit that imbued with new life everything he touched. His last cycle of poems, *The Dreadful World*, approaches the dread pessimism of Baryatinsky in its intensity, but even this dark epoch of his life could not altogether kill the longing of his youth. To the very last we see in Blok the seeker, the earnest examiner, who time and again reverts to the unforgettable dream of his youth, the dream of the Beautiful Lady.

A. B.

Works of Alexandr Blok:

COLLECTIONS: *Stikhotvoreniia* (three volumes) 1922; *Sobranie Sochinenii* (seven volumes) 1923.

POETRY: *Stikhi o Prekrasnoi Dami*, 1905; *Nechaiannaia Radost'*, 1907; *Snezhnaia Alaska*,

1907; Zemlia v Saeu, 1908; Nochnye Chasy, 1911; Stikhi o Rossi, 1916; Dvenadtsat', 1918; Sedec Utro, 1920; Skify, 1920; Neizdannye Stikhoivorenia 1897-1910, 1920.

DRAMA: Balaganchik, 1906; Korol' na Ploshchadi, 1906; Neznakomka, 1907; Deistvo o Teofilie, 1907; Roza i Krest, 1914.

MISCELLANEOUS: Pis'ma Aleksandra Bloka k Rodnyim, 1927; Dnevnik Aleksandra Bloka, 1928.

English translations of Alexandr Blok:

The Twelve, 1920 and 1931; see also selection of poems in: Selver, P. *Modern Russian Poetry*; Deutsch, B. and Yarmolinsky, A. *Modern Russian Poetry*.

About Alexandr Blok:

Arseniev, N. von. *Die Russische Literatur*; Mursky, D. S. *Contemporary Russian Literature*; Olgin, M. J. *Guide to Russian Literature*; Chukovskii, K. *Kniga ob Aleksandre Bloke*; Zhurumsky, V. *Poezija A. Bloka*.

Edmund Blunden 1896-

EDMUND CHARLES BLUNDEN, English poet, critic, editor, and scholar, was born on November 1, 1896, at Yalding, a small Kentish village situated on the Medway, nine miles south of Maidstone. He was educated at Cleave's Grammar School in Yalding, at Christ's Hospital in London (which he left, in 1916, to enter the army) and at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he is a Master of Arts.

Blunden served as a lieutenant in France and Belgium during the World War, with the 11th Battalion, Royal Sussex Regiment. He was gassed, and received the Military Cross. After the Armistice he took up newspaper work in London, and later became associated with J. Middleton Murry on the staff of the *Athenaeum*, rising to the position of sub-editor. He has also contributed to the *Nation*, *London Mercury*, and *Times Literary Supplement*. Among his many articles for the latter publication, two, at least, are worthy of special mention: "Coleridge and Opium" and "Keats and C. A. Brown." He is a member of the selection committee of the Book Society.

In 1918, Blunden married Mary Davies. They have a son and a daughter. In 1921-22, still in poor health as a result of his war service, he went to South America on a tramp steamer, in the hope that the voyage would improve

his physical condition. His first prose work, *The Bonadventure: A Random Journal of an Atlantic Holiday*, is a record of this journey. Shortly after his return to London, he published *The Shepherd and Other Poems of Peace and War*, for which he was awarded the Hawthornden Prize for 1922.

From 1924 to 1927, he was professor of English literature at the University of Tokyo, occupying the chair to which Lafcadio Hearn had been appointed in the year of Blunden's birth. In 1930, he received the Arthur Benson Medal of the Royal Society of Literature, of which he is a fellow. Since 1931, he has been a fellow of, and a tutor in English literature at, Merton College, Oxford. As Clark Lecturer at Trinity College for 1932, his subject was "Charles Lamb and His Contemporaries."

As a poet, Blunden first came before the public with *Pastorals* and *The Harbingers*, two thin volumes published in 1916. In 1920, these appeared together as *The Waggoner and Other Poems*. In the same year, in association with Alan Porter, Blunden edited the poems of one of his favorites, John Clare, "the Peasant Poet." A large portion of the volume is based on manuscript material that was difficult to decipher.

Blunden is especially interested in seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry. George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, Gray, Christopher Smart, and the Wartons, have appealed to him strongly. H. J. C. Grierson, an authority on the seventeenth century, calls Blunden's work on Vaughan "a finely interpretative and sympathetic study."

He is also enthusiastic about both James Thomsons—the author of *The Seasons*, and "B. V." of *The City of Dreadful Night*. As an editor, he has written prefaces and critical introductions for editions of William Collins, Robert Lloyd, Coleridge, Lamb, Benjamin Robert Haydon, the later James Thomson, and Wilfred Owen. He is much in demand for work of this type, and is the author of introductions to V. H. Collins' *Book of Narrative Verse* and Frederick Brereton's *Anthology of War Poems*.



EDMUND BLUNDEN

Blunden did not become generally known until 1929, altho he already had over a dozen volumes to his credit by that time. Confident, however, that the value of his work is bound to obtain recognition, J. C. Squire writes: "If he is not safe for a share in the affections of posterity, I cannot think who, among his contemporaries, is." The work that first enlarged his circle—which will probably always tend to be small—was *Undertones of War*, an impressionistic record, in prose and verse, of his reactions to the World War. R. H. Mottram called it "the book we all would have written if we could," and Arnold Bennett wrote: "This book will be a classic. It cannot not be a classic."

In a letter written in 1923 to Siegfried Sassoon, who had brought Blunden to his house, Edmund Gosse interestingly suggests the impression that the poet produces on those who meet him: "I was delighted with your young friend—he looked like a chinchilla, with his grey clothes, sharp nose and wonderful eyes. What eyes! Those of Keats must have held that expression. I thought him perfectly charming, so simple and ardent and responsive."

As an essay writer, Blunden is best known for his *Nature in Literature* and *Votive Tablets*. The former is a series

of six Hogarth lectures, of which the first is an introduction to the subject. The next three lectures treat, respectively, of Collins, Keats, and Clare, Vaughan, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Browne, Hood, Tennyson, and Arnold. The fifth lecture deals with Stephen Duck and Robert Bloomfield, and the last with Gilbert White. *Votive Tablets* is a collection of thirty-nine appreciative studies, originally published over a period of ten years in the *London Times* and the *Times Literary Supplement*. Blunden's range is indicated by the subjects of some of the essays: John Skelton, Nicholas Breton, Thomas Randolph, Bunyan, Herrick, Defoe, Steele, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, *On Childhood in Poetry*, and *The Laureates*. The volume closes with a review of Laurence Housman's *War Letters of Fallen Englishmen*.

In his poetry, Blunden is a thorough realist. The countryside is his favorite theme, but it is a real countryside that he has known and walked thru and explored, not an idealized one that he has imagined or read about. He keeps his eye on the object and writes of the sights and sounds and smells that he has actually experienced. The impressions he conveys are his own, but his personality does not dominate his verses. He endows the countryside with a distinct personality of its own, and seems more anxious to express it than to enlarge on his individual reactions. His love of the commonplace, a feature of his poetry, is exemplified in "The Barn." Blunden is also interested in human nature, but rarely by itself; almost always, as in "The Shepherd," he couples human with physical nature. The sympathetic portrait of the eighty-year old shepherd inevitably invites comparison with Wordsworth's rustic characters. Blunden's interest in people engaged in humble pursuits is in line with his love of the ordinary, but it is not associated, as one suspects it is in the case of Wordsworth, with a theory. He selects humble themes because he derives real happiness from them.

The influence of the War on his poetry is seen in "Impacts and Delayed

Actions," the third division of his collected *Poems*. In his condemnation of war, Blunden is only one in a fairly large group, but his protest, as in "A Country God" and "Uneasy Peace" seems to be based on esthetic grounds, rather than moral or ethical. His own regiment is commemorated in "11th R.S.K." the opening poem of *The Secreted*. Blunden's gift is not at its best in his war poetry in the judgment of critics, and Blunden himself has indicated his preference for his "peace" poems.

The scholarly interest that led Blunden to produce critical studies in the older poets is also reflected in his verses in poems on Clare, Vaughan, and Herbert. His teaching experience at Tokyo is the source of *Japanese Garland*, a small group of poems on Oriental themes. It closes with "The Author's Last Words To His Students," a pleasant piece in which Blunden modestly refers to himself as a "frail guide" who asks forgiveness of his students if he has, unintentionally, spoiled any of their dreams.

In "A Summer's Fancy" and in "Sketches of Famous Trials" in *Halfway House*, Blunden made his first attempts at narrative poetry. In these, however, as in his lyrics, he still holds as one of his fundamental literary principles that "poetry was born to give pleasure." He does not believe that the artist should be ironical or painful unless necessity compels him to be so; when faced with a situation in which these elements cannot be avoided, the artist, he feels, should make every effort to clothe the irony in beauty.

H. S. R.

Edmund Blunden's works:

POETRY: *Pastorals*, 1916; *The Harbingers*, 1916; *The Waggoner and Other Poems*, 1920; *The Shepherd and Other Poems of Peace and War*, 1922; *To Nature*, 1923; *Masks of Time: A New Collection of Poems, Principally Meditative*, 1925; *English Poems*, 1925 (second series, 1926); *Retreat*, 1928; *Near and Far*, 1929; *Poems*, 1914-1930, 1930; *Halfway House: A Miscellany of New Poems*, 1932.

PROSE: *The Bonaventure: A Random Journal of an Atlantic Holiday*, 1922; *Christ's Hospital: A Retrospect*, 1923; *On the Poems of Henry Vaughan*, 1927; Leigh Hunt's "Examiner" Examined, 1928; *Undertones of War*, 1929; *Nature in Literature*, 1929; *An Essay*

on English Literature in Japan, 1929; Shakespeare's Significances, 1929; *Life of Leigh Hunt*, 1930; *Leigh Hunt and His Circle*, 1930; *Votive Tablets: Studies Chiefly Appreciative of English Authors and Books*, 1931; *The Face of England*, 1932; *Fall In, Ghosts!*, 1932; *Charles Lamb and His Contemporaries*, 1932; *The Mind's Eye*, 1933.

FICTION: *We'll Change Our Ground*, or *Two on a Tour* (with Sylvia Norman) 1932.

About Edmund Blunden:

Newbolt, Sir H. *New Paths on Helicon*; Squire, J. C. *Essays on Poetry*.

Freeman 3:500 August 3, 1921; *London Mercury* 2:624 September 1920; 6:318 July 1922; 14:621 October 1926; *London Quarterly Review* 5:74 July 1928; *Manchester Quarterly* 166:115 April 1932; *New Statesman* 16:114 October 30, 1920; *Poetry Review* 23:255 July-August 1932; *Revue Anglo-Américaine* 8:466 August 1931; *Saturday Review* 133:552 May 27, 1922.

Waldemar Bonsels 1881-

Autobiographical sketch of Waldemar Bonsels, German author:

THE country of my origin is Normandy; my ancestors on my father's side emigrated to Germany from France by way of Flanders. My great-grandmother was Dutch and my grandmother German. My mother's family is Frisian and comes from Denmark. My mother was born in Denmark and, when a child, could not speak German. I thus represent a mixture of the German tribes now inhabiting northern Europe.

I was born on February 21, 1881, in the little town of Ahrensburg near Hamburg, in Schleswig-Holstein. My childhood and early youth I passed in the country. Somewhat later, my father's restless life made us change our residence often, wandering from one city to another. Father's restless nature prevented us from settling down anywhere. Even when I was already going to school, he went back to the university to study for a new profession.

I studied at the gymnasium at Kiel, but mostly managed to stay away from classes and ramble around in the country without being caught. For the rest, I remember nothing but Homer and my efforts at collecting specimens of natural life—roamings as extensive as the journeys of Odysseus. I held out until the end of my junior year, an effort due

Waldemar Bonsels: wäl'de-mär bön'selz

mostly to my father's insistence. I do not know whether it was my own ability or the tireless effort of my father or merely the spirit of the school itself, but once when I had failed and was to remain in the same form, I requested a re-examination and in three weeks time actually caught up with my class. I had cause to regret this hard work of my vacation period, for now no one believed any longer that I could not accomplish whatever task I was asked to perform.

All in all, the recollections of my childhood and youth are full of pleasant memories and happy days. And this happiness was entirely due to my mother who seemed to think that the whole aim of her life was centered in me.

After school I was sent out to learn a number of trades. These apprenticeships taught me at least one good thing, the ability to keep away from all such work and occupation as I could not bring in harmony with my disposition and destiny. Altho my father himself possessed much of my disregard for bourgeois duty, he none the less took a somewhat stern view of my rather individualistic conception of personal rights and uncurbed will. He did his best to suppress these qualities in me; so much so that on a certain night I left home and started on a tramping career. Thus I became independent at the age of seventeen. *The Notes of a Vagabond* refer to this period, tho they were written down much later.

Out of my restless and sometimes dangerous journeys thru Germany, with their ups and downs, speakeasies, slums and gardens, middle-class homes and castles, kindly hearts and the aloofness of strangers, I remember only a few faces. The thing I remember best is that I read Dostoevsky and the Gospels, Schiller, and a tremendous lot of poor fiction which, happily, I have since forgotten.

By means which I had better not mention, I managed to leave Germany for Europe, and Europe for Asia. People whose duty it was to take care of me turned me away from their doors; and others who had had experience of my obstinate and erratic ways, sympathized with me and gave me a helping hand.

When I was in India, where I spent a long time, just as I had previously spent considerable time in Egypt, I pondered on many things, but I never once thought of becoming a writer. My verses, written in this period, I hated heartily and never showed to anyone. None of them has survived, and their loss could not matter to anyone.

I married very early. My wife did not understand that the manifold aspects of life could have a greater fascination and a deeper meaning for me than her personal being and her love. Yet, it is to her and her love that I must be grateful for my belief in the omnipotence of the heart and the sanctity of the arts.

And then, as I again found myself alone in the world, I decided to write. And my first sure guide was the great words of Schiller:

What we apprehend here as beauty
Will come and meet us once as truth.

And the following words of Novalis became the deciding factor in regard to the world of appearances and its reanimation in the light of idea and thought: "The expression of the soul, like that of nature, should always be spontaneous, individualistic, harmoniously embracing all things, and creative,—not of things



WALDEMAR BONSELS

as they actually are, but as they should and can be." * *

Little remains to be added to this sketch. Bonsels' father is said to have been a doctor, and the year when Waldemar left home for his vagabondage must have been 1898. He continued his wanderings in Europe and Asia up to the twenty-fifth year of his life. This sets his return to Germany about the year 1905 or 1906. His first marriage must have been dissolved shortly before this date. A year or so later, Bonsels married again, this time more happily. The two marriages brought him four sons. The Bonsels live in Bavaria, in the little town of Ambach on the shore of the Starnberger See.

Waldemar Bonsels became an author in 1906, the year when his short story, *Ave Vita*, appeared. It was privately printed, the imprint reading: "München-Schwabing, E. W. Bonsels & Co." One or two other early works appeared with this imprint. They were later re-issued by his regular publishers.

Waldemar Bonsels may be grouped with the nature poets. In nature he looks for truth as well as beauty. He believes in a universal kinship of souls. His travels and long sojourn in India explain much of the poetic mysticism—some critics prefer to call it sentimentality—in his tales of vagabonds and animal life. One of his conclusions is that the best people of our time are the vagabonds. That a vagabond in Bonsels' vocabulary means something more than a common tramp is not to be doubted. The characters in *Notes of a Vagabond* are not common fellows shirking work; they are intended to represent the affirmers of life.

In *Heaven Folk* he describes "the salvation of an elf who brings a whole forest clearing to life simultaneously, with all its creatures"; *The Adventures of Maya the Bee* won for Bonsels an unexpected fame. It became a children's classic overnight and has been re-issued in many beautifully illustrated editions. His *Indian Journey* is equally popular. Upon its translation into English, it was chosen by the Literary Guild as one of its first selections.

By 1924 Bonsels had become so popular in Germany that Dr. R. Bulgarin compiled a *Vagabunden-Brevier* of his writings, an anthology of Bonsels' finest passages.

One of his latest books to be translated is *The Adventures of Mario*. This is a leisurely tale of the adventures of a boy among the wild life of a dream forest. As Karl Marilaun describes it: "It is a book of adventure for the young and a book of fairy tales for the grown-ups. It is not of the world as we know it, as we have shaped it for ourselves, but of the world before the Fall, in which we ourselves were Mario but did not know it."

Principal works of Waldemar Bonsels:

POETRY: *Don Juans Tod*, 1909; *Das Feuer*, 1910; *Don Juan*, 1919.

DRAMA: *Frühling*, 1908; *Märztage*, 1912; *Norby*, 1919; *Die Flamme von Arzla*, 1925.

NOVELS, SHORT STORIES, AND TRAVEL BOOKS: *Ave Vita*, 1906; *Mare*, 1907; *Blut*, 1909; *Die Toten des Ewigen Krieges*, 1911; *Der Tiefste Traum*, 1911; *Wartalun*, 1911; *Die Biene Maja*, 1912; *Das Anjekind*, 1913; *Himmelsvolk*, 1915; *Indienfahrt*, 1916; *Die Heimat des Todes*, 1918; *Menschenwege*, 1918; *Eros und die Evangelien*, 1920; *Narren und Helden*, 1923; *Jugendnovellen*, 1923; *Vagabunden-Brevier*, 1924; *Notizen eines Vagabunden*, 1925; *Der Wanderer Zwischen Staub und Sternen*, 1926; *Mario und die Tiere*, 1927; *Tiergeschichten*, 1928; *Mario und Gisela*, 1930; *Tage der Kindheit*, 1931; *Die Nacht-wache*, 1933.

English translations of Waldemar Bonsels' works:

The Adventures of Maya the Bee, 1922; *Heaven Folk*, 1924; *An Indian Journey*, 1928; *The Adventures of Mario*, 1930; *Notes of a Vagabond*, 1931.

About Waldemar Bonsels:

Adler, F. *Waldemar Bonsels*; Eloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*; Rheinfurth, K. *Der Neue Mythos: Waldemar Bonsels und Sein Werk*.

New York Herald Tribune "Books" June 1, 1930; *New York Times Book Review* April 19, 1931; *Saturday Review of Literature* 4:1016 July 7, 1928.

Gordon Bottomley 1874-

GORDON BOTTOMLEY, English poet and dramatist, was born on February 20, 1874, at Keighley, a small manufacturing town in the commercial district of the West Riding of York-

shire, the son of Alfred Bottomley and Maria Gordon Bottomley. He was educated at the Keighley Grammar School, but did not proceed to a university.

R. L. Mégroz describes him as a man of "passionate energy, whose eyes, grey and stormy, look at you from a face almost haggard with past sufferings." Since the age of nineteen, he has not known good health, and the secluded existence he lives is as much from compulsion as from choice. Most of his work has been done at his home at Silverdale, near Carnforth, on the Lancashire coast.

Completely absorbed in creative work, and in studying the Elizabethan dramatists and poets, from whom he draws inspiration, his life has been uneventful. "I have no biography; there is nothing that ever happened to me," he once told Mégroz.

Bottomley's works have been issued in such a way as to limit his audience. Most of his volumes have been brought out in strictly limited editions, and by publishers who lacked the organization, or the desire, to give them the proper publicity. Bottomley's own indifference to popular attention has led one student of his work to declare that he takes "as much pains to avoid fame as others display in the effort to court it."

In his poetic dramas, Bottomley has dared to invite comparison with Shakespeare by treating Shakespearian and Elizabethan themes. In *King Lear's Wife*, he gave an original conception of Lear before the beginning of Shakespeare's play. When produced at the Festival Theatre, in Cambridge, England, before a highly critical audience, it was one of the successes of the season of 1926.

Terence Gray, a firm believer in the possibilities of poetic drama, and founder of the Festival Theatre, an organization devoted to the production of plays that do not, because of their artistic or intellectual quality, promise sufficient financial reward for the commercial theatre, declares optimistically that Bottomley is "one of the small band of poets whose dramatic sense is so keen that he has overcome these obstacles [unwillingness of the commercial producer and the poet's ignorance of the requirements of



GORDON BOTTOMLEY

the theatre] and produced in the present day verse-dramas that are comparable to the best work of the Elizabethans. . . His genius has laid the foundations of a new technique of poetic drama, a technique in the modern spirit, one that will lead to a revival of the form and a new era of poetic drama."

Bottomley approached another Shakespearian theme in *Gruach*, a portrait of Lady Macbeth at her first meeting with her future husband. The play had a favorable reception, and was awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize in 1923, after the committee of award had unanimously declared it to be the best book of the previous year.

Gray's enthusiastic opinion is supported by Lascelles Abercrombie, who writes: "It was remarkable enough that Mr. Bottomley should have proved himself capable of worthily inventing a prelude to *Lear*; it is astonishing that the success should be repeated in a prelude to *Macbeth*. But it has become clear now that at no time in the history of English poetry since the seventeenth century has the requisite combination of dramatic and poetic talents existed until now in the person of Mr. Bottomley."

In 1905, Bottomley was married to Emily Burton, youngest daughter of Matthew Burton, of Arnside. In 1925, he was awarded the Arthur Benson

Medal of the Royal Society of Literature and in the following year he was elected to a Fellowship in the Society. In 1930, he was made an honorary LL. D. of the University of Durham.

In a letter to Drinkwater, dated July 1, 1916, Gosse describes a visit to Bottomley and gives an interesting insight into his character: "He lives very remotely, out of sight of a house, in a kind of labyrinth of overgrown foliage, barbed wire with huge wild-rose bushes, like a sleeping Beauty. When you arrive at the very summit of the maze, a neat and ingenious little house, as smart as a new pin, is suddenly discovered, and the Bearded Bard with his charming little wife—all great antelope eyes and snow white hair—are smiling at you from the porch. I have only very lately come to know Bottomley, but he attracts me greatly. His wonderful courage in the face of so mysterious and crushing a malady, his wistful cheeriness, his intense and unfeigned love of letters, are most winning. He is unlike any other human being I have ever known, and I think he is of the type of the Lakists of a hundred years ago. Just thus could I imagine a brother of Coleridge or a cousin of DeQuincey living. . . He has a golden heart, simple, large, and loving."

Milton Bronner, author of a short study of Bottomley, sees him as a poet of three moods: a "gray" mood for Iceland, a "white" mood for England, and a "rose" mood for Italy. He shows that Bottomley's poetry easily falls into these groups, and on the basis of the moods he explains some of the difficulties that have troubled readers.

Bottomley's one-act tragedies, *The Riding to Lithend* and *The Crier By Night* are illustrations of the "gray" mood. The material for the former is found in the Icelandic sagas of the heroic warriors, Gunnar and Njal. The direct source that Bottomley used was the English prose version of *The Saga of Burnt Njal* by Sir George Dasent. In some cases, he has used passages from Dasent without altering the words, or with alterations of minor importance. He has added characters of his own who do not appear in the saga, and he has omitted characters that do. In the saga,

there are "gaps" that make the actions of the characters seem without reasonable motive. Bottomley fills in these gaps by including incidents to make the characters understandable. In other words, Bottomley has used Dasent in the same way that Shakespeare used North's *Plutarch*.

In his English or "white" mood, Bottomley appears as a lyric poet, in which form he is not so well known as for his dramatic poetry. The verses that present him in this aspect are the two volumes of *Chambers of Imagery*, originally issued in paper covers. One of the most popular poems in this collection is "Netted Strawberries," a picture of rural England. "Babel" and "The End of the World" may be regarded as "experimental" poems. The theme of the former: the building of the Tower of Babel, allows Bottomley to give his impression of the way in which the power of speech came to be lost. To convey, by words, how words became meaningless, was a task that challenged his skill. Bottomley meets the difficulty, or evades it—according to the point of view—by having the poem end in a riot of sound. "The End of the World"—not to be confused with Abercrombie's play of the same title—is a gloomy picture of a cold earth with all forms of life being extinguished by the constantly-falling snow. The technical problem is to suggest this falling by the use of a suitable rhythm. In this, most critics feel that the poet has succeeded.

The "rose" mood shows Bottomley under the spell of Renaissance Italy. In "A Vision of . . ." . . . famous Italian painter, . . . who died at thirty-three, a victim of the Plague of 1511, is portrayed in three important phases of his activity: we see him as a great musician, as a great painter, and, like Gunnar, as a great lover. Of the real Giorgione, little is known, but Bottomley does not seem to regard this as a cause for regret. The absence of historical fact, instead of being a hindrance is a help, in that it gives the poet complete freedom to construct his own picture and makes imperative the highest use of his imaginative powers.

Bottomley has been called a bad rhymers at times. The weak rhymes, Bronner says, appear chiefly in the "white" poems. He accounts for them on two grounds: a faulty ear and Bottomley's impatience, which makes him unwilling to continue his search for the right word until he has found it.

H. S. R.

Gordon Bottomley's works:

POEMS: The Mickle Drede, 1896; Poems at White Nights, 1899; The Gate of Smaragdus, 1904; Chambers of Imagery, 1907 (second series, 1912); A Vision of Giorgione: Three Variations on Venetian Themes, 1910; Poems of Thirty Years, 1925; Festival Preludes, 1930.

POETIC DRAMA: The Crier By Night, 1902; Midsummer Eve, 1905; The Riding to Lithend, 1909; Laodice and Danaë, 1909; King Lear's Wife, 1915; (all published in one volume as King Lear's Wife and Other Plays, 1920); Gruach, and Britain's Daughter, 1921; Scenes and Plays, 1929.

About Gordon Bottomley:

Agate, J. *The Contemporary Theatre*; Elchauge, M. *Striking Figures Among Modern English Dramatists*; Lucas, F. L. *Authors Dead and Living*; Mouro, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Morgan, A. E. *Tendencies of Modern English Drama*; Newbolt, Sir H. *New Paths on Helicon*; Williams-Ellis, A. *An Anatomy of Poetry*.

Bibelot 16:65 January 1910; *Bookman* 39:67 March 1914; *Living Age* 289:374 May 6, 1916; *New Statesman* 15:650 September 18, 1920; *Saturday Review* 133:40 January 14, 1922.

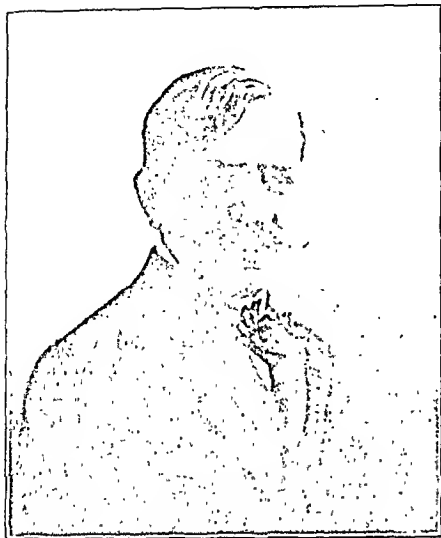
Paul Bourget 1852-

PAUL BOURGET, French dramatist, essayist, and novelist, was born on September 2, 1852, in the city of Amiens. His father, Justin Bourget (the son of a civil engineer of peasant origin) was a mathematician, and judging from his numerous mathematical works he had no ordinary ability. He taught at the lycée in Clermont-Ferrand and in 1867 became director of studies at Sainte-Barbe, to return, a few years later, to Clermont-Ferrand. Paul has claimed that he inherited from his father his scientific mind (at the age of seven Paul decided to write a monumental work on entomology) and from his mother (of German descent) his poetic and metaphysical bent. The only literary books in the Bourget household—a two-volume Shakespeare in French—originally used

to raise little Paul at mealtimes—became his first reader.

Paul was never rooted to one town or province: "Christened at Amiens; I learned my first letters at Strassburg, began my classical studies at Clermont, and completed them in Paris." He came to the French capital when his father took up his duties at Sainte-Barbe. After reading Balzac's *Père Goriot* in the autumn of 1867, he made two resolutions: to read the rest of Balzac's works, and to become as famous as Balzac. Before long he had read the whole of *La Comédie Humaine*, and moved with all enthusiasm to the accomplishment of his second resolution. In 1872 he disobeyed his father by emphatically refusing to continue the preparation for the teaching profession. Accordingly, his allowance was stopped and he had to face life. After completing his studies at the Lycée Louis le Grand, he took his licenciate degree in 1872, tried Greek philology at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and attended the medical school (the Hôtel Dieu clinic) for a few months. Meanwhile he had spent a short vacation in Italy and Greece.

Now he had to earn his living: he sought work at a tutorial school, dragging backward students thru their courses. First he taught at Reusse's school and in 1874 at Lelarge's, where Brunetière became his colleague. Paul "rose at three A.M., an hour before the monks in his quarter, and read and wrote until half-past seven, when he had to rush to his school, stopping a minute at a public-house to eat a *croissant* and drink a glass of wine side by side with workmen. He spent three hours of the morning teaching his indifferent audience the history of literature or philosophy, and came back again in the afternoon to decipher Latin or Greek puzzles with them. In exchange for this work he received the sum of thirty dollars a month." Whatever time he had left he devoted to his writing which gradually began to appear in the little magazines and even in the then famous *Revue des Deux-Mondes*. This journal had published occasional short pieces by him and, in 1874, a slight story entitled *Céline Lacoste*. But his forte was not prose: he considered himself



PAUL BOURGET

first and foremost a poet. He worshipped Victor Hugo, Musset, and Sully Prud'homme, and his friends were all poets: Coppée, Richepin, Maupassant (whom he admired more as the author of the poems *Au Bord de l'Eau* than as a short story writer) and Barbey d'Aurevilly.

Bourget's first volume of poems appeared in 1875, *La Vie Inquiète*, and it gave evidence of a refined sensibility; the idealistic author made no mention of his humdrum routine. Three years later he published a novel in verse entitled *Edel*. The work was so highly praised by the critics (especially by Jules Lemaitre) that the editor of *La Revue des Deux-Mondes* asked him to contribute an article on the young school of poetry. Besides these triumphs, Bourget had one unforgettable experience—Taine's lectures: "I remember, right after the (Franco-Prussian) war, how we lads just out of school used to hurry with beating hearts into the lecture-room of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where Monsieur Taine taught during the four winter months."

From 1879, from his twenty-seventh birthday, Bourget seems to have been exceptionally successful: he began to contribute regularly to *Le Journal des Débats*, *Le Globe* (as dramatic critic) and *La Revue des Deux-Mondes* (also

as dramatic critic); he attended the "at homes" of Madame Adam and met in her drawing room some of the most distinguished writers of the day—Alexandre Dumas fils, Taine, Turgenev, Leconte de Lisle; and, finally, he traveled every year from 1880 to 1884 in Italy, Spain, and England. His travel sketches were quite in demand. He gave up tutoring in 1880 when he found himself economically independent, in the sense that he had only to write to get printed. In short, he had arrived.

Bourget gradually turned from poetry to criticism, and, from 1880 on, *La Nouvelle Revue* printed his essays on Baudelaire, Renan, Flaubert, and Stendhal, which constituted his volume *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, 1883, and established his position as a critic of the highest order. The Abbé Dimnet remarked that these studies "present a satisfactory picture of the French mind under the Second Empire," and many critics praised the author for his "maturity of judgment, keen feeling for the lightest shades of expression, and profound psychological and philosophical appreciation."

In May 1883, "in a small room at Oxford, a few steps from the old Worcester College haunted by Thomas de Quincey's ghost," says Bourget, "I began my first novel *L'Irréparable*, with the very pen with which I had just terminated the preface of the *Essays*." What made Bourget shift from his successful critical work to a new realm, so entirely different? He explained it to himself thus: "What had interested me in these series of essays was not the writers themselves, but the *états de l'âme* manifested by these writers. Now these states of the soul, what were they but the states of some particular souls? Just as I had perceived beyond the books living sentiments, underneath these sentiments I perceived living souls, and the novel appeared to me as the form of art most suitable to depict them. . . ."

Rather than a novel, *L'Irréparable* was a long short story; in it Bourget amply showed his knowledge of women's psychology. With his first real novel, *Cruelle Enigme*, he won both popular acclaim and sound literary prestige. It was the success of the year, and Bour-

get's fame dates from it. He cultivated the same vein year after year in each new novel until *Le Disciple*, which "marked the change in the author's point of view from that of the detached psychologist to that of the convinced moralist." Many critics have agreed in calling the year of publication of this novel, 1889, "an important date in the intellectual and moral history of France." The intellectuals were profoundly stirred; of special significance was the debate between Brunetière and Anatole France. With this work Bourget probably reached the peak of his career.

Economically free, he was married in 1890 to Mlle. David, from Antwerp, and then went for a longer visit to Italy. A prolific writer, Bourget penned one novel after another; and his "naturalism in fine clothes," as Lemaître called it, became the rage of the day. In 1895 he visited the United States, and was lampooned by Mark Twain in the *North American Review* ("What Paul Bourget Thinks of Us" 160:48) and defended by Max O'Reall in the same magazine ("Mark Twain and Paul Bourget" 160:302).

After 1902, the year of his much discussed novel *L'Étape*, Bourget tried his hand at the drama and had a great success in 1910 with *La Barricade* and in 1911 with *Le Tribun*.

Thus as a writer Paul Bourget cultivated all the genres and won recognition as early as 1895, when he was received into the French Academy (to occupy the famous thirty-third *fauteuil* which had previously belonged to Voltaire, and Maxime du Camp) and was appointed Officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1923 his friends gathered in Balzac's house of the Rue Raynouard to offer him a beautiful plaque to himself done by Paul Roussel. The grand prix Orisis was awarded to him in 1930, and two years later literary France celebrated his eightieth anniversary.

At present Paul Bourget lives in the quiet by-street Barbey de Jouy, in the heart of the fashionable Faubourg Saint Germain, the last stronghold of aristocracy.

Embracing a creative period of almost sixty years, his *opéra selecta* published by Plon comprise six volumes of criticism, fourteen novels, eight volumes of short stories, two volumes of plays, two volumes of travel impressions, and one of poetry. His loftiest achievements belong to the 'Nineties, and, altho his admirers have disputed the assertion, it is generally agreed that his works have aged considerably, since the problems that worried him at the time are not the problems of the present age.

The works of Paul Bourget:

VERSE: *La Vie Inquiète*, 1875; *Edel*, 1878; *Les Aveux*, 1882; *Poésies* (1872-76) 1885; *Poésies* (1876-82) 1887.

NOVELS: *L'Irréparable*, 1881; *Cruelle Enigme*, 1885; *Un Crime d'Amour*, 1886; *André Cornélis*, 1887; *Mensonges*, 1887; *Le Disciple*, 1889; *Un Coeur de Femme*, 1891; *Terre Promise*, 1892; *Cosmopolis*, 1893; *Une Idylle Tragique*, 1896; *La Duchesse Bleue*, 1898; *Le Fantôme*, 1901; *L'Étape*, 1902; *Un Divorce*, 1904; *L'Émigré*, 1907; *Le Démon de Midi*, 1914; *Le Sens de la Mort*, 1915; *Lazarine*, 1917; *Némésis*, 1918; *Laurence Albani*, 1919; *L'Écuyère*, 1921; *Un Drame dans le Monde*, 1921; *La Géole*, 1923.

SHORT STORIES: *Pastels*, 1889; *Nouveaux Pastels*, 1891; *Un Scrupule*, 1893; *Steeple-Chase*, 1894; *Un Saint*, 1894; *Recommencements*, 1897; *Voyageuses*, 1897; *Complications Sentimentales*, 1898; *Trois Petites Filles*, 1899; *Drames de Famille*, 1900; *L'Ecran*, 1900; *Un Homme d'Affaires*, 1900; *François Vernantes*, 1902; *Monique*, 1902; *L'Eau Profonde*, 1903; *Les Détours du Coeur*, 1908; *La Dame qui a Perdu son Peintre*, 1910; *L'Envers du Décors*, 1911; *Le Justicier*, 1919; *Anomales*, 1920.

TRAVEL: *Sensations d'Oxford*, 1888; *Sensations d'Italie*, 1891; *Outre-Mer*, 1895; *Visions d'Autriche*, 1911 (by Bourget and others).

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM: *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, 1883; *Nouveaux Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, 1885; *Études et Portraits*, 1888; *Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne*, 1890; *Pages de Critique et de Doctrine*, 1912; *Nouvelle Pages de Critique et de Doctrine*, 1922.

DRAMA: *Le Luxe des Autres* (with H. Amic) 1902; *L'Émigré*, 1908; *Un Divorce* (with André Cury) 1908; *La Barricade*, 1910; *Un Cas de Conscience* (with Serge Basset) 1910; *Le Tribun*, 1911; *La Crise* (with André Beaunier) 1912; *Le Soupçon*, 1920.

MORE RECENT WORKS: *Le Roman des Quatre* (with G. d'Houville, Henri Duvernois, and Pierre Benoit) 1923-26; *Le Danseur Mondain*, 1924; *Nos Actes Nous Suivent*, 1927; *Le Tapin*, 1928; *Quelques Temoignages*, 1928; *On ne Voit pas les Coeurs*, 1929; *Au Service de l'Ordre*, 1929; *De Petits Faits Vrais*, 1930; *La Vengeance de la Vie*, 1930;

La Rechute, 1931; Le Diamant de la Reine, 1932.

Paul Bourget's works available in English translation:

A Cruel Enigma, 1887 (also in 1891 as Love's Cruel Enigma); A Love Crime, 1887 (also in 1905); André Cornelis, 1887 (also in 1893 as The Son and in 1921 as The Story of André Cornelis); A Woman's Heart, 1891, Pastels of Men, 1891-92; Impressions of Italy, 1892; A Saint, 1892; Lies, 1892 (also in 1896 as A Living Lie and in 1921 as Our Lady of Lies); Outre Mer: Impressions of America, 1895; The Land of Promise, 1895; A Tragic Idyll, 1896; Antigone, 1898; Some Portraits of Women, 1898; The Disciple, 1898; Domestic Dramas, 1900; The Screen, 1901; Monica, 1902; The Blue Duchess, 1902 (also in 1908); A Divorce, 1904; The Weight of a Name, 1908; Two Sisters, and A Confession, 1912; The Night Cometh, 1916; The Gaol, 1924.

About Paul Bourget:

Bacourt, P. de and Cuillif, J. W. *French Literature During the Last Half Century*; Bonne, J. de, *La Pensée de Paul Bourget*; Bowman, E. M. *The Early Novels of Paul Bourget*; Carco, F. *Paul Bourget*; Dimnet, E. *Paul Bourget*; Drake, W. A. *Contemporary European Literature*; Ellis, H. *Victims and Previews*; Giraud, V. *Les Maîtres de l'Heure*; Gosse, E. *French Profiles*; Grappe, G. *Paul Bourget*; Guérard, A. L. *Five Masters of French Romance*; Jean-Desthieux, F. *Paul Bourget*; Hübner, F. *Paul Bourget als Psycholog*; Lardeur, F. J. *La Vérité Psychologique dans les Romans de Paul Bourget*; Lecigne, C. *L'Evolution Morale et Religieuse de Paul Bourget*; Rivasso, R. de, *Essai sur l'Oeuvre de Paul Bourget*; Seta, M. della, *I Romanzi di Paul Bourget*; Stephens, W. *French Novelists of Today I*; Turquet-Milnes, G. *Some Modern French Writers*; Visan, T. de, *Paul Bourget Sociologue*.

Bookman 73:273 May 1931; *Contemporary Review* 132:773 December 1927; *Living Age* 330:525 September 4, 1926.

Randolph Bourne 1886-1918

THE American essayist, educational writer, and pacifist, Randolph Silliman Bourne, was born at Bloomfield, New Jersey, on May 30, 1886, the son of Charles and Sara Randolph Bourne. After graduating from the public and high schools of Bloomfield, he secured a position as musical proof-reader in the office of an automatic piano-music company. In 1909, Bourne entered Columbia University, graduating as Bachelor of Arts in 1912. At the suggestion of Dean Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, under whom he took a course in phi-



Bloomfield (N. J.), Public Library
RANDOLPH BOURNE
at the age of 15

losophy, he had already begun his literary career the year before. "Read the article in the *Atlantic* this month (February 1911) denouncing the younger generation. I wish you'd reply to it," Woodbridge told him. Bourne did so, and his essay was published, in place of an answer that had already been accepted. In 1912, Bourne was elected editor-in-chief of the *Columbia Monthly*, when Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher-to-be, was advertising manager.

Bourne received his master's degree in 1913, and also published his first volume, *Youth and Life*, a collection of fourteen essays, written during his junior and senior years. They derived their inspiration from his faith in what he firmly believed was an American youth movement.

He was awarded a Gilder Fellowship, which entitled him to a year of travel and study in Europe. He made such good use of his opportunity that the result was a study of European culture, *Impressions of Europe, 1913-14*, presented as a report to the trustees of Columbia University. It won unqualified praise from severe critics, and did much to strengthen the impression made by his volume of essays. While at Columbia, Bourne came under the influ-

ence of John Dewey, producing, as a consequence, two books on educational theory and practice. The title of one of them, *Education and Living*,—as well as its central thesis—showed that the young student had caught the spirit of America's leading educational philosopher.

Bourne was a contributing editor of the *Dial*, and *New Republic*, the staff of which he joined when it was founded, in 1914. He also wrote for the *Yale Review*, *Columbia University Quarterly*, *Masses*, and *Seven Arts*. During the World War, Bourne lost faith in the pragmatic philosophy that he had imbibed from Dewey, and he gradually became a radical pacifist. In the periodicals with which he was connected, he wrote fiercely against America's participation in the War, and it was a severe blow to him when the *Seven Arts* was suspended in September 1917 because of its anti-war policy.

On Sunday, December 22, 1918, after an illness of three days, Bourne died in poverty, at his New York home, 18 West 8th Street, a victim of the influenza epidemic. He was thirty-two years old.

Wholly out of sympathy with the currents around him, Bourne was spiritually unhappy, and he suffered, both mentally and spiritually, from a misfortune of his early childhood: as the result of a fall, he was physically deformed. Van Wyck Brooks saw him, with a poet's eye, as an "odd little apparition with vibrant eyes and quick, birdlike steps." E. S. Bates describes him, less poetically, as "hunchbacked, with a stunted body, large head, and heavy features." The keen mind and the beautiful spirit that he also mentions, were, regretfully, but, perhaps, inevitably, known only to a few; the "less appreciative observers," who would constitute the majority, were able to see no more than a "painful outward ugliness." If this feeling expressed itself visibly—altho Bourne would *sense* it, even in the absence of any external sign—it is unpleasant to imagine his suffering. He, himself, has frankly discussed his physical deformity in "A Philosophy of Handicap," the final essay in *Youth and Life*. His keen mind

is nowhere more evident than in this essay, which is also remarkable for its statement of Bourne's aim, or "religion." Deprived of almost everything that life may be supposed to offer, Bourne sought to bring a "fuller, richer life to more people on this earth."

James Oppenheim and Van Wyck Brooks edited, with introductions, two collections of his essays. A sympathetic account is also to be found in Paul Rosenfeld's *Port of New York*.

Bourne left, unfinished, a novel, and a terrific indictment of the State as an institution. The former is included in the volume edited by Brooks; the latter, in Oppenheim's volume.

Randolph Bourne's works:

Youth and Life, 1913; *The Gary Schools*, 1916; *Education and Living*, 1917; *Untimely Papers* (edited by James Oppenheim) 1919; *The History of a Literary Radical* (edited by Van Wyck Brooks) 1920.

About Randolph Bourne:

Brooks, V. W. (see above); Deutsch, B. *A Brittle Heaven* (a novel in which Bourne appears as "Mark Gideon"); *Dictionary of American Biography*; Oppenheim, J. (see above); Rosenfeld, P. *Port of New York*; Van Doren, C. and M. *American and British Literature Since 1890*.

Bookman 75:590 October 1932.

Elizabeth Bowen 1899-

ELIZABETH BOWEN, Irish author, was born in Dublin on June 7, 1899. She was an only child and was born when her father and mother had been married for nine years. "I was meant to have been a son," she says, "and should have been called Robert." Her father was an Irish country gentleman. Her mother, before her marriage, was Florence Isabella Pomeroy Colley of the Colley family which is accounted for in the first chapter of Philip Guedalla's book on the first Duke of Wellington.

The summers were spent at their family home, Bowen's Court, in County Cork, which her father, as eldest son, had inherited, a large Italianate eighteenth century light gray stone house. Her ancestor, a Welsh Captain Bowen, went to Ireland with Cromwell and was given the County Cork property, then very extensive, as a reward for his services in Cromwell's campaign.

"When I was seven," recalls Miss Bowen, "my father had a breakdown



ELIZABETH BOWEN

from overwork: life became dark for some time with trouble and anxiety. While he was under treatment my mother, by the doctor's orders, took me away and for some years we lived in the south of England. The Dublin house was given up, and Bowen's Court remained empty."

They lived in a succession of small houses at Folkestone, where they had Irish cousins, or nearby at Huth or Lymington. Elizabeth attended day school at Folkestone. When she was twelve her mother died of cancer, and she went to live with her mother's sister in Hertfordshire.

"After two years when I was fourteen I was sent to boarding school at Downe House, in Kent, at the edge of some rolling country near Westerham and formerly Charles Darwin's home. We used to rehearse Shakespeare plays out of doors, in the summer term, in the after-supper twilight. I spent my summer holidays in Ireland, where an aunt kept house for my father at Bowen's Court.

"When I left school I went to live in Ireland, where everybody was troubled and excitable. For the last year of the War I worked in a shell-shock hospital near Dublin.

"When I was nineteen my father married again, and let me go back to Eng-

land, or travel, or do—within accepted limits—whatever I liked. When I was twenty-one he very generously gave me my own money. It was not much money—tho it was more than he could afford—and I soon found my own first ideas of life had been immoderate. I lived from hand to mouth, in London or abroad. I was extravagant, and had to sell or pawn many things I valued. For months together I had to live very quietly—but this was a good thing, as it made me begin to write. I wrote my first short stories when I was twenty. These were subsequently collected and published under the title of *Encounters*. From the moment that—as it were—my pen touched paper, I thought of nothing but writing, and since then I have thought of practically nothing else. Which is not to say I have been industrious: I have been idle for months, or even a year, at a time. But when I have nothing to write I feel only half alive.

"I lived in London, I spent winters in Italy. One rather awful winter in a hotel at Bordighera—where a very beloved aunt of mine was wintering for her health, and where I had gone to be with her and teach her children—produced (two years afterwards) *The Hotel*.

"When I was in London, I lived with a great aunt of mine in her lovely, half-dark, white-paneled house in Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. She was like a character out of a Henry James novel—all her friends were of that world: she had been a friend, in fact, of Henry James, and gave me a bundle of letters from him to read.

"When I was twenty I met Alan Cameron, and three years afterwards, having seen each other thruout a winter in London, married. We went to live near Northampton where he had an appointment. It was not a thrilling place to live, but all the time we were there—two years—we were very happy. In 1926 my husband was appointed to his present position at Oxford. While living at Northampton, I wrote my first stories: *Ann Lee's*, also *The Hotel*, tho this was not published till two years afterwards.

"At present we live at Old Headington, an old village outside Oxford—

now, strictly, part of the city itself. Our house used to be the stables of the old village manor house: it is now a low yellow-washed cottage with blue doors, backed by beech trees in the surrounding gardens.

"I spend two or three days of the week in London, where, in Chelsea, I have a little flat. It was in the Chelsea flat, in last July's [1932] heat-wave, that I finished *To the North*—with Chelsea barrel-organs drumming so loudly in the streets that I had to shut all the windows. I was exhausted but happy.

"I have traveled a good deal since I married, with my husband, or sometimes with friends, in France and Italy. I know—except in writing—of no greater pleasure than travel. Tho I enjoy small, gay intimate parties, and meeting new people, too.

"Two years ago [1931] my father died, and I inherited our Irish home, Bowen's Court. English friends, I know, think it fantastic of me to keep up, at an expense which is almost beyond me, a great unpractical lonely house, so bare, so fantastic in its conception, in such a (to them) remote and unreal country. I spend months in the summer at Bowen's Court, where my friends join me. There is no electric light, it is a little-chilly; we sit at nights round a log fire or play cards by candle-light in the library with its eighteenth century books."

Of her contemporaries, Miss Bowen reads with the most pleasure James Joyce; E. M. Forster, Paul Morand, Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, and A. E. Coppard. She reads as many detective stories as she can get.

Elizabeth Bowen's works:

SHORT STORIES: *Encounters*, 1923; *Ann Lee's and Other Stories*, 1928; *Joining Charles and Other Stories*, 1929.

NOVELS: *The Hotel*, 1927; *Friends and Relations*, 1931; *To the North*, 1932.

Kay Boyle 1903-

Autobiographical sketch of Kay Boyle, American author:

I WAS born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on February 19, 1903, and left there at the age of six months. My paternal grandfather, Jesse Peyton Boyle, was a

lawyer, and the founder of the West Publishing Company in St. Paul. My parents traveled extensively thru Europe with my sister and myself, and we devoted our early years to painting, writing, and music.

We later went to school in Washington, D. C., and in the early years of the War the family fortunes suffered reverses, and my father went into partnership with a cousin in the garage business in Cincinnati, Ohio. We later joined him there, and for two years I attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music (studying violin) and the Ohio Mechanics' Institute (majoring in architecture). For the sake of economy, we later went to live in the garage itself, and I worked as telephone operator in my father's offices.

I wrote continuously, and by the time I was seventeen had written hundreds of poems, short stories, a novel (dealing with the conditions of organized labor in Cincinnati) and a children's version of the outline of history (very much tinged with pacifism). Many of my early writings were concerned with social conditions—undoubtedly due to my mother's great interest in radical politics and pacifism (she ran on the Farmer-Labor ticket as candidate for the school board in 1919)—and some of my earliest efforts were entitled "Arise, Ye Women" and "The Working Girl's Prayer." I was frequently ready to die with shame when my mother would insist upon reading these aloud at meetings of the workers which would be held under her auspices in the garage. (She was equally eager to read aloud Gertrude Stein, and explain Brancusi's sculpture to the workers.)

When I was eighteen, I married a French student of electrical engineering at the University of Cincinnati, Richard Brault, and we worked in New York for a year together. I did book reviewing, fashion writing, and later became assistant to Lola Ridge on *Broom*. My poems had then begun to appear in the *Forum*, *Poetry*, *Broom*, etc. During this time I attended Columbia University night school.

In 1922 we came to France on borrowed money to visit my husband's

family, and I there completed another novel. After six months my husband secured a position in Le Havre, and we lived there for two years, writing, gardening, working. I began work on *Plagued by the Nightingale* and the first half of this novel was first printed by Ernest Walsh in *This Quarter* in 1926.

In the severe climate and the necessary hard work of Le Havre, I fell ill and was threatened with tuberculosis. I then went south. In 1927 my first daughter was born in Nice. My second (named Appel) in Paris in 1929. During these years, short stories and poems had appeared in the *London Calendar*, *transition*, *This Quarter*, and later in *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and the *New Yorker*. My first book of short stories was published in Paris in 1929. *Wedding Day* was published in 1930, and *Plagued by the Nightingale* in 1931.

As to my esthetic bias, or literary background, I have neither. I would surely never have written had not my mother given to me an almost superhuman encouragement and interest, and whatever background I have was her gift to me. I prefer to read poetry, accounts of flying, arctic explorations, or under-sea exploration, to anything else. In literature, I have never wholly liked the work of women with the exception

of Gertrude Stein. Tact and complacency have long been woman's attributes, and I think they prove a drawback to good reading. They do not write simply or violently enough for my taste. I should like my prose to be lucid, direct, and lean. (I failed in *Plagued by the Nightingale*. My next novel *Gentlemen, I Address You Privately* is sounder, to my mind.)

My affections are for mountains, wild and barren, such as exist behind Nice, and such as I imagine the American Rockies to be. I like to be with people who work—English, French, or any foreign working people—I am ill at ease with all Americans—I prefer painters and musicians to people who write. My aversions are big cities, small towns, grand hotels, crowded beaches, radios, and Edward Titus. I like to cook, to ride horseback, climb, travel to strange places, meet odd people, play chess. I am afraid of water, and of clever women. I have no religion, except that of poetry, and in Poe, Whitman, and William Carlos Williams I recognize the apostles of America. I have only a passing interest in monuments, and skyscrapers come under this heading. A greater construction by far is in America's poetry. The short story and novel form are adequate finger exercises, but I, for one, am working towards a broad and pure poetic form.

* * *

In April 1932, six months after she wrote the above sketch, Miss Boyle was married to Laurence Vail, author and translator. She continues to live in France. When she wrote the above paragraphs for the editors of this work she evidently intended that *Gentlemen, I Address You Privately* would be her next book. But two others, a novel called *Year Before Last* and a book of short stories, *First Lover and Other Stories*, preceded it. *Gentlemen, I Address You Privately* appeared in the fall of 1933. In addition to her own books she has made two translations from the French.

Evelyn Harter, who remarks upon Miss Boyle's spirit of experimentation as something fairly new among women writers, says: "Her verse at first read-



KAY BOYLE

ing seems excessively wayward, even to those familiar with the linear association method of writing. Her short stories and her novels deal with the distress of human beings reaching for love and for each other, under the cloud of disease, or the foreknowledge of death. Her daring lies in an extravagance of metaphor, in roguishness, in ellipses. The short stories particularly revive for us the painful brilliance of living. Here is poison—in the small doses in which arsenic is prescribed for anemia.”

Kay Boyle's works:

SHORT STORIES: *Short Stories*, 1929; *Wedding Day and Other Stories*, 1930; *First Lover and Other Stories*, 1933.

NOVELS: *Plagued by the Nightingale*, 1931; *Year Before Last*, 1932; *Gentlemen, I Address You Privately*, 1933.

TRANSLATOR: *Don Juan*, 1931; *Devil in the Flesh*, 1932.

About Kay Boyle:

Bookman 75:249 June 1932.

Anna Hempstead Branch 1875-

Autobiographical sketch of Anna Hempstead Branch, American poet:

I WAS born in New London, Connecticut, on March 18, 1875. My childhood and school days were spent in New York and Brooklyn. I went to the Froebel Academy in Brooklyn and then to the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn where I graduated in 1893. These were private schools.

My father was a lawyer, John Lock Branch, son of Judge William Branch, of Lake County, Ohio. He practiced law for many years in New York City. My mother was Mary Lydia Bolles, daughter of Mary Hempstead and John Roger Bolles of New London. Her mother wrote and illustrated children's poems and little tales, which were published in a book called *Casket of Toys*. My grandfather, John Roger Bolles, was a poet, author of several books, as well as a lawyer.

My mother, after graduating from the Young Ladies High School in New London, studied at the school of Dr. Emerson in Boston. She wrote several well known poems, among them "The Petrified Fern." She wrote stories for chil-

dren which have retained their popularity to this day: *Kanter Girls* and *Guld the Cavern King*.

After graduating from the Adelphi in Brooklyn, I went to Smith College, graduating in 1897, having been the editor-in-chief of the college monthly and Ivy Orator.

After that I went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, where I graduated. Meanwhile the family went to live in New London after my father retired from his law business in New York City. We inherited the old Hempstead house, where my grandmother Mary Hempstead spent her girlhood. It was built by Robert Hempstead about 1640 and has been the home of the Hempstead family for ten generations, if we include my own.

For many years I have spent a large part of every year at Christodora House in New York City, one of our oldest and most celebrated settlement houses. I have given volunteer service along social lines, especially the dramatic and literary. Here I direct the work of the Poets' Guild and am much interested in friendship among nations thru the medium of poetry. I have for many years edited "The Unbound Anthology," a looseleaf anthology of English and American writers, and also "The Consul's Series in the International Unbound Anthology." I am now working on an "Ambassador's Anthology," the poems in which are selected by the foreign diplomats in Washington.

I was the founder of the International Poetry Society. Interested in social service, I pioneered the playground movement in New London and was for several years closely associated with its progress. I am a member of the board of managers of Christodora House, of the Poetry Society of America, of the Women Poets of America, and of the Town Hall Club. At one time I was president of the College Club in New London.

I am at this present writing chairman of poetry for the National Council of Women at the Century of Progress in Chicago, July 16-23, 1933—in charge of their international poetry exhibit and International Conference of Women

Poets. In connection with this I have prepared the exhibit contributed to the Fair by the Poets' Guild. Among other features this exhibit contains an anthology of undergraduate college verse.

In addition to my books of verse I am the author of a series of brief dramatizations for children, very brief plays and ceremonies, widely used by Girl Scouts and Sunday Schools thruout the country. They are published separately under the general title of "Christodora House Papers."

My plays, *Rose of the Wind* and *The Shoes That Danced*, are popular for amateur performances, and the translation I made of *The Libation Pourer* by Aeschylus at the request of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts was successfully performed by them.

I also originated the idea of "Magic Casement," a miniature theatre, where scenes are accompanied by the reading of appropriate poems. This petite form of art makes a charming accompaniment to readings and lectures, and I am planning to use it next season when I read for clubs and schools.

I have done a good deal of reading and lecturing at clubs, private schools, and colleges.

With the exception of a few trips abroad and up to Newfoundland and

Canada, I spend my summers quietly at Hempstead House in New London, where I greatly enjoy the swimming and boating; or in a little house at Bethlehem, New Hampshire.

* * *

Just after her graduation from Smith College in 1897, Anna Hempstead Branch came into marked public attention by winning the prize offered by the *Century Magazine* for the best poem written by a college graduate. Her winning poem, "The Road Twixt Heaven and Hell," appeared in that periodical in December 1898.

Miss Branch's first book of verse, *The Heart of the Road*, was published in 1901, when she was twenty-six. Four years later came *The Shoes That Danced*, a volume of dramatic sketches, monologues, and other poems. Her poetic play, *Rose of the Wind*, was produced in New York in 1908 and in 1910 was the title poem of her third published volume.

The volume *Rose of the Wind* contained "Nimrod," a dramatic narrative poem of about two thousand lines which is conceded to be her masterpiece. Alfred Kreymborg calls it "the greatest single narrative in the whole length of American poetry" and William Rose Benét says that it "is one of the most vigorous and astonishingly sustained poems ever written by a woman in America, and it should rank as one of the great poems written by any woman in English."

A silence of nineteen years followed the publication of *Rose of the Wind*, during which time Miss Branch devoted herself mainly to settlement work in the East Side of New York City. It was not until 1929 that her fourth volume of verse, *Sonnets From a Lock*, appeared. For inclusion in William Rose Benét's auto-anthology, *Fifty Poets*, in 1933, she selected "Ere the Golden Level Is Broken."

Louis Untermeyer summarizes Miss Branch as a poet by saying that often she "weighs down her simple melodies with intellectuality; more often, she attains a high level of lyricism. Her lines are admirably condensed; rich in personal as well as poetic value, they main-



ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

tain a high and austere level." A popular poem with anthologists is "The Monk in the Kitchen."

Miss Branch, in appearance, is tall and carries herself with dignity and simplicity. Her heavy hair, deep black with some lines of gray, she wears in a simply classic part, revealing the contour of a well-shaped head and brow above dark eyes and an aquiline nose. She is unmarried.

Anna Hempstead Branch's works:

The Heart of the Road, 1901; The Shoes That Danced, 1905; Rose of the Wind, 1910; Sonnets From a Lock Box, 1929.

About Anna Hempstead Branch:

Benét, W. R. *Fifty Poets*; Kreymborg, A. *Our Singing Strength*; Phelps, W. L. *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century*; Untermeyer, L. *Modern American Poetry*.

Georg Brandes 1842-1927

GEORG MORRIS COHEN BRANDES, Danish literary critic, was born in Copenhagen on February 4, 1842, of Jewish parents. With his younger brother Edward, he grew up in an atmosphere of culture and advanced ideas, his mother being a woman of high intellect. A delicate child, he had a tutor and did not attend public school until he was seven. At sixteen he was writing verse.

Brandes was educated at the University of Copenhagen, studying first law, then philosophy and esthetics. He wrote a paper on *Romeo and Juliet*, "chiefly concerning itself with the fundamental problems of the tragedy, as interpreted in the esthetics of the day," which won him the promise of the esthetics professor that he should be his successor. The paper was lost, as was much else that he wrote in those years.

The university awarded Brandes a gold medal in 1863 for his prize essay on "The Idea of Fate in Greek Tragedy." He sold the medal to buy a winter overcoat. The introduction to the paper was published five years later under the title, *The Idea of Tragic Fate*. He was graduated *eum praecepta laude* in 1864, at the age of twenty-two, and for the next four years he taught a Danish course for national school-mistresses,

while he continued his studies of *belles-lettres* and German philosophy, and made frequent trips to Europe.

During his first long sojourn in Paris in 1866, Brandes met Taine and became his disciple. He wrote dramatic criticism for about a year for the *Illustrated Times*, collecting his essays in *Studies in Esthetics* and *Criticism and Portraits*.

With the money from his first books, Brandes traveled in Germany in the summer of 1868. He read all that was available to him on the woman subject, and in 1870 introduced the woman movement in Denmark with a translation of John Stuart Mill's *The Subjection of Women*. He received his doctor's degree in 1870 and published his thesis, *The French Esthetics of Our Days*, which was in the main an exposition of the ideas of Taine.

Brandes traveled again in Europe in 1870-71. In Paris he met Mill and Renan and attended the Théâtre Français daily. In Italy he suffered a severe case of typhoid fever, followed by an attack of phlebitis, which compelled him to give up physical exercise.

Returning to Copenhagen in the autumn of 1871, Brandes began a series of lectures at the University which made him a storm center because of his unorthodox views. People thronged his auditorium to hear him overthrow idols and traditions and wage a campaign against romanticism. Bille's *Daily Paper*, to which he had been a contributor for four years, closed its columns to him. When the chair of esthetics became vacant in 1872, the university authorities declined to appoint him to it because of his radicalism, altho it had long been designated as his inheritance. The lectures were collected annually between 1872 and 1875 into the first four volumes of *Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature*.

Brandes went to Berlin in 1877 and remained six years, producing biographical studies of Sören Kierkegaard, Esaias Tegnér, Benjamin Disraeli, and Ferdinand Lassalle. He was introduced to the English public with a translation of *Lord Beaconsfield* in 1880. In this period he also wrote, in German, *Moderne Geister*, which formed the basis for the English translations, *Eminent*

Authors of the Nineteenth Century and Creative Spirits of the Nineteenth Century. The fifth volume of *Main Currents*, dealing with the Romantic School in France, appeared in 1882.

Brandes' political views having clashed with those of the Prussians, he returned to Denmark in 1883, now a famous critic, and was welcomed as the leader of a new school of writers and thinkers. The next year appeared his study of Ludvig Holberg. After traveling thru Russia and Poland in 1886-87, he wrote his impressions of those countries.

In 1887 Brandes opened a correspondence with Nietzsche and the next year lectured upon him in Copenhagen to audiences of three hundred students. He published the sixth and final volume of *Main Currents*, on the subject of Young Germany, in 1890.

After a visit to London and Stratford for the purpose of gathering material, Brandes published, in 1898, his well-known study of William Shakespeare, in which he tried to trace the man in his works. It appeared in English translation the same year and was more or less accepted as a handbook.

For fifteen years, beginning in 1898, Brandes lived in Italy. He made yearly visits to France. His study of Ibsen, published in 1899, was the climax of his efforts to help the Norwegian playwright to recognition. In English translation, it appeared together with the study of Bjørnson.

The delayed English translation of Brandes' principal work, *Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature*, was begun in 1901 and completed in 1905. The six volumes were reissued in 1906 and again in 1923, after being long out of print.

Brandes wrote in Danish three volumes of autobiography, the first of which was translated into English in 1906 as *Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth*, tracing the first thirty years of his life. He pronounced the third volume a failure and said: "I shall write no more of this." His works in Danish were collected in twenty-one volumes in 1910. His seventieth birthday in 1912 was the occasion of official honors in Denmark, and he received a joint tele-

gram of congratulation from a group of English literary historians and critics.

In 1913 Brandes made a tour of the university towns of England, lecturing in English on Ibsen and Shakespeare. The following year he visited America briefly, lectured on Shakespeare in New York, but left, complaining that the life was too strenuous for him.

The World War brought forth strong pacifist opinions from Brandes, making him many enemies. He issued a peace appeal, calling attention to the fact that all nations said they were fighting in self-defense. Clemenceau accused him of lacking sympathy for the Allies, and Brandes, in an open letter to Clemenceau, defended the rights of Denmark as a neutral. His "pro-Germanism" widened the rift between him and the contemporary Danish writers.

World-wide controversy was aroused by Brandes in 1925 with his book, *The Jesus Myth*, which contended that the New Testament story was a legend. His last two works were religious studies.

After having missed no opportunity to attack Sigmund Freud's "disgusting theory," Brandes met Freud in 1925 and promptly announced: "I now understand that I have been stupid and prejudiced. Today I recognize Freud for the great and able man that he is."

A cosmopolitan thinker, Brandes wrote with equal facility in English, French, German, and Danish, and he made it his work to interpret the significant thought of these countries to each other. He was especially known as the champion of Nietzsche and Ibsen.

"My special gift," said Brandes, "is a certain creative spirit which makes of me something more than a critic. I am called a critic, that term is too small for me; I am called a philosopher, that term is too big. I am a poet, an artist, not a philosopher. I have the reward of helping to make an epoch, in my turn I have inspired poets."

Brandes was a sympathetic observer of the Zionist movement. He attacked the Russian pogroms, and himself was often attacked by Jews.

Of his reading, he said: "I divide books into books shorter than the Bible and books longer, and put the latter aside. But I read the first volume of



GEORG BRANDES Paul Thompson

Jean-Christophe before I knew it would be so long. . . I often read two hundred pages of a book before seeing that it is stupid and not worth reading."

When Edmund Gosse met Brandes, he described him as being "gentle and even mild in appearance, pale, with a great thatch of hair over a wide forehead." His hair in old age was white and he called it "difficult." C.C. Moore-Smith recalls that he had "a small beard and moustache, small eyes, a long shapeless nose. His face was immobile, and his voice beautiful and full of expression, the tones now vehement and now caressing." He carried a walking stick which was a copy of Holberg's.

Brandes died February 19, 1927, in Copenhagen, ten days after undergoing an operation for stomach disorder, and two weeks after his eighty-fifth birthday. His body was cremated. He bequeathed his books, letters, and manuscripts to the Danish Royal Library. He wrote about thirty-five volumes of literary history and criticism.

He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the English Royal Society of Literature.

Georg Brandes' works (Danish titles are given in English):

The Idea of Tragic Fate, 1868; *Studies in Esthetics*, 1868; *Criticism and Portraits*, 1869;

French Esthetics of Our Days, 1870; *The Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature* (six volumes) 1872-1875, 1882, 1890; Søren Kierkegaard, 1877; *Danish Poets; Impressions of Russia*; Berlin; Essaias Tegnér, 1878; Benjamin Disraeli, 1878; Ferdinand Lassalle, 1879; Lord Beaconsfield, 1880; Ludvig Holberg, 1884; *Moderne Geister*; *Menschen und Werke*, 1894; *Poems*, 1896; William Shakespeare, 1898; Henrik Ibsen, 1899; Anatole France, 1905; *My Life*, 1905; Voltaire, Friedrich the Great and Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1909; *Complete Works* (twenty-one volumes) 1910; *The World at War* (addresses) 1916; François de Voltaire (two volumes) 1916-17; Napoleon and Garibaldi, 1917; *History of Persia*, 1918; *South Jutland Under Prussian Oppression*, 1918; Julius Caesar (two volumes) 1918; *The World Tragedy* (the World War and the Versailles Treaty) 1919; Michel Angelo (two volumes) 1921; Wolfgang Goethe (two volumes) 1922; Armand Louis de Gontaut, Duc de Biron, 1924; *The Jesus Myth*, 1925; Hellas (essays on Greek literature) 1925; St. Peter, 1926; *Early Church History*, 1927.

English translations of Georg Brandes' works:

Lord Beaconsfield, 1880; *Impressions of Russia*, 1890; William Shakespeare, 1898; Ibsen and Björnson, 1899; *Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature*, 1901-05; *Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century*, 1902; Poland: *A Study of the Land, People and Literature*, 1903; *Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth*, 1906; Anatole France, 1908; Friedrich Nietzsche, 1909; Ferdinand Lassalle, 1911; Aristotle, 1912; *The World at War*, 1917; Julius Caesar, 1918; *The World Tragedy*, 1920; Goethe, 1922; *Creative Spirits of the Nineteenth Century*, 1923; Michel Angelo, 1923; *On Reading*, 1923; Goethe, 1924; *The Jesus Myth*, 1926; Hellas, 1926; Voltaire, 1930.

About Georg Brandes:

Boyd, E. A. *Studies From Ten Literatures*; Humecker, J. G. *Variations*; Lewisohn, L. *Cities and Men*; Moritzen, J. *Georg Brandes in Life and Letters*.

Contemporary Review 138:341 September 1930; *Living Age* 332:642 April 1, 1927; *New Republic* 31:44 June 7, 1922; 50:143 March 23, 1927.

Robert Bridges 1844-1930

ROBERT BRIDGES, the sixteenth Poet Laureate of England, was born on October 23, 1844, four years after Thomas Hardy and six years before Robert Louis Stevenson. His birthplace and childhood home was at Walmer on the Isle of Thanet (southeast coast of England), in sight of the sea and the downs. He came of substantial Kentish

stock, and as a boy knew the Duke of Wellington.

At the age of ten he went to Eton, where he distinguished himself both as an athlete and a scholar. He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, when he was nineteen, stroked the college crew, and achieved notoriety by refusing later to be stroke for the 'varsity because he could not spare time from his scientific studies. He took his A.M. degree in 1867.

After several months' travel in Egypt, Syria, and Germany, he went to London and studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's. In his fourth year there he was casualty physician and subsequently was physician at Children's Hospital and at the Great Northern Hospital. He believed that the practice of medicine would make him a better poet by bringing him in close contact with human life and with the achievements of natural science. At twenty-nine he published a slender sheaf of *Shorter Poems*.

In 1882, when he was thirty-eight years old, Bridges gave up his medical career and turned his attention to poetry. He traveled for a time in Italy, France, and the Netherlands and then settled at the rural village of Yattendon, in the south of England. In 1884 he was married to Monica Waterhouse, daughter of the painter, Alfred Waterhouse, of the Royal Academy. They had one son and one daughter.

The twenty years spent at Yattendon were the most productive period of Bridges' life. He added to the *Shorter Poems* and published periodical *Poetical Works*, besides numerous plays and critical studies. He worked leisurely and had what has been called a "gift for lordly indolence." He loitered and read and drank wine and walked thru the country lanes, watching the birds and trees, the flowers and skies.

Bridges lived in the country all his long life, except for the fifteen years in London, and was known as the poet of English landscape. He wrote of the scene he knew best—the countryside of the south of England, especially the Thames valley and the downs by the sea. He regarded poetry from the "artistic side" rather than the emotional, and made countless experiments with classical

metres, beginning with quantitative hexameters in the Yattendon period and becoming more audacious technically each year. Some critics regard him primarily as a technician.

Constant mention of Mozart and the old composers in his poetry indicates Bridges' fondness for music. He trained the village choir and issued the famous *Yattendon Hymnal*, in collaboration with Harry Ellis Wooldridge, a professor at Oxford.

The Yattendon home was abandoned in 1905 and Bridges spent nine months in Switzerland in consideration of his wife's ill health. Then he built Chilswell House on Boar's Hill, overlooking the towers of Oxford, where he lived the remaining quarter century of his life. Less prolific in this period, he spent much time dreaming in his garden and gazing at the blue waves of the Chilterns or the gentle undulations of the Berkshire Downs. The proximity to Oxford kept him in touch with the literary world. He had the companionship of a large circle of friends, including Henry Bradley, joint-editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, and the roving philosopher, George Santayana. There was little that did not interest him, whether in art or philosophy, in nature or science, and he read widely in most European literatures.

Robert Bridges was made Poet Laureate of England in 1913, succeeding Alfred Austin. Because he was less popularly known than Rudyard Kipling, his selection occasioned some surprise and protest. During the succeeding seventeen years as Laureate, he was freely criticized for his long silences, particularly by those citizens who expected every national event to be signalized with a poem in the *Times* the next morning. In 1919 he flatly refused to write an "Ode to Peace." When his independence was the subject of sarcastic references in Parliament, Bridges' reply was, "I don't care a damn."

A slim volume named *October and Other Poems* contains all the poems Bridges consented to write in his official capacity. There are a few war poems including sonnets marking the death of Lord Kitchener and the entry of the



ROBERT BRIDGES

United States into the War. But when he visited America in 1924 on a philological mission, there was not a little jesting because "the King's Canary refused to sing" for the occasion. During this visit Dr. Bridges lectured for a few months at the University of Michigan and conferred with American members of the Society for Pure English, of which he was the founder. He was especially interested in a scheme for the collaboration of British and American philologists and the creation of an open court for decisions in philological matters by competent experts.

An American interviewer remarked of Bridges' appearance at the time of his visit that "his stooping shoulders throw his head somewhat in advance of his body as he walks. A mass of gray hair frames his face. Above his forehead it rises in wiry independence, beneath his chin it curls into a pointed beard. From under his shaggy eyebrows his light blue eyes twinkle, now bright with interest, now sparkling with gentle humor. Deep furrows line his cheeks and brow."

Tho very reluctant to talk about himself, Bridges confessed at this time that "during the past three years I have had a kind of renaissance and done the best work of my life. I have developed a *vers libre* based on the rhythm of the

normal accentuation of words. It is practically without punctuation."

It is usually observed that Bridges' genius brightened rather than diminished as he approached extreme old age. The *New Verse* of 1925 was said to breathe "such warmth and power" that it was hard to think of the author as an octogenarian. His final book, *The Testament of Beauty*, published on his eighty-fifth birthday in 1929, six months before he died, has been called by some critics his greatest work and a miracle of youthfulness, while others declare it to be dull and unreadable.

In the last year of his life Bridges was pictured by Odell Shepard as "a very tall alert spare figure, still handsome and athletic. His face is full of weather as a countryman's should be, yet it is the face of a patrician, compact of Selfhood and of Breed." His hair and beard were snow white, and he affected loose fitting clothes and a soft hat with a wide floppy brim. He was gentle in manner and calm of spirit. He received honorary degrees from Oxford, St. Andrews, Columbia, and Michigan, and was given the Order of Merit in 1929.

Bridges wished that no biography of himself should ever be written. Before his death, on April 21, 1930, he destroyed most of his letters and other material which could be used in such a work. His body was cremated. A posthumous work of Bridges, *Three Friends*, memoirs of D. M. Dolben, R. W. Dixon, and H. Bradley, forms a kind of self-portrait of their writer—perhaps the nearest to a biography of him that will ever be printed. In the preface, Mrs. Bridges, who edited the papers, hopes that the "occasional reminiscences" of her late husband's own life to be found in these memoirs "may in some measure supply what his friends look for."

Robert Bridges' works:

POEMS: *The Growth of Love*, 1876; *Eros and Psyche*, 1885; *Shorter Poems*, 1890-94; *Poetical Works*, 1898-1905; *Ibant Obscure*, 1917; *October and Other Poems*, 1920; *New Verse*, 1925; *The Testament of Beauty*, 1929.

PLAYS: *Prometheus the Firegiver*, 1884; *Feast of Bacchus*, 1889; *Palacio*, 1890; *Ulysses*, 1890; *Christian Captives*, 1890; *Achilles in Scyros*, 1890; *Humours of the Court*, 1893; *Demeter, a Masque*, 1905.

ESSAYS: *Milton's Prosody*, 1893; *John Keats: A Critical Essay*, 1895; *The Necessity*

of Poetry: An Address, 1918; Collected Essays, 1927; Three Friends, 1932.

ANTHOLOGIES: The Spirit of Man (an anthology in English and French) 1916; The Chitwell Book of English Poetry, 1924.

About Robert Bridges:

Broadus, E. K. *The Laureateship*; Davison, E. L. *Some Modern Poets and Other Critical Essays*; Hind, C. L. *More Authors and I*; Kelshall, J. M. *Robert Bridges: Poet Laureate*; Smith, N. C. *Notes on The Testament of Beauty*; Squire, J. C. *Essays on Poetry*.

Bookman 71:151 April 1930; *Bookman* (London) 79:166 December 1930; *Fortnightly Review* 133:832 June 1930; *London Mercury* 22:147 June 1930; *Poetry* 36:146 June 1930.

Eugène Brieux 1858-1932

EUGÈNE BRIEUX, French dramatist, was born on January 19, 1858, in the old Temple district of Paris, the son of a carpenter. He began writing plays when he was twelve years old. After an ordinary schooling in the école primaire and the école primaire supérieure, in which he did not distinguish himself, he started to earn his living at the age of fifteen as a clerk. He spent all his savings on books, and read at night on the public staircase of the house where he lived, by the light of a gas-jet in order to save the cost of candles. He was deeply impressed by Goethe's *Faust* and had a passion for Chateaubriand. Filled with a religious ardor, he thought for a time of becoming a missionary and taught himself Latin with the aid of a grammar and a dictionary. He sent his plays to the Paris managers, who would not read them.

In 1879, when he was twenty-one, Brieux had his first play produced at the Théâtre Chiny, for a single performance at one of the matinées des jeunes. It was a one-act play in verse, *Bernard Palissy*, written in collaboration with Gaston Salandri when he was seventeen. He was married at the age of twenty-one.

At length, Brieux gave up clerking, and engaged in newspaper work for seven years at Dieppe and at Rouen. He wrote plays incessantly, had countless rejections, succeeded in getting three of them produced in Rouen. When he was thirty-two he attracted the attention of M. Antoine, the Parisian producer, who

staged his play, *Ménages d'Artistes* at the Théâtre Libre in 1890. Tho not successful, the play launched Brieux as a dramatist. Holding up to ridicule the extravagances of the Symbolist poets and the fads of artistic Paris, it was the first of his long list of social satires.

Brieux's first hit, and probably the most successful play of his career in France, was *Blanchette*, an exposure of the evil results of educating girls of the working class. Produced by Antoine in 1892, it made Brieux famous. The rest of his life he was known as the author of *Blanchette*.

The newspaper in Rouen of which he was editor, *La Nouvelliste*, went out of existence in 1892, and Brieux removed to Paris where he wrote for the *Figaro*, *Patrie*, *Gaulois*, and other papers. For twenty years he wrote a play a year, usually a comedy in three acts, and its production was an annual event in Paris. Antoine opened the Théâtre Antoine in 1897 with a revival of *Blanchette*, and thereafter presented five more of Brieux's dramas. Several of Brieux's plays were produced at the Comédie Française.

The plays of Brieux, which, in mass, he called a "protest against the abuse of power in its various forms," attacked nearly all the institutions of society. His early plays which dealt with the abuse of parental authority and other family problems were *M. de Reboval*, *La Courée*, *L'Ecole des Belles-mères*, and *Le Berceau*. He satirized politics in *L'Engrenage*, charity in *Les Bienfaiteurs*, medicine in *L'Evasion*, and marriage in *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*. One of his most popular plays was an attack on the courts of justice, *La Robe Rouge*.

In 1901 Brieux wrote *Les Avariés*, an unpleasant play dealing with disease and marriage, which was prohibited by censor. It played in London, Liège, and Brussels before its presentation was finally allowed in Paris at the Théâtre Antoine in 1905.

For Brieux, the theatre was a means, not only to make people think, to modify viction," he said, "that the theatre may be a valuable means of instruction. I should not limit its ambition to amusing spectators. . . I wish thru the theatre not only to make people think, to modify

habits and facts, but still more to bring about laws which appear to me desirable. I have wished that the amount of suffering upon the earth might be diminished a little because I have lived. I have the great satisfaction to have accomplished it, and I know that two of my plays, *Les Remplaçantes* and *Les Avariés*, have helped to save the lives of some and to make the lives of others less burdensome. . . I was born with the soul of an apostle . . . the sight of suffering in others has always been unbearable for me."

Brieux's model for the social play was Augier. "For Augier I have the sentiments of a son," he said. He liked Giboyer, too, but had no use for Dumas fils. His work was a reaction against the unwholesome plays of the Paris theatres. George Bernard Shaw called him the greatest French dramatist since Molière.

The moralizing form of Brieux's plays caused disapproval in certain quarters of Paris. He was called derisively "Honest Brieux," and because he was the son of a workingman they dubbed him "Tolstoy of the Temple district." He felt he was best understood in America. France was not unappreciative of him, however, and he was elected to the French Academy in 1910 for having "championed sound morals as against folly, and the family as against chaos."

Brieux was best known in America for his play *Damaged Goods* (*Les Avariés*) which was produced in New York in 1913 under the direction of Richard Bennett, and sponsored by a club of notable physicians and laymen. It was an instantaneous success and soon stock companies all over the country were playing it. Three more of Brieux's plays were produced in New York: *Maternity*, which discussed the question of the unmarried mother; *The Americans in France*, and *The Accused*. The last was a translation of *L'Avocat*. *La Robe Rouge* was played in London as *The Arm of the Law*; *Les Hamnetons* has been played in English under the titles of *The Incubus* and *The Affinity*.

Brieux was the envoy of the French Academy to the annual meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1914, and was royally fêted in New



EUGÈNE BRIEUX Lillian George

York. This was the first time since the French Academy's foundation by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635 that it had sent a representative.

P. V. Thomas, in describing Brieux, said: "There was nothing exotic or pompous about him. Simple, cordial, and very accessible [he was a friend of young writers]; tall, big, easy in manner, with a sound, practical grip of things . . . direct, not modest, not assertive, full of the right sort of pride. . . Capable of being very serious, but not deadly serious. Keen and interested at once, with the native curiosity and shrewdness of a peasant. Not a specialist." When, after middle life, he shaved off his military moustache and beard, he revealed the "jaw of a fighter." He was a commander of the Legion of Honor.

After the production of *Simone* in 1908 there was a falling off in the quantity and popularity of Brieux's plays. In his last years, when his health was poor, he was seldom in Paris, living in seclusion on the Riviera. For a time he stayed on a farm near Orléans, driven from his home in Cannes by hero-worshippers, whom he detested. He died of pleurisy at Nice on December 6, 1932, at the age of seventy-four.

Eugène Brieux's works:

PLAYS (with dates of production in

France): Bernard Pulissy, 1879; La Fille de Duranc, 1890; Ménages d'Artistes, 1890; Blanchette, 1892; M. de Réboval, 1892; La Couvée, 1893; L'Engrenage, 1894; Les Bien-faiteurs, 1896; L'Évasion, 1896; Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont, 1897; Résultat des Courses, 1898; L'École des Belles-mères (adapted from La Couvée) 1898; Le Berceau, 1898; La Robe Rouge, 1900; Les Remplaçantes, 1901; La Petite Anne, 1902; Maternité, 1903; La Déserteuse (with Jean Sigaux) 1904; Les Avariés, 1905; L'Armature, 1905; Les Hamnetons, 1906; La Française, 1907; Simone, 1908; Suzette, 1909; La Foi, 1909; La Phis Forte, 1909; La Femme Seule, 1912; Le Bourgeois aux Champs, 1914; Les Américains Chez Nous, 1920; Trois Bons Amis, 1921; Théâtre Complet de Briens, 1921; L'Avocat, 1922; L'Enfant, 1923; La Famille Lavolette, 1926.

OTHER WORKS: Aux Japon par Java, la Chine, La Corée (travel notes) 1914; Nos Soldats Aveugles, 1916.

English translations of Eugène Briens's plays:

The June Bugs, 1907; Three Plays (Maternity, The Three Daughters of M. Dupont, Damaged Goods, with a preface by G. H. Staw) 1911; The School for Mothers-in-Law, 1911; The Philanthropists; Damaged Goods (novelization by Upton Sinclair) 1913; Two Plays (Blanchette, The Escape) 1913; Three Plays (The Red Robe, False Gods, Woman on Her Own) 1916; The Deserter, 1917; Artists' Families, 1918; The American in France, 1920; The Cradle, 1922; The Advocate, 1923.

About Eugène Briens:

Bennett, A. *Books and Persons*; Clark, B. H. *Contemporary French Dramatists*; Courtney, W. L. *Old Saws and Modern Instances*; Dukes, A. *Modern Dramatists*; Scheifley, W. H. *Briens and Contemporary French Society*; Thomas, P. V. *Plays of Eugène Briens*.

Forum 66:480 December 1921; *North American Review* 201:402 March 1915.

Rupert Brooke 1887-1915

RUPERT BROOKE, English poet, was born at Rugby on August 3, 1887, the second son of William Parker Brooke and Mary Cotteril Brooke. His father was one of the masters of Rugby School and Rupert was educated in his father's house. He won his colors for cricket and football and was awarded the school English Verse Prize for a poem on "The Bastille." Some of his poetry appeared in the *Phoenix*, a free-lance school paper of which he was co-editor,

and some in its successor, the *Venture*.

At nineteen Brooke went to King's College, Cambridge. He took an active part in university life, helping to found the Marlowe Dramatic Society, reviewing poetry for the *Cambridge Review*, and serving as president of the Fabians in 1909-10. His vacations were spent at the Fabian Summer School, camping out with other friends, and on walking tours. During the Christmas holiday he usually went to Switzerland for winter sports.

After taking a second in the classical tripos in the summer of 1909, Brooke settled in the town of Grantchester, three miles from Cambridge, and continued his studies, concentrating on the Elizabethan drama. He also wrote poetry, swam in the pool where Byron swam, explored the surrounding country on foot or with a bicycle, and went to teas.

He remained at Grantchester most of the rest of the year 1909, with holidays at Clevedon in Somerset. In Switzerland that Christmas he was poisoned by bad drinking water. He came home to find his father ill with hemorrhage on the brain, and he took over the management of the house in Rugby for a few months. When his father died, he went back to Grantchester and Cambridge for the May term of 1910.

At the beginning of 1911 Brooke traveled on the Continent, spending three months in Munich, and joining his godfather Robert Whitelaw in Florence. Upon his return to Grantchester he settled in the Old Vicarage, which was his home for the next two years. During the rest of 1911 he was busy with his thesis on John Webster. He went to London to do research in the British Museum, spending his evenings sitting up with friends. The dissertation was finished at Grantchester in December, after Brooke scarcely went to bed for a week, several times working all night. He went home for Christmas and had a nervous collapse. His slim book of *Poems* was published in December 1911, and had a mixed reception. The poems were written mostly after 1908, the bulk of his 1905-1908 efforts having been rejected by the author. His poetic masters were John Webster and John Donne.

A period of travel on the Continent brought back Brooke's health and he lived in Germany from April to midsummer 1912, mostly in Berlin with Dudley Ward. There he wrote his poem "Grantchester" in appreciation of England. It was first published in the King's College magazine, *Basileon*. He wrote a one-act melodrama, *Lithuania*, which was performed four years later at a charity matinée at His Majesty's Theatre in London by a company of players which included John Drinkwater.

After his return to Grantchester, Brooke began in the autumn to go more frequently to London and to make longer visits, usually staying with his friend Edward Marsh at Gray's Inn. He went to plays and music halls, and made many new literary friends. One evening, sitting half-dressed on his bed, he conceived the scheme which resulted in the publication in December 1912 of *Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912*, along with W. W. Gibson, John Drinkwater, and Harold Monro. His original plan was to write the entire volume himself, using various pseudonyms. At the close of the year he visited Berlin again.

In March 1913 Brooke was awarded a fellowship at Cambridge and he went to King's College to be admitted. Wearying of the social life he had been living, and determined to seek a complete change of scene, he crossed the Atlantic to New York in May 1913. He traveled thru the United States and Canada, sending periodical travel letters to the *Westminster Gazette*. These he intended to rewrite "in some more thoughtful and not unworthy fashion later on."

Sailing from San Francisco, he visited the South Sea Islands and became absorbed in them. He spent three months on Tahiti where he found an ideal place to work at Mataiea, about thirty miles from Papeete. Here he lived an idyllic existence. He wrote "The Great Lover," three sonnets, the two "Mamua" poems, and "Heaven," some of which appeared in the short-lived *Georgian quarterly, New Numbers*, for February, April, and August 1914.

Brooke returned to England by way of the United States in June 1914. After a visit to his mother in Rugby he spent six weeks in London, seeing people.

They noted that he was overcoming his shyness.

His irresistible personal charm and wit and intellectual curiosity made him in great demand for social affairs and won him many friends. Henry James was impressed by his humor, his irony, his need to be amused and amusing, his cultivated habit of grace, his liberty, pleasantry, paradox, and facility of wonder. James got such all around satisfaction from him as a human being that he was moved to ask: "Why need he be a poet, why need he so specialize?"

When A. C. Benson met Brooke he thought him "far more striking in appearance than exactly handsome in outline. His eyes were small or deeply set, his features healthily rounded, his lips frank and expressive. It was the coloring of his face and hair which gave a special character to his look. The hair rose very thickly from his forehead, and fell in rather stiff arched locks on either side—he grew it full and over-long; it was of a beautiful dark auburn tint inclining to red, but with an underlying golden gleam in it. His complexion was richly colored, as tho the blood were plentiful and near the surface; his face much tanned, with the tinge of sun-ripened fruit. He was strongly built, but inclined to be sturdy, and even clumsy, rather than graceful or lithe; his feet and hands were somewhat large, and set stiffly on their joints; the latter had no expressiveness or grace, and his feet were roughly proportioned and homely. Nor did he sit or move with any suppleness, but lounged, rather huddled, in his chair; while, tho his glance and regard were frank and friendly, his voice was far from beautiful, monotonous in tone, husky and somewhat hampered in his throat."

When war was declared with Germany Brooke was staying with friends in Norfolk. He described his feelings in an essay, "An Unusual Young Man," imagining that he had heard the news upon returning from a cruise. In September he enlisted in the Royal Naval Division and was commissioned a sub-lieutenant. He crossed the channel in October to the defense of Antwerp. The experience in Belgium gave rise to a sequence of five war sonnets called "1914," which he

finished after returning to England, while on a few days' leave at Rugby.

Following a brief period of training in Dorsetshire, Brooke sailed on February 28, 1915, with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force for the Dardanelles. He never reached his destination. When the transport *Grantully Castle* stopped in Port Said late in March, Brooke and some fellow officers visited Cairo on a three days' leave. They saw the Sphinx, the Pyramids, and rode camels. Brooke suffered sunstroke and was ill in a Port Said hotel for a few days, but apparently recovered. The transport moved on toward Gallipoli, anchoring at the island of Skyros, off the coast of Greece, on April 17. After spending a day ashore, Brooke was taken suddenly ill with blood-poisoning and was removed to a French hospital ship which happened to be at Skyros. He died on April 23, 1915, Shakespeare's death date, after sinking into a coma. He was twenty-seven years old.

At night, by torchlight, his body was carried up the stony mountain-side of Skyros and buried in an olive dell on a plateau. His grave was covered with pieces of white marble which were lying everywhere about. On a wooden cross the interpreter wrote in Greek: "Here lies the servant of God, Sub-Lieutenant

in the English Navy, who died for the deliverance of Constantinople from the Turks." Later a white marble tomb was placed there.

A few months before his death Brooke wrote a sonnet which contained his own epitaph:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. . .

Scarcely known to the public while he lived, Brooke rose to monumental fame after his death. His striking comeliness (preserved in photographs) the ideal conditions of his career, and his sudden death in the War, made him a heroic figure. Magazine articles, poems, and books were written about him. His complete poems were collected and published first in 1915 and several times afterward. His thesis on Webster and his letters from America, unaltered, appeared in 1916.

Brooke, according to Edward Marsh, always dramatized the future. He left instructions that in the event of his death the profits from his books should be divided among his three friends, Lascelles Abercrombie, Walter De La Mare, and Wilfred Gibson. When the Committee of the Corporation of Yale University posthumously awarded him the Howland Memorial Prize in 1916, his mother added that to the bequest. The lecture at Yale, which is a provision of the award, was delivered in his stead by Walter De La Mare.

Fifteen years after his death, when some of the glamor of his personality had paled, critics sought to make a just estimate of Brooke's work. Norman Douglas detected in his poems "a note of breezy obviousness" and said: "For all those travels in America and the Pacific his outlook was circumscribed, and I should not call his emotional stock of that period a rich one. He was a dear, transparent, social creature, whose attitude towards everyday things reminded me of a Newfoundland puppy entering a strange room, and sniffing at those unfamiliar objects with delighted tail-wagging. Another Brooke might have emerged in course of time, had the chance been given. . . Brooke was vertebrate. His was a positive gift, a yea-



RUPERT BROOKE

saying to life—the poet's first requisite. The animal in him was not atrophied, as in so many of us. He was assimilative and zestful, unafraid of realities, responsive to phenomena. The spoilt-darling phase was nearing its end when he died in Tris Boukes Bay."

Rupert Brooke's works:

Poems, 1911; Collected Poems, 1915; Lithuania (a drama in one act) 1915; John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama, 1916; Letters from America, 1916.

About Rupert Brooke:

Benson, A. C. *Memories and Friends*; Brooke, R. *Letters from America* (see introduction by Henry James); Browne, M. *Recollections of Rupert Brooke*; Casson, S. *Rupert Brooke and Skyros*; De La Mare, W. *Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination*; Douglas, N. *Looking Back*; Marsh, E. *Rupert Brooke*; Parkman, M. R. *Heroes of Today*.

Canadian Bookman 15:5 January 1933; *Literary Digest* 115:27 June 24, 1933; *Living Age* 338:409 June 1, 1930; *New Republic* 6:23 February 5, 1916; *Saturday Review* 149: 611 May 17, 1930.

Alice Brown 1857-

ALICE BROWN, American novelist, dramatist, short story writer, and poet, was born on a farm near Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, on December 5, 1857, the daughter of Levi Brown and Elizabeth Lucas Brown. Her people had been farmers for some generations, and the early part of her life was passed on the farm, "with the sea only six miles away, near enough to get a tang of salt and a 'sea turn' of walking."

She was educated at the local district school, and at the Robinson Seminary, in Exeter, four miles from her home. From this institution, she was graduated in 1876, with a license to teach. During the winter, she lived at Exeter, but in the fall and spring terms, she walked to and from school.

After graduation, she taught for several years in various country schools and in Boston, "hating it more and more every minute." She began her literary career as a writer of short stories for the *Christian Register*, and in 1885 she joined the staff of the *Youth's Companion*.

Her first novel, *My Love and I*, appeared in 1886 under the pseudonym of

"Martin Redfield," because her publishers "thought it would have a better chance of success with a man's name on the title-page." For all her other works, however, she has used her own name. The story is told in the first person, with Martin Redfield as a character. It created a sensation, and Arnold Bennett and Jeffery Farnol, among many others, were suggested as the author. One unfortunate reviewer declared that "considering the strength of the book, there is likely to be considerable discussion as to the identity of the author. One thing is certain—no woman could have written *My Love and I*." The book also gave Alice Brown an opportunity to play a trick on her friend Louise Imogen Guiney (whose *Life* she later wrote and whose friendship was one of the most important factors in her own life). She sent Miss Guiney, who was in England at the time, a copy of the book, with an inscription indicating that the author was a young man. Completely deceived, Miss Guiney replied with an enthusiastic and encouraging letter. However, when the secret was no longer a secret, she took the joke in the proper spirit, and wrote "Didn't you fool me nicely! Haven't I adored that book ever since I got it, and haven't I asked everybody in Boston to find out for me who Martin was! 'Because you can see it is a practised hand,' says I, 'and full of artistry—the work of a man who has written much poetry.'"

Also in 1886, she made her first European trip, spending most of her time in France. Four years later, she enjoyed five months of "gentle vagabondage" exploring London, Devon, and Cornwall. These voyages she made alone, but in 1895 she went on a ten-week walking tour of Wales, Shropshire, and Devon, with Louise Imogen Guiney. The pleasures of this experience are recorded in *By Oak and Thorn*, a charming volume of travel sketches.

On March 21, 1913, Winthrop Ames announced that he would award a prize of \$10,000 for the best American play by an American writer. One thousand six hundred and forty-six manuscripts were submitted, and in 1915, Alice Brown's *Children of Earth*, a realistic



ALICE BROWN

drama of New England life, was declared the winning play. It was her first attempt in the field of drama. The judges were Ames, Adolph Klauber, and Augustus Thomas. Encouraged by her success, she later wrote several one-act plays, and *Charles Lamb*, a five-act play, in which Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt are characters.

As a writer of short stories dealing with New England life and character, Alice Brown is in the tradition of Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Wilkins Freeman, and Rose Terry Cooke. With so many stories to her credit, it is not to be expected that there is general agreement as to the best ones, but "Number Five," "The Flat Iron Lot," "The Twisted Tree," "Mother," and "The Story of Abe" have been singled out by many critics as being superior from the standpoint of character portrayal and construction. Blanche C. Williams, one of the leading authorities on the short story, compares her in her "mental attitude" to George Eliot, and declares that she stands in the same relation to her Victorian characters as the Victorian novelist does to her Warwickshire folk.

Altho she has written over twenty novels, Alice Brown is regarded primarily as a writer of short stories. She is probably at her best in the shorter

form, but *The Prisoner*, *The Mysteries of Ann*, and *Dear Old Templeton* have received and are worthy of critical consideration. The first is of serious sociological interest in its presentation of the mental outlook of a prisoner who has to battle with the world after his release. Of a different type, altho it is also a character study, is *The Mysteries of Ann*, the story of a sixty-year old spinster who devours detective stories. Her openly-expressed contempt for the fictional detectives she reads about and her statement that she could commit a murder without being brought to justice lead her neighbors to suspect her of that crime when it takes place in the vicinity. The result is worked out in an interesting manner, with careful attention to probability and artistic truth. *Dear Old Templeton*, which many critics regard as her best performance, is in the optimistic-sentimental tradition of William J. Locke.

Alice Brown is still active in literary and social life. She passes her summers on her New Hampshire farm, and her winters in Boston. She belongs to and is keenly interested in various philanthropic and humanitarian organizations.

Appealed to by the editors of the present volume for a "self-portrait" in 1933 (her seventy-sixth year) Miss Brown replied from her Boston home: "I can't write the thing! It isn't that I'm too 'modest.' I understand fully the value of the thing called publicity, but I should be absurd if I go into it all over. The cat would laugh. There are authors who can talk about themselves with ease and grace, but I don't seem to be one. Forgive me!"

Alice Brown's works:

NOVELS: *My Love and I*, 1886 (under pseudonym "Martin Redfield"; republished under own name 1914); *Fools of Nature*, 1887; *The Day of His Youth*, 1897; *The King's End*, 1901; *Margaret Warrener*, 1901; *The Mannerings*, 1903; *Judgment*, 1903; *Paradise*, 1905; *The Court of Love*, 1906; *Rose MacLeod*, 1908; *The Story of Thyrsa*, 1909; *John Winterbourne's Family*, 1910; *The Secret of the Clan*, 1912; *Robin Hood's Barn*, 1913; *The Prisoner*, 1916; *Bromley Neighborhood*, 1917; *The Black Drop*, 1919; *The Wind Between the Worlds*, 1920; *Old Crow*, 1922;

The Mysteries of Ann, 1925; Dear Old Templeton, 1927.

SHORT STORIES: Meadow-Grass, 1895; Tiverton Tales, 1899; High Noon, 1904; The Country Road, 1906; Country Neighbors, 1910; The One-Footed Fairy, 1911; Vanishing Points, 1913; The Flying Tenton, 1918; Homespun and Gold, 1920.

PLAYS: Joint Owners in Spain (one-act) 1914; Children of Earth, 1915; One-Act Plays, 1921; Charles Lamb, 1924; The Golden Ball: A Children's Play, 1929; The Marriage Feast, 1931.

POEMS: The Road to Castalay, 1896 (with additional poems, 1917); Ellen Prior: A Narrative Poem, 1923.

TRAVEL SKETCHES: By Oak and Thorn, 1896.

BIOGRAPHY: Life of Mercey Otis Warren, 1896; Louise Imogen Guiney: A Study, 1921.

CRITICISM: Robert Louis Stevenson: A Study (with Louise Imogen Guiney) 1895.

About Alice Brown:

Overton, G. *The Women Who Make Our Novels*; Pattee, F. L. *The Development of the American Short Story*; Rittenhouse, J. B. *The Younger American Poets*; Williams, B. C. *Our Short-Story Writers*.

Atlantic Monthly 98:55 July 1906; *Current Opinion* 57:28 July 1914; *Literary Digest* 48: 1435 June 13, 1914; *Outlook* 123:514 December 17, 1919; *Spectator* 102:785 May 15, 1909.

Lewis Browne 1897-

Autobiographical sketch of Lewis Browne, American author:

I WAS born in London of poor but Jewish parents June 24, 1897. I seem to have been a bright but highly undependable pupil, and tho I was able to enter secondary school as a "scholarship boy" when not yet eleven, my career there was altogether disappointing. Almost my only interest was in "composition" and drawing, and by the time I was thirteen I was already making abortive attempts at writing "books." (I still have a stout waterproof-covered exercise-book containing the first chapters of a history of England, the beginnings of a Miltonesque epic, and the plots and elaborately illuminated title-pages for half a dozen novels.) But I carefully concealed this addiction from my schoolmasters, who were typical Oxonian third-raters interested in little save cricket and irregular verbs.

When I was fourteen my mother's ill-health—she had been reduced to virtual

invalidism by London's fog and damp—compelled the family to move to a more clement place. By fortuitous circumstances we were drawn to Portland, Oregon, where my father, an optician by calling, was caught up in the boom-hysteria just then prevalent on the Pacific Coast, and quite abruptly became the proprietor of a jewelry store. I too could not resist the fever, and instead of continuing with my schooling, I decided to become a millionaire right away. After a few months, however, I was constrained to revise my plans. I had found employment in a large department store, and at first I had toiled with spectacular diligence. But then my enthusiasm flagged, and I fell into the habit of stealing off to the washroom, or the remoter recesses of the stock-lofts, where I could read Gibbon and other of my favorite authors undisturbed. When this was discovered by my employers, I was firmly commanded to attend to business or get out. So I got out.

At the suggestion of the local rabbi I decided to prepare for the Jewish ministry, for according to him it was the ideal calling for a young man of my particular bent. It allowed ample leisure for scholarly pursuits, and gave wide scope for just such gifts as I seemed to possess. Accordingly, after returning to high school for a final semester, I entered the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, still a boy barely turned seventeen.

I attended that institution six years in all, taking simultaneously the academic courses leading to a B.A. degree—at the neighboring University of Cincinnati—and the theological and linguistic studies traditionally associated with the rabbinate. But again I failed to distinguish myself as a student except in those subjects—chiefly literature and history—in which I was especially interested. I did not go in for athletics (partly because I was intermittently disabled by arthritis) indulged in very little social life (largely because I found it difficult to make close friends) and spent most of my time writing stories and articles for magazines which obdurately refused to publish them.

Not until my last years in college did I at last succeed in penetrating the edi-

torial boycott—H. L. Mencken on the *Smart Set* and Lawrence Gilman on the *North American Review* were the vulnerable spots—but by then it was already too late for me to press my hard-won advantage. In 1920, under the aegis of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, I became the minister of Temple Israel in Waterbury, Connecticut. Thereafter I was kept too busy preaching and agitating—I had been converted to Socialism while at college—to find time for belles-lettres. Not until almost three years later, when I chanced to scrape up an acquaintance with Sinclair Lewis, who had temporarily settled in the neighboring city of Hartford, did my mind revert to literary pursuits. Spurred as much by his scorn of pastoral "uplift" as by his consuming passion for letters, I sat down and wrote a lengthy apologia for religious and social heresy which I entitled *Godly Mischief*. Mr. Lewis wrote a most generous foreword to the work, and full of hope I submitted it to a publisher. He rejected it; and so did a second, a third, a fourth. Finally I began to suspect the book was not very good.

But I was given no opportunity to relapse a second time from devotion to writing. I had become involved in a "free speech fight" on behalf of a radical who had tried to read the Declaration of Independence at a proscribed public meeting in Waterbury, and I had so pressed his case that in the end I made my own pastorate untenable. I resigned, and at the farewell dinner my tearful—but apparently highly relieved—congregation presented me with a portable typewriter. It was an appropriate if none too tactful gift.

Like most clergymen who did and died for radicalism in those days, I took the first train to New York, rented a garret in Greenwich Village, and proceeded to write for the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. At the same time I did an occasional "signed feature" for the Hearst press—after all, I did have to eat!—and picked up lecture engagements here and there. The summer of that year, 1924, I went home to my parents—board was free there—and toiled fourteen hours a day on a long autobio-

graphical novel. When it was finished, I took the manuscript to New York, and once again began to make the rounds of the publishers. But this time too I found I had missed the mark.

In desperation I decided to make one more attempt. I had long cherished the thought of writing a popular history of my own people, the Jews, and tho I was assured by all my acquaintances in the literary world—and I had gathered quite a number of them in New York by this time—that such a book would "never sell," I set to work on it. Fleeing New York, I buried myself in a little house in Westport, Connecticut, and for eleven months did a daily stint of five hours research and five hours writing. My only recreation was an occasional chat with Hendrik Willem Van Loon and Van Wyck Brooks, who were both within bicycling distance, and a few minutes each day at the drawing board. (At the suggestion of Van Loon, who proved a dear and encouraging friend, I had decided to illustrate my book somewhat in the style he himself had so successfully cultivated.) And when at last the work was finished, I for the third time went down to New York with a manuscript to sell.

But this time I quailed from going the rounds in person. I gave it to a lit-



LEWIS BROWNE

erary agent and, having got down to my last fourteen dollars in cash, I looked about for a job. Thanks to my old friend, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, I was almost immediately offered the pastorate of the Free Synagogue of Newark, with the assurance not alone of a generous salary but also of unfettered freedom of expression. And the day after I accepted the position I learned that the first publisher to whom my history of the Jews had been submitted had eagerly snapped up the book! Thenceforth, tho I retained the Newark pastorate for two years, my mind was all on writing. I spent the following summer traveling in the Near Orient—rabbis are allowed quite extended summer vacations—and while in Jerusalem began a book on the religions of the world which on its publication a year later became startlingly a "best seller." By then I was no longer a rabbi, for tho my Newark congregation had been exceedingly generous to me, its proper demands on my time had left me too little leisure for writing. I had resigned in the spring of 1926, leaving the ministry, not unfrocked but profoundly unsuited. When my second book, *This Believing World* was skyrocketing its way to success in this country, I was wandering about in Soviet Russia, quietly studying the anti-religious movement there. The offer of an American lecture tour at what seemed to me insanely extravagant fees brought me back to these shores the following winter.

I have written sedulously since then, producing on the average a volume every two years. All of these have been at least fairly successful, and several have been widely translated. Since 1929 I have been living in Southern California, where I met the lovely lady who is now my wife. Every winter, however, we have been able to get away from this too salubrious spot and go on lecture or research tours in this country and abroad. At thirty-five I find myself troubled by but one doubt—whether I can possibly live long enough to write all the books for which I already have titles.

Lewis Browne's books:

Stranger Than Fiction: A Short History of the Jews, 1925; *This Believing World: A Simple Account of the Religions of Mankind*, 1926; *That Man Heine*, 1927; *The Graphic*

Bible: Genesis to Revelation in Animated Maps, 1928; *The Final Stanza* (privately printed) 1930; *Since Calvary: An Interpretation of Christian History*, 1931; *Blessed Spinoza*, 1932.

About Lewis Browne:

Wickham, H. *The Misbehaviorists*.

American Magazine 107:7 January 1929.

Katharine Brush 1902-

KATHARINE BRUSH, American novelist and short story writer, was born Katharine Louise Ingham on August 15, 1902, in Middletown, Connecticut, at the home of her maternal grandparents, Judge and Mrs. David Ward Northrop. Her father was Charles Samuel Ingham, an educator, and her mother was Clara Louise Northrop. Her brother, Travis Ingham, a 1928 Yale graduate, is a newspaperman and has published some magazine fiction.

Miss Brush spent the first three years of her life in Washington, D. C., living at the Washington School for Boys (since defunct) of which her father was housemaster. Her summers for many years were spent in Connecticut. In 1905 Dr. Ingham went to Baltimore as assistant principal of Marston's University School, and in 1907 took his family to Newbury, Massachusetts, where he was headmaster of Governor Dummer Academy, a boys' boarding school, for twenty-three years. (He became associated with the Latin department of Yale in 1931.)

From the age of five, Miss Brush's childhood and adolescence were spent in Newbury and on the north shore of Massachusetts, thirty miles from Boston. She received her early education in private schools of the neighboring little city of Newburyport. When she was twelve, she entered Centenary Collegiate Institute, a preparatory school for girls at Hackettstown, N. J., remaining there four years and being graduated in 1918.

Miss Brush did not go to college. She was to have entered Wellesley, her mother's Alma Mater, but being what she calls "an independent and rambunctious person," she took instead a small job in the dramatic department of the *Boston Traveler*. Starting as "a sort of glorified office girl" at the age of sixteen, she attained the editorship of a column



KATHARINE BRUSH

Ital Photo

of motion picture notes, also doing interviews, reviews of plays, and occasional minor news stories. She was determined to write.

After working two years for the *Traveler*, Miss Brush, at the age of eighteen, was married to Thomas Stewart Brush, son of Louis H. Brush, Ohio newspaper publisher, on June 26, 1920. For the next seven years she lived in East Liverpool, Ohio, where her only child, Thomas Stewart Brush, Jr., was born in 1922. She wrote nothing during the first three years of her marriage, but in 1923 tried some free-lance writing. Her first published work was some verse in the *American Golfer*, for which she received five dollars.

The next thirty-seven poems Miss Brush wrote brought in only two dollars and a half, so she became a fiction writer. This went better. Most of her short stories written in 1924 and 1925 appeared in *College Humor*, and that magazine also published serially her first two novels: *Glitter* and *Little Sins*. The first is a college story, the second was written as a result of a newspaper assignment to cover an Atlantic City beauty pageant.

When Miss Brush's short story "Night Club" appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in September 1927, achieving great popularity and praise, she said it "was merely

a trick," and added, "Why, it isn't even a short story!" It is her best-known short story and has been included in several anthologies.

Miss Brush moved to New York in 1927, her first marriage having ended in divorce. On October 2, 1929, she was married to Hubert Charles Winans, a banker. After a honeymoon in Europe, they settled in an ultra-modern duplex apartment, overlooking the East River from Fifty-Seventh Street. It is in reality two apartments—one her husband's and one her own, a twelve-room establishment in all. She says she and her husband "make dates with each other and never make tacit assumptions about each other that often prove so irksome to marriage." She thinks their plan of having separate establishments and careers is "a perfect arrangement." A collection of twelve of her short stories, under the title of *Night Club*, appeared in 1929.

By accepting newspaper assignments Miss Brush replenishes her store of fiction types and ideas. Following a season when she turned sports writer and covered a World Series and several prizefights and football games for a news syndicate, she published in 1930 her most successful novel, *Young Man of Manhattan*, with a young sports reporter as its hero. Practically every sports writer in New York under the age of fifty was named in the speculations which arose as to the "original" of the character. At length Miss Brush gave a party for all the writers who had been named in the speculations, and announced that the character was a "composite." Her short story "Debutante" was written after she covered the first Dempsey-Tunney fight.

Another best-selling novel, *Red-Headed Woman*, was published in 1931, followed by a second collection of short stories, *Other Women*.

Miss Brush's fiction has been published in England, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and other foreign countries, and many of her stories have been made into motion pictures. She has refused lucrative offers to write directly for the screen.

When writing a story, Miss Brush works six hours a day, seven days a week. She rests two days between short stories, and two months after each novel. It takes her a year to write a novel and

a month to write a short story, but she explains that most of this time is spent in an elaborate process of revision and elimination. She says she works best on ocean liners, and second best in Pullman drawing rooms. Whenever she gets stuck—which happens frequently—she travels.

Besides her passion for modern decorating (she insists a modernistic home can be "livable and charming") her hobbies include history and astrology. She collects snuff bottles and antique jewelry. She likes swimming, but eschews all other forms of outdoor exercise. She is fond of dancing and the theatre. She adores football games and boxing matches. She hates radios and teas and bridge and shopping. "A certain wild and lonely island off the coast of Maine" is her favorite summer resort.

In appearance, Miss Brush is petite and slender, with short dark auburn hair. She wears plain, smart clothes, usually of a dark color, and rarely is seen in the same gown twice. She never goes out without a manicure. She says she rarely has a cent, tho she made something like \$50,000 on *Young Man of Manhattan* and \$40,000 on the serial rights alone to *Red-Headed Woman*.

Miss Brush contributes short stories to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, and other magazines. She is a member of the Authors' League of America.

Katharine Brush's works:

NOVELS: *Glitter*, 1926; *Little Sins*, 1927; *Young Man of Manhattan*, 1930; *Red-Headed Woman*, 1931.

SHORT STORIES: *Night Club*, 1929; *Other Women*, 1932.

About Katharine Brush:

Saturday Evening Post 204:106 September 26, 1931.

Pearl Buck 1892-

Autobiographical sketch of Pearl Sydenstriker Buck (Mrs. John Lossing Buck) American novelist, author of *The Good Earth*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for literature in 1932:

I AM the daughter of American missionaries whose families lived in Virginia and West Virginia. [Mrs. Buck herself was born at Hillsboro,

West Virginia, June 26, 1892, but was taken to China at an early age.—ED. NOTE] I am next the youngest in my family, but the exigencies of difficult early years, when my parents lived in the far interior of China, where there were few and sometimes no white people except themselves, resulted in the death of all the children older than myself except one brother who left home to be educated in America before I can remember.

The result of this was that I grew up much alone. My parents lived in many places but when I was a child moved to a city on the Yangtse River called Chinkiang. There I spent my childhood very quietly in a small bungalow built on the top of a hill which overlooked the great river and the crowded city whose tiled roofs overlaid each other as closely as scales upon a fish. On the other side of our house there were low mountains and lovely gardened valleys and bamboo groves. At the foot of the hill where we lived was a big dark temple where lived a dour old priest who used to chase me with a bamboo pole if in my wanderings I came too near the gates. I was deliciously afraid of him, and he stood to me for the bogey of my childhood, altho sometimes when I woke up in the night and heard the deep, solemn, solitary note of the temple bell striking thru the darkness, I was afraid enough to be uncomfortable.

Here in this house my little sister was born also and here we played together and here my mother taught me and fitted me for college and gave me all that I have. She taught me everything and made alive for me music and art and beauty. Most of all did she teach me the beauty that lies in words and in what words will say. Other American children have community and school and church and all that makes their varied environment. I had my mother and missed nothing. From my earliest childhood she taught me to write down what I saw and felt and she helped me to see beauty everywhere. Not a week passed without my giving her something to read that I had written and she was fearless, tho kind, in her criticisms. When I owe so much to her what ingratitude not to mention it!

But when lessons were over I roamed the hills and valleys and talked with anyone and everyone and listened endlessly to conversations and witnessed, I am sure, many things never seen before by a white child. The beauty of the country and the feel of the Chinese people thus became a part of me that cannot be lost.

When I was fifteen I was sent to boarding school in Shanghai and saw there a different sort of Chinese. By this time I had almost ceased to think of myself as different, if indeed I had ever thought so, from the Chinese, and it was a habit well-established to listen to them talk anywhere and everywhere.

I must not forget another chief figure in my childhood and that is my old Chinese nurse, the one who took care of us all and lived with us for eighteen years. She told me tales of her childhood and of the horrors of the Tai-ping Rebellion thru which she lived. I have spent many a long delightful afternoon listening, while she darned the stockings, to the happenings in her home and family. She always had a little sesame candy or a bowl of some special delicacy to give to me, too.

My father traveled very widely in the course of his work and he would come home with stories of his adventures, and he and Mother talked about things very fully before me, and so there, too, I was enriched by his experience.

When I was seventeen I was taken to Europe and England and then home to America—in spite of our living in China our mother always taught us to call America home—where I completed my education at Randolph-Macon College in Virginia. I did not enjoy my life in college very much. It was too confined. I did not know of the life of which the girls talked so much, and my life was as remote from them as tho it had been on another planet. I soon learned, however, to show myself, superficially at least, as much like them as I could, for if any heard from whence I came she would exclaim and make round eyes, and this was very irritating to me.

At the end of the college life I went to my home in China to find my mother seriously ill. Two years I spent in taking

care of her, finding my only recreation in long walks and in talking with my Chinese friends, but this was my pleasure.

Then I married a young American and my mother being recovered we went to a town in north China where his work was and there we lived for nearly five years.

These five years were among the richest as well as the hardest of our life. Part of the time we were the only white people there in that town and countryside, and at no time were there more than six of us. But my life has always been among the Chinese, and here I went about among the people and came into the closest and most intimate knowledge of their lives. As a married woman I had more freedom than I had ever had to come and go among them and Chinese women would talk to me as woman to woman and friend to friend. Some of my best and closest friends were made in those years and I have them still.

Outwardly our life was exciting enough. We had a famine, with all that means; we had battles between bandits attacking the city and bullets flew thick as flocks of birds over our little Chinese house which clung to the inside of the city wall. Sometimes we went into the country, walking sometimes and sometimes, if it were far, I in a sedan chair and my husband on his bicycle. We went into places where women had never been and I furnished topic for conversation for weeks, I am sure.

Then we came to Nanking, my husband to take the department of Rural Economics and Sociology in the University of Nanking. Here life was different again. We came out of the country and from country people into student life. Here during these ten years we have watched the nation in revolution, have seen the old day defeated and the new day, struggling and weak, but living, come to birth.

My chief pleasure and interest has always been people and since I live among Chinese, then Chinese people. When I am asked what they are like I do not know. They are not this and that, but people. I cannot describe them any more than I can my own blood kin. I

am too near them and have shared too closely their lives.

For this reason I dislike all those writings about the Chinese which make them strange and outlandish and my greatest ambition is to make the people in my books as real as they are to me if I can.

Part of my life here has been spent in teaching in the University of Nanking and in the Southeastern and later Chentai University, the latter a government institution. I taught English literature. I do not like teaching very much for itself, however, and found it interesting chiefly because it brought me new knowledge thru my students.

At present we live in an old brick house here in Nanking, and about the house is a big garden which I love and where I work and tinker at trees and flowers. My husband does the vegetables. Here in the garden we work and in summer eat our meals and here our friends come and bring their children to play with ours. I enjoy my neighbors especially. Some of them live in straw thatched huts and some in brick houses and some are government officials and live in mansions. It is all very interesting. Sometimes we go back to America for a few months but just now my husband is very busy writing his next book on land utilization in China and so we must stay for some years.

I am sorry I cannot seem to think of anything else except that I have two little daughters. One is away at school and one, aged five, is at home with us. She studies Chinese reading and writing every day with her old Chinese tutor who has also been my teacher in Chinese literature for many years.

I would like to be known not for myself but for my books. The Chinese are very sensible about this. They take the artist as important only because of his art and are not interested in the personality of the artist.

* * *

In 1932, after the above sketch was written, the Bucks paid a somewhat longer visit than usual to America, when Dr. Buck suddenly decided to return to Cornell for a year's research. The visit produced an unexpected result in the form of a bitter theological controversy



PEARL BUCK

Arnold Genthe

over Mrs. Buck's status as a missionary under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. (She had been a missionary since girlhood.) The controversy was precipitated by an address which she made at a luncheon attended by 1,500 Presbyterians in New York in late autumn of 1932, in which she criticized the personnel of missionary movements and expressed her doubt of some of the fundamental theological tenets of the church. She followed the speech with an article "Is There A Case for Foreign Missions?" expressing the same points of view, in *Harper's Magazine* for January 1933 (also issued as a pamphlet).

The address and article produced immediate and violent attacks on Mrs. Buck by the fundamentalist wing of the church, and in April 1933 the agitation reached such a pitch that fundamentalist leaders charged her with heresy and demanded her dismissal by the Board. In May, at the height of the controversy, she submitted her resignation (which was accepted with regret by the Board after a prolonged and stormy debate) with a brief statement that she would neither change nor amplify her previous statements and that she did not intend to be made a martyr in a theological argument. She had said previously in a magazine article: "Almost every mis-

sionary who has achieved distinction in appreciation and understanding of a culture which he was sent to Christianize, and who has expressed that appreciation and understanding, has been forced to leave missionary ranks." One of her supporters on the Board later resigned in sympathy, calling her "the most distinguished and finest woman missionary we had." The Bucks returned to China in the summer of 1933. "I am still a Christian," Mrs. Buck said before sailing.

Mrs. Buck is described by Alice Tisdale Hobart as "a slow moving, silent woman . . . one of those substantial strong women we find in every race, upon which the race depends. . . [Her] Teutonic heritage undoubtedly accounts for her strongly built, substantial body, her broad, intelligent face and her not only thoro-going but patient mind. It seems quite in character that Mrs. Buck should have waited until middle age to begin writing. . . As child, adolescent, and mature woman she has looked out upon the poignant drama of Chinese life. There is little of human misery that her blue gray eyes have not seen."

Before she began to write her novels Mrs. Buck spent a long apprenticeship. In the space of ten years she read all the novels of China, a task requiring the knowledge of between ten and twenty thousand Chinese characters, and an unconventional course of training; for the usual practice of foreigners is to study only the classics, since the novels are considered somewhat vulgar and immoral and generally outside the pale of literature. She learned the classics also, memorizing them from the lips of native Chinese scholars.

Her first published writing was a short story in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1923, tho L. D. Froelich of *Asia* is generally given credit for "discovering" her as a writer. It is said that her early story "A Chinese Woman Speaks" which was purchased by *Asia* moved the entire staff to tears when it reached the magazine office.

Mrs. Buck's first novel *East Wind; West Wind* received little attention when it was published in 1930. However, Richard J. Walsh of the John Day Com-

pany, Mrs. Buck's publishers, had sufficient faith in her talent to issue in 1931 her second book *The Good Earth*, which she wrote in 1927 while she and her husband were rebuilding their home in Nanking which had been partially destroyed during the revolutionary battles of the preceding year.

Almost over night *The Good Earth* became the best seller since Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*. When the publishers excitedly notified Mrs. Buck by cable that the book had been chosen for distribution by the "Book-of-the-Month" club, she wrote back after a three weeks' delay that she did not "know exactly what it means since I do not belong to the club." And when they cabled her a year later that it had been awarded the Pulitzer Prize—the story goes—the cablegram found her dusting furniture. She looked for her husband to tell him the news, but not finding him in the house resumed her dusting. *The Good Earth* was dramatized by Owen Davis and his son Donald and was produced during the season of 1932-33 in New York and on tour by the Theatre Guild with Alla Nazimova in the leading role, but the play failed to have the success of the novel. Mrs. Buck's next novel was *Sons* published in 1932. It enjoyed good critical acclaim and popular sales, tho less than *The Good Earth*. In 1933 she published *The First Wife*, a collection of short stories, and a translation of the Chinese classic, *All Men Are Brothers*.

Dr. John Lossing Buck, Mrs. Buck's husband, is an "agricultural missionary" and an author in his own right. His *Farm Economy* was published by the University of Chicago Press in 1930.

Pearl Buck's books:

East Wind; West Wind, 1930; *East and West and the Novel: Sources of the Early Chinese Novel*, 1930; *The Good Earth*, 1931; *The Young Revolutionist*, 1932; *Sons*, 1932; *Is There a Case for Foreign Missions?*, 1932; *The First Wife* (short stories) 1933; *All Men Are Brothers* (translator) 1933.

About Pearl Buck:

Buck, P. *The First Wife* (see introduction by Richard J. Walsh); Kirkland, W. M. and E. Gale *Who Became Writers*.

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section August 13, 1932; *Christian Century* 40:1412

November 16, 1932; *Literary Digest* 115:15 May 6, 1933; *Literary Digest* 115:17 May 13, 1933; *Nation* 136:546 May 17, 1933; *New York Herald Tribune Magazine* July 26, 1931; *New York Times Magazine* August 14, 1932; *Pictorial Review* 33:21 January 1932; *Saturday Review of Literature* 9:49 August 20, 1932.

Gerald Bullett 1893-

Autobiographical sketch of Gerald Bullett, English novelist:

WRITING about oneself is an uncomfortable business. Nor do I understand why readers should wish to know the details of a writer's personal life. A writer who is also an artist puts the best of himself into his art, and sensitive readers get more intimately into touch with his essential self than ever they will get by learning that he wears—as I do—buff shirts, scarlet ties, a wide-brimmed hat, and tens in shoes.

As for the emotional life, the most secret of my emotions are there in my books for all to see, secrets dug out of my inner consciousness not without pain, set forth with as much accuracy (which is to say, art) as I am capable of, and candidly exposed to the public view. On the rare occasions when I pick up a book of my own and glance thru it, the intimacy of the revelation makes me almost blush: in those books, particularly in the best of them, I have expressed myself—my feelings and convictions—far more completely and nakedly than I could ever bear to do in a personal encounter or in the most private of private letters. There I am, written down. What more can the most inquisitive reader demand?

This is not to say that the *events* of my personal life are to be found recorded in my fiction. Of factual autobiography there are not ten sentences in all my fourteen or fifteen books.

An ingenuous English critic (himself a novelist, so he ought to have known better) once committed the gaffe of assuming that my two Pandervil books were written largely out of my own experience. I must tell you that Egg Pandervil was a farmer's son who became a grocer and married a shrew; and the second volume contains the story of his son Nicholas, who reverses the

process—that is, beginning as a grocer's son he becomes a farmer.

Now it happens that all this is quite alien to my experience: not to my imaginative experience, or I could not have written the book, but to my actual experience. My father was neither farmer nor grocer: he began, I believe, as a schoolmaster, and thereafter pursued many vocations in succession, never with much pecuniary profit to himself or his family. I myself am equally innocent of farming and grocering.

Yet it remains true to say that for those who have eyes to see I am intimately revealed in *The History of Egg Pandervil* and *Nicky Son of Egg*, and still more intimately in the equally unautobiographical *The Quick and the Dead*, simply because these fictions are the creations of my mind, and permeated with the quality of my personality. They are as personal as dreams are, no less and no more; but they are more revealing than dreams, because intelligence, as well as imagination, took a hand in their shaping.

However, it is facts I am asked for. So I must state, baldly and (as I hold) irrelevantly, that my father was a Northamptonshire man, that my mother was of Leicestershire, and that I was born in the evening of the 30th December,



GERALD BULLETT

1893, at Forest Hill, a southeastern suburb of London. I was the last of three sons, and my brothers were downstairs in the kitchen, watching a "magic lantern" show, when I uttered my first inauspicious cry.

As a family we were anything but well-off; but I have never known real privation, tho I have often since been near enough to my last shilling to have acquired a terror of being at the world's mercy. Before I reached the age of two years the family moved to a northern suburb, and there I lived till the age of twenty. My mother died before I was ten; my father some ten years later. Neither they, nor any other member of the family, had any sort of literary leanings; in that respect, as in some others, I am solitary.

At school I collaborated in the production of a school magazine, and soon after leaving school, at eighteen or so, I wrote my first novel. My second (and first published) novel was written in my twenty-first year, and, to my incredulous delight, was immediately accepted by Constable of London, who published it eighteen months later.

By this time I was in khaki, and serving in France. I have no intention of writing a history of the War or of my own insignificant part in it. After my release from the army, in 1919, I went to Jesus College, Cambridge, and read for the English Tripos, taking an honors degree in 1921. In my third year at Cambridge I began reviewing for the *Times Literary Supplement* and *New Statesman*; and in the same year I married.

The rest of my history consists of a list of my publications. *The Progress of Kay* was the beginning and end of my "first period" as a writer. *The Street of the Eye*, a volume of short stories published in 1923, began the second.

* * *

The Bulletts make their home in an Elizabethan farmhouse in Sussex, sheltered by the South Downs. They have one daughter. The author's favorite recreation is "staring at rural England." He is fond of walking and country folk. He detests prudery, prohibition, "blood sports," central heating, and literary tea

parties, and is never interviewed if he can help it. He keeps a flat in Chelsea but seldom uses it.

Until *The Quick and the Dead*, Gerald Bullett's best known novels were *The History of Egg Pandervil* and *Nicky Son of Egg*. They were reprinted in England in 1930 in one volume entitled *The Pandervils*. In Bullett's opinion his mind is most intimately revealed in the essay on "Dreaming" in *Testament of Light*, an anthology, and in "those of the short stories which are luminous with the peculiar quality of childhood."

The late T. Earle Welby said that his works contain "such things as the mind can brood upon indefinitely, finding and losing meaning after meaning. They are the creations of a poet."

Besides his books Gerald Bullett has written widely for magazines: stories, criticism, and articles of general discussion.

Gerald Bullett's works:

NOVELS: *The Progress of Kay*, 1916; *Mr. Godley Beside Himself*, 1924; *The Panther*, 1926; *The History of Egg Pandervil*, 1928; *Nicky Son of Egg*, 1929; *The Pandervils* (collection) 1930; *Marden Fee*, 1931; *I'll Tell You Everything* (with J. B. Priestley) 1932; *The Quick and the Dead*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *The Street of the Eye*, 1923; *The Baker's Cart*, 1925; *The World in Mind*, 1928; *Helen's Lovers*, 1932.

JUVENILE: *The Spanish Caravel*, 1927; *Remember Mrs. Munch*, 1931.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton*, 1923; *Walt Whitman*, 1924; *Modern English Fiction*, 1926; *Germany*, 1930; *The Testament of Light*, 1932; *The English Galaxy*, 1933.

Ivan Bunin 1870-

IVAN ALEKSEIEVICH BUNIN, Russian poet and novelist, was born on October 22, 1870, in the city of Voronezh. His parents were landowners who possessed estates in Central Asia, and altogether the family has been one of consequence in Russia for many generations. "I am descended," writes Bunin, "of an ancient noble family which has given to Russia a considerable number of prominent names, both in the field of statesmanship and in the realm of art. In the latter, two poets are especially well-known, Anna Petrovna Bunina and Vasilii Zhukovskii, one of the shining lights of Russian literature, the son of



IVAN BUNIN

Afanasi Bunin and a Turkish captive, Salma."

Up to his seventh year Bunin lived among peasants and common people on his father's estate, in the Yelets district. Later on he entered the Yelets gymnasium from which he graduated about the middle of the 1880's. A year or so at the University of Moscow followed. That was the extent of Bunin's formal schooling. In the meantime his sister had died, and of this Bunin writes that in consequence he had passed thru "a violent religious crisis" which, however, did not leave any serious traces in his soul. "I also had a passion for painting," continues Bunin, "which, I believe, has manifested itself in my literary works. I began to write both verse and prose rather early in my life. My first appearance in print was likewise at an early date." His first poems, as a matter of fact, were published in 1888 in the periodical *Rodina*.

From 1887 to 1892 Bunin gave himself up entirely to poetry. He wrote original verse in the manner of Lermontov and Pushkin and sent it to the *Novoe Slovo* and *Russkoe Bogatstvo*. His father's library was a very extensive one and well provided with the best literature in many languages. It is here that Bunin came to know Byron, Tennyson, and Longfellow and in a few years he

was able to publish translations of *The Song of Hiawatha*, *Manfred*, *Cain*, and other selections which upon publication earned for him the Pushkin Prize in literature, the highest literary award in the hands of the Russian Academy.

Travel has always exerted an irresistible influence upon Bunin, and soon after his university days he undertook certain excursions to southern Russia, visiting, among other places, Kharkov and the Crimea. For a time he worked on the *Orlovskii Vietsnik*, and then at the beginning of the 'Nineties he went to Pultava where he became librarian and statistician to a district court. It is while at Pultava that Bunin came to know the teachings of Tolstoy and began a correspondence with the sage of Yasnaya Polyana. He thought much of changing his life, of the necessity of a simple life, of physical labor, and a return to nature. Characteristically enough, Tolstoy did not advise his followers to undertake any drastic outward changes. In a letter written in 1894 he advised Bunin to make the best of his opportunities and said: "Do not ask yourself which form of life is the best; all forms are valuable. The best form is that which demands most of your energy. . . And do not cease to advance in your spiritual evolution and the service of God." Soon after this, in 1895, Bunin gave up his job at the district court and went to St. Petersburg and then to Moscow. It happened that there he met the family of the Greek revolutionary and political refugee Tsakni whose daughter he married in 1898. He also joined the *Sreda* group of writers to which belonged Kuprin, Gorky, and Andreyev.

But the call for travel and milder climes was not to be resisted and the Bunins went south to Odessa. "I lived a great deal in the country," writes Bunin of this part of his life, "and traveled extensively both in Russia and abroad: in Italy, in Sicily, in Turkey, in the Balkans, in Greece, in Syria, in Palestine, in Egypt, in Algeria, in Tunisia, in the tropics. I strove 'to view the face of the earth and leave thereon the impress of my soul,' to quote Saadi, and I have been interested in philosophic, religious, ethical and historical problems." And indeed many of his stories are dated from all kinds of places

and bear the atmosphere of tropic lands as well as the countryside of his own Yelets district.

In the meantime his books appeared one after the other and began to attract universal attention. In 1909 he was elected one of the twelve Russian immortals, an honorary body of the Russian Academy of Science, to which, at that time, Tolstoy also belonged. The years 1910-1916 were the most productive in Bunin's creative life. *The Village* appeared and *Sukhodol* and *The Gentleman from San Francisco*. Tho never belonging to any political faction, Bunin's fame had grown to such an extent as to place him in the very first rank of Russian men of letters. The Revolution of 1917 left him with but one desire: to leave Russia as soon as possible. Accordingly, in May 1918 he left Moscow for Odessa where he edited for a while a white-Russian paper, suffered all kinds of privations and personal dangers as the city passed back and forth from the hands of the "whites" into those of the "reds," and finally, in February 1919, left the country for France.

Bunin, at the present, lives in Paris, and spends his summers at Grasse. He continues to write both novels and poetry, but has published very little since the great Revolution.

Ivan Bunin is both a poet and a novelist, and of late he has conceived the idea of publishing his poems as parts of his novels and stories. As a poet he belongs to the pre-Symbolist school of Russian poetry, of the school of Nadson and Minsky, tho of a much higher artistic level. He has been called "the only genuine poet of a Symbolist age who was not a Symbolist." His poems are mostly pictures of nature, both Russian and exotic, dealing with things and places. His visual sense is very acute, and lends a vividness to his descriptive verse not easily attained by his contemporaries. The same qualities of vivid description prevail also in his short stories and his novels.

Altho Bunin is one of the best of Russian novelists, he has no present influence. "Historically speaking, Bunin's art is rooted in Turgenev, Aksakov, Chekhov, to some extent in Tolstoy and

Goncharov. Least of all is he connected with Dostoiévsky, for whose art he seems to have even an aversion. But notwithstanding all these affinities, Bunin's place is really outside the general line of development of the Russian realistic and psychological novel." Bunin does not, like these, create worlds and describe societies. He does not attempt to participate in the creation of an imaginary world as an author. On the contrary, he is a very subjective artist. Plot is almost completely absent from Bunin's work. Neither *The Village* nor *Sukhodol*, his longest novels, contains anything of an objective plot. Nor do we find anything in *The Life of Arseniev*, his latest full-length novel. He looks within himself for the things nearest his heart and reshapes them in beautiful restrained prose. His own experiences, inner experiences, and nature constitute the stuff that Bunin's works are made of.

The Village, published in 1910, is Bunin's first novel, and yet not a novel at all in the accepted sense of the word. It is rather, as the sub-title implies, "a poem," a fresco, "a dyptich, picturing the Russian village during the first Revolution (1904-05)." It was an invective against the stupidity, the cruelty and utter lack of civilization of the Russian peasantry. When it appeared the Russian press raised a great furore. Gorky and many others of the more intelligent radicals considered it a splendid piece of work, a most realistic picture of the real peasantry; while the populists condemned it as a defamation of the noble qualities of the Russian moujik. *Sukhodol*, which appeared two years later, is the story of "the fall of the house of Krushchov," a tale of the impoverishment and the moral decay of a family of country gentry at the time of the emancipation of serfs. Here, as in *The Village*, realism is blended with poetry, and "the temporal plane of the story is constantly shifted." But there is much more romantic music in this tale than in the other one. The characters are somewhat more objectively drawn, the heroine with her infatuation for the young master is almost like a poem herself, and the descriptions of nature lend it all a haunting beauty and structural unity.

The Gentleman From San Francisco is a variation on the theme of "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity. . ."; *The Dreams of Chang* is a tale of a Chinese dog and his master, a sea captain, partly seen thru the eyes of the dog; *Mitya's Love* tells the tale of a first love and subsequent disillusionment, bringing together Bunin's favorite themes: love and death and their deep fundamental mystery. Since *Mitya's Love*, which appeared in 1925, Bunin has published three notable books: *The Sunstroke*, *The Life of Arseniev*, and *God's Tree*. Of these the second is the most remarkable. It is not only Bunin's longest novel, but also the one most broadly conceived. And it is not too much to say that, in spite of fictitious names of its characters, it is essentially a novelized autobiography, of Bunin himself. It appears in English translation as *The Well of Days*. With this work Bunin attains what Aksakov did in his *Years of Childhood*, and Tolstoy in his *Boyhood and Youth*. "It is really a story of the formation of a man's personality from his early childhood to his youth, till he is about seventeen years old."

Bunin emerged from years of relative obscurity and insecurity in 1933, when he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, amounting to between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

A. B.

Principal works of Ivan Bunin:

POETRY: *Stikhoivorenia*, 1891; *Pod Otkrytim Nebom*, 1898; *Stikhi i Rasskazy*, 1899; *Listopad*, 1901; *Stikhotvorenia*, 1905; *Khram Solntsa*, 1917; *Stikhotvorenia i Rasskazy*, 1918.

(NOTE: Bunin has published his poems and tales together in the same volumes since 1908.)

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: *Antonovskie Yablaki*, 1901; *Chernozem*, 1904; *Baibaki*, 1905; *Bieden Bies*, 1909; *Derevnia*, 1910; *Sukhodol*, 1912; *Zakhar Vorobiev*, 1913; *Bratia*, 1914; *Gospodin iz San-Frantsisko*, 1915; *Krik*, 1921; *Sny Changa*, 1923; *Nesrochnaia Vesna*, 1923; *Roza Yerikhova*, 1924; *Krasnyi General*, 1924; *Tovarishch Dozorni*, 1924; *Mitina Linbov*, 1925; *Tsikadi*, 1925; *Delo Korneta Elagina*, 1926; *Mordovskii Sarafan*, 1927; *Ida*, 1927; *Solnechnyi Udar*, 1927; *Zhizn Arsenieva*, 1930; *Bozhie Derevo*, 1931.

English translations of Ivan Bunin:

The Gentleman From San Francisco, 1922; *The Dreams of Chang*, 1923; *The Gentleman From San Francisco and Other Stories*, 1923; *The Village*, 1923; *Mitya's Love*, 1926; *The Well of Days*, 1933.

About Ivan Bunin:

Arsenyev, N. *Die Russische Literatur*; Mirsky, D. S. *Contemporary Russian Literature*; Olgin, M. J. *Guide to Russian Literature*; see also introductions to *The Village* and *Mitya's Love*.

Literary Digest 85:30 May 23, 1925; *Monde Slave* April 1928; *Saturday Review of Literature* 1:544 February 21, 1925; *Slavonic Review* 11:423 January 1933.

Thomas Burke 1887-

THOMAS BURKE, English author of tales which center about the highways and byways of old London, particularly the Limehouse section, was born in London in 1887 and orphaned while a small boy. Edwin Björkman has said of him: "Thomas Burke started from the undermost surface of the social pyramid, from a region rating even lower socially than the miner's cottage which originally sheltered D. H. Lawrence. But he has never shown any inclination to forget his starting point." Burke himself emphasizes the lowness of his origin by making no mention of his parents or birthplace in his autobiographical novel, *The Wind and the Rain*.

As a boy he lived with an uncle in the London district of Poplar, near the docks, which was frequented by Chinese and other foreigners. At nine "some misguided angel of mercy" discovered his parentless condition and "vicious" surroundings and lured him into an orphan asylum. He has described his life in the institution as "four years of unspeakable humiliation, oppression, and spiritual mortification."

At fourteen he was free once more to wander thru the streets of his beloved Chinatown, and suddenly to discover the world of reading thru the totally unexpected medium of a popular journal, *T. P.'s Weekly*, picked up in a cheap tea shop. His swift application to reading, to losing himself in the beauty of words, accompanied by his friendship for Quong Lee, the Chinese philosopher who later figured in *Limehouse Nights*, exhilarated him and led to his first determined scribblings. In Quong Lee's tea shop he "knew what some people seek in church and others seek in taverns." There he learned "all



THOMAS BURKE

the beauty and all the evil of the heart of Asia; its cruelty, its grace, and its wisdom." Quong Lee was eventually deported to China for selling opium unlawfully. Only after his philosophic friend had disappeared from Limehouse was Burke able to crystallize in ink the more pithy of his sayings.

From fourteen to sixteen Burke wanted most of all to be a violinist and practiced faithfully, but poverty prevented him from continuing with his studies. When he was a sixteen-year-old office boy he began to write, using the backs of envelopes or scraps of wrapping when he could not get writing paper. "And always," says Björkman, "he wrote with one purpose, one scene in mind. He wanted to express one moment in a London street . . . the moment when he stood looking into Quong Lee's shop and the old Chinaman for the first time beckoned him to come in. That moment was to him what conversion is to the pious believer."

In *The Wind and the Rain*, Burke describes the writing of his first story, which was begun one night after a long visit to Quong Lee. "In three nights I finished the thing; and at the office, after the staff was gone, I punched it out, slowly, on the office typewriter. I sent it to *T. P.'s Weekly*. It came back, but the printed slip bore half a dozen

written words. That was enough for me: I knew then what it was that I wanted to do; and I began to write stories and essays and send them out." After several months he sold his first story for a guinea and thereafter wrote fairly regularly for the cheap popular papers, altho between the ages of seventeen and twenty he had more failures than successes. With two pounds that he received for one story he printed twenty copies of his poems in booklet form for a certain young lady, with the title *Verses*.

At eighteen Burke gave up his job as office boy and became assistant to a second-hand bookseller. A year later he sent some of his writings to a literary agent, who became interested in his work and gave him a position in his office, where he remained for seven years until the agency was "killed by the War," to use his own phrase. The encouragement that meant most to him came in his twenty-sixth year from Norman Douglas, then one of the editors of the *English Review*. He compiled and edited a number of anthologies before anything of his own was published. Then, in 1915, at twenty-eight, he brought out *Nights in Town*, an autobiography.

Burke's first really popular success was *Limehouse Nights*, which appeared in 1917. It was made up of fourteen short stories of the Limehouse district of London which had appeared in the *English Review*, *Colour*, and the *New Witness*. Arnold Bennett praised the book and H. G. Wells lauded its "romantic force and beauty." There was some censure of its horror and brutality and also of its glamor, tho A. St. John Adcock thought it "more truthful for being melodramatic, for there is always more melodrama than tragedy in human life." One of the stories in the volume, "The Chink and the Child," was adapted for the screen under the title of "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess in the leading rôles.

In 1918 Burke was married to Winifred Wells, who writes under the name of "Clare Cameron." Mrs. Burke's own works include *Rustle of Spring* and *Green Fields of England*. During the

War he worked in the American branch of the Ministry of Information. Since that time he has been free of all offices. He has served as a publisher's reader and done a great deal of reviewing. He worked for a year as assistant on a weekly paper, from which he was discharged because he couldn't take it seriously.

The Wind and the Rain, Burke's autobiographical novel, was published in 1924. One of the readers was Charles Chaplin, who, observing the similarity of their tragic boyhoods, wrote to the author and thereby initiated a firm friendship. Further Limehouse stories were collected in *East of Mansion House*, published in 1926.

St. John Adcock says that "tho his Chinatown tales gave him his popularity and his label and inspired a school of imitators, for his best and most enduring work you must go, I think, to his *Nights in Town* and to his two novels, *The Wind and the Rain* and *The Sun in Splendour*." The latter appeared in 1926, followed by another, *The Flower of Life*, in 1929.

Burke is an amiable, modest little man, whose charm of manner and contempt for what he calls "drawing-room tactics" have made him popular with Englishmen and Americans alike. He has rather sharp features, wears glasses and high collars. His recreations, he says, are walking and working. He lives in London. "As a born Londoner, I cannot remember a time when London was not part of me, and I part of London. . ."

Thomas Burke's works:

SHORT STORIES: *Limehouse Nights*, 1916; *Twinkletoes*, 1917; *Broken Blossoms* (a selection of stories from *Limehouse Nights*) 1920; *Whispering Windows* (American title: *More Limehouse Nights*) 1920; *East of Mansion House*, 1926; *Pleasantries of Old Quong* (American title: *A Tea-Shop in Limehouse*) 1931.

NOVELS: *The Wind and the Rain* (autobiographical) 1924; *The Sun in Splendour*, 1926; *The Flower of Life*, 1929.

POETRY: *London Lamps*, 1917; *Song Book of Quong Lee of Limehouse*, 1920.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Nights in Town* (American title: *Nights in London*) 1915; *Out and About London*, 1919; *The Outer Circle*, 1921; *The London Spy*, 1922; *The English Inn*, 1930; *City of Encounters*, 1932; *The Real East End*, 1932; *The Beauty of England*, 1933.

EDITOR: *The Small People*, 1910; *The Charm of England*, 1913; *The Charm of the West Country*, 1913; *Children in Verse*, 1913; *The Contented Mind*, 1913; *The Book of the Inn*, 1927; *Ecstasies of Thomas De Quincey*, 1928.

About Thomas Burke:

Adcock, A. St. J. *The Glory That Was Grub Street*; Burke, T. *Nights in Town* and *The Wind and the Rain*.

Bookman 46:15 September 1917; 64:561 January 1927; *Dial* 63:65 July 19, 1917.

Frances Hodgson Burnett 1849-1924

FRANCES ELIZA HODGSON BURNETT, English-American writer of romantic fiction, best known for her novel *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, was born in Manchester, England, November 24, 1849, and died at Plandome, L. I., New York on October 29, 1924, less than a month before her seventy-fifth birthday.

Her father was Edwin Hodgson, a prosperous Manchester wholesaler of interior decorative materials, and her mother was Eliza Boond Hodgson, the descendant of an old Cheshire family. Edwin Hodgson died when Frances was four, leaving his business to his wife, who administered it until the American Civil War brought panic to the cotton-milling district about Manchester, when it went to the wall, leaving the family without means of support.

It so happened that Mrs. Hodgson had a brother, William Boond, in Knoxville, Tennessee, who was somewhat of a gambler in matters of business and was given to making large fortunes over night and losing them as rapidly. At the time that financial catastrophe overtook the Hodgsons, Boond was riding one of his crests, and invited his sister to bring her family to live with him in America. By the time they arrived he had lost his fortune again, and they arrived just in time to share his poverty in a log cabin outside of the city.

This was when Frances Hodgson was sixteen. Almost from the time she could talk she had a reputation among her playmates as a story-teller, and practically from the time she could write she had been writing stories on her slate and with a pencil stub on odd bits of paper. She lived largely in a world created by her own imagination. Arriv-

ing in America, she romantically determined to restore the family fortunes by becoming an author.

Lacking paper and stamps for her venture, she and her sister picked and sold wild grapes to obtain money for these necessities. Then she selected one of her stories, which she had begun when she was thirteen, copied it painstakingly, and sent it to a magazine with a one-sentence letter: "My object is remuneration." The editor to whom it was addressed replied implying that the story—too English in tone, he thought, to have been written in America—had been copied from an English magazine, and asked for further samples of her work. She sent another story, laid in America, which apparently removed the editor's doubts, for he purchased both, for thirty-five dollars. This was before she was eighteen and was the beginning of a continuous literary career of almost sixty years duration. At no time, Mrs. Burnett recalled in later life, did she ever submit anything for publication which was not bought. In her lifetime she published more than fifty books.

Her first writing, however, was confined to magazine fiction, modeled in part at least on stories she had read in polite English ladies' magazines. In later years she referred to her success at this period with amazement. "I was a baby!" she said. "I had been brought up in an English nursery. Do you know what that means? It means that in all my life I had talked with hardly one person except my family and my schoolmates. I knew nothing about life."

In 1873 she returned to Manchester for a visit on the proceeds of her stories. This visit inspired her first novel, *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, a romantic tale of a noble-hearted girl of the Lancashire coalpits, which became immediately a best-seller of the day. Returning to America she was married, the following year, to Dr. Swan M. Burnett, who later made a name for himself in the medical world, and they made their home in Washington, tho Mrs. Burnett traveled widely all her life. They had two sons, Lionel, born in Knoxville, and Vivian, born in Paris.

During even the years of motherhood Mrs. Burnett continued to write, and

produced half a dozen books, in addition to many magazine stories, before her greatest success *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, which was published in 1886. It is no secret that her second son, Vivian, was the original of the hero of this world famous story. She read the story, chapter by chapter, to the two boys as she wrote it, revised it according to their reactions, and even adapted current incidents of their lives into it. A photograph of Vivian as she dressed him in velvet clothes and with long curls and lace cuffs and collars was sent to Reginald Birch, the artist, who copied it faithfully in making the illustrations for the book and for the serial that preceded book publication.

Fauntleroy was a publishing phenomenon of the generation. One writer has said: "It does not do to say merely that *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was a great success. It caused a public delirium of joy. It has the Cinderella charm and something else. Young and old laughed and thrilled and wept over it together. Thousands of adoring mothers put their suffering little boys into clothes exactly like Fauntleroy's in the illustrations."

It is estimated that in its various forms *Fauntleroy* brought its author at least \$100,000. It first appeared as a serial in *St. Nicholas*, beginning in November 1885, and was published in book form by Scribner's in 1886. A dramatization, by a playwright named Seebohm, was presented in London in February 1888 and was generally well received. Mrs. Burnett, however, was highly irate, tho Seebohm offered her a generous share of the royalties, as she had not authorized the dramatization and had one of her own in progress. Tho the English law of the day gave no precedent, she sought and in some way obtained an injunction and forced the withdrawal of the Seebohm production in May of the same year. Her play, called *The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*, had in the meantime been rushed to completion and placed in rehearsal, and was produced two days after the Seebohm version was withdrawn, with the actress Vera Berlinger in the title role. It played matinee performances for several months and had two years on tour in England and was revived many times. The American

production opened in Boston in September of 1888, with Elsie Leslie in the title role, and in New York in December. It played thruout the season and was taken on tour. Many years later the story was produced in moving pictures, notably with Mary Pickford in 1921. Several of Mrs. Burnett's other stories were dramatized from time to time, generally with considerable success.

After the publication of *Faultleroy* but before the incidents of its dramatization, Mrs. Burnett decided to go abroad and to take the two boys with her, despite her husband's unwillingness. This was the beginning of a breach between them. Thereafter for several years she spent most of her time traveling between European and American cities and saw little of Dr. Burnett, finally divorcing him in 1898. Vivian Burnett says of the episode: "The move had become more or less inevitable. The ties between her and Dr. Burnett had gradually loosened. He had been able to assist her greatly during her first years of writing but he could no longer be of help to her. Moreover, difficulties of opinion had crept in which seemed difficult to adjust." One of the difficulties seems to have been Dr. Burnett's own career in medicine, which did not fit in with Mrs. Burnett's plans for her career or her way of living. Of the doctor's attitude toward the divorce, Vivian says, "As in everything else, in this case, too, he gave her her wish." Vivian remained loyal to both and was at his father's death-bed in 1906.

In 1900 Mrs. Burnett married Stephen Townesend, a young English actor some years her junior who had appeared in her plays in London, notably *Nixie*, but she separated from him also after a period of two years.

The concern over these incidents contributed to her life-long ill-health, the great tragedy of her life was the death of her first son, Lionel, in Paris from consumption in 1890 at the age of sixteen. Grief over this loss completely prostrated her and for a time threatened her mind. It was a year or two before she recovered her physical health and it was a matter of a half a dozen years before she resumed writing to any extent.

Returning eventually to literature, she averaged more than a book a year for



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

1888

the next two-and-a-half decades, producing several outstanding successes of their day, notably *The Shuttle*, *T. Tembaron*, and *The Head of the House of Coombe*, the last only two years before her death.

Mrs. Burnett was of a restless nature and unable to stay long in any one place. She lived, at various times during her career, in Knoxville, Washington, London, Kent, Bermuda, France, Italy, Long Island, and New York. In 1905 she was naturalized as an American citizen. She knew most of the literary and social personages of her day, and loved to move in a whirl of activity. She carried thruout her life the nick-name of "Fluffy," given her by her intimate friends because of her love of frills and lace on her garments and of wearing her hair "fluffed" out. She called herself by the name and such derivatives of it as "Fluffina," "Fluffiana," and "Fluffianoronimus." To her children she was "Dearest" and "Mammieday." To her they were her "Boykins." Late in her life she had a doll's house built in her home. She was generally in poor health, and went in for "mental science" and various forms of mysticism. She was a voluminous correspondent as well as a rapid writer of publishable material. She had unlimited energy and writing was easy for her.

Despite the fact that her last two years were spent principally in bed and that she was most of the time too weak to write, she spent her occasional stronger hours at work on a last novel, which, however, was never finished.

Vivian Burnett in his biography of his mother, *The Romantick Lady: The Life Story of an Imagination*, says that throughout her life she dwelt in a world of romantic make-believe which she created as a reality about herself. "She was temperamentally an idealist, always seeing people and incidents as they ought to be but were not, and never could turn out to be. She had a sensitiveness to sorrow and disappointment in others which gave her also a desperate feeling, that it must be relieved, and by her if there seemed no one else to help. This emotion was often an overpowering one, and once in a while lifted her actions into a plane of altruism that to less romantically inclined people seemed beyond calm reason."

Frances Hodgson Burnett's works:

That Lass o' Lowrie's, 1877; Dolly, a Love Story, 1877; Kathleen, 1877; Surly Tim and Other Stories, 1877; Hawthorn's, 1879; Louisiana, 1880; A Fair Barbarian, 1881; Through One Administration, 1883; Little Lord Fauntleroy, 1886; Editha's Burglar, 1886; Sara Crewe, 1888; Little Saint Elizabeth, 1889; Two Little Pilgrims' Progress, 1896; The Pretty Sister of José, 1896; A Lady of Quality, 1896; His Grace of Ormonde, 1897; The Captain's Youngest, 1898; In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim, 1899; The Making of a Marchioness, 1901; The Methods of Lady Walderhurst, 1901; Emily Fox Seton (combining the previous two titles) 1901; In the Closed Room, 1904; A Little Princess, 1905; Jarl's Daughter, 1906; Queen Silverbell, 1906; Racketty-Packetty House, 1906; Earlier Stories, 1907; Giovanna and the Other, 1907; Lindsay's Luck, 1907; Miss Crespigny, 1907; Piccino and Other Child Stories, 1907; Pretty Polly Pemberton, 1907; Quiet Life, 1907; Theo, 1907; Vagabondia, 1907; The Shuttle, 1907; The Cozy Lion, 1907; Good Wolf, 1908; Spring Cleaning, 1908; The Dawn of a Tomorrow, 1909; The Secret Garden, 1909; My Robin, 1912; T. Tembaron, 1913; Barty Crusoe and His Man Saturday, 1914; The Children's Book (edited) 1914; One I Knew Best of All, 1915; The Lost Prince, 1915; The Land of the Blue Flower, 1916; The Little Hunchback Zia, 1916; The Way to the House of Santa Claus, 1916; White People, 1917; The Head of the House of Coombe, 1922; Robin, 1922.

About Frances Hodgson Burnett:

Burnett, F. H. *One I Knew Best of All* (autobiography); Burnett, V. *The Romantick Lady: The Life Story of an Imagination*; Hind, C. L. *More Authors and I*; MacLarg, W. B. *The Young Heart*; Overton, G. *The Women Who Make Our Novels*.

Bookman 56:158 October 1922; 60:710 February 1925; *Good Housekeeping* 74:26 February 1922; 81:55 July 1925; *New York Times Book Review* October 9, 1927; *St. Nicholas* 52:306 January 1925.

W. R. Burnett 1899.

WILLIAM RILEY BURNETT, American novelist, was born in Springfield, Ohio, on November 25, 1899. He attended grammar school in Springfield and Dayton, Ohio; moved to Columbus, Ohio, where he went to East High School for two years; then went to Miami Military Institute at Germantown, Ohio, from which he was graduated in 1919 at the age of nineteen.

More interested in athletics than in studies, he played on the baseball, basketball, and football teams, and also boxed a great deal. He was enrolled in the College of Journalism at Ohio State University for a semester, but attended irregularly. In 1918 he made application for the Balloon Division of the Aviation Corps, but never saw service.

At twenty-one Burnett was married to Marjorie Bartow of Columbus. As yet he had made no choice of a profession, his interests wavering between the prize ring, the vaudeville stage, and a jazz band. He confesses, however, to intervals of secret literary effort and finally decided to take up writing seriously. In any case a steady job was necessary. He worked in a factory, sold insurance, and then, for six years, was employed as a statistician by the Department of Industrial Relations of the State of Ohio. He spent his evenings making abortive efforts to write, storing away in a trunk the manuscripts of five novels, a hundred short stories, and a play.

In 1927 he went to Chicago and worked at odd jobs while he wrote his first published book, *Little Caesar*, a story of a Chicago criminal gang told from the gangster's point of view and in his vernacular, which established him

almost overnight as a leader among writers of best sellers. Published in 1929 before the author had turned thirty, the book was a Literary Guild selection and sold 100,000 copies in six months. A talking picture version, produced the following year, was a box office "smash hit" both in America and England and established the gangster picture as the most popular and prolific form of cinema entertainment of the early 'Thirties. *Little Caesar's* derisive "He can't take it" became the model for a new and "hard boiled" fashion in American slang.

"Talkies" were also made of Burnett's second and third books, *Iron Man* and *Saint Johnson*. *Iron Man*, the story of a middleweight boxing champion, was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club in 1930. *The Silver Eagle*, his fourth book, was banned by the Hays office just when he was ready to sell it to Paramount for filming.

Between 1930 and 1932 he was employed in Hollywood and wrote several "originals" for the screen, mostly on underworld themes (including "The Finger Points" and "The Beast of the City") and collaborated on "Scarface," a picture supposedly based on the career of the Chicago gangster, Alphonse Capone. He resented the fact that he was not allowed to depart from gangster themes and said of his Hollywood experiences: "Movie work is deadly because of the movie executives' fear of the public. Originality is one thing that is not tolerated in Hollywood."

All of Burnett's books have been published in England, *Iron Man* most successfully. *Little Caesar* has been translated into Dutch and Danish. In 1930 he won the O. Henry Memorial Award with a short story, "Dressing Up," which he said was based on an actual event in Chicago's gangland.

Explaining the kind of people that populate his work, he says: "Working toward a purely objective type of writing, I select simple types; types not unduly influenced by thought. The gang leader in *Little Caesar*, Rico, is an extremely simple man. He wants power; he goes after it in a beeline. Coke Mason in *Iron Man* is equally simple,

but more natural than Rico, more human . . . dominated by his love for his wife. Both failed thru their simplicity. They cannot stand half measures and like Ibsen's Brand demand all or nothing."

This objectivity and simplicity, as well as other qualities, have caused Burnett to be compared frequently with Ernest Hemingway. The *Outlook* pointed out in 1930: "Like Hemingway, he spends careful months revising, polishing, stripping off superfluities, tho he writes his first drafts quickly. . . He sticks doggedly to his central purpose, avoiding temptations to moralize. He has a striking knack for authentic detail."

Burnett writes very rapidly, at night, with the aid of black coffee. He says: "*Little Caesar* was written in seven weeks and at that time I was working in the daytime. *Iron Man* (first draft) was written in five weeks; *The Giant Swing* in four. This does not mean, however, that I rush heedlessly at a story and hammer at it till it's done, nor that I get an idea one day and start writing at it the next. Books develop slowly in my mind; I thought about *Little Caesar* for over a year before I wrote a word. I outlined *The Silver Eagle* for the first time in 1927; it was written in 1930. I carried *Saint Johnson*



W. R. BURNETT

in my mind for a year and a half before I wrote it; and went to Tombstone, Arizona, to live for a while so I'd know just what I was doing. The first draft of *Saint Johnson* (fifty thousand words) was written in two and a half weeks. The maturing process (and to my mind it is the only process likely to turn out full and rounded novels) reached its peak with *The Giant Swing*. I outlined it first in 1922; it was finally written in 1932; in the ten year interim I made two attempts to write it, one over eighty thousand words, both of which I scrapped." In *The Giant Swing* he says he used a true Midwest setting for the first time. "Middleburgh (the town of the book) is in reality Columbus, Ohio, distorted to suit my purpose."

The third novel of Burnett to be chosen by a book club was *Dark Hazard*, selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club in September 1933. A story of dog-racing, it was accounted for by his own fancy for greyhounds. His prize dog, War Cry, holds a world's record for the one-turn quarter mile.

Burnett is rather a large man, with a high forehead and a black moustache. He says: "I dabble in music, composing a little; I read incessantly; and I am very much interested in ping-pong, badminton, ocean bathing, and wire-haired fox terriers." He goes often to see prizefights. He likes biography, home-cooked food, vaudeville, music, and cats. He has few eccentricities. He never signs his full name. After leaving Chicago he resided briefly in New Orleans, St. Louis, New York, and Hollywood, and in 1933 was living in Glendale, California, about ten miles from Los Angeles. He likes the California climate.

He says he hasn't worked since the publication of *Little Caesar*, "as I do not consider writing work, but pleasure."

W. R. Burnett's novels:

Little Caesar, 1929; *Iron Man*, 1930; *Saint Johnson*, 1930; *The Silver Eagle*, 1931; *The Giant Swing*, 1932; *The Beast of the City* (adapted by Jack Lait from Burnett's moving picture story) 1932; *Dark Hazard*, 1933.

About W. R. Burnett:

Arts and Decoration 31:92 June 1929; *Outlook* 154:93 January 15, 1930.

Ellis Parker Butler 1869.

Autobiographical sketch of Ellis Parker Butler, American humorist:

BORN December 5, 1869, at Muscatine, Iowa, on the Mississippi River, my father then being in the pork-packing business with my grandfather. The business failed and my father became a bookkeeper and as he was poor and had eight children, of which I was the eldest, I lived most of my youth with my aunt Lizzie, a cultured spinster who gave me a liking for literature and my early education.

Because I had to go to work I had but one year in high school, and from 1886 to 1897 I worked as bill-clerk and salesman in several local concerns, the last eight years in a wholesale grocery where my father was bookkeeper. All this time I was writing verses and short humor, and in 1897 on the advice of three New York editors I went to New York. Here I continued writing humor and did editorial work on two trade papers and in 1899 with Thomas A. Cawthra established the *Decorative Furnisher* magazine.

In 1899 I married Ida A. Zipser, of Muscatine, and we have had five children, of whom four are living. In 1905 my best known story, *Pigs is Pigs*, was published in the *American Magazine* and as a book in 1906 and had a remarkable success. This, with the exception of *The French Decorative Styles*, published by T. A. Cawthra & Co. and made up of articles I had written for our magazine, was my first book. A year or so earlier I had moved to Flushing, on Long Island, and I now sold my interest in our magazine to Mr. Cawthra, and with my wife and daughter spent about a year in Paris and doing some sight-seeing in England and on the Continent, after which we returned to Flushing where we have lived in the same house ever since.

While continuously writing I have taken much interest in local matters in Flushing, making that my principal recreation, and have been variously the treasurer of the hospital, vice-president of a bank, president of a savings-and-loan, etc., and in New York was a



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

founder of the Dutch Treat Club, of the Authors' League, of the Authors' League Fund, etc., and am now president of the Authors' Club, treasurer of the Tuscarora (fishing) Club, and so on. My other recreations have been trout fishing and stamp collecting; in the latter I have specialized in the stamps of Luxemburg.

The three greatest influences in my work were my aunt Lizzie Butler and my high school English teacher, who gave me an admiration and appreciation of literature, and my father, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Mark Twain and the other humorists of that day. Mark Twain was close to us, having lived in Muscatine awhile, and Bob Burdette was but sixty miles down the river. Altho I was an omnivorous reader as a youth my favorites were Howells, Twain and John Kendrick Bangs. Today my favorites are Thackeray, Alphonse Daudet, and Balzac. Bob Benchley and Stephen Leacock are my favorite humorists.

My writing has been voluminous but for the most part fiction stories and articles for the magazines. My books being selections from these, with but two or three exceptions. I have tried writing novels but never with much success.

In 1917, with Joyce Kilmer, the poet, I undertook a public reading tour, our

intention being to create for ourselves a reputation similar to the Bill Nye-James Whitcomb Riley combination. The Great War ended that, Kilmer volunteering. For two years I continued alone successfully, but found the work irksome and gave it up.

Ellis Parker Butler's works:

The French Decorative Styles, 1901; Pigs is Pigs, 1905; Perkins of Portland, 1906; The Incubator Baby, 1906; Confessions of a Daddy, 1907; Kilo, 1907; Great American Pie Co., 1907; The Cheerful Smugglers, 1908; The Pup, 1908; Mike Flannery on Duty and Off, 1909; The Thin Santa Claus, 1909; Water Goats and Other Troubles, 1910; The Adventures of a Suburbanite, 1911; The Jack-Knife Man, 1913; Red Head and Whistle Britches, 1915; Domme Dean, 1917; Philo Gubb, Correspondence-School Detective, 1918; Goat-Feathers, 1919; Swally, 1920; How It Feels to Be Fifty, 1920; In Pawn, 1921; Ghosts What Am I, 1923; Jibby Jones, 1923; Jibby Jones and the Alligator, 1924; Many Happy Returns, 1925; Butler Readings, 1925; The Behind Legs of the Orse, 1927; Pups and Pies, 1927; Dorna, 1928; Dollarature, 1929; Jo Ann, Tomboy (with L. A. Kent) 1933; The Young Stamp Collector's Own Book, 1933.

About Ellis Parker Butler:

Masson, T. L. *Our American Humorists*.
Boston Evening Transcript Book Section
May 1, 1926

Donn Byrne 1889-1928

DONN BYRNE, who called himself "the last of the Irish story tellers," was born in New York City on November 20, 1889, and was killed in an automobile accident in County Cork, Ireland, June 18, 1928.

He was christened Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne. His pen-name was thus an adaptation of his surname, which in turn was an adopted form to denote an infusion of Spanish blood in the lineage of the North-of-Ireland Byrnes. His father was Tomas Fearghail Donn-Byrne and his mother Jane D'Arcy McParlane, both natives of Ireland. The circumstance of his birth in New York was that his father, an architect and "a perfect lunatic on the subject of bridges," had crossed the Atlantic with his wife late in 1889 to see the famous Genesee Valley bridge, which was then new.

At the age of three months, Brian was taken to Ireland by his parents. Their

Byrne: bern

home was at South Armagh, in the Ulster borderland. When he was five, and at about the time his sister Rosalys was born, his father died of pneumonia during another trip to America. The Donn-Byrnes, tho an old family, had never been affluent, and this event left them in even more difficult circumstances. Brian was able to be educated in the best schools, however, by winning scholarships. He was unusually precocious and versatile. During his school years many of his holidays were spent at Cushendun at the home of Ada McNeill, one of the lesser figures of the Irish Renaissance movement. She was fond of the slim, self-assured youth who took so many prizes at her festivals, but frequently had to defend him from older members of her group who considered him an "unlicked cub of an impudent boy." He went at that time by the name of Brian O'Beirne.

Following school days he studied at the University of Dublin under Professor Douglas Hyde, the Gaelic scholar. While yet in school he had won the bronze medal for Irish. At the University he won other prizes, including awards in English, French, and Gaelic literatures, and was at one time, it is said, lightweight boxing champion. During these years he was associated with many of those who were later to become prominent in the Sinn Fein movement, altho it does not appear that he himself was ever active in politics.

After graduation from Dublin, he determined to prepare for a diplomatic career and studied at the Sorbonne and at the University of Leipzig, but did not formally graduate. There is a story that when the time came to take his degree he refused to do so at the last minute, when he discovered that full dress was required for the graduation exercises, which took place in the daytime.

During his student days he met an Irish girl, Dorothea Mary Cadogan. When she went to New York in 1911 he followed her and they were married on December 2 of that year. For some years they lived in the Columbia Heights section of Brooklyn in straitened financial circumstances while Donn Byrne (as he then began to call himself) barely

supported them by editorial work on dictionaries and encyclopedias, where his lingual and literary training stood him in good stead. He worked briefly for the *Catholic Encyclopedia* and then, thru Shaemus O'Sheel, obtained a position at \$30 a week on the *New Standard Dictionary*, later going to the *Century Dictionary*. Joyce Kilmer, the poet, was an office colleague at the *Standard*. Thru him Byrne became associated with a group of literary "blades" of that pre-war day, including Robert Cortes Holliday, Don Marquis, and Richardson Wright.

Byrne himself wrote for some time without success. Then, in 1912, he sold a four-stanza poem to *Harper's* for \$10. He continued selling occasional poems only, until two years later when he found that Kilmer had sold a short story to *Smart Set*. Not to be outdone, Byrne sat down and dashed off an abbreviated story which he called "Battle" and sent it to the same magazine, promptly receiving a check for \$50. Willard Huntington Wright was the editor who accepted the story. This was the beginning of several years of magazine writing. Results were slow at first, but the war brought an opportunity which Byrne quickly saw and seized, rapidly turning out adventure stories for the popular magazines about airplanes, dirigibles, and tanks. This success came most opportunely, for the dictionary work came to an end and several attempts at newspaper work failed. Byrne worked briefly for the *Sun* and *Globe* in New York and the *Eagle* in Brooklyn. He was dismissed from the *Sun*, where he was a reporter at \$15 a week, for "bad English" and from the *Globe*, where he wrote editorials, for making blunders. As a copy-reader with the *Eagle* he fared better, leaving of his own accord to devote more time to "free lance" magazine writing.

Priority, when it came, came quickly. In the time a few short years had passed, he was writing under contract for many leading American fiction magazines and was the author of a published book of short stories (*Stories Without Women*) and two novels (*The Stranger's Banquet* and *Foolish Ma-*

trons) which did not sell particularly well in the bookstores but brought the author \$10,000 apiece for moving picture rights. In 1920, Mrs. Byrne (whose pen-name was Dolly Byrne) wrote with the actress Gilda Varesi the "hit" play *Enter Madame*. In 1921 Byrne published *Messer Marco Polo*, the book which established his fame as a novelist. After this, stories and books followed as fast as he could write them, up to the time of his death.

The pathway was not all smoothness, however. In 1922 financial disaster overtook the Byrnes. Tho their income had become great, their extravagances had become greater. They had long since left the humble Brooklyn apartment. After *Enter Madame* and *Messer Marco Polo* they bought a \$20,000 home in Riverside, Connecticut, expensive motor cars, and even a house-boat in Miami. Both were fond of "high life," sports, and gambling, and they lived, as Dolly Byrne put it, "like fighting cocks." Suddenly their creditors descended on them and all of their expensive acquisitions had to be sold to pay their debts.

Immediately, they left America for Europe and spent several years in travel, going back and forth between England, Ireland, and the sporting centers of the Continent, with only a few months in

any one place, while some eight novels and two collections of short stories came from Byrne's pen. In 1925 he spent three months in Syria collecting material for *Brother Saul* and in 1926 they returned to America on a business trip connected with the serialization and publication of the story. In 1928, with the winnings of an evening's play at the Cannes casino, Byrne bought Coolmain Castle, an abandoned estate on the sea in County Cork, Ireland, where they had once spent a holiday. On June 15 the Byrnes arrived at Coolmain from France for the summer, and three days later the author was killed when an automobile which he persisted in driving despite a defective steering gear plunged thru the sea-wall. Besides his widow he left four children, two boys and two girls, the oldest sixteen at the time of his death. He is buried not far from Coolmain and his gravestone bears the inscription in Gaelic and in English: "I am in my sleeping and don't waken me."

Donn Byrne was of slight, wiry build and youthful appearance. He was of intense nature and given to strong likes and dislikes. His sense of the romantic often led him to stretch the truth and a quick temper made him many enemies. Charles C. Baldwin wrote: "I have yet to hear a good word for Donn Byrne from any of those who know him." Thurston Macaulay, his biographer, points to acts of kindness, however, and says that Byrne had many friends; but admits: "He had a habit of making enemies for the sheer love of doing so. He had a sort of antagonistic manner and was courteous only to old people, those who were down and out or hurt in any way, or to children and animals: the others could look out for themselves." His life was filled with controversies.

One of these controversies (which still crops up intermittently) was the question of his "literary nationality." After leaving America he made a great point of calling himself an "Irish novelist." He remarked scornfully, "That I was born in America is not my fault at all," and once wrote to a New York paper a lengthy attack on a review of *Hangman's House*, which, tho otherwise favorable, had referred to him as a "Brooklynite." He called himself a



DONN BYRNE

"mountainy" man. In his last autobiographical sketch for *Who's Who in America* he eliminated all reference to his years of residence in New York or employment there, and even left out his American clubs (substituting newly-acquired English ones) tho he had listed all of these details in previous sketches. In his sketch of himself for *Who's Who*, the British publication (in which he was not included until the year before his death) he omitted mention of his birthplace.

This attitude aroused resentment on both sides of the water and Byrne is frequently called a "synthetic" and a "professional" Irishman, his critics pointing out such facts as his substantial term of residence in New York; his employment there; his identification with American publishing and magazines and the American literary world; his late publication in Britain (where none of his work was issued until after he was well established in the United States); and his failure to re-cross the Atlantic until his fame was made. A reviewer wrote of one of his works: "The whole story might just as easily have been placed in Kentucky as in Ireland."

Donn Byrne's literary fame rests principally upon his ability as a storyteller and his "ear for the music of words." Shane Leslie calls him "a modern *beau sabreur* who... sang the shrill crusade of romance and recovery of the holy sepulchre of... he de telling."

Tho he has been dead several years and the date of this writing, new books did not ing his name continue to appear at frequent intervals, for the most part degrees of the numerous short stories were published in the magazines less was his lifetime.

Donn Byrne's books:

Stories Without Women, 1915; *An Stranger's Banquet*, 1919; *The Fugan*. Matrons, 1920; *Messer Marco Polo*, 1921; *Wind Bloweth*, 1922; *Changeling* and *Married Stories*, 1923; *Blind Rafters*, 1924; *O'garried* of Shanganagh, 1925; *Hangman's House*, some Brother Saul, 1927; *Crusade*, 1928; *Deights Bay*, 1928; *Field of Honor*, 1929; *Ireland* *finan-Rock Whence I was Hewn*, 1929; *A Pa Baccarat*, 1930; *Rivers of Damascus* and *ne* (as *Stories*, 1931; *The Woman of the Shebarely*

Other Stories, 1932; *The Island of Youth* (collected short stories) 1933.

About Donn Byrne:

Adeock, A. St. J. *Gods of Modern Grub Street*; Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; *Dictionary of American Biography*; Macaulay, T. *Donn Byrne: Bard of Armagh*; Mellon, P. *Donn Byrne: His Place in Literature*.

Bookman 69:152 April 1929; *North American Review* 250:605 November 1930; *Outlook* 149:367 July 4, 1928; *Outlook* (London) 61: 781 June 23, 1928.

Hall Caine 1853-1931

SIR THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE, English novelist and dramatist, was born at Runcorn, in Cheshire, England, of Manx and Cumberland parentage, on May 14, 1853. The father was a blacksmith at Ramsey, on the Isle of Man, which Hall Caine was, later, to make famous in his novels. He passed his early boyhood on the isle, living in a small cottage with his uncle, a farmer and a butcher, and was educated at the island schools, and at Liverpool, to which city his father went in search of employment soon after his son's birth. Caine's formal education, if the name can be applied to a training so elementary, came to an end when he was only fourteen years old, before which age, however, he had already begun to write *The Eternal City*, published three decades later.

Like Hardy, he was apprenticed to an architect, at Liverpool, but soon after his term was over, he, also like Hardy, turned to journalism, joining the staff of the *Liverpool Mercury* as an editorial writer. Of the many articles that came from his pen, two, at least, are worthy of special mention, partly because of their consequences, and partly because of their unmistakable indication of real talent. One, praised by Henry Stoker, written in 1873, on Henry

Pir performance of Hamlet, called by the actor's genius long surpassed, was fully recognized, and aided tract for ever in a very material way. magazines and appreciation of Rossetti's listed book of 1879, and delivered *Without Women* its publication, was *Stranger's Banquet* helped Caine's own



HALL CAINE

career, as it led to a friendship with the poet.

So pleased was Rossetti with his admirer's praise that he wrote a warm letter (dated July 29) to the young journalist: "I am much struck by the generous enthusiasm displayed in your lecture and by the ability with which it is written. Your estimate of the impulses influencing my poetry is such as I should wish it to suggest, and this suggestion, I believe, it will always have for a true-hearted nature. You say that you are grateful to me: my response is that I am grateful to you; for you have spoken up heartily and unflinchingly for the work you love. I dare say you sometimes come to London. I should be glad to know you, and would ask you, if you thought of calling, to give me a day's notice when to expect you, as I am not always able to see visitors without appointment. The afternoon about 5 might suit me, or else the evening about 9.30."

In 1880, after further correspondence with Rossetti, Caine accepted his invitation to come to London to live with him as his secretary, at his home, Tudor House, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Altho the association was brief, it was long enough to have a lasting influence on Caine's future, as it was to Rossetti that he owed the idea of using the Isle of

Man as a fictional background. During this period, also, Caine began writing for the *Athenaeum*, *Academy*, and other periodicals.

On April 9, 1882, Rossetti died in Caine's arms, at Birchington, near Margate, his last days of suffering eased, as much as they could be, by the sympathetic kindness of his friend. Before the day was over, Caine had written an essay on Rossetti, which was accepted by the *Academy*, and from that day until his own death Caine did all his literary work in the chair that had been Rossetti's. A few months later, he published his more detailed and more intimate *Recollections of Rossetti*. In the same year, he married Mary Chandler, of Walthamston Essex, by whom he had two sons: Gordon Ralph Hall Caine (born August 16, 1882), Conservative M. P. for East Dorset; and Derwent Hall Caine (born September 12, 1891), theatrical manager, journalist, founder and managing director of the Readers' Library Publishing Company of London, a firm that supplies the Woolworth chain stores with sixpenny books; and Labor M. P. for Everton.

Altho he began his literary career as a novelist in 1882, it was not until 1887 that he attained real prominence, with the publication of *The Deemster*, a fictional presentation of the theme of the Prodigal Son. After that, all his novels were financial successes, and he was able to dictate terms to the publishers. Many of Caine's stories were dramatized and had a long stage life. *The Christian* and *The Eternal City*, made into plays by the author, are still popular with stock companies. Caine's dramas are "good theatre" and his rôles offer excellent opportunities of the kind that "romantic" actors so dearly desire. The development of the motion picture as a form of entertainment was an added source of considerable profit to Caine. Simple and elemental in their emotional appeal, his stories lend themselves easily to the screen.

In 1892-93 Caine appeared as a publicist with a series of effective articles on the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Poland. They were written at the request of the Russo-Jewish Committee, and ran in the *London Times*.

Caine held liberal economic and political views, especially in his younger days, and as he always thought of himself, both as a novelist and as a general writer, as a man with a message, work of this type was pleasing to him. For many years he sat as a member of the Manx Parliament, the House of Keys. During 1895-96, and again in 1898, he visited the United States and Canada in the interest of the international copyright movement in which he took a prominent part. For using his influence to help the passage of the Canadian Copyright Law, a bill practically of his own composition, he received a vote of thanks from the Colonial Office.

In 1915, Caine edited *King Albert's Book*, for which the Belgian Government made him an Officer of the Order of Leopold. During the Great War he was a correspondent for the *New York Times*, and his "open letters" to Woodrow Wilson, urging American participation in the War, created a sensation, and brought him a handsome income. According to his own statement, he wrote "hundreds and hundreds" of articles presenting the British viewpoint of the conflict. For this service, and not in recognition of his literary fame, King George, in 1918, made him a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, which carries with it the honor of knighthood. The recommendation came from his close friend, Lloyd George. In 1922 he was created a Companion of Honor.

Caine died—with a death mask of Rossetti facing him—at his home, Greeba Castle, one of the finest residences on the Isle of Man, on Monday, August 31, 1931, at 10.55 p. m. He had been in poor health for over a year, and seriously ill for several days before his death, the immediate cause of which was a congestion of the lungs. He left a widow, two sons, and the enviable reputation of having earned more money by his books, plays, and scenarios than Kipling. He also left an unfinished *Life of Christ*, on which he had worked for years, and which he regarded, and wished to be regarded, as his masterpiece; the manuscript contains three million words.

Caine was an extremely careful worker, and he made a point of visiting every place that he intended to write about. He went to Palestine frequently, and spent four winters in Rome, in order to get the proper atmosphere for *The Eternal City*. He was deeply religious, and he owed much to the Bible: the stories that have done most for his name are based on Biblical themes, to which he gave a modern variation.

His own account of his writing methods is interesting: "Each day, my subject besets me, winter or summer, from 5 in the morning until breakfast time. I awake at 5 and lie in bed, thinking out the chapter that is to be written that day, composing it word for word. That usually takes me up till 7. From 7 till 8 I am engaged in mental revision of the chapter. I then get up and write it down from memory, as fast as ever the pen will flow. The rest of the morning I spend in lounging about, thinking, thinking, thinking of my book."

Physically, Caine was a commanding figure. In his early thirties, his "flourishing moustache and fertile head of flowing hair" were red. Most readers, however, see him as he looked in his later years, with unruly flowing locks and full white beard and moustache. He had a rather large nose, and deep piercing eyes. The shape of his head, his high forehead, and the manner in which he trained his beard, bringing it to a point, gave him, as many have noted, a striking resemblance to the familiar portraits of Shakespeare. He wore a broad-brimmed slouch hat, a black cloak, and a wide belt, adornments that helped to give him a "picturesque and romantic personality."

Caine's instinct for the right kind of publicity was so notoriously developed that a pun was made on his book *The Decemster* to provide a nickname for him ("The Boomster"). After his vogue had vanished in the early 'Twenties, the newer generation was inclined to poke fun at his volubility, his melodramatic plots, his poses, his lack of humor. On the Isle of Man he was never wholly popular, because the natives resented his use of "fallen women" as Manx heroines

and the liberties he took with local history and lore.

H. S. R.

Hall Caine's works:

NOVELS: *The Shadow of a Crime*, 1885; *A Son of Hagar*, 1886; *The Deemster*, 1887; *The Bondsman*, 1890; *The Scapegoat*, 1891; *The Manxman*, 1894; *The Christian*, 1897; *The Eternal City*, 1901; *The Prodigal Son*, 1904; *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, 1913; *The Master of Man*, 1923.

CRITICISM, BIOGRAPHY, and AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *Recollections of Rossetti*, 1882; *Cobwebs of Criticism*, 1883; *Life of Coleridge*, 1887; *My Story*, 1908; *The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Days: Scenes in the Great War*, 1915.

About Hall Caine:

Caine, H. *My Story*; Pearson, H. *Modern Men and Manners*; Stoker, B. *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving*; Swinnerton, F. *A London Bookman*; Weygandt, C. *A Century of the English Novel*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

New York Herald Tribune and New York Times September 1, 1931.

Erskine Caldwell 1903-

Autobiographical sketch of Erskine Caldwell, American novelist and short story writer:

BORN December 15, 1903, in a manse near White Oak, Coweta County, Georgia, where my father was the pastor of a Presbyterian church. My father, the Reverend I. S. Caldwell, is a North Carolinian by birth; my mother, Carrie Bell Caldwell, a Virginian.

I received no formal education until I was fourteen years old. During that time my father, who was home mission secretary of his church, moved frequently, and it was not thought wise to send me to school for two or three months at a time. So, whatever education I had by the time I was fourteen, it had been derived from reading and listening and looking in the Southern states west of the Mississippi River.

I attended public school for the first time in Atoka, Tennessee. I completed the eighth grade that year. Two years later I completed a year's work in the high school at Wrens, Georgia. A year or two out for informal travel (informal travel: travel without my parents' permission) during which time I discovered the Gulf of Mexico, Mexico, and some-

thing of Central America, and I was pushed into preparatory school in South Carolina. After several efforts to escape, I finally managed to reach the University of Virginia.

My education continued to be informal. I was not particularly interested in what my instructors manifested interest in, and they were certainly not interested in what I considered most interesting. Consequently, my classes and I parted company for days, weeks, and months. I still wished to attend college, and I imagined I might be able to do just that at the University of Pennsylvania, but after three more years of effort to educate myself on university grounds, I gave the whole thing up and got a job in a newspaper office. That lasted a year.

I first began writing at the University of Virginia, continued my efforts, or training, or whatever you wish to call it, at Atlanta, Georgia, in the city room of the *Journal*, and at last found that a lot of work could be done in Maine in a day's time. I am still in Maine [1933].

There have been no influences, I hope; development is too much of an interwoven piece for me to understand it; my likes and dislikes are of no importance; I have no literary preferences; and I do not know what "esthetic bias" means.



ERSKINE CALDWELL

In other words, the only explanation I wish to make is that all that I am I attribute to my dislike for reading books. I'll read anything and everything in print that I can get my hands on if the medium is a magazine; but I dislike books as I do steel traps. Now, at the present time, I force myself to read no less than two, occasionally three, novels a year—thinking that perhaps I *ought* to: whatever that signifies.

My residence is in the town of Mount Vernon, Maine. I live here most of the time, but occasionally I happen to be in California, New York, Georgia, Virginia, and Florida.

* * *

If Caldwell had made a more complete record of his vocational experience in the preceding autobiographical sketch, he might have noted that he has been farmhand and worker in a cotton-seed oil mill and lumber mill in Georgia; cotton picker and hack driver in Tennessee; book reviewer in Charlotte, North Carolina, and also in Houston, Texas; stage hand in a burlesque theatre and soft drink dispenser in Philadelphia; lecture bureau manager in Scranton; night cook and waiter in the Union Station at Wilkes-Barre; and professional football player at Allentown, Pennsylvania.

He wrote for seven years before anything was accepted for publication. His first published story appeared in *The New Caravan* in 1929; in the ensuing year seventeen of his stories were published in eight magazines.

In commenting on his work in *Contempo* after the publication of *God's Little Acre* in 1933, Caldwell wrote: "I am ashamed of the two novelettes [*The Bastard* and *Poor Fool*, both privately printed]; . . . I am also ashamed of *Tobacco Road* now, and if I'm not ashamed of *God's Little Acre* inside of the next six months, I'll never be able to write another book."

Apparently John S. Sumner of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice thought Caldwell ought to be ashamed of *God's Little Acre*, for he made a complaint of obscenity against the book which resulted in a summons being served on the Viking Press for

selling it. But Judge Benjamin Green-span in a preliminary hearing in Jefferson Market Court in New York City cleared the book of the charge and refused to hold the publishers to the Court of Special Sessions. He delivered an opinion, based on a signed protest from forty well-known authors and critics, that the book gave evidence of being written as serious literature and not as an appeal to the salacious.

In September 1933 Caldwell was awarded the \$1,000 prize for the best short story printed in the *Yale Review* during the year. The winning story, "Country Full of Swedes," was included in a volume of short stories by Caldwell entitled *We Are the Living* which appeared later in the same month. Meanwhile, the author was at work on a novel dealing with the viciousness of a lay preacher in Georgia.

He is married.

Erskine Caldwell's works:

NOVELS AND NOVELETTES: *The Bastard*, 1928; *Poor Fool*, 1929; *Tobacco Road*, 1932; *God's Little Acre*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *American Earth*, 1931; *We Are the Living*, 1933.

About Erskine Caldwell:

Publishers' Weekly 123:1702 May 27, 1933.

Roy Campbell 1901-

Autobiographical notes by Roy Dumnachie Campbell, British poet:

BORN in Durban, South Africa, October 2, 1901, the third son of Dr. S. G. Campbell and Margaret Dumnachie. Was brought up when not in school in the wilds of Natal and Rhodesia.

Joined up the Sixth South African Infantry at the age of fifteen but was arrested and sent back [to the Durban High School] from Potchefstroom.

Was later sent to Oxford where failing to pass exams I came down thru France, walking from Lyons to Marseilles, and lived for some time among the fishermen.

Returning to England, I met Mary Gorman and we married at once. Having no money, we retired to wild Wales and lived in a fisherman's cabin where at the age of nineteen I wrote *The Flaming*

Terrapin, and worked at odd jobs among the fishermen.

Returned to South Africa with my wife and daughter, where I edited *Voor-slag*, which caused a great furore and from which I was sacked. I returned with my wife and two daughters steerage to England where I collected the material for *The Georgiad*.

After which I returned to my original haunts on the Mediterranean, running two fishing boats and jousting professionally for the town of Martigues, where I published *Adamastor*, *The Georgiad*, *Taurine Provence*, and *Flowering Reeds*.

* * *

The publication of his first book, *The Flaming Terrapin*, in 1924 caused a sensation and compelled recognition of Campbell as a poet of unusual vigor. It was a long single poem in six parts filling some eighty pages. The allegorical title is interpreted by Percy Hutchison as "an embodiment of the spirit of vital renewal in the world, envisaged by the poet as a fiery turtle towing Noah and his ark thru the flood." According to Louis Untermeyer, the reader "is scarcely aware of the philosophic content, for the lines sweep him on at such a pace that he is conscious of little except the momentum of the verse, the bright concatenation of figures, and a general feeling of exuberance."

In 1930 Campbell brought out *Adamastor*, a book of short pieces, consisting of lyrics and a few satirical fragments. Edith Sitwell called this volume "a poetic tornado" and said that the author gave her "renewed hope for the future of English poetry." Arnold Bennett declared: "Emotions, crude and primeval, surge out of him in terrific waves. He is a prodigious master of words. He shows more vitality in a line than our excellent and refined poets can show in ten pages." But Harriet Monroe thought the book did not live up to these praises, and William Rose Benét discerned in the poet a tendency to shout in order to be heard.

Of the several volumes which Campbell published after *Adamastor*, *The Georgiad* was a satirical fantasy in verse and *Taurine Provence* dealt with the



ROY CAMPBELL

philosophy, technique, and religion of the bullfighter. In 1933 he published *Flowering Reeds*.

Campbell has been called "the Byron of our time," and Percy Hutchison notes that "he is young, appears to regard the world with deep-seated spleen, enjoys expressing himself satirically, and, above all, with enormous vehemence. More circumscribed of range than Byron, and, as would be natural in an age of letters more accustomed to dressing its lines in mufti, this South African takes the same fiendish (more accurately, youthful) delight in telling the world where (with him, at least) it is to get off. . .

"Words tumble from the mouth of this man in torrents; his rhythms are surcharged with fury, his lines roar with the thunder of the surf and flash with the lightning of the storm. Like the youthful Keats, Mr. Campbell appears to have swallowed the dictionary whole; he displays an enormous appetite for adjectives and for peculiarly active verbs."

Arthur Colton says: "Roy Campbell is the first figure of distinction in South African letters since Olive Schreiner, and on his work too is the stamp of the veldt and the same tension of revolt, the same parallelism of grim fact and the soul's frustrate pilgrimage, the same brutality cheek by jowl with vision, the

same emphasis on the discordance between them."

Campbell continues to live in France at Martigues, which is located at the mouth of the Rhone River, and is in partnership with French relatives as part owner of fishing boats. He describes himself in *Who's Who* as "patron-pêcheur, razeteur, and professional lancer in La Joyeuse Lance (champions of the Mediterranean in the Joutes Martigues)." His list of clubs is: La Joyeuse Lance, Toro, Société Toromachique, and Cercle des Pêcheurs Martigaux.

In appearance, he is dark and slender, with a melancholy face. He usually wears dark shirts and a black broad-brimmed hat.

Roy Campbell's works:

POEMS: *The Flaming Terrapin*, 1924; *The Wayzgoose*, 1928; *Adamastor*, 1930; *The Gum Trees*, 1930; *Poems*, 1930; *The Georgiad*, 1931; *Choosing a Mast*, 1931; *Taurine Provence*, 1932; *Pomegranates*, 1932; *Mithraic Emblems*, 1932; *Flowering Reeds*, 1933.

ESSAYS: *Wyndham Lewis*, 1932; *Burns*, 1932.

About Roy Campbell:

Untermeyer, L. *Modern British Poetry*. Bookman 75:769 December 1932; *New Republic* 66:133 March 18, 1931; *New York Times Book Review* January 25, 1931; *Poetry* 38.98 May 1931.

Gilbert Cannan 1884-

GILBERT CANNAN, English novelist, dramatist, critic, and essayist, the second son of Henry Cannan and Violet Wright Cannan, was born at Manchester, England, on June 25, 1884—in the same year as Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, Francis Brett Young, J. C. Squire, James Elroy Flecker, and Sara Teasdale.

He was educated at the University of Manchester, where Harold Brighouse and the late Stanley Houghton were his classmates, and at King's College, Cambridge. He studied for the law, and was called to the bar in 1908. Altho he did not practice, his legal training is reflected in many of his novels.

During 1909-10, he was the dramatic critic for the *London Star*. Shaw takes a sly hit at Cannan in this capacity, in

Fanny's First Play, where Cannan appears as the dramatic critic, "Gilbert Gunn." His keen interest in the theatre has also expressed itself in various other forms: in his association with Drinkwater, Brighouse, Houghton, and C. E. Montague in the establishment of the famous Manchester Repertory Theatre; in *Mummery*, a novel of theatrical life; in his marriage to Barrie's divorced wife, Mary Ansell, the actress (who later divorced him); and as an actor. In May 1918, he gave a successful performance as Mirabell, in Congreve's *The Way of the World*.

At one time, before their divorce, Cannan and his wife lived in a windmill in the countryside of Bucks, with D. H. Lawrence and Middleton Murry for neighbors.

As a novelist, Cannan's work reveals the influence of Romain Rolland—whose *Jean-Christophe* he translated—Meredith, and Samuel Butler. To this list, Hugh Walpole would add the name of Conrad. He has also shown a special interest in Russian fiction, altho Corneliuss Weygandt suggests that he has not thoroly assimilated the Russian viewpoint when he attempts to present it to English readers. His first novel, *Peter Homunculus*, contains autobiographical elements. *Devious Ways*, the life story of its hero, like so many of his stories, is spread over a large canvas, its action taking place in England, Africa, the Far East, and America. It is a propaganda novel—a type that Cannan has condemned in rather harsh terms—its thesis being that "all peace and happiness hang from what men choose to make of women," a discovery made by the hero after he has been unfaithful. An English critic, Harold Williams, regards as the personal conviction of Cannan the statement of the hero that it is the purpose of art to help men and women "to feel and fully to grasp the guiding principles of the world and of life, to make them see the dividing line between good and evil, between light and darkness, right and wrong."

Little Brother, Round the Corner, *Old Mole*, and *Old Mole's Novel* are under the influence of Butler. The first novel of this group is also suggestive of

Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. *Round the Corner*, which was banned by the London censor, is generally accepted as Cannan's best work, and the Reverend Francis Folyat as one of his major triumphs in characterization. It is an attack on the crippling effect of convention and on the petty ideals of bourgeois respectability. The title derives from a passage in a letter of Serge to his father: "Do you remember a night when you and I watched the rest acting an absurd play, and I said involuntarily 'Round the Corner'? Modern life is theatrical. Everybody is playing a part, because they are without understanding. Life for modern men and women is for ever round the corner, because they attempt to tackle their affairs with the minds of children, children who believe everything they are told and examine nothing. Unhappily, life is a serious business which yields its reward of joy only to simplicity, sincerity, and purity, or if you like the old trinity better—faith, hope, and charity." *Round the Corner* shows the influence of Russian fiction, and when it was published more than one reviewer said that Cannan "must have recently read *Sanine*."

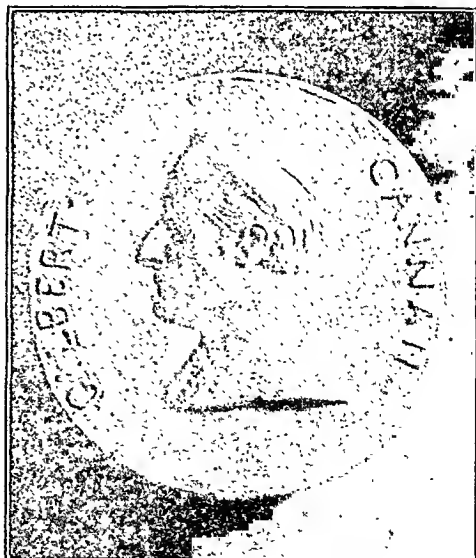
Mendel is a novel of Jewish interest, a theme to which Cannan frequently returns. *Pugs and Peacocks* presents a picture of the disorganized condition of English life before and after the Great War. The central character, a Cambridge don, is a conscientious objector who sacrifices his career to his convictions. In Cambridge, naturally, the book aroused a great deal of interest, because of the efforts of readers to identify the protagonist. In *Sembal*, its sequel, Cannan has achieved one of his major successes in his analytic portrait of Francis Sembal, a French Jew.

The critical views of an artist are always interesting, and it is worth while to consider Cannan's definition of a novel—"an epic with its wings clipped, that is, with its action and characters viewed ironically"—and to apply it to his own works. Thoroly opposed to sentimentalism, he has made irony one of the "essential ingredients" of the "true" novel. Douglas Goldring, of the *English Review*, has called Cannan "the bad boy of the Georgian novelists." A

short but exceedingly clear summary of Cannan's work is Percy Hutchison's "A Master of the Novel of Manners," in the *Literary Digest Book Review*.

As a dramatist, Cannan has not been equally successful. His *Miles Dixon* and *Mary's Wedding*—both of them indebted to Synge—had the worthy purpose of attempting to bring back to the stage something of the beauty and poetry of ordinary speech, but they do not seriously move the spectator because of the striking discrepancy—not so noticeable when the plays are read in a book—between the language, and the surroundings and social position of the characters.

In itself, Cannan's comparative failure in writing for the theatre calls for no comment. Most authors who have tried their skill in two or more forms have not been able to attain a first-class reputation in both. The curious fact about Cannan is that the field in which he has reached definite recognition is the one that he does not appear to take seriously. In a letter (1921) to Barrett H. Clark, author of works on the drama and translator of French plays, he indicates that he regards his work as a novelist merely as a "preparation" for his future career as a dramatist: "I must correct your impression that I was once interested in the drama. I think I



From an unfinished portrait by John Mobrai-Clarke
GILBERT CANNAN

have never really been interested in anything else, all my researches, however remote they may appear, having been made to that end. I have lately resumed dramatic criticism for the *London Nation* and before very long shall discard novels for plays."

In his study of Samuel Butler, Cannan offers a critical discussion of the novel as a literary form and also explains his own theories. "The modern story in which action and characters are viewed sentimentally," he writes, "is not, properly speaking, a novel at all. . . . As for the story in which action and characters are regarded only in relation to political and sociological considerations, that is a fearful wild-fowl, wingless, featherless, strange, and indecent."

Away from his work, Cannan finds recreation in motoring, swimming, traveling, journalism, and reading. He is a member of the Savage Club, in London, an organization for those who have made recognized contributions to art, literature, or science.

After the World War was over, Cannan visited America, and then went to Africa. He has recorded his impressions of the latter country in *Letters From a Distance*. This volume and his earlier *Anatomy of Society* show him to be a penetrating critic of social forms and customs.

H. S. R.

Gilbert Cannan's works:

NOVELS: Peter Homunculus, 1909; Devious Ways, 1910; Little Brother, 1912; Round the Corner, 1913; Old Mole, 1914; Old Mole's Novel, 1914; Young Earnest: The Romance of a Bad Start in Life, 1915; Mendel: A Story of Youth, 1916; Three Pretty Men, 1916 (American title: Three Sons and a Mother); The Stucco House, 1918; Mummery, 1918; Pink Roses, 1919; Time and Eternity, 1919; Pugs and Peacocks, 1920; Sembal, 1922; Annette and Bennett, 1922; The House of Prophecy, 1924.

DRAMA: Miles Dixon, 1910; James and John, 1910; Mary's Wedding, 1912; Wedding Presents, 1912; The Perfect Widow, 1912; The Arbor of Refuge, 1913; A Short Way With Authors, 1913; Four Plays, 1913; Three, 1913; The Right To Kill (with Francis Keyzer) 1915; Everybody's Husband, 1917; The Release of the Soul, 1920; Seven Plays, 1923.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC CRITICISM: The Joy of the Theatre, 1913; Satire, 1914; Samuel Butler, 1915.

SOCIAL CRITICISM: The Anatomy of Society, 1919; Letters From a Distance, 1923.

POETRY: Poems, 1915.

TRANSLATION: John Christopher (translation of Romain Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*) I, 1910; II-III, 1911; IV, 1913.

About Gilbert Cannan:

Cunliffe, J. W. *English Literature During the Last Half-Century*; George, W. L. *A Novelist on Novels*; Goldring, D. *Reputations: Essays in Criticism*; Gould, G. *The English Novel of Today*; James, H. *Notes on Novelists*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Cambridge Public Library Record 3:31 September 1930; *Current Opinion* 69:80 July 1920; *Dial* 68:173 February 1920; *Freeman* 7:570 August 22, 1923; *New York Times Book Review* May 11, 1924; *Literary Digest International Book Review* July 23, 1923.

Joanna Cannan 1898-

JOANNA MAXWELL CANNAN, English novelist who in private life is Mrs. H. J. Pulein-Thompson, was born in 1898 at Magdalen Gate House, Oxford. Her father was Charles Cannan, secretary to the delegates of the Oxford University Press and fellow and sometime dean of Trinity College. She is a niece of Professor Edwin Cannan, the English economist, and a cousin of the novelist and playwright, Gilbert Cannan.

Miss Cannan was educated at Wychwood School, Oxford, and in Paris. Altho she wrote stories when quite a child, she really meant to be an artist, she told R. S. Forman, an interviewer for the *London Bookman*; less because she really had any great artistic talent, than because her sister, who published a volume of poetry, was felt to be the writer of the family.

Before she reached the age of twenty-two Miss Cannan was married to H. J. Pulein-Thompson, a captain in the regular British army who later retired and went into business. They made their home in Wimbledon, near London. Their oldest child, Dennis, was born in 1920, three years before she published her first novel, *Misty Valley*. This book had an Oxford setting and was somewhat autobiographical. Josephine, her second child, was born in 1925, the same year in which a second novel, *Wild Berry Wine*, appeared. This novel, a story of country life and love in England, intro-

duced Miss Cannan to American readers. Diana and Christine, her twin daughters, were born in 1926 and she signalized the date with another book, *The Lady of the Heights*.

Today Miss Cannan is reluctant to acknowledge these three early novels, altho two of them, *Misty Valley* and *The Lady of the Heights*, were reissued in cheap editions in 1931.

The first work of Miss Cannan to attract wide attention was *Sheila Both-Ways*, 1928, followed by *The Simple Pass On* in 1929 and *No Walls of Jasper* in 1930. The latter is a character study of a "rotter."

A chorus of praise greeted *High Table* in the winter of 1931 and Miss Cannan was said to have "arrived" as a novelist. The book is a character study of an unattractive Oxford scholar and Miss Cannan claims that the hero as a boy is modeled after herself, which is the same thing as saying that she was a priggish child. She says the book is too short. *Ithuriel's Hour*, published later in the same year, is a study of a man whose arrogant and ruthless ambition to conquer a supposedly unscalable mountain brings tragedy to all associated with him.

All these novels after *Wild Berry Wine* were issued in the United States

as well as England, with the exception of *The Lady of the Heights*. *The Simple Pass On* was issued in America as *Orphan of Mars*. A novel called *Snow in Harvest* was published in England in 1932.

From the first Miss Cannan's writing attracted the attention of critics because of what Rebecca West has called her "power to create a piteous and lovable character." Other critics have found such divergent qualities as wit, irony, satire, sympathy, and "a delicate malice" in her work.

Miss Cannan's occupation other than writing is "minding the children" and she says it leaves her time for little else. The twin girls, aged seven in 1933, write endless "books"—mostly on the theme of cats versus rats—and insist on having their manuscripts typed "just like mother's." Miss Cannan devotes practically all of her vacations, however, to her favorite recreation which is mountain climbing. Her oldest child, the boy, Dennis, developed at about ten years of age an enthusiasm for the mountains and outdoors and began accompanying her on trips. He was enrolled at Eton in 1933. Until the English "holiday-at-home" movement began, the author spent her summers on the Continent.

Seldom does Miss Cannan attend literary gatherings, and she tells some amusing stories of her rare encounters with other authors. Ethel Mannin, for instance, who was a close neighbor at Wimbledon, she knows only thru having pushed her down the steps of a bank; and at a Book Society dinner she asked J. B. Priestley who he was.

Miss Cannan keeps dogs and she confesses to a dislike for games and machinery. She wears her hair bobbed and is fond of jewelry. She moved away from Wimbledon in 1931.

Joanna Cannan's novels:

Misty Valley, 1923; *Wild Berry Wine*, 1925; *The Lady of the Heights*, 1926; *Sheila Both-Ways*, 1928; *The Simple Pass On* (American title: *Orphan of Mars*) 1929; *No Walls of Jasper*, 1930; *High Table*, 1931; *Ithuriel's Hour*, 1931; *Snow in Harvest*, 1932.

About Joanna Cannan:

Bookman (London) 80:299 September 1931.



JOANNA CANNAN

Francis Carco 1886-

FRANCIS CARCO (Francis Carcopino-Tussoli) French poet, novelist, and art critic, was born in Noumea, New Caledonia, on July 3, 1886. At the time his father occupied the position of State Domains inspector. When the child attained the age of fourteen, the family returned to France, establishing their residence at Villefranche-de-Rouerge. For five years they remained in this town where Francis' father had been appointed "conservateur des hypothèques," a kind of mortgage controller. Francis did not prove to be a model of earnestness. Interested in outside readings (Balzac, Hoffman, Stendhal, Baudelaire, Poe, Verlaine, Rimbaud) he won no palms when it came to routine work, attendance, and discipline.

In 1906 one finds him in Nice establishing a literary magazine, *La Revue Jeune*, which, as usual, died almost at its birth for lack of funds. Before the year came to an end, his collaborations appeared in *Nain Jaune* of Marseilles. In the meantime he became tutor ("répétiteur") at the lycée of Agen with a salary of forty-five francs a month. (How this nomadic, unruly child ever succeeded in obtaining a degree seems to remain a mystery.) As tutor he became quite popular with the boarders at the lycée. Instead of advising them in their studies, of supervising their games and bringing order in the dormitories, he devoted most of his time to the scribbling of verse. He had some poems accepted by the distinguished Parisian magazine *La Phalange*. When the Agen intelligentsia learned of this triumph, they came en masse to congratulate him. He received them in his room—and Maurice du Gard tells how the young poet stood proudly by the fireplace, stark naked, taking the weight of his genius quite seriously.

One of his greatest delights consisted in taking his pupils on their Thursday outings. Whenever he saw a pretty girl he clapped his hands, and all the students followed him in the pursuit of the young woman. Day by day grew the prestige of this strange *répétiteur*: Carco had a splendid voice and he knew all the latest popular songs. He sang not only in the dormitories but in less reputable places.

In fact he planned to join the café-concert in town as entertainer but at the last moment discovered that he did not have the regulation patent leather shoes.

After his three months sojourn at Agen, he settled in Toulouse in July 1906. Finding it rather hard to earn a living, he had to recur to his ingenuity: he would walk into the Jardin des Plantes reciting the first canto from the *Iliad*; the astonished strollers would stop to listen, and taking advantage of the opportunity, Carco would direct their attention to one of his friends who, with bandaged eyes, offered to tell them their fortune. The proceeds usually amounted to fifty francs, a handsome sum for a day's work.

From Toulouse he went to Rodez, in time to play the rôle of legate in Roger Frene's drama *La Cathédrale*. After Rodez—Grenoble, where he had been summoned to serve his military term. Almost overnight poet Carco became Corporal Carco: he found the atmosphere so congenial (he met in the barracks, among others, Jules Romains and the poet Jean Pellerin) that when his term expired he asked for a *rabiot*, an extra three months term, in a fortress at Briançon.

In 1907 he founded *Pan*, a periodical for which he was able to obtain the collaboration of Verhaeren, Tristan Klingensor, and many other consecrated poets. On January 15, 1909 he published *Les Petites Feuilles* and soon after became secretary of the magazine *Le Feu*. In 1910 he arrived in Paris for the first time. His dilapidated old valise displayed an incredible assortment of tags. But he was no eccentric tourist with a fat bank account. He was saved from starvation by a kind friend who obtained for him a position in the Department of Public Works (Water Supply Division). Among the employees in his division was one Louis Pergaud who later won fame for his animal stories. After his office hours, Carco was initiated into the mysteries of Montmartre in the company of Pierre MacOrlan and Roland Dorgelès. Carco spent his days drinking at the Closerie des Lilas with the followers of the poet Paul Fort, and with nondescript publicans and sinners. He would end the night in some dance hall at La Mon-

tagne, the famous Bal Vachier in the rue Mont Sainte Geneviève. But it was not all bals-musettes: Carco came in touch with the lower depths of Paris, learning the slang and manners of the apaches. Carco's Bohemia did not contain the romantic halo of Murger's—it was, rather, a sordid existence punctuated by hunger and disease. Frequently he and his friends had to steal in the early hours of the morning the milk and rolls from the doorsteps of the luckier citizens of Paris.

In 1911 Carco had published at his own expense a brochure of poems entitled *Instincts*. He had sent complimentary copies to the better known critics and to most of the writers he admired. Only one exciting reply came: it was from the novelist Charles-Henry Hirsch. Carco paid him a visit and heard Hirsch's advice: Get to work, young man, and do not waste your time in Montmartre! Carco respected him and obeyed the orders. He boarded the first train for Nice where he found a lodging at his grandmother's and devoted his time to hard work. He printed at his expense two volumes of poems—*La Bohème et Mon Cœur* and *Chansons Aigres-Douces*—and when he returned to Paris he had with him the complete manuscript of a novel: *Jésus-la-Caille*.

Carco has recorded faithfully the joys and anguishes of his Parisian adventures in his book *The Last Bohemia*. Especially crucial was the period 1913-1914, veritable years of the locust. Dorgèlès had succeeded in getting him the very serious position of art critic for *L'Homme Libre* at the meagre salary of twenty-five francs per month. The young writer would have starved to death had he not returned to his providential resources: once more the milk-stealing act, the bals-musettes of the quartier of the République, and his strange motley of friends drawn from the coarsest types of the gutters and the most sophisticated artists of his generation (Apollinaire, Max Jacob, Picasso and others).

At last the fortunate day arrived. Paul Fort had bought together the flower of French art and letters at the Café Voltaire in celebration of his daughter's marriage to the painter Severini. It was a wild affair: the drunken guests moved



FRANCIS CARCO

in a pandemonium of cigarette smoke and loud laughter. The futurist Marinetti gave himself up to futurist jubilation and broke to smithereens every mirror, jar, and plate in the place. Silence came only when Fort stood up on the piano and sang some of his own ballads. The guests wanted him to go on indefinitely but he put in his place Francis Carco. Carco knew all the songs of the streets and he infused into them real pathos and beauty. Enthusiastic applause followed each performance and he almost exhausted his *interminable* repertoire. A "distinguished looking" lady insisted on being introduced to the singer—and it was to her, to the all-powerful Rachilde, that Carco told how some months ago he had left the manuscript of his novel *Jésus-la-Caille* in the offices of the Mercure de France. Rachilde promised to speed up matters: the manuscript was read the very next day and a few months later *Jésus-la-Caille* was published.

Thus, in 1914, at twenty-eight, Francis Carco won recognition as one of the most promising novelists in France. To have a book published by the Mercure de France meant to him total economic salvation, not so much because of royalties but because the acceptance opened to him countless newspapers and magazines.

In the midst of this brighter outlook the War came to postpone his triumphs.

He went to the front as wagon-master and corporal in a field bakery. Yet, as he claimed, a *ceгна de cabot*, a corporal's dugout, was just as suitable for his writing as any Paris room. However, Bakery 66 did not keep him long: thrilled by the air raids, Carco decided to join the aeronautical school. On December 10, 1916, he received his pilot's license.

In the meantime the publishers had pinned and classified him: he was the chronicler of the underworld, the continuator of Charles-Louis Philippe (1874-1909) and the legitimate competitor of Charles-Henry Hirsch (b.1870) who had discovered him and to whose life and works Carco devoted his first book of criticism.

Carco humored his publishers by sending in novel after novel of the demimonde: *Les Innocents*, *Au Coin des Rues*, *Les Malheurs de Fernande*, etc. However, it was not until 1922 that his masterpiece appeared: *L'Homme Traqué*, published in this country as *The Hounded Man* and in England as *The Noose of Sin*. In this brief novel, almost a novelette, Carco surpassed himself. Effectively devoid of cheap "atmospheric" trappings and written in a crisp, dynamic language, Carco gained not only in depth (partly thru his careful reading of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*) but in economy, in the vitality of his dialogue (he had collaborated with Albert Picard in the play *Mon Homme*). The critics were unanimous in their acclaim and Carco's novel was awarded the Prix du Roman of the French Academy.

The Hounded Man tells the story of a baker who committed a crime and is hounded thereafter by his deed. Sin and repentance alternate, and the psychological counterpoint is handled with concentrated realism and sobriety.

Besides poetry and fiction, Carco has written art criticism. Of special worth are his monographs on Utrillo, Asselin, De Vlaminck, and the nude in modern painting. Also, he has written long essays on his literary masters, Hirsch and Bourget, and devoted a novelized biography to François Villon. In the preparation of this book he did much research and reconstructed, with the help of some of France's foremost

scholars, the life and times of the great poet.

Altho some of Carco's detractors claim that he is a "one-string fiddle," he has actually shown a wide range of interests. Dubech has described him as an energetic man; round, big head like that of a Roman emperor; aquiline nose; thin lips, nervous, somewhat mocking; dark complexion; sharp, scrutinizing eyes; reposeful gestures, not at all abrupt. He gives an impression of tranquil force, of contained violence and balanced intelligence—only his eyes seem quick, alive—in short, he is a nervous being who knows how to control himself.

A. F.

The works of Francis Carco:

POETRY: *Instincts*, 1911; *La Bohème et Mon Coeur*, 1912; *Chansons Aigres-Douces*, 1913; *Au Vent Crispé du Matin*, 1913; *Petits Aïrs*, 1920; *Poèmes Inédits*, 1921; *Poèmes Retrouvés (1904-1923)*, 1923.

FICTION: *Jésus-la-Caille*, 1914; *Les Innocents*, 1916; *Au Coin des Rues*, 1918; *Les Malheurs de Fernande*, 1918; *Les Mystères de la Morgue*, 1918; *Bob et Bobette S'amusent*, 1919; *L'Equipe*, 1919; *Scènes de la Vie de Montmartre*, 1919; *Maman Petit-Doit*, 1920; *L'Homme Traqué*, 1922; *Panami*, 1922; *Rien qu'une Femme*, 1923; *Verotchka l'Étrangère*, 1923; *Perversité*, 1925; *Le Roman de François Villon*, 1926; *Rue Pigalle*, 1927; *La Rue*, 1930; *La Belle Amour*, 1932; *L'Ombre*, 1933.

DRAMA: *Mon Homme (with André Picard)*, 1921; *Le Gentleman (with Alfred Savoir)*, 1923.

OTHER WORKS (Art Criticism, Essays, Travel): *Charles Henry Hirsch*, 1913; *Les Derniers États des Lettres et des Arts*, 1919; *De Vlaminck*, 1920; *Francis Carco Raconté par Lui-Même*, 1921; *Les Humoristes*, 1921; *Maurice Utrillo*, 1921; *L'Ami des Filles, ou Charles Laborde*, 1921; *Maurice Asselin*, 1924; *Tableau de l'Amour Vexal*, 1924; *Le Nu dans la Peinture Moderne*, 1924; *Charles Laborde et son Oeuvre*, 1926; *De Montmartre au Quartier Latin*, 1927; *La Légende et la Vie de Maurice Utrillo*, 1927; *Nuits de Paris*, 1927; *Images Cachées*, 1928; *Huits Jours à Séville*, 1929; *Printemps d'Espagne*, 1929; *Suite Espagnole*, 1931; *Prisons de Femmes*, 1931; *Paul Bourget*, 1932; *Traduit de l'Argot*, 1932; *Palace—Égypte*, 1933.

Carco's works in English translation:

The Hounded Man, 1924; *The Romance of François Villon*, 1927; *The Last Bohemia: From Montmartre to the Quartier Latin*, 1928; *Perversity*, 1928.

About Francis Carco:

Dubech, L. *Les Chefs de File de la Jeune Génération*, Lefevre, F. *Une Heure Avec...* (first and fifth series); Peyre, J. *Francis Carco*; Roy, M. *Au Coin du Bois Sacré*:

the editing of *The Oxford Book of American Verse*, which was his last work.

These ventures into the editorial by-paths were not on the whole very remunerative, however, and much of Carman's life was spent in comparative poverty—as one biographer has said, "the old story of the struggling poet scribbling on odd bits of paper in his attic, or 'browsing listlessly' over a book-stall." Carman's cousin, Lloyd Roberts, a younger brother of the poet Charles, has given a picture of the life of the three of them together in a Ninth Street flat in New York in the early days, the three existing on twenty-five cents a day for food and adding only a tablespoon at a time of fresh cheap coffee to the old grounds for days on end.

There is nothing on record, however, to indicate that Carman objected particularly to this hand-to-mouth, bohemian sort of existence. It is certain that his life was made easier by the fact that he had virtually no material responsibilities at any time. He never married. In later years he had a comfortable home in New Canaan, Connecticut, but used it mostly as a base for wider travels in the mountains, along the seacoast, and up the Canadian rivers. Also in later years he added substantially to his income by lecture tours, especially in Canada, where he was very popular. Near the end of his life he was accorded a number of honors and awards by the universities and societies of his native land, and after his death on June 8, 1929, an effort was made to place his ashes in Canadian soil. He was buried at New Canaan, however.

"Six feet three in his heelless, square-toed shoes," Carman's personal appearance has become a literary tradition. Julian Hawthorne has pictured him in his prime: "His figure lightly built and perfectly symmetrical rose to a height of fully six feet and three inches. His movements and posture were careless but graceful; his head, superbly proportioned, sat on a neck round and firm as a pillar. . . I have never seen a face molded on lines of greater masculine beauty, expressing authority and human modesty combined. He had no more

egotism than a tree or a mountain." Carman wore his abundant blond hair long and uncombed. Like many large men he was quiet and reticent in crowds. "Silence is his hobby," a friend once said. He was careless of appearance and cared nothing for fashion, tho his classically handsome face often caused his unconventional attire to pass unnoticed. His huge feet, however, were always an object of attention. There is little doubt that the physical appearance of Carman and Hovey in their youth—the former the blond giant and the latter dark and bearded in the romantic tradition—had much to do with the popular appeal of their vagabond poetry.

The principal distinctions of Carman's poetry are its freshness and lyric quality. These qualities are most noticeable in his "early period," which was devoted principally to spontaneous nature poetry. The work of this period is more highly regarded by critics than the product of his later periods—the middle (transitional or experimental) period, and the mature period. Critics have said that the last period verse is technically more perfect than the first efforts, but lacks the distinguishing inspiration. The tendency of the closing period was classical. Commentators have applied to it the adjective "Hellenic" as opposed to "pagan" for Carman's earlier work. It has been pointed out that there are few notes of despondency in Carman's poetry and that it is full of what the world calls "common sense," and some critics have taken this as a basis for declaring his work not profound and "professionally optimistic." Defenders of Carman's place in literature, however, explain these traits by quoting from the poet's artistic creed as expressed in his prose essays. One such writer sums up Carman's position, based on his own declarations, as "rising from the average to the normal."

Bliss Carman's books:

Low Tide on Grand Pré, 1893; Behind the Arras, 1895; A Seamark, 1895; Ballads of Lost Haven, 1897; By the Aurelian Wall, 1898; A Winter Holiday, 1899; Ballads and Lyrics, 1902; Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII, 1902; Pipes of Pan No. I (From the Book of Myths) 1902; Pipes of Pan No. II (From the Green Book of Bards) 1903; The Kinship of Nature (essays) 1904; Pipes of

Pan No. III (Songs of the Sea Children) 1904; Pipes of Pan No. IV (Songs From a Northern Garden) 1904; The Friendship of Art (essays) 1904; Sappho, 1905; Pipes of Pan Poems (two volumes) 1904-1905; The Pipes of Pan (definitive edition) 1906; The Making of a Personality (essays) 1908; The Rough Rider, 1909; Echoes From Vagabondia, 1912; April Airs, 1914; Later Poems, 1922; Ballads and Lyrics (selected) 1923; Far Horizons, 1925; Wild Garden, 1929; Sanctuary, 1929.

With Richard Hovey:

F. 1894; More Songs
V. Last Songs From

With Mary Perry King:

Daughters of the Dawn, 1913; Earth Deities, 1914.

About Bliss Carman:

Cappon, J. *Bliss Carman*; Rittenhouse, J. B. *The Younger American Poets*; Hind, C. L. *More Authors and I*; Hawthorne, J. *Bliss Carman*; Rhodenizer, V. B. *A Handbook of Canadian Literature*; Shepard, O. *Bliss Carman*.

Canadian Bookman 14:34 March 1932; 15:103 August 1933; *Canadian Forum* 13:182 February 1933; *Commonweal* 11:225 December 25, 1929; *Literary Digest* 102:21 July 6, 1929.

Hans Carossa 1878-

HANS CAROSSA, German poet and novelist, was born at Tolz in Bavaria on December 15, 1878. He was the son of Dr. Karl Carossa and his wife Marie Voggenreiter. The Carossas had originally come from Verona, Italy, and settled in southern Germany where they intermarried with the natives. They were Catholics. Tolz, the birthplace of Hans, is a small watering-place in the Bavarian mountains and it is there that he spent his early years of life and study. Somewhat later Hans entered the gymnasium at Landshut, a place celebrated for the Roman profiles of its women, whom even Stendhal, in his time, had had occasion to admire.

Carossa's years at Landshut were not very eventful. He tells the story in *Boyhood and Youth* and it is in vain that we look in it for youthful escapades and the usual school-boyish pranks. Rather, we are led to believe that these were years of real study and an early attempt at discovering at least some of the more pertinent experiences of life. Then followed several years of study at the Universities of Munich, Wurzburg,



HANS CAROSSA

and finally Leipzig, which then boasted a very famous medical faculty. The degree of Doctor of Medicine was awarded Carossa at Leipzig in 1903, and the same year the young doctor took up practice at Passau. It is in this city of an almost Italian population that Dr. Carossa met his future wife, the daughter of a local merchant. They were married in 1906.

Carossa's practice at Passau could not have been a very exacting one. At any rate he found time enough to devote considerable time to the study of Goethe and Gottfried Keller. This study soon aroused responsive strains in the soul of the young doctor, and in 1910 he published his first volume of *Gedichte*. Three years later appeared *Doktor Bürgers Ende*, and the following year, at the outbreak of the War, the Carossas moved to Munich. In 1916 Carossa was called to the colors and became doctor of the 19th Bavarian Reserve Infantry Regiment. The Regiment was sent to the Rumanian front, and this gave Carossa occasion to put down his observation of the campaign in *A Rumanian Diary*, which was published in 1924. The year 1918 saw him back in Munich, where he continued his practice.

Hans Carossa is a specialist in tuberculosis and even his literary success has not been able to divert him from attend-

ing regularly to his patients. He is not much of a society lion; he belongs to no clubs or societies, seldom appears at public functions, and is known personally to hardly anybody but his professional and literary associates. He does not travel and has not even taken the trouble to visit Berlin. In 1928 his literary friends published in his honor a book of homage entitled *Buch des Dankes für Hans Carossa*, containing new and old letters, tributes, appreciations, from such well-known names as Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Alfred Mombert, Josef Ponten, Rainer Maria Rilke, Stefan Zweig, etc. On this occasion Stefan Zweig wrote to a French friend: "It appears to be the fate of Hans Carossa's art to remain always within the radius of German appreciation, as that of Holderlin and Jean Paul, who can never be translated." Nevertheless, Carossa has been sympathetically and successfully translated into English.

As has been remarked before, Hans Carossa is a disciple of Goethe. "His work belongs to the south German Romantic tradition, with the addition of a classicistic element that lends it a discreet humanity, and a coherent and unpretentious form that preserves it from gushing expansiveness." This from the German critic Arthur Eloesser, a judge of some severity in regard to the moderns. This classicism is the one thing which most persistently invites a comparison or at least a linking of Carossa and Goethe. Gottfried Keller, on the other hand, appears to be responsible for Carossa's ability as an interesting storyteller, a discoverer of the inherent potentialities of his characters. Conventionally speaking, Carossa is a poet and a novelist; tho' it would not be wrong to call him only a poet. His poetry is simple in construction and follows the established forms but there is often in it an earnest search of the dark corners of consciousness which reminds one at times of Richard Dehmel. There is also present the indefinable something which we usually associate with folk poetry.

Carossa's prose works have hardly any counterpart in modern German literature. There is nothing of the immediate and the urgent in them. Tho' they deal with

everyday events and common people, they are far removed from the noise and flux of time. *Doktor Bürgers Ende* is the supposed memoir of a doctor who has realized the nature of his calling with more than usual clearness. The claim of being a "healer" disturbs him greatly, for it makes him realize the full significance of the word and the inability of medicine to cope with even a small part of the ills of humanity. *A Childhood* and *Boyhood and Youth*, tho' several years separates them in writing, present one continuous work. It is the tale of Carossa's youth at home and at school, and the gradual awakening of a consciousness of life. "By an inflection here and there," writes a reviewer in the *Bookman*, "by the rhythm of the prose, sweet, tranquil and pure, they do indeed faintly but persistently recall Traherne. But the radiance which lies over them is less bright, and more diffuse; it does not come directly from heaven, like Traherne's, but circuitously, thru the hidden forces of the earth, which to the child are secretly bound with the heavenly ones." And in another place: "This is Carossa's rare distinction as a writer: that he not merely describes things, but quietly, as if by an act of mystical legerdemain, restores them to their places—where alone they are truly what they ought to be."

Such, if you like, is the attitude of a fatalist. Such is also the attitude of a man who has seen enough of life and suffering, of hope and despair, to be able to submit to it as it is. *A Roumanian Diary* only intensifies this feeling. There is nothing of patriotism or pacifism in it. War is taken as it is, a calamity inevitable and gruesome, but one that must be faced in a proper perspective. Men are killed and maimed and the author views them as a doctor; a cat is killed, and immediately the doctor becomes a man and the incident one of the most moving in the story. It is the inner man that becomes the hero of the book, the inner man beset by a number of *Nebensachen*, yet facing the inevitable with stoicism and quiet resignation.

Carossa writes slowly. Having himself attained to a Goethean calm, he imparts to his writings the same quality

to an unusual degree. He writes of the things he knows best, his childhood, his war experiences, the life of doctors. And before he takes up the pen he relives his experiences, goes back to his emotions. His characters are men of reflection rather than of experience, of the soul rather than of the vacillating heart.

A. B.

Principal works of Hans Carossa:

POETRY: *Gedichte*, 1910; *Die Flucht*, 1916; Ostern, 1920.

NOVELS: *Doctor Bürgers Ende*, 1913; *Eine Kindheit*, 1922; *Das Rumanische Tagebuch*, 1924; *Verwandlung einer Jugend*, 1929; *Der Arzt Gion*, 1931.

English translations of Hans Carossa:

A Roumanian Diary, 1929; A Childhood, 1930; Boyhood and Youth, 1931; *Doctor Gion*, 1933.

About Hans Carossa:

Buch des Dankes für Hans Carossa; Eloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*.

Bookman 72:404 December 1930; *Books* April 10, 1932; *Saturday Review of Literature* 8:110 September 5, 1931; *Spectator* 146:25 January 3, 1931.

Edward Carpenter 1844-1929

EDWARD CARPENTER, English author and socialist, was born August 29, 1844, at Brighton, England, one of a family of ten children. His father, Charles Carpenter, was a magistrate. His mother was Sophia Wilson Carpenter. When he was fifteen he lived for a year in Versailles, attending the Lycée Hoche as a day-boy.

At nineteen, after completing the course at Brighton College, Carpenter spent five months in Heidelberg where he wrote his first poems in German. The next four years he was at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking active part in rowing and winning two college prizes for essays. In the mathematical tripos of 1868 he came out tenth wrangler, and he was awarded a university prize of one hundred pounds for his essay on *The Religious Influence of Art* which was his first published work.

Carpenter remained at Cambridge four more years as a fellow and a curate under F. D. Maurice, being ordained a priest in 1870. He scribbled quantities of verse. The reading of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* made a profound

impression on him; later he regarded it as the greatest single influence in his life. He spent the holiday of 1872 in Italy.

In November 1873, at his own expense, Carpenter published *Narcissus and Other Poems*, which he said "fell practically dead—a few notices, mostly depreciatory, in the papers, a few copies bought by friends, and then it ceased to stir." Feeling a sense of "falsity and dislocation" at Cambridge, he remained home at Brighton that winter and wrote a poetic drama in five acts called *Moses* which had its conception early one morning when he woke from sleep in the midst of a thunderstorm. It was published two years later.

Carpenter relinquished his order and his fellowship at Cambridge in 1874, and for the next seven years he gave University Extension Lectures on science and music in the northern towns of England. In 1877 he paid a visit to Walt Whitman in America.

Failing in health, Carpenter gave up his lecturing in the spring of 1881, retired to a cottage in the hamlet of Bradway, a few miles from Sheffield, and began to write *Towards Democracy*, a poem in free verse. The poem had its genesis in the death of his mother in January and he got the keynote from the *Bhagavat Gita*. "I never hesitated for a moment," he said. "Day by day it came along from point to point. I did not hurry; I expressed everything with slow care and to my best; I utilized former material which I had by me; but the one illuminating mood remained and everything fell into place under it; and rarely did I find it necessary to remodel, or rearrange to any great extent, anything that I had once written."

He wrote daily in a "kind of wooden sentinel-box" or hut which he built in a corner of the garden. The first part of *Towards Democracy* was completed early in 1882, and it was printed, at Carpenter's expense, in Manchester the next year. It "fell quite flat," the press ignoring it or jeering at it.

Carpenter called this thin book of one hundred and ten pages "the starting-point and kernel of all my later work, the center from which the other books have radiated." He said that it was



EDWARD CARPENTER

1887

"written from a different *plane* from the other works, from some predominant mood or consciousness superseding the purely intellectual."

Following the death of his father and an inheritance of six thousand pounds, Carpenter moved in 1883 to a seven-acre tract at Millthorpe, near Sheffield, and began to work the land as a market-gardener, aided by his friend Albert Fearnough. This was his home for about thirty years. Shortly after his arrival at Millthorpe he read Thoreau's *Walden*. In 1884 he went again to America to see Whitman, crossing the Atlantic over and back as a steerage passenger. The founding of the New Fellowship in London (from which the Fabian Society later sprang) brought Carpenter in touch with Havelock Ellis and Olive Schreiner. From 1885 onward he lectured frequently in London and other cities on socialism, concerning himself with a revolution in industrial, social and family life. His friend Henry Nevinson called him "the complete anarchist."

Carpenter continued the production of *Towards Democracy*, working in the hut which he had transported from Bradway to Millthorpe and placed beside a brook a hundred yards away from the house. The second edition of the poem appeared

in 1885, with the addition of part two. Up to this time about four hundred copies of the first edition had been sold.

In 1886 Carpenter helped organize the Sheffield Socialist Society, under the guidance of William Morris. The year 1887 he lived in Sheffield in the house leased by the society, engaging in street-corner propaganda and writing essays on social subjects which were gathered together in the volume *England's Ideal*. He spent his spare time that year arranging and editing the collection of songs and music called *Chants of Labour*.

Turning the responsibility of his garden over to Fearnough in 1888, Carpenter devoted most of his time to literary and social work. The next year he published a second collection of papers under the title *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure*. In 1890 he traveled to Ceylon to visit an Indian Gñani (holy man) and recorded the experience in his book, *From Adam's Peak to Elephants*. He added the third part to *Towards Democracy* in 1892 and had the book printed in London. The second edition had sold seven hundred copies in seven years. In 1893 the Fearnoughs left Millthorpe and they were replaced by George Adams and his family.

In 1894 Carpenter wrote a series of pamphlets on sex questions, "Sex-love," "Woman," and "Marriage," selling several thousand copies of each. Together with some fresh matter on the relations of the sexes, these were collected under the title of *Love's Coming of Age* which eventually was published in Manchester in 1896, after it had been declined by the London publishers, who were alarmed by the appearance of Carpenter's daring pamphlet on "Homogenic Love" shortly before the trial of Oscar Wilde in April 1895. This book had its greatest sale in Germany.

George Merrill came to live with Carpenter at Millthorpe in 1898 and for more than twenty years the two bachelors kept house together. Their first meal of the day usually came at ten-thirty, a combination of breakfast and lunch called "brunch," before and after which Carpenter worked in his study or on the veranda until two in the afternoon. The rest of the day was given over to doing odd jobs, receiving visitors, having tea

and supper (or a combination "tupper") writing letters, reading books, and making notes. In the evening he often liked to visit the farm lads' club which he had formed at Millthorpe or drop in at the public house. He was for a time a member of the parish council.

The fourth part of *Towards Democracy*, called "Who Shall Command the Heart?" was published in 1902 and in 1905 it was incorporated with the three other parts in one complete volume, concluding Carpenter's principal literary production, the work of twenty years. Of the numerous volumes which followed the completion of this work, the best known were *The Art of Creation*, essays on the self and its powers, and *The Intermediate Sex*, a study of transitional types of men and women.

At the age of seventy Carpenter said he was struck by the "singularly little difference" he felt in himself than from what he was when a boy of eighteen. "I used to go and sit on the beach at Brighton and dream, and now I sit on the shore of human life and dream practically the same dreams."

Carpenter wore his hair quite long, but immaculate, and he had a short beard. He composed numerous pieces of music and gave to the British labor movement the words and tune of its popular song, "England Arise." He called his poetry less masculine, less massive, more tender and meditative than Whitman's.

After the World War Carpenter moved to a cottage in Guildford, near London, and there he died on June 28, 1929, at the age of eighty-four. He was buried in the town cemetery. His death had scant notice in the press.

Edward Carpenter's works:

POEMS: *Narcissus and Other Poems*, 1873; *Moses: A Drama in Five Acts* (republished in 1910 as *The Promised Land*) 1875; *Towards Democracy*, 1883, 1885, 1892, 1905; *Sketches From Life in Town and Country*, 1908.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES: *The Religious Influence of Art*, 1870; *Syllabuses of University Extension Lectures, 1874-1881*; *England's Ideal*, 1887; *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure*, 1889; *From Adam's Peak to Elephants*, 1892; *Love's Coming of Age*, 1896; *Angel's Wings* (on art and its relation to life) 1898; *A Visit To a Gñani* (four chapters of *From Adam's Peak to Elephants*) 1900; *The Art of Crea-*

tion, 1904; *Prisons, Police, and Punishment*, 1905; *Days with Walt Whitman*, 1906; *The Intermediate Sex*, 1908; *The Drama of Love and Death*, 1912; *Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk*, 1914; *The Healing of Nations*, 1915; *Pagan and Christian Creeds: Their Origin and Meaning*, 1920; *The Psychology of the Poet Shelley* (with George Barnefield) 1925.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *The Story of My Books*, 1916; *My Days and Dreams*, 1916.

TRANSLATED: *The Story of Eros and Psyche from Apuleius* (from the first book of the *Iliad* of Homer) 1900.

EDITED: *Chants of Labour*, 1888; *Ioläus: An Anthology of Friendship* (title changed in 1915 to *Anthology of Friendship*) 1902.

About Edward Carpenter:

Balmforth, R. *The Problem-Play*; Beith, G. (editor) *Edward Carpenter*; Carpenter, E. *My Days and Dreams*; Lewis, E. *Edward Carpenter: An Exposition and an Appreciation*; Swan, T. *Edward Carpenter: A Study*; Wickham, H. *The Impuritans*; Willcocks, M. P. *Between the Old World and the New*.

Bookman (London) 76:239 August 1929; *Nation* 129:114 July 31, 1929; *Saturday Review* 151:598 April 25, 1931.

Catherine Carswell 1879-

CATHERINE CARSWELL, Scotch novelist and biographer, was born Catherine Roxburgh Macfarlane in Glasgow, Scotland, on March 27, 1879, the daughter of an East India merchant named George Gray Macfarlane. Her great-great grandfather was Robert Burns' patron and landlord.

She was educated at Park School, Glasgow, and at the University of Glasgow, and spent two years studying music at the Frankfurt Conservatorium in Germany, before giving up music for writing. Her first marriage in 1903 to Herbert P. M. Jackson was annulled after five years. She became dramatic critic of the *Glasgow Herald* in 1907.

In June 1914 Mrs. Carswell made the acquaintance of D. H. Lawrence, the man who stimulated her literary career and who, after his death, was himself the subject of her writing. She in turn, thru her close friendship with Lawrence, read his manuscripts before they were published, helped him select titles, and was the confidante of his purposes in life and literature.

Her intimate biography of Lawrence reveals some things about herself, tho little not inextricably connected with

him. She tells how he encouraged her "first attempt at a novel" in 1914, putting "thousands of notes and comments and opinions" on the margin of the manuscript. Two years later, when she had another work in progress, he wrote:

"I am very glad to hear of the novel. I firmly believe in it. I think you are the only woman I have met, who is so intrinsically attached, so essentially separate and isolated, as to be a real writer or artist or recorder. Your relations with other people are only excursions from yourself. . . . Therefore I believe your book will be a real book, and a woman's book; one of the very few."

She also sent him her poems, of which "there was only one—a Hardy-esque poem about a graveyard—that he thought good."

In January 1915 she was married to Donald Carswell, himself an author of Scotch origin, who was then on the staff of the *London Times*. He has written, notably, a biography of Sir Walter Scott. For a wedding gift Lawrence sent them a blue plate. During the next four years, until Lawrence's departure for Italy, the two families visited each other frequently, the Carswells living mostly in London and the Lawrences usually in some part of the countryside.

Her praise of Lawrence's prosecuted book *The Rainbow* in the *Glasgow Herald* for October 1915 lost Mrs. Carswell her literary and dramatic reviewing position of ten years' standing. Lawrence, upon hearing the news, wrote from Cornwall: "I am sorry about your reviewing because I believe you enjoyed the bit you had. And one *does not* want to be martyred." But she herself adds the comment: "Somewhat from this I understood that he thought it a good thing for me, if I could take it so, that I was cut off from that sort of newspaper work. I now think he was right in this."

When Mrs. Carswell's husband was called to the bar at Middle Temple in 1916 they let their London house and moved to two tiny rooms over a garage at six shillings a week. Later she was ill with neuralgia for some time at Bournemouth where her husband was at a cadet school. When they returned to London they took two furnished

rooms in Hampstead. Like Lawrence, she struggled against poverty.

In the spring of 1918, the week after the last of the air raids, a son, John Patrick, was born to Mrs. Carswell in London. Lawrence sent her the present of a shoebox containing twenty different kinds of wild flowers which he had picked himself, together with a floral guide, describing each plant. To further celebrate the event Lawrence wrote "War Baby" and embroidered a child's cotton frock in red and black cross stitch.

The Carswells spent the summer of 1918 in the Forest of Dean. Sometimes they took the baby with them on their walks in the forest in a home-made carrier, "consisting of string bags strung upon two broomsticks to form a sort of hammock. . . ." While visiting them in this place Lawrence first thought of his story called "The Blind Man," in which the woman is supposed to have been suggested by Mrs. Carswell. The winter of 1918-19 found the Carswells in Scotland.

Open the Door, Catherine Carswell's first novel, was published at length in 1920 when she was forty-one, and obtained signal success both in England and the United States. It was the story of a woman's career. The *Times* said: "Few have gone further in the successful analysis of motives than the author-ess of this interesting novel."

In the summer of 1921 Mrs. Carswell left her boy in England and after crossing the mountains mainly on foot from Innsbruck to Meran in stormy weather, often sleeping outdoors, and being "devoured by bugs," she and her husband spent a week with the Lawrences in Florence. They also stayed a weekend with some cousins in an old villa outside of Florence.

Mrs. Carswell published her second novel, *The Camomile*, in 1922. Written in diary form, it was the story of a maiden's revolt against her drab home life. With her husband, she spent the summer of 1922 at an inn in Cornwall.

During Lawrence's visit to London in 1923, Mrs. Carswell told him the plot of a novel she intended to write and he at once suggested a collaboration, even writing a sketch of how he thought it



CATHERINE CARSWELL

might go, but the novel was never written. She says he scolded her for "pottering about with rubbishy articles for women's papers when I ought to be doing a book either of notes like my Duse note in the *Adelphi*—a book to be called *A Woman Looks at the World*—or stories about the queer lot of people who were sheltered under the roof that covered us." These were the Lawrences, the Carswells, the Middleton Murrys, and two other lots. But her next literary product was an article, "Proust's Women," contributed to C. K. Scott-Moncrieff's compilation of *Marcel Proust: An English Tribute*, in 1923. She saw Lawrence for the last time in 1926; he died four years later.

With her husband, Mrs. Carswell spent Christmas 1927 in a house in the Harz Mountains offered them by a German friend. In February 1928 Lawrence sent her from Italy the first half of the manuscript of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and she had it typed for him, sitting up two nights to do the last few thousand words herself.

Mrs. Carswell took three years to write a life of Robert Burns, completing the task in Paris on July 14, 1930. She prefaced the volume as follows: "Without D. H. Lawrence, my friend, and Donald Carswell, my husband, this book

could not have been. I therefore inscribe it to them both—" The book won critical applause as a candid, sympathetic interpretation of Burns as a product of his time and place. William Troy wrote in the *Bookman*: "Her method adheres to the most scholarly traditions of accuracy, completeness, and fairness."

The Savage Pilgrimage, Mrs. Carswell's controversial biography of Lawrence, was published in 1932. The title came from Lawrence's own words. The book was in the nature of a reply to Middleton Murry, who had written a previous life of Lawrence. Shane Leslie said: "This is the most illuminating book about Lawrence as yet, tho far from final. It is obvious that his friends intend to break many lances over his grave."

Murry caused *The Savage Pilgrimage* to be withdrawn from circulation on grounds of libel after two thousand copies had been distributed. In 1933 he brought out a second Lawrence book in refutation of Mrs. Carswell. He wrote: "Her conduct seems to me the more unpardonable because I was responsible for the publication in the *Adelphi* of the original form of *The Savage Pilgrimage*," and she "preferred to manipulate the innocuous narrative which had appeared in the *Adelphi* into the libel of *The Savage Pilgrimage*."

In *Who's Who* Mrs. Carswell lists her recreations as "Doing things and sensual contemplation." She lives in London.

Catherine Carswell's works:

NOVELS: *Open the Door*, 1920; *The Camomile*, 1922.

BIOGRAPHY: *The Life of Robert Burns*, 1930; *The Savage Pilgrimage: A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence*, 1932.

About Catherine Carswell:

Carswell, C. *The Savage Pilgrimage*;
Murry, J. M. *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence*.

Blaise Cendrars 1887-

Autobiographical sketch of Blaise Cendrars, French poet and novelist:

BORN in Paris September 1, 1887, at 218 rue St. Jacques, which by chance happens to be the house in which *Le Roman de la Rose* was written. Father

Swiss, mother Scotch. Father's native tongue French, mother's English. Spent his early childhood in Egypt, Switzerland, and Italy. Went to school in Naples, Belfort, Cologne, Freiburg, Florence, Neufchâtel. Found himself at the age of fifteen alone in Moscow, where he was forced to earn his living. He traversed Russia from north to south and from east to west. Made a business trip to Lapland, another to the Caucasus. Then he traveled in Persia, Mongolia, and Siberia. From the mouth of the Lena he voyaged to Peking, and returned to Europe by way of the Gulf of Persia, engaging in contraband pearl negotiations in Armenia. At the age of eighteen he passed his baccalaureate at Berne, where he enrolled in the school of medicine. He received his degree of P.C.N. at Paris and took courses in anatomy and physiology in London and Berlin. He studied literature in Rome, philosophy at Marburg, and music with Hugo Rieman. Upon his return to Paris he contributed to various geographical and commercial publications. In the same year (1908) he made a trip around the world on a cargo boat and a tour of Paris from one furnished room to another. During the next two years he turned up in Russia, New York, Chicago, Winnipeg, Victoria, San Francisco, Sacramento, Denver, Los Angeles, San Domingo, Panama, Colon, New Orleans. He returned to Europe and sank his money in the establishment of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels (1910). In 1911 he lived at 64 West 96th Street, New York, where he wrote his first poem.

Upon his return to Paris he himself printed this poem, which established his literary reputation. He contributed to various advanced periodicals, bought his first house, and devoted himself to the culture of bees in the forest of Fontainebleau. He was there when the War claimed him.

He returned from the War in 1916, having left his right arm in Champagne. He edited a revue devoted to inventions and with Paul Laffitte founded Les Editions de la Sirène, a publishing house. From 1917 to 1921 he undertook motion picture projects in France and Italy. In collaboration with Abel Gance he put forth the most important motion picture

productions of Europe, "J'Accuse," the great French propaganda war film, and "La Roue," the great film dealing with the activity and social importance of a network of railways. Meanwhile he had published other books, among them a Negro anthology, and had the Swedish Ballet Troupe perform a ballet *The Creation of the World*. From 1917 to 1921 Charlie Chaplin made him laugh.

From 1921 to 1924 he continued his voyages and occupied himself with a multitude of affairs. He bought a second house in Ile-de-France and a virgin forest in Brazil (Minas Geraes).

In 1925 he wrote three novels at Biarritz.

On January 1, 1926, he departed for Brazil again.

He speaks French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian. He is interested in sports, weighs 80 kilos [approximately 180 pounds], measures 1 meter 72 [approximately five feet, eight inches], works hard, and enjoys good health. He loves all animals, above all elephants and whales.

* * *

Cendrars has been called the "Homer of the Transsiberian," by John Dos Passos, who has translated *Panama* into English.



BLAISE CENDRARS

"I'm traveling, I've always been traveling," says the French author.

Cendrars has bought, at a travel agency, multicolored tickets for every train, every road, and he knows "all the time tables. . . all the trains. . . all the steamers." His life is but another of his tales of adventures, another poem—or rather, more truly, it is all his books. The adventures which so many others create from the soft depths of a fat armchair in the prison of their rooms, those adventures Cendrars has really lived. He knows well the strange lands, the strange people he describes in his poems and in his novels, he has discovered them, they are part of his experience, of himself. That is why, of French writers, he is the one who best employs a new exoticism. "He does not follow a fashion," writes Jean Cocteau, "he coincides with it. The use of this (exotic) material is legitimate in his work. He has traveled. He has seen. He testifies. He returns from the Americas and from the War with the gait of a gold miner and throws his heavy nuggets on our table."

His books move at a pace as rapid and continuous as that of the train which, in *La Prose du Transsibérien*, 1913, carries the youth Blaise and little Jehanne of France, a train which makes perilous leaps but "always lands on all its wheels."

There is *Panama*, 1918, *Panama* and the seven uncles. Seven fabulous uncles: one, a butcher in Galveston, was lost during the tornado of 1895; the second dug for gold in Alaska and was murdered; another—he who played the cornet so beautifully—became a Buddhist; valet to a British general in the Boer war, another died mad; Tierra del Fuego swallowed the sixth, and as for the last uncle, none ever knew what befell him.

There is *Sutter's Gold*, 1925, that saga of the Forty-niners.

There are the *Little Black Stories for Little White Children*, 1928, "stories which the big children of Africa tell around the fire at night. . ."

Then there is *Le Plan de l'Aiguille*, 1929, with Dan Yack, crasiest or sanest of men, promenading his boredom, monocle, and phonograph from Russia to the Antarctic Circle and Patagonia.

Cendrars is a prolific author. The bibliography included in *Aujourd'hui*, 1927, mentions "Work in progress: 33 volumes." What with his travels and multifarious activities, one may well wonder when and how he finds the time to accomplish so much. In a poem he says:

I work in a bare room, behind a tarnished mirror,
My feet bare on the red tiles, playing with balloons and a child's little trumpet;
I'm working on the END OF THE WORLD.

His statement concerning the writing of *John Paul Jones*, a biographical novel, is even more revealing both as to his method of work and his manner of living:

"I have written it during a trip to Brazil, in the forest, on the seashore, in a busy town, on board steamboats and trains, in the midst of east European immigrants. . . I have written it as I listened to the discussion of planters, in keeping track of the valuation of lands, while following the dizzying ups-and-downs of the stock exchange, while noting down the tales of the prospectors, while studying the past and reading the history of conquests, the annals of the Paulist invasion, the marvelous Jesuit legends, never losing sight all the while of the present political and economic crisis, getting men in power to talk, witnessing the formation of the new democratic party, tracing on the map the course of the vagrant revolution in the interior, crossing the deserts of Ceara, the *sertaos* of Bahia, the *planaltino* of Goyaz, the virgin forest of Matto Grosso and the bald mountains of Minas Geraes . . . I have written it while visiting new and gigantic factories, during my stopovers in coffee—coffee, coffee—plantations. . . while inspecting the canal-builders' yards and watching the construction of dikes and the installation of electric turbines, seeing twenty-story skyscrapers springing up in twenty-four hours, going down into the depths of mines, going up in an airplane, living with engineers, colonists, Negroes, jazz and maxixe orchestras, women, lepers, millionaires, hotel employees, missionaries, newspapermen, statesmen, revolutionists, young madmen (Carnival, the Processions, Witchcraft) with criminals, posi-

tivist officers, positive bankers, two good friends and three dogs, Bochie, Kitch, and Sandy; I have written it in the midst of all these living things, bestirring myself all the while, trying to do business and make money, giving talks and lectures, and disposing of automobiles, railroad-building material, airplanes, books, Parisian merchandise, fine gowns or pearls—and collecting all that has to do with Negro folklore and the traditions of the South American Indians.

"A slight arrangement, and I have made a living book.

"If I have not done much research, this does not mean that I have a scorn for documents, which are, first of all, a marvelous source of error and occasion for discussion.

"I like theories and men, but I do not like men's prejudices. . . I do not care a great deal for theories become dogmas, congealed and gone to sleep.

"I do not care for peace of mind. I reserve the right to wake everybody and everything up. . .

"Down with the pedagogues.

"A life is something that proves nothing.

"The thing is to love life.

"Period, that's all.

"I love life.

"I love man. . ."

It is this prodigious activity, this encompassing of "prodigious today," which characterizes and makes unique Cendrars' work. He is, to quote Montfort, "the herald of a hard and rugged age, an age in which determination, daring, courage, even cruelty, are triumphant." John Dos Passos hails him as the writer who "has managed to capture the grandiose rhythms of America of seventy-five years ago, the myths of which our generation is just beginning to create." He has contributed to numerous *avant-garde* publications, and his books have greatly influenced many young writers—both French and foreign.

When in France, Cendrars generally lives in a small house in the country, alone with his dog. He is noted for his quick temper, even with his friends, and has been termed the "loneliest man in the world."

One of his pet beliefs is that there exist several species of languages.

Among others he cites the languages of the senses, those of the phonograph, those of the wireless, of the motion pictures, of the telephone, and he thinks criticism is confused because it does not take into consideration that the poets of today speak all these languages.

He lists the seven wonders of the world as follows:

1—The internal combustion engine

2—S. K. F. ball bearings

3—The cut of a great tailor

4—Satie's music which can finally be listened to without putting face in hands

5—Money

6—The bare nape of a woman who has just had her hair cut

7—Publicity

and he adds, "I still know 700 or 800 others which die and are born every day."

A. S.

The works of Blaise Cendrars:

POETRY: *Novgorode, La Légende de l'Or Gris et du Silence*, 1909 (has not been published in French, but was translated into Russian and published at Moscow); *Pâques*, 1912; *Séquences*, 1913; *La Prose du Transsibérien et de la Petite Jehanne de France*, 1913; *La Guerre au Luxembourg*, 1916; *Le Panama, ou Les Aventures de mes Sept Oncles*, 1918; *Dix-Neuf Poèmes Élastiques*, 1919; *Du Monde Entier*, 1919 (contains most of the previous poems); *Kodak*, 1921.

NOVELS AND BIOGRAPHIES: *Le Film de la Fin du Monde*, 1910; *L'Or: La Merveilleuse Histoire du Général Johann August Suter*, 1925; *Moravagine*, 1926; *Le Plan de l'Aiguille*, 1929; *Les Confessions de Dan Yack*, 1929; *Une Nuit dans la Forêt*, 1929 (autobiographical fragment); *Bringolf*, 1930; *Rhum: l'Aventure de Jean Galmot*, 1930; *Al Capone*, 1931.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES: *Profond Aujourd'hui*, 1917; *J'Ai Tué*, 1918; *Anthologie Nègre*, 1921; *Feuilles de Route: I. Le Formose*, 1924; *Tout Autour d'Aujourd'hui: II. Éloge de la Vie Dangereuse*, III. *A B C du Cinéma*, 1926 (tome I of this series is *Profond Aujourd'hui*); *L'Enlèvement*, 1926; *Petits Contes Nègres Pour les Enfants des Blancs*, 1928; *Comment les Blancs Sont d'Anciens Noirs*, 1929; *Aujourd'hui*, 1931 (contains the essays of *Aujourd'hui*).

WORK IN PROGRESS: *La Vie et la Mort du Soldat Inconnu; Mamanternelle; Alejadinho; Feuilles de Route, II, III, IV, V, and VI; Au Coeur du Monde; En Equatoria; D'Oultremer à Indigo; Anthologie Nègre II; Notre Pain Quotidien; Modigliani; John Paul Jones.*

English translations of Blaise Cendrars' works:

Sutter's Gold, 1926; *African Saga*, 1927; *Little Black Stories for Little White Children*,

1929; Panama; or, The Adventures of My Seven Uncles, 1931.

EDITED: I Have No Regrets (H. Bringolf) 1931.

About Blaise Cendrars:

Berge, A. *L'Esprit de la Littérature Moderne*; Bouvier, E. *Initiation à la Littérature d'aujourd'hui*; Cocteau, J. *Le Rappel à l'Ordre*; Gandon, Y. *Mascarades Littéraires*; Lepage, A. *Blaise Cendrars*; Montfort, E. *Vingt-Cinq Ans de Littérature Française*; Ozenfant, A.; Putnam, S. *The European Caravan*; Talvart, H. and Place, J. *Bibliographie des Auteurs Modernes de Langue Française*; Vox, M. *Diagnostic*.

Living Age 333:428 September 1, 1927; *Plaisir de Bibliophilie* 20:203, 1929; *La Quinzaine Critique* 35:1 August 10, 1931; *Saturday Review of Literature* 3:202 October 16, 1926.

Robert W. Chambers 1865-1933

ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS. American novelist, was born May 26, 1865, in Brooklyn, New York, the son of William Chambers and Caroline Boughton Chambers.

Starting his career as an artist, he studied at the Art Students' League in New York, and formed a close friendship with Charles Dana Gibson, a fellow student. They drew sketches of each other and took them to the editor of *Life*, who, tradition has it, accepted Chambers' sketch and turned down Gibson's work. Many years later Gibson, then a noted artist, illustrated Chambers' stories.

Chambers went to Paris in 1886, at the age of twenty-one, and was a student in the Julien Academy there for seven years. He first exhibited in the Paris salon in 1889, and had some of his paintings accepted. Returning to New York in 1893, he did illustrations for *Life*, *Truth*, *Vogue*, and other magazines.

Before the year 1893 was up, he published a novel of students' life in Paris called *In the Quarter*. And when, in the same year, he achieved success with the appearance of a collection of stories of Paris, *The King in Yellow*, he deserted drawing for writing at the age of twenty-eight.

Turning to French history for his fiction material, Chambers wrote four novels of the Franco-Prussian War: *The Red Republic*, *Lorraine*, *Ashes of Em-*

pire, and *The Maids of Paradise*, all with young Americans for their heroes. He was married, on July 12, 1898, to Elsa Vaughn Moller. The next phase of his writing career was devoted to novels of contemporary society, beginning with *The Fighting Chance* and concluding with *The Streets of Ascalon* and including four others.

Between 1915 and 1919 Chambers wrote a series of novels of the World War, then turned his attention to the novels of striking periods in American history for which he is especially notable. He wrote of the Civil War in *Little Red Foot*, of the Revolution in *America*, or *The Sacrifice*, of Captain Kidd in *The Man They Hanged*, of the troublesome days preceding the War of 1812 in *The Happy Parrot*, of the British occupation of New York during the Revolution in *Painted Minx*, of the War of 1812 in *The Rake and the Hussy*, of the Mexican War in *Gitana*, of the French and Indian War in *War Paint and Rouge*, and of the Civil War in *Whistling Cat*.

Thru these four general phases were sprinkled novels of miscellaneous subjects. Chambers ridiculed American culture, architecture, Bohemianism, and writers in *Outsiders*, and he wrote a story of the moving picture world in



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Eris. To quote Rupert Hughes: "He has juggled with biological, entomological, paleontological, astrological plots, mystery stories, breathless adventures of women spies in the Civil War, of a nun and of Philippa in the World War, of fascinating millionaire orphans raised by a trust company, of flat-dwellers in cities out camping, of expert out-of-door men and women out of doors, of city people in the cities and in the palatial ruralities, of almost everybody almost everywhere."

Chambers alternated his novels with short stories, poems, a play, and even a comic opera. His short stories range from sinister horror tales to light fantasies and include nature stories and stories for children. *With the Band* is a book of rollicking verse. For the actress Ada Rehan he wrote a play, *The Witch of Ellangowan*, it is said, in one week's time. It was produced at Daly's Theatre in New York. His musical comedy *Iole*, made from his novel of that title, was produced in New York in 1913.

"I write the sort of stories," said Chambers, "which at the moment it amuses me to write; I trust to luck that it may also amuse the public. . . I have always liked to change, to experiment—just as I used to like to change my medium in painting, aquarelle, oil, charcoal, wash, etc."

Chambers produced from one to four volumes a year, and in the first twenty years of his writing career he turned out forty-five volumes. After 1924 he devoted himself exclusively to historical subjects.

The versatility of Chambers reached beyond his writing. He knew a great deal about Chinese and Japanese antiques and his home was filled with old china and furniture. He was an authority on old armor. As his novels reveal, he was a collector of butterflies, knew horses, was an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman and naturalist. He was an expert on rare rugs.

He painted for his own pleasure, and even sculpted a bit. "I should, rather have been a sculptor than anything else in the world," he said, "but I hadn't the ability." Yearly he used to draw car-

toons of thirty junior members of a certain New York club to be used as place cards at their annual dinner. Once he did a ceiling fresco in one of his studios, lying in bed and working with a paint brush tied to a mahlstick. His opinion of himself as artist was modest. "I never did any work that amounted to anything," he said.

During the winter months Chambers lived in New York City and had an office, the location of which not even his family knew. There he wrote daily from ten to six, secure from distraction. He said his stories had the most erratic way of developing. "Sometimes I begin with the last chapter, sometimes in the middle, and sometimes I lay out an elaborate skeleton. The despair of my publisher is this uncertainty of working method. I have sometimes written thirty thousand words, waited two weeks to decide what should happen next, and torn up the whole thirty thousand to get rid of the dilemma. It was much easier for me to do that than to doctor the manuscript."

Chambers whiled away the summer hours at his home in Broadalbin, New York, in the foothills of the Adirondacks. The house, built early in the nineteenth century by his grandfather, Dr. William Chambers, was rebuilt for him by his brother, Walter Boughton Chambers, the architect. The original house remains as the center and the northeast wing; three wings were added.

An interviewer described Chambers' appearance: "He is neither tall nor short, with good square shoulders and a chin to match them. He has an almost boyish trick of throwing back his head and laughing, but his eyebrows are his most expressive feature. They serve all the purposes of a Frenchman's shrug. . ."

Chambers died in New York, after an operation, on December 16, 1933, at sixty-eight. He was buried at Broadalbin, at the foot of an old oak under which he had written many of his novels.

Robert W. Chambers' works:

NOVELS: In the Quarter, 1893; The Red Republic, 1894; A King and a Few Dukes, 1894; Lorraine, 1896; Ashes of Empire, 1897; The Haunts of Men, 1898; The Cambric Mask, 1899; Outsiders, 1899; The Conspirators, 1900; Cardigan, 1901; The Maid-at-Arms, 1902; Outdoor Land, 1902; The Maids of

Paradise, 1903; Orchard Land, 1903; Forest Land, 1905; Iole, 1905; The Fighting Chance, 1906; Mountain Land, 1906; Trauer of Lost Persons, 1906; The Reckoning, 1906; The Younger Set, 1907; The Firing Line, 1908; Some Ladies in Haste, 1908; The Danger Mark, 1909; Special Messenger, 1909; Hide and Seek in Forest Land, 1909; The Green Mouse, 1910; Ailsa Paige, 1910; Common Law, 1911; Adventures of a Modest Man, 1911; Bluebird Weather, 1912; Japonette, 1912; The Streets of Ascalon, 1912; The Business of Life, 1913; The Gay Rebellion, 1913; Who Goes There! 1914; The Hidden Children, 1914; Between Friends, 1914; Anne's Bridge, 1914; Quick Action, 1914; Athalie, 1915; The Dark Star, 1915; The Girl Philippa, 1916; Barbarians, 1917; The Restless Sex, 1918; The Moonlit Way, 1918; In Secret, 1918; Laughing Girl, 1918; The Crimson Tide, 1919; Slayer of Souls, 1920; Little Red Foot, 1921; Flaming Jewel, 1922; Eris, 1923; The Talkers, 1923; The Hi-Jackers, 1923; The Girl in the Golden Rags, 1924; America, or The Sacrifice, 1924; The Mystery Lady, 1925; The Man They Hanged, 1925; The Drums of Aulone, 1926; The Sun Hawk, 1927; The Rogue's Moon, 1927; The Happy Parrot, 1929; Painted Minx, 1930; The Rake and the Hussy, 1930; Gitana, 1931; War Paint and Rouge, 1931; The Whistling Cat, 1932; Whatever Love Is, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: The King in Yellow, 1893; The Maker of Moons, 1895; The Mystery of Choice, 1896; The Tree of Heaven, 1907; Police! ! ! 1915; The Better Man, 1915.

PLAYS: The Witch of Ellangowan; Iole (musical comedy) 1913.

POEMS: With the Band, 1895.

About Robert W. Chambers:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Cooper, F. T. *Some American Story Tellers*; Overton, G. *Authors of the Day*.

Cosmopolitan 50:708 April 1911; *Forum* 59:364 May 1918; *New Republic* 17:139 November 30, 1918.

André Chamson 1900-

ANDRÉ CHAMSON, novelist and essayist, was born June 6, 1900, at Nîmes, into a Protestant family originally of the Cévennes Mountains in south-eastern France. His boyhood was spent amidst these mountains, mountains by turns charming and desolate: in the spring, green, fresh, laughing under the rays of the warm sun *du midi*; covered with snow, devastated by the howling winds, roamed over by wolves during the winter months. At an age when most children turn to books of adventure for the revelation of a heroic and fabulous world, Chamson found this revelation in his mountain. "When four-

teen years old," he writes in *L'Aigoual*, "I went toward it with a few companions, as towards an unknown land."

After attending the small mountain schools, he studied at the Lycée of Montpellier and later in Paris, at the Ecole des Chartes, a school which specializes in the teaching of the historical and archeological sciences.

It was while a student at this school that he wrote most of his first novel, *Roux the Bandit*, published in 1925, a novel showing the slow evolution of a village, gradually won over by the example of Roux, a conscientious objector. This book created quite a stir, attracted the attention of the Society of Friends, and has been translated into Bulgarian, Czechoslovakian, German, Swedish, and English.

The story of Roux was told to Chamson, one day, in the mountains, after a meal. It is nearly impossible to write a sentence about Chamson without putting down the word mountain. He is essentially a man of the mountains. They are the greatest influence in his life; he knows, understands, and loves them, and the men who live in them, and unlike many authors he describes in his books what he knows best. Also unlike many French novelists he does not see the peasant as an abysmal brute, narrow, lustful, avaricious. His mountaineers are not brutes, neither are they angels, but simply men who know what they want and who have their loves and their hates. In his novels, there is no divorce between the landscape and his characters; as solidity and massiveness are characteristics of the mountain, so is solidity the main virtue of the peasants. Another reason for his writing these country epics is to be found in *L'Aigoual*: "after the War, in the world which was emerging from the catastrophe, I found joy only in retracing the scenes of this peasant life, foreign to the happenings, indifferent to the furors of history and stronger than they."

Two years after his first book, Chamson wrote *The Road*, in which he unfolds the tragedy of those country folks who, living on their little parcel of land far from the cities to which they are

connected only by seldom-used paths, are attracted, fascinated by a white ribbon, the newly built road. In the following year, 1928, he published *The Crime of the Just*, and in 1933, *The Mountain Tavern*. This last is a straightforward story of adventures in the mountains, at the end of the Napoleonic wars: a wounded officer seeks refuge from the hostility of the peasants, in a cave. There he is found and cared for by a retired country doctor and his daughter.

Besides these novels, Chamson has written several essays, mostly on the philosophy of history, of which the best known are *L'Homme Contre l'Histoire* and *La Révolution de Dix-Neuf*. He has been associated with *La Nouvelle Revue Française* and *Europe*.

Chamson's stories are always taken from reality, but the subjects he chooses have attracted him because they identify themselves with a certain interior reality. He is reported by Georges Charensol, as saying: "I am in the midst of the world and of life, and I retain what touches my sentiments, my passions, my ideas. Even as I know which man I shall refuse to shake hands with, or which one I shall spend the evening with, so, among all the subjects presenting themselves, I know the one I will choose. There is no difference between the conduct of life and literary creation, and it is thru my books that I put myself in a state of equilibrium with what surrounds me. To write is to imbue things that exist with dignity or indignity. I am not at all an ideologist; yet one cannot prevent the mind from being engrossed in the work of art as it is in life: the discovery of a subject is the impinging of the writer's desire on a concrete something which is in the world. I never start out from a dry idea, I never have the intention of undertaking a novel to materialize a thesis, but I cannot be prevented from seizing upon reality when it confirms a personal conviction. I am both novelist and essayist, the one reacts sharply on the other and what strikes and carries me away in a subject is its abstract value. The story of *Roux the Bandit* could have attracted me because of its human value; if there had been but that I would not have undertaken it. . .

"I believe that one must let the subject ripen, wait till one knows more about what one wishes to describe than one will say. Experience teaches me, however, that the parts I have produced with the most facility are not the best, and finally, the pieces which satisfy me are those I did less easily, those I had to wrest from beyond that maturity which had enabled me to begin writing. I perceive that I give my best only when I meet a resistance. The passage of *The Road* I had most trouble in realizing is the one which has been found the most moving; still, the difficulty I had to surmount was so great that, until the moment the public expressed its opinion, I had stayed unsatisfied with it. The writer must seek his lines of resistance, and if I felt the coming of facility, I should refuse it."

Chamson works incessantly: in Paris, in the country, while traveling. But he always puts the finishing touches on a book during the weeks he spends each summer in his beloved Cévennes. The first draft of a novel he writes in pencil. Then he rewrites it, has it typed, and rewrites it. This, so many times that he has lost all hopes of ever being able to keep count. As he says: "I cannot bear a corrected page and as I do much crossing out, I constantly have to re-



ANDRÉ CHAMSON

write." His ideal would be to write a book in a week's time, and completely to rewrite it in two years. Of some of his novels he wrote half in two or three days, but it took him months to finish them.

The critic Benjamin Crémieux says of him that he "resuscitates the old French realism in violent reaction against all the irrealisms and surréalismes in fashion since the Armistice. He places himself before his models as Clouet, the Le Nain brothers, or Chardin before theirs, without any other apparent concern than that of sincerity, of truth, assisted in his task by a profound perception of French and Occidental values."

The first work of Chamson to appear in English was *The Road*, translated by Van Wyck Brooks and published in America in 1929. Ernest Boyd, in a preface to this book, stated that "André Chamson, altho a young man, has none of the feverish eccentricity which marks so much of the literature of his generation. He is not an esthete in search of new sensations. He restores their moving priority to the forces of nature. His works . . . cannot fail to elicit in this country the response which they so spontaneously received in France." Three more English translations of Chamson appeared within the next four years.

Like many French writers Chamson has a second profession. In the 1925 Briand cabinet he was chief assistant to the Minister of Public Instruction. Since then he has been legal secretary to the Chamber of Deputies.

A. S.

The works of André Chamson:

POETRY: *Compagnons de la Nuée*, 1930.

NOVELS: *Roux le Bandit*, 1925; *Les Hommes de la Route*, 1927; *Le Crime des Justes*, 1928; c, 1933.

Histoire de Tabusse, 1930.

1924; *L'Homme Contre*, 1929; *La Révolution de*

Dix-Neuf, 1930.

TRAVELS AND DESCRIPTIONS: *L'Aigoual*, 1930; *Tyrol*, 1930.

English translations of André Chamson's works:

The Road, 1929; *Roux the Bandit*, 1929; *The Crime of the Just*, 1930; *The Mountain Tavern*, 1933.

About André Chamson:

Chamson, A. *The Road* (see introduction by Ernest Boyd); Charensol, G. *Comment Ils Écrivent*.

Annales Politiques et Littéraires 89:528 December 1, 1927; 98:435 May 15, 1932; 100:192 February 17, 1933; *Deutsch-Französische Rundschau* 3:2841 1930.

Stuart Chase 1888-

STUART CHASE, American economist and author, was born in Somersworth, New Hampshire, on March 8, 1888, the son of Harvey Stuart and Aaronette Rowe Chase. There were nine generations of New Englanders in his family before him. He was brought up in Boston, studied mathematics and engineering for two years, 1907-08, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and specialized in economics and statistics during his two years at Harvard, where he received his bachelor's degree in science, cum laude, in 1910.

His ambition was to be an architect, but he practiced public accounting in Boston, in his father's accounting office, until 1917. He heartily disliked this work, altho he was so proficient as to receive the degree of Certified Public Accountant from the State of Massachusetts in 1916. In 1917 he joined the Federal Trade Commission and was sent to Chicago to take charge of the investigation of Armour & Company, as part of the general meat investigation. A year later he was transferred to the Food Administration and placed in local charge of the control of packers' profits under the wartime regulation of the Food Administration. After the War, he rejoined the Federal Trade Commission, wrote the volume on profits for the meat investigation, and then took charge of the accounting features of the milk investigation. He left the Federal Trade Commission in 1921 and joined the Technical Alliance in New York, an organization of progressive engineers working on a program of industrial coordination. At this time he became keenly interested in the problem of waste from the wider engineering point of view.

Stuart Chase joined the staff of the Labor Bureau, Inc., in October 1921, to take charge of the accounting and auditing sections of the bureau's work. Be-

sides his accounting work, he has made extended studies for various labor and cooperative organizations into national productivity, United States Government finances, cost of the World War, the anthracite coal industry, and the general problem of waste in a competitively organized society. He is one of the founders of Consumers' Research, a cooperative organization created for the purpose of providing consumers with expert and unbiased information as to the merits of common commodities.

In 1914 he married Margaret Hatfield. The honeymoon was spent in a strange city, where Mr. and Mrs. Chase presented themselves as a couple out of work and made first-hand acquaintance with the problem of unemployment, low wages for women workers, factory conditions, and so forth. This experience was subsequently related in a little book called *A Honeymoon Experiment*, published in 1916. Chase has two children, Robert Hatfield and Sonia Hatfield, by his first wife. (In 1930 he was married again, to Marian Tyler.)

In 1924 Chase won *Life's* prize for "Bigger and Better Wars," a two hundred word recipe, for which there were some 14,000 contestants; a little later he won Boni & Liveright's prize of \$500 for the best review of King C. Gillette's book, *The People's Corporation*.



STUART CHASE

His first important work was *The Tragedy of Waste*, 1925, a general survey of competitive waste in America, which inspired the *Saturday Review of Literature* to say: "Congress should pass a law compelling every American citizen to read this book at least once." His most popular book has been *Your Money's Worth*, an exposé of "the tricks behind the trade marks," written in collaboration with F. J. Schlink. *Mexico: A Study of Two Americas*, written together with his wife Marian Tyler, compares life in Mexico with life in the United States, and presents much in favor of Mexican habits of work and play. Mrs. Chase learned Spanish so that she could help her husband do research for this book. The title of Stuart Chase's program for revising the economic structure without breaking entirely with the past—*A New Deal*—furnished the Democratic Party and Franklin D. Roosevelt with their triumphant political slogan in 1932-33.

The Chases live in Redding, Connecticut, in a beautiful house built of an old barn and bright with lacquered gourds, Mexican tapestries, and rugs. Fourteen strong men-servants, all working eight hours a day, "take the form of kilowatt hours and do all the work around the place." Mr. Chase has a workroom and likes to make things, the book shelves in his house being notable specimens of his handiwork.

Stuart Chase writes in longhand, rapidly, and is reputed to be a bad speller. Most of his work goes not into the actual writing, but into the preparatory research. *Mexico* took him almost a year to prepare and only two and a half months to write. When he plans a book, he jots down notes on cards, five by eight inches. He gets himself into a writing mood by swimming, walking, or playing tennis with tremendous energy.

"Certain books," he writes, "have influenced me deeply, persons not so deeply. Among the former are: *The Way of All Flesh*, Samuel Butler; *Captain Scott's Diary* (South Pole explorer); *Of Huxian Bondage*, Somerset Maugham; *Tono Bungay*, H. G. Wells; *The Engineers and the Price System*, Veblen; *Folkways*, Sumner; *The Education of Henry Adams*; *Huckleberry Finn*.

Mark Twain; *The Forsyte Saga*, Galsworthy; *Growth of the Soil*, Hamsun."

City life irks him. He visits New York only once a week to attend to his duties at the Labor Bureau, which he performs without fee; and to work at the one accounting job he has retained, for the simple reason that it pays him so well. As he himself expresses it: "I do my work in the country and go to New York about once a week to get hot and bothered, and as a sort of penalty for being so contented the rest of the time. Thus I maintain the Puritan tradition of my forefathers."

He reports: "My recreations include swimming, sunbathing, tennis, mountain climbing, canoeing, chess, and chopping wood. These, you will note, are first-hand and not second-hand recreations. I am not much entertained by letting somebody else do the playing as in the movies, the radio, motoring, watching sports. I have a pretty high sales resistance in respect to mechanized and commercialized sports."

Likes and dislikes: "I like good conversation, white wine, Mexican Indians, high mountains, Fire Island, mighty bridges, pine forests, clean-cut thinking, Russian folk songs, Charlie Chaplin, Acapulco harbor, the Lava in Kiev. I do not like billboards, hot dogs, high pressure selling, Mr. Charlie Mitchell, radios, Chambers of Commerce, the stock exchange, or Radio City."

One sentence expresses the fundamental motivation of Stuart Chase's life: "I am chiefly interested in trying to understand the means whereby mankind eats to the end that all may eat with some peace of mind."

Another explains the remarkable vitality of his work: "Fun for me is economic research and writing about it."

Selma Robinson describes Stuart Chase as looking ten years younger than his age: "His body is spare and lithe, he has an upturned, inquisitive nose and his skin is as brown as that of the Mexicans he writes about. His hair is a sandy kind of gray that doesn't add anything to his years or his dignity. As a matter of fact, 'dignified' is scarcely the adjective to apply to Stuart Chase. He is friendly, intelligent, alert, unpretentious, and eager."

Stuart Chase's works:

A Honeymoon Experiment, 1916; The Tragedy of Waste, 1925; Your Money's Worth (with F. J. Schlink) 1927; Men and Machines, 1929; Prosperity: Fact or Myth, 1930; The Nemesis of American Business, 1931; Mexico: A Study of Two Americas (with Marian Tyler) 1931; Out of the Depression—and After: A Prophecy, 1931; A New Deal, 1932; Expenditures of Public Funds in the Administration of Civil Justice in New York City (with Ida Klaus) 1932; Technocracy: An Interpretation, 1933; Promise of Power, 1933.

Agatha Christie

AGATHA CHRISTIE, English mystery story writer, was born in Torquay, South Devon, the daughter of Frederick Alvah Miller of New York. She spent her childhood in Torquay and was educated mostly at home by her mother, who encouraged her, from an early age, to write poetry and stories. She was a dreamy, imaginative child, she says, and could amuse herself for hours on end playing at "pretending."

As a young girl she read a good many detective stories, but it never occurred to her to try to write them. Her great interest was in music. At the age of sixteen she went to Paris for two years to study piano and singing, but was not able to take up music professionally. She was much too nervous to play in public, she reveals, and her voice was not big enough for opera, "the only thing she cared about."

In 1914 she married Colonel Archibald Christie of the Royal Flying Corps, who was later decorated for distinguished service. During the War she worked as a dispenser in a hospital in Devon, and it was at this period that she first thought of writing a detective story. The result was her first book, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, published in 1921. Since then she has written almost a score of novels, all of mystery and detective-story nature, besides shorter fiction contributions to magazines. Eden Phillpotts encouraged her early in her career, and one of her books is dedicated to him.

In 1927 she obtained a decree of divorce against her husband, Colonel Christie, and spent some years traveling, mostly in the East. During her travels



AGATHA CHRISTIE

she visited Ur of the Chaldees, having always been interested in archeological work. In 1930 she married Max Mallowan, assistant to Professor Wooley, whom she met at Ur. She is now [1933] working with him at Arpachiyah, a prehistoric site in Iraq.

Mrs. Christie's stories are written for the most part in the Conan Doyle-Sherlock Holmes tradition. Altho she has used more than one detective, the best known is Hercule Poirot, an eccentric little Belgian with waxed moustaches and a great faith in his own intuitive powers—"the little grey cells," he calls them—whose exploits are usually reported in accepted Watsonian style by an admiring companion.

Altho other of her books have been equally praised, her best known story is *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. The reason for this was her employment of a story telling device which caused warm debate among detective and mystery story connoisseurs—one group, including Willard Huntington Wright and Carolyn Wells, condemning it as violating the unwritten rules of detection literature; and another, including Dorothy Sayers and Will Cuppy, upholding it as legitimate and ingenious.

Commenting on Mrs. Christie's position in the detective fiction field, Father Ronald Knox finds her more successful

in the novel than in the short story, but ingenious in either. Dorothy Sayers prefers those of the author's stories in which she does not attempt to "combine detection with sentiment." Some of her novels, it is pointed out, come near falling into the adventure rather than the detective classification.

Mrs. Christie has one daughter, who was born in 1919. When in England in the summer she spends most of her time in Devonshire (she maintains a home in Ashfield, Torquay) exploring Dartmoor with her wire-haired fox terrier as companion. When she is in London she sees the latest plays and hears all the opera possible. She is an indefatigable worker and generally keeps from three to four books ahead of her publishers.

Agatha Christie's works:

The Mysterious Affair at Styles, 1921; *The Secret Adversary*, 1922; *The Murder on the Links*, 1923; *Poirot Investigates*, 1924; *The Man in the Brown Suit*, 1924; *The Secret of Chimneys*, 1925; *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, 1926; *The Big Four*, 1927; *The Mystery of the Blue Train*, 1928; *The Seven Dials Mystery*, 1929; *Partners in Crime*, 1929; *The Mysterious Mr. Quin*, 1930; *The Murder at the Vicarage*, 1930; *The Sittaford Mystery* (American title: *The Murder at Hazelmere*) 1931; *Peril at End House*, 1932; *The Thirteen Problems* (American title: *The Tuesday Club Murders*) 1932; *Lord Edgware Dies* (American title: *Thirteen at Dinner*) 1933.

About Agatha Christie:

Thomson, H. D. *Masters of Mystery*.

Winston Churchill 1871-

WINSTON CHURCHILL, American historical novelist, was born at St. Louis, Missouri, on November 10, 1871, the son of Edward Spaulding and Emma Bell Blaine Churchill. He was educated at Smith Academy in his native city and at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, from which he was graduated in 1894 with a high record, being among the first five in his class. In his studies, as one might expect in view of his future development, the subject that appealed to him most was American history.

Altho possessed of a splendid physical equipment, he never served in the navy, but during his student days at Annapolis

he played on the football and tennis teams, and was captain of the crew. He was an expert fencer and horseman, and is still interested in and practices various forms of athletic activity.

After his graduation, Churchill was editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, and, later, a member of the staff of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Upon his marriage to Mabel Harlakenden Hall of St. Louis, on October 22, 1895, he resigned from the *Cosmopolitan*, and moved to Cornish, New Hampshire. There he built a residence which he named Harlakenden House, in his wife's honor. Living in ideal surroundings free from economic pressure, and encouraged by Mrs. Churchill, he was able to devote all his time and energy to writing historical fiction, in which he satisfied a desire that he had secretly nursed for several years.

Churchill's literary interest in American history took a practical form in his participation in the politics of his state. During 1903-05 he served in the New Hampshire legislature, and, in 1912, he received more than 14,000 votes, as the Progressive candidate for governor. His defeat was due, partly, at least, it is said, to the use by his opponents of those corrupt methods that he has set forth in *Coniston* and other political novels.

Churchill's account of his family-tree is interesting: "I am chiefly English," he says, "with a strain of Scotch-Irish, and a Dutch strain quite far back, the De Witts and Van Horns of New York. One of my ancestors was Jonathan Edwards. Another was Margaret Van Horn Dwight, his grand-daughter, . . . thru whom I descended from the Dwights, presidents of Yale. My Churchill ancestor, John, landed in Plymouth, in 1643."

Churchill is a hard worker, and his artistic ideals are strict. A writer, he holds, should always give his public the very best that is in him, and he should never be satisfied with less than his best. *Richard Carvel*, the first of a trilogy, and his first great success, is a perfect illustration of his literary conscience: he rewrote the novel at least five times before he felt that he was willing to offer it to his readers. In response to the enthusiastic demand that he immedi-



WINSTON CHURCHILL

ately follow it up with a similar story, he declared that he would never yield to "the temptations that are put in the way of a man whose book has been accorded a popular success." This sense of responsibility he carries into other spheres of action, as a private individual, thus justifying Percy MacKaye's belief that "he has done more for the people of New Hampshire than any other citizen."

In appearance, Churchill is strikingly handsome, with features that belong to an intelligent and aristocratic gentleman. He has a high forehead, and his mouth and eyes are strong and firm, but kindly. He is smooth-shaven.

In answer to a request for personal information, he sent a humorously modest reply that indicates the genial nature of the man:

"Now some twelve years ago I made a resolution to keep out of the public eye, and I have had very little difficulty in holding to it. While I feel the compliment which you would do me in including me in living authors, I am really a dead author, and never was much of a living one. So I know you will excuse me. I had great pleasure in what I wrote when I did write, and I am grateful for that pleasure."

Winston Churchill's works:

The Celebrity, 1898; *Richard Carvel*, 1899; *The Crisis*, 1901; *The Crossing*, 1904; *Conis-*

ton, 1906; Mr. Crewe's Career, 1908; A Modern Chronicle, 1910; The Inside of the Cup, 1913; A Far Country, 1915; The Dwelling Place of Light, 1917; A Traveler in War-Time, 1918.

About Winston Churchill:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Blankenship, R. *American Literature as an Expression of the National Mind*; Cooper, F. T. *Some American Story Tellers*; Marble, A. R. *A Study of the Modern Novel*; Phelps, W. L. *The Advance of the English Novel*; Speare, M. E. *The Political Novel*; Underwood, J. C. *Literature and Insurgency*; Van Doren, C. *Contemporary American Novelists*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

"Colette" 1873-

SIDONIE GABRIELLE CLAUDINE COLETTE, novelist, writer of short stories, playwright, journalist, editor, actress, known thruout France as "our great Colette," was born in the little Burgundian town of Saint-Sauveur en Puisaye on January 28, 1873, the daughter of Jules-Joseph and Sidonie Colette.

Her father she has aptly described as a "thunder of God." During the war with Italy, a captain of Zouaves, he was wounded at Melegnano; "mother and child are doing well," he said to the Emperor who came to inquire about his health. The child was his left leg which had been cut off and which he had wrapped up in a towel. Retired, he was made a tax-collector at Saint-Sauveur and, to while away the hours, he wrote pamphlets on the national defense, prepared a great work on the army and Algeria—after his death his children found the unused notebooks on which this crowning achievement of his life was to have been written—and dabbled in politics. He traveled from village to village, haranguing the bewildered peasants in the name of "natural history, physics and elementary chemistry." As he bought numerous *chopines* of wine, he spoke to large and attentive audiences, but, surprisingly enough, his listeners always voted for the opponent. The captain often took his youthful daughter with him—that is, until the day her

mother suspected the gay sparkle in Colette's eyes on returning from these expeditions was perhaps due in part to that treacherous Burgundy wine.

Mme. Colette was six years younger than the fiery Zouave, and had two children, a girl and a boy, by a former marriage. Her sole concerns were the children, the garden, the house; "Where are the children?" her perpetual query. She had innumerable pets, was well versed in country-lore and had an immense love of nature, a love which Colette inherited from her. She was kind and more than once she set the village tongues a-wagging by her charity to "unfortunates." The village priest was her friend, yet, in church, she read, printed in fine type and hidden between the black covers of a prayerbook, the plays of Corneille. Her beloved husband died. Not wishing to sadden still more the children by wearing somber garb, she said: "Why do you want me to present a sad and displeasing spectacle to those I encounter? What connection is there between this cashmere and this veil and my own sentiments?" Truly a sensible and lovable woman and one who influenced greatly the young Colette.

Till she was seventeen, Colette attended classes in the old school of Saint-Sauveur. On some mornings, one had to get up early, at seven o'clock, to sweep the classroom and, in winter, to break wood and start a fire in the rusty stove. Colette was the school's star pupil in French; she wrote her compositions as easily "as one would fry an egg." Star mischief-maker, too. Did she not win the everlasting admiration of her classmates by daring to read a newspaper, in class, in front of Mlle. Olympe Terrain, the teacher? The hours of leisure she spent in the garden, or with her brothers, exploring the deep woods, or simply, by Sido's (her mother's) side, in reading. Colette, then as now, read everything she could lay hands on, even the Zolas, tho they were kept under key. When eight years old she knew Labiche and Daudet and had read *Mérimée*, without understanding him, however. Perrault, too childish, she did not want, but she was fascinated by *Les Misérables*, *Le Collier de la*

Reine, and a little later, by Musset and Voltaire.

These carefree days were not to last. In 1890, financial losses forced the Colettes to give up their house in Saint-Sauveur and to live with Dr. Robineau-Duclos, one of Sido's sons, in Châtillon-Coligny, a neighboring town. And there, three years later, Colette met and married Henry Gauthier-Villars, her senior by fourteen years. Villars was a music-critic and, under the pseudonym of Willy, a writer of light novels, a well known literary figure of Paris. He had hoped that Colette would help him socially, but in this he was disappointed; Colette was not sufficiently honey-tongued. It even seemed as if she took a malicious pleasure in being outspoken with people. However, there were compensations; for, with much verve, she sometimes recounted to her husband stories of her happy schooldays, and the wily Willy was not long in realizing that there was material for a novel. So, in 1896, after they had traveled thru France, Switzerland and Germany, Colette started to write and, in 1900, *Claudine at School* was published.

The success—and the scandal, as many considered this a vicious book—were immediate. Altho based on Colette's childhood, *Claudine at School* is not strictly autobiographical. She herself is reported as having said that it had been "to [her] mind, needlessly spiced with equivocal inventions." It was published under Willy's name; in a preface, however, he informed the reader that it had not been entirely written by him. Of course, no one believed him. Frédéric Lefèvre, who saw the manuscript writes that Willy's collaboration consisted merely in numerous corrections such as: "Not clear. Explain. Ambiguity. Who? Expound this passage. Specify."

In rapid succession, the first *Claudine* was followed by *Young Lady of Paris*, 1901, *Claudine en Ménage*, 1902, and finally by the last of the series, *The Innocent Wife*, 1903. Each of these is less and less autobiographical. *The Dialogue de Bêtes*, 1904, reveals the deep love of Colette for animals. In it we see Kiki-la-Doucette, the cat, and Toby-chien live, discuss, love and meditate.

The stage has ever been Colette's *violon d'Ingres*. After her divorce from Willy in 1906, she acted for a time in pantomimes. But even while living the not too easy life of music-hall artists, she continued to write and, for four years, produced a book a year. *Renée, the Vagabond of Love*, 1910, the intimate biography of Renée, a divorced woman, an actress, is her first important novel; with it she took a definite place in French letters and many were indignant that it did not win the Prix Goncourt.

Married in 1910 to Henri de Jouvenel, French statesman and diplomat, Colette wrote *Recaptured*, a sequel to *Renée*, in 1913, but most of her work, till the end of the War, was in the nature of short stories and articles for divers newspapers. Because of the scandal created by the *Claudine* books, and despite her growing reputation as a writer, her early stories for *Le Matin* were published without any signature.

This period (1913-1919) was one of great activity for Colette. Besides contributing stories and articles to *Le Matin*, she had charge of their short story department, was dramatic critic on another paper, editor for a publishing house, and conducted columns in *Le Figaro*, *Demain*, and *Vogue*. During the War, she was a nurse and transformed



"COLETTE"

her husband's estate, near Saint-Malo, into a hospital.

Mitsou, 1919, is an impersonal book, that is, one in which the principal character is not a more or less distorted adaptation of Colette herself as were, no doubt, Claudine and Renée. *Chéri*, 1920, and *Last of Chéri*, 1926, probably her most famous novels, tell the story of a gigolo loved by an elderly woman.

"I never work easily," she has declared to Frédéric Lefèvre, "I erase much, take out and add. On the proofs, however, I make few corrections. I work very honestly, as well as I am able to, and rigorously.

"I cannot compose in my head. Of that, I am truly incapable, as of dictating or typewriting. I compose while writing, and when I write, I am always surrounded by a squad of fountain pens."

Her work, born as it is apart from all theories and cliques, defies classification. Questioned by a reporter as to the influence of Latin on French writers, she made reply: "I have never thought about that. It is warm here, I am comfortable. . ." This answer might well illustrate her entire philosophy.

To quote Jean Larnac: "One does not read Colette; one sees what she sees. One breathes what she breathes, touches what she touches. And as she has much more perfect senses than her reader, he finds himself living, for a few hours, a multiplied life."

"She is a seedling that regenerates everything around itself," Georges Pioch has written. I sum up, in one word . . . she possesses, to the highest degree, the genius of style."

Colette, generally considered France's foremost woman writer, has been a Chevalier in the Legion of Honor since 1920.

Describing Colette, André Billy writes: "What the photographs do not show are the feline movement of the pupils, the warm tint of the complexion, the soft and seemingly round voice, its so curious, so nostalgic higher tone, broken suddenly by a burst of laughter or of anger; it is also that impression of muscular strength, of physical solid-

ity and density, which emanates from her whole person and which makes one believe that along with literary genius, another genius of flesh and blood, a privilege of nearly animal invulnerability, abides in her."

A. S.

The works of Colette:

NOVELS: *La Retraite Sentimentale*, 1907; *L'Ingénue Libertine* (a recasting of *Minne* and *Les Egarements de Minne*) 1909; *La Vagabonde*, 1910; *L'Entrave*, 1913; *Mitsou ou Comment L'Esprit Vient aux Filles*, 1917; *Chéri*, 1920; *Le Blé en Herbe*, 1923; *La Fin de Chéri*, 1926; *La Seconde*, 1929; *La Chatte*, 1933; (in collaboration with Willy): *Claudine à l'École*, 1900; *Claudine à Paris*, 1901; *Claudine en Ménage*, 1902; *Claudine s'en Va*, 1903; *Minne*, 1904; *Les Egarements de Minne*, 1905.

SHORT STORIES: *Les Vrilles de la Vigne*, 1908; *L'Envers du Music Hall*, 1913; *Prrou, Poncette et Quelques Autres*, 1913; *La Paix Chez les Bêtes*, 1916; *Celle Qui en Revient*, 1921; *La Maison de Claudine*, 1922; *La Femme Cachée*, 1924; (in collaboration with Willy): *Les Dialogues de Bêtes*, 1904.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES: *Les Heures Longues*, 1917; *Les Enfants dans les Ruines*, 1917; *Dans la Poule*, 1918; *La Chambre Éclairée*, 1921; *Le Voyage Égoïste*, 1922; *Modes: Falbalas et Fanfreluches*, 1923; *Réverie de Nouvel An*, 1923; *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* (lyrical fantasy) 1925; *Aventures Quotidiennes*, 1924; *Sido*, 1930.

PLAYS: *En Camarades*, 1909; *Claudine* (operetta based on the novels of Colette-Willy; book by Cain and Adenis) 1911; (in collaboration with L. Marechal): *Chéri*, 1921; *La Vagabonde*, 1923.

English translations of Colette:

Barks and Purrs, 1913; *Cats, Dogs and I*, 1924; *Chéri*, 1929; *Claudine at School*, 1930; *Mitsou*, 1931; *Gentle Libertine*, 1931; *Renée the Vagabond of Love*, 1931; *The Other One*, 1931; *Young Lady of Paris*, 1931; *A Lesson in Love*, 1932; *Recaptured*, 1932; *The Ripening*, 1932; *The Last of Chéri*, 1932; *Pure and Impure*, 1933; *Fanny and Jane*, 1933; *Morning Glory*, 1933; *The Innocent Wife*, 1933.

About Colette:

Billy, A. *Intimités Littéraires*; Charensol, G. *Comment Ils Écrivent*; Dumas, F. R. *Correfour de Visages*; Gaudon, Y. *Mascarades Littéraires*; Gauthier-Villars, *Souvenirs Littéraires et Autres*; Larnac, J. *Colette, sa Vie, son Œuvre*; Lefèvre, F. *Une Heure avec . . .*, fourth part; Sachs, M. *The Decade of Illusion*; Thérive, A. *Galerie de ce Temps*.

Annales Politiques et Littéraires 93:408 November 1, 1929; *Living Age* 340:265 May 1931; *Mercure de France* 225:590 February 1, 1931.

John Collier 1901-

JOHN COLLIER, English author, was born in London in 1901. He comes of a family which has for many years been eminent in the field of medicine and the arts; he is a nephew of the English novelist Vincent Collier and his great-grandfather was physician to King William the Fourth.

His first active interest in literature as a profession developed in 1920 when he became attracted to the work of the post-Georgian poets and started writing verse himself. In 1921, when he was twenty, his first work appeared in a broadsheet called the *Barricade*.

During the years 1921 and 1922 Collier spent his whole time studying modern movements in art and letters, his only productions during this period being the few poems which made up the volume called *Gemini*, published in a limited edition ten years afterward. Four of the poems in this volume appeared in *This Quarter* and were awarded the *This Quarter* Prize for English Poetry.

Collier was twenty-nine when he published his first book, a novel entitled *His Moukey Wife: Or Married to a Chimpanzee*. Satirical of the manners and morals of modern London, it is the story of a lady chimpanzee who falls in love with her master and eventually succeeds in ousting his fiancée from his affections. The book won applause for its wit and humor and brilliance.

In the following year, 1931, Collier edited *The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey*, selecting some fifty from the four hundred-odd brief lives written by that seventeenth century author. Explaining in the introductory essay what might be termed his ruthless editing, Collier said that he himself had "more respect for a good story than for the after-effects of Mr. Wyld's wine," Mr. Wyld being the patron and landlord of Aubrey who took him on daily drinking debauches, and left Aubrey incapable of his best work. Collier's decision in the question of retaining Aubrey's indecent passages also explains Collier's liberal attitude toward such matters in his own writing: "I have omitted no unseemly passage which I consider either important or beautiful or amusing, and such



JOHN COLLIER

was the seventeenth century in the first case, and such is life in the second, and such am I in the third case, that I have chosen to leave out only one paragraph, and I am not sure that I am right in doing that."

Collier's own book, *No Traveller Returns*, which was published in a limited edition in 1931, contains a number of words commonly regarded as unprintable, and is said to have a touch of both Joyce and Swift. It is a satire on science.

Also in 1931 Collier brought out a limited autographed edition of *An Epistle to a Friend*, which sold for six pounds, six shillings, or at standard rate of exchange, more than thirty dollars. In the following year he published, likewise in a limited edition, a book called *Green Thoughts*, which had a foreword by Osbert Sitwell.

In collaboration with Iain Lang, Collier wrote in 1932 an informal history of Great Britain since the World War entitled *Just the Other Day*. Candidly avowing their debt to Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday*, the authors surveyed politics, industrial conditions, manners and morals, art and literature, crime, and high finance in their country from 1919 to 1929.

The year 1933 brought from Collier's pen a novel, *Tom's A-Cold*, which in America was titled *Full Circle*. Against

a speculative background of England in 1995—an England laid waste by a series of wars, its civilization destroyed, its people reduced to a state of primitive savagery and living in scattered settlements—the author laid a tale of love by capture.

Collier was quoted in 1931 as saying: "I have spent the last ten years doing as nearly nothing as possible, except reading and looking at pictures. I have written a little poetry and a story or two for the *Dial*, and am now poetry reviewer for *Time and Tide*. I live in Hampshire, indistinguishable in appearance and pursuits from any other country bumpkin."

John Collier's works:

His Monkey Wife; Or Married to a Chimp, 1930; Epistle to a Friend, 1931; Gemini (poems) 1931; No Traveller Returns, 1931; Green Thoughts, 1932; Just the Other Day (with Iain Lang) 1932; Tom's A-Cold (American title: Full Circle) 1933; Defy the Foul Fiend, 1933.

Editor: The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey, 1931.

About John Collier:

Collier, J. *Green Thoughts* (see foreword by Oshert Sitwell).

Joseph Conrad 1857-1924

JOSEPH CONRAD, English novelist, was born in the Kiev section of the Ukraine, Poland, on December 3, 1857. His name was Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski. His father, Apollo Nalecz Korzeniowski, belonged to the landed gentry and was an intense patriot and the translator of Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Vigny into Polish. Evelina Bobrowska was his mother's maiden name.

When Conrad was five years old his father was exiled to Vologda by the Russian government for the part he took in secret meetings preliminary to an uprising in Warsaw, whither the family had moved a year before. Conrad and his mother followed him into exile and when Conrad was eight years old, his mother died. His father, too ill to be "dangerous" any longer, was permitted to return to Poland. He settled in Cracow, where Conrad studied at the Royal and Imperial Gymnasium of St.

Anne, and he died there five years later. The thirteen-year-old orphan, elected a Burgess of the city to honor the memory of his father, was taken over by an uncle, Thaddeus Bobrowski, who provided him with a tutor. He read avidly in Polish and French, was deeply impressed by translations of *Don Quixote* and Fenimore Cooper's *The Pilot*. When he had his first sight of the sea at the Lido in Venice, he resolved to be a sailor.

After studying and traveling with his tutor for three years, and making one unsuccessful attempt to run away to sea at Trieste, Conrad took "a standing broad jump out of his racial surroundings and associations" at sixteen and with his uncle's reluctant consent, went to sea at Marseilles. For four years he sailed on French boats, one time buying a small tartane with three others and running contraband cargo from Marseilles to the coast of Spain for Don Carlos until they were forced to wreck the boat on the rocks to escape a pursuing coast guard.

In 1878 Conrad first set foot on English soil at Lowestoft. Twenty-one years old, he had his first lessons in English from a boat builder, using for his text the *London Standard*, and by 1900 he mastered the language sufficiently to pass the first examinations for merchant officers. (He never opened a grammar in his life, and he always spoke English with a decided foreign accent.) For sixteen years he sailed the seas of the British Empire as officer and commander of small wooden boats in the British Merchant Service, making frequent visits to the East. He was naturalized a British subject in 1886.

On a vacation in London in 1889, Conrad began to write a novel, *Almayer's Folly*, about a half-caste Dutchman named Almayer whom he had met at Bulungan in Dutch Borneo. "If I had not got to know Almayer pretty well," he wrote much later in *Some Reminiscences*, "it is almost certain there would never have been a line of mine in print." Up to that time he had written nothing but letters and not many of them, and he had no planned book in mind. He just let the story form around the characters. With seven chapters of the novel

completed, he shipped into Africa, became violently ill with fever, and was nearly drowned by the upsetting of a canoe in the Congo. There followed a long illness and convalescence. In a hospital in Geneva, Switzerland, he wrote the eighth chapter of his novel and the ninth chapter was written during his management of a waterside warehouse while he was trying to regain his strength in work ashore. He was never in good health again. On the last voyage of his sea life, from Sydney, Australia, to London, he met John Galsworthy and made his friendship.

Resigning from the Merchant Service in 1894, Conrad concluded twenty years of sea life. On a visit to his uncle in Poland he finished writing *Almayer's Folly* in May 1894, five years from the time it was begun. Upon the recommendation of Edward Garnett, who was Conrad's close friend and sponsor, it was published a year later. From the publisher's standpoint it was a failure, as were Conrad's works for many years. About the time he died, a copy of this edition brought \$120 and the original manuscript \$5,300.

In June 1898 Conrad married an Englishwoman, Jessie George. Their two sons were Borys and John Alexander. After a honeymoon on the coast of Brittany, they went to live at Stanford-le-Hope in Essex, in "Ivy Walls," a small stucco vine-covered house with overhangings roofs. Here he finished *Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* which appeared first in the *New Review* along with the famous "suppressed preface" which was omitted from the book editions until 1914 and in which Conrad expressed his literary creed. The publishing of the *Nigger* in 1897 brought Conrad many friends including Henry James, Cunninghame Graham, and Stephen Crane.

On the day that his son Borys was born in January 1898, Conrad began to write his most famous short story, "Youth." He wrote "in the evening, downstairs, in a two-penny notebook, in pencil by the light of a solitary candle." The first draft was finished the next day and the story was complete as printed in a week. It appeared in *Youth and Other*

Tales and in *Typhoon and Other Stories*. The author's *Tales of Unrest*, a collection of five short stories, took one third of the \$750 prize offered by the London Academy in 1898.

In the same year Conrad removed to Pent Farm at Stanford near Wyth, Kent, where he lived and wrote for nine years. The novel *Lord Jim*, originally intended to be a short story, began to run in *Blackwood's Magazine* before it was finished in 1900.

Conrad's first novel written in collaboration with Ford Madox Ford (then Ford Madox Hueffer) was *The Inheritors*. In point of actual composition, Conrad's share of the novel was small, but, as Ford says, he added definite particulars and gave "to each scene a final tap." They had long and heated discussions, lasting well into many nights on the "how" of writing, discussing shades of words, reading and re-reading Flaubert. Occasionally they went together to have tea with Henry James at Rye. With Ford, Conrad wrote two tales, "Amy Foster" and "Tomorrow" and another novel, *Romance*.

One day in 1903 Conrad wandered into a second-hand bookshop and in a shabby volume came across a story he had heard more than twenty-five years before in the Gulf of Mexico, the story of a bandit who single-handed made away with a ship loaded with silver. Out of this grew *Nostromo*. The story was serialized in *T.P.'s Weekly* to the great annoyance of many readers who thought it utterly unreadable stuff. It is now frequently considered Conrad's greatest novel.

After completing *Nostromo* Conrad wrote to his friend William Rothenstein: "The last month I worked practically night and day; going to bed at three and sitting down again at nine. All the time at it, with the tenacity of despair. What the book is like I don't know. I don't suppose it'll damage me; but I know that it is open to much intelligent criticism. For the other sort I don't care. Personally I am not satisfied. It is something—but not *the* thing I tried for. There is no exultation, none of that temporary sense of achievement which is so soothing. Even the mere feeling of relief, at having done with it, is wanting. The

strain has been too great; has lasted too long. But I am ready for more. I don't feel empty, exhausted. I am simply joyless—like most men of little faith." He rested from his labors by taking a trip to Capri in the spring of 1905. In the winters of 1906 and 1907 he visited Montpellier, France.

When fame began to come in 1907, Conrad moved to larger quarters at Someries, Luton, Bedford; he moved again in 1909 to Aldington, near Huth, Kent, and in 1910 settled in Chapel House, Orlestone, near Ashford, Kent. He wrote a fragmentary autobiography entitled *Some Reminiscences*. In January 1912 his novel *Chance* began to appear in the *New York Herald*, four months before the story was actually completed. The ending was shortened by some ten pages when published in book form. The English publisher planned to issue it in 1913 and some fifty copies with the 1913 title page were distributed to critics before publication was suspended and the rest of the cancelled titles destroyed by the binders. A few of them found their way to the rare book market and brought very high prices. *Chance* was published in 1914 and years later it was discovered that someone had transformed several ordinary copies into rarities by substituting fake 1913 title pages.

After completing *Victory*, Conrad left England in July 1914 for the first time in seven years and journeyed with his family to Poland. Two days after he had reached Cracow and begun to examine his father's letters and manuscripts collected in the library of the university, the World War was declared and he spent two months marooned in a mountain resort. Finally he was permitted to go to Vienna and then thru the aid of the American ambassador managed to escape into Italy a few days before orders were issued to detain him and his family until the end of the War. Returning to Kent, he placed his pen at the service of the English government. *Within the Tides*, a book of tales, appeared in 1915 and in 1917 *The Shadow-Line*, a novel. *The Arrow of Gold* was a chapter from his own youth during the Carlist adventures in the Mediterranean.



JOSEPH CONRAD

In 1919 Conrad settled in a spacious house, "Oswalds," at Bishopsbourne, Kent, where he spent the rest of his days in sight of the spires of Canterbury Cathedral. His intimate friends came often to see him; he was a simple, gay, unaffected host. In the study lined with books, his own favorites and autographed firsts of fellow writers, he delighted to talk far into the night. Fortified by biscuits and Russian tea, he talked brilliantly, eagerly, oblivious of time, often dropping into French, which, in spite of his fluent English, seemed to come more spontaneously to his lips, owing, no doubt, to his early and continuous study of French literature.

Conrad was not an outdoor man and no one ever saw him take any exercise. Small things amused him. Often when he drove his battered Ford at a thrilling pace over the Kentish roads he delighted to shout strange words of Polish at the farm animals. He disliked cities, crowds, noise, strange people who attempted to lionize him. He never allowed himself to be interviewed.

"He was small rather than large in height," recalls Ford Madox Ford; "very broad in the shoulder and long in the arm; dark in complexion with black hair and a clipped black beard [which turned gray]. He had the gestures of a

Frenchman who shrugs his shoulders frequently. When you had really secured his attention he would insert a monocle into his right eye and scrutinize your face from very near as a watchmaker looks into the works of a watch. He entered a room with his head held high, rather stiffly and with a haughty manner, moving his head once semicircularly. In this one movement he had expressed to himself the room and its contents; his haughtiness was due to his determination to master that room, not to dominate its occupants, his chief passion being the realization of aspects to himself." His face was deeply lined, he had a restless manner, and his speech was rapid and excited.

The personal description of Conrad is rounded out by William Rothenstein, who says: "While Conrad was extremely courteous and understanding by nature, his nerves sometimes made him aggressive, almost violent; and like most sensitive men, he was strongly affected, either favorably or disagreeably, by others. His books brought him insufficient for his needs; needs which were perhaps not quite so simple as he believed them to be. There was an extravagant side to Conrad, characteristic, I thought, of his former profession; he was like a sailor between two voyages, ready to spend on land what he couldn't aboardship; and he had a wife in one port only, for whom nothing was too good. His gallantry to his Jessie was a true sailor's chivalry. What others had, she should have too." At the instigation of Henry Newbolt and Edmund Gosse, Lord Balfour one time arranged a substantial sum to help Conrad pay his debts, but he was not relieved from financial worry until his last few years.

Writing, for Conrad, was a "treadmill." He wrote with difficulty, seeking the *mot juste*. "I can't get anything out of myself quickly," he said; "it takes me a year of agony to make something like a book—generally longer. And . . . when it is done there are not more than twenty people who understand *pourquoi on se tue pour écrire quelques phrases pas trop mauvaises*." He had long periods of "sterility," often despairing and called himself a failure. "Not

that he lacked faith in himself," says Rothenstein. "Measuring himself against his contemporaries, he knew his own power. But he strained after an unattainable standard of perfection, and the effort to reach it often exhausted him."

In 1920 Conrad completed *The Rescue*, which had been lying half-finished for twenty years. *Notes on Life and Letters* contained a collection of essays and sketches written during a period of twenty-two years. His works were collected in 1921 and again in 1923.

Conrad earned a reputation as the greatest of sea writers. John Drinkwater says: "No novelist has ever described with such overwhelming and yet restrained power tropical storms and hot seas and writhing luxurious scented vegetation as cruel as it is beautiful. It may almost be said that the sea and the sun are often the principal characters of his stories." His central human figure in many cases is a man apart, such as a white man living among brown men (*Almayer's Folly*) or a man isolated by his profession (*The Secret Agent*).

He said he had difficulty with English prose because he thought in Polish, expressed his thoughts most readily in French, and only with labor translated them into English. But the fact that he thought in another language gave to his English prose a freshness of image which the critics commended.

Conrad visited America for a month in the spring of 1923, at the age of sixty-five. Broken in health and crippled by his old enemy, gout, he declined all requests to lecture, invitations to dinners and receptions, and he saw few people. A short automobile trip thru New England was his only journey away from the home of F. N. Doubleday on Long Island.

After his return to "Oswalds," Conrad's nights of fellowship in the study became rarer. He was ill and weary, and writing grew to be a greater burden than ever. The garden was his farthest walk afield. A winter of intermittent work and illness wore into spring. He did not finish his twenty-fifth novel, a story with an Indian setting which he named *Suspense*.

Conrad died unexpectedly early in the morning of August 3, 1924, while resting in a chair. He was in his sixty-seventh year. Interment was made at Canterbury.

Joseph Conrad's works:

NOVELS: *Almayer's Folly*, 1895; *An Outcast of the Islands*, 1896; *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* (American title: *Children of the Sea*), 1897; *Lord Jim*, 1900; *The Inheritors* (with Ford Madox Ford), 1901; *Romance* (with Ford), 1903; *Nostramo*, 1904; *The Secret Agent*, 1907; *Under Western Eyes*, 1911; *Chance*, 1913; *Victory*, 1915; *The Shadow-Line*, 1917; *The Arrow of Gold*, 1919; *The Rescue*, 1920; *The Rover*, 1923; *The Nature of a Crime* (with Ford Madox Ford), 1924; *Suspense*, 1925.

SHORT STORIES: *Tales of Unrest*, 1898; *Youth*, 1902; *Typhoon*, 1903; *A Set of Six*, 1908; *Twist Land and Sea*, 1912; *Within the Tides*, 1915; *Tales of Hearsay*, 1925.

PLAYS: *One Day More*, 1905; *The Secret Agent*, 1922; *Two Plays: Laughing Ann and One Day More*, 1924.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *The Mirror of the Sea: Memories and Impressions*, 1906; *Some Reminiscences* (American title: *A Personal Record*) 1912.

CRITICAL STUDIES: *Notes on Life and Letters*, 1921; *Last Essays*, 1926.

About Joseph Conrad:

Adams, E. L. *Joseph Conrad: The Man*; Baneroff, W. W. *Joseph Conrad: His Philosophy of Life*; Conrad, Jessie. *Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him*; Cunningsham Graham, R. B. *Invenit Portam: Joseph Conrad*; Curle, R. *Conrad to a Friend* (letters); Curle, R. *The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad*; Cushwa, F. W. (editor) *Introduction to Conrad*; Ford, F. M. *Joseph Conrad*; Ford, F. M. *Thus to Revisit*; Garnett, E. *Letters From Joseph Conrad*; Jean-Aubry, G. *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters* (two volumes); *Joseph Conrad: A Sketch With a Bibliography* (pamphlet, published by Doubleday, Doran); Megroz, R. L. *Joseph Conrad's Mind and Method*; Mori, G. *Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad*; O'Flaherty, L. *Joseph Conrad: An Appreciation*; Price, A. J. *Appreciation of Joseph Conrad*; Stauffer, R. M. *Joseph Conrad: His Romantic Realism*; Sutherland, J. G. *At Sea With Joseph Conrad*; Symons, A. *Notes on Joseph Conrad*; Walpole, H. *Conrad's Method*; Walpole, H. *Joseph Conrad*; Wise, T. J. *A Bibliography of the Writings of Joseph Conrad*.

Bookman 74:648 March 1932; *Mentor* 13:21 March 1925; *Saturday Review of Literature* 10:55 August 19, 1933; *Scribner's Magazine* 77:3 January 1925.

Louis Couperus 1863-1923

LOUIS MARIE ANNE COUPERUS, Dutch poet and novelist, was born at the Hague on June 10, 1863.

He was the son of Jan Ricus Couperus and his wife Geertruida Johanna Reynst. At the age of ten, Louis went with his parents to the Indies where they settled at Batavia, his father having been appointed to a government position there. While at Batavia, Louis attended the Willem III gymnasium. In 1878, after the father's death, he returned with his mother to the Hague where he pursued his studies. It is at this time that Couperus came under the influence of the noted teacher Dr. Jan ten Brink who persuaded him to take up the study of Dutch literature in earnest.

Couperus' education, however, was anything but systematic. His early interests were in history and ancient literatures. Later on, as was noted above, he abandoned these for the sake of his native letters. But in no field did Couperus show the mind of a scholar. He could not go deeply into any subject; rather, he had the artist's ability of quick perception and easy absorption of impressions which he used to such advantage in his novels of the past.

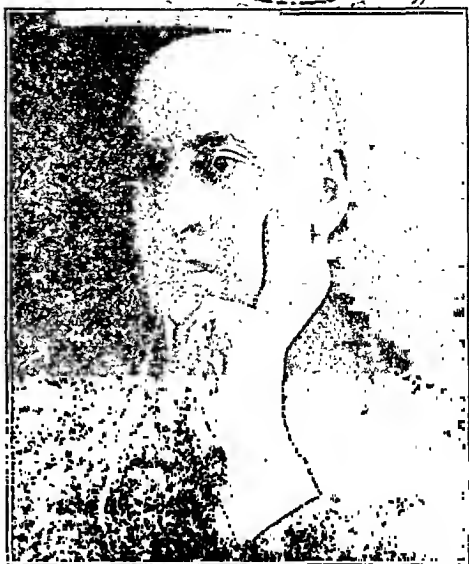
After the University, Couperus took up teaching for a living. This left him some leisure in which to write poetry. His earliest volume of verse, *En Lent van Vaerszen*, appeared in 1884. Two years later a second volume, *Orchideen*, came out. Of these early efforts to serve the Muse, Couperus himself says that they were "a mixture of Baudelaire and Rossetti, boiled in syrup." A more sympathetic critic calls them "youthful exercises in delicate word-painting, cameos in a rich and too elaborate setting."

At this very time Dutch literature underwent a change which may be designated as a Renaissance, a definite break with the conventional and romantic of the past towards a healthy realism which then began to be felt in the rest of Europe. In 1885 a group of young authors founded *De Nieuwe Gids* to further their ideas. The leaders of the group were Willem Kloos, Van Deyssel, Van Eden, and Verwey. Couperus was not one of them. When they began he had nothing but a tiny volume of verse to his credit. But with the publication, in 1889, of his first novel, *Eline Vere*, the group claimed him as one of their own. This is a book dealing with con-

temporary upper class life at the Hague. It reveals a curious power of observation. It portrays the growth of mind and character of a young artist among the tea-parties, gossip, rivalries, and flirtations of a society given to easy living. The approach is somewhat Tolstoyan, but the philosophy, occurring again and again in all of Couperus' writings, is first consciously worked out in this volume: "Why pause to inquire into the rights and wrongs of things when we are perpetually being pursued by the rumblings of an ancestral fate?" This Greek conception of an omnipotent destiny dogging the footsteps of helpless mankind runs like a purple thread thru his whole work. Nowhere is this so clearly expressed as in the novel *Old People and the Things That Pass*, a tale of the consequences of crime committed sixty years before. It is a tale without a hero, but the whole family concerned is of supreme artistic interest. The picture of life is static, outwardly, but the mental states of the characters take enormous strides. In the space of a few days they grow up, mature, and wither like one of the orchids Couperus loved so well. It is perhaps Couperus' best novel.

Couperus was an enthusiastic traveler. As early as the winter of 1890-91, he went to Paris. But the city at this time did not quite suit him. In a letter to Miss Elizabeth Band, his future wife, he complained that the city made him feel very much as if he were in the desert of Sahara. He amused himself with learning the names of the streets and the churches and studying the ways of the people. The loneliness he felt soon became too unbearable and upon returning to the Hague, he was married to Miss Band in the fall of 1891. They took a short trip thru Flanders, but business interrupted the journey. For it so happened that in this very year Clara Bell had translated, upon the recommendation of Maarten Maartens, his novel *Footsteps of Fate*, and Couperus was called to arrange for its publication with Sir Edmund Gosse. This not only brought Couperus international recognition but also a friendship with Gosse which lasted until death.

In his travels he preferred the milder



LOUIS COUPERUS

Hoppé

climate of Southern Europe and the Malay Archipelago to the "winds of his own dear country" which he found "so cold." In 1893. Couperus and his wife again ventured abroad, this time going to Italy where they visited Rome, Naples, Ravenna, Florence, and Venice. But again the trip was interrupted. He had to hurry back to Holland to the bedside of his dying mother. Not until after her death did Couperus find time and leisure to pursue his fancy. He lived in Florence for the most part, and returned to the Hague only in 1915 when the War terminated his sojourn in Italy.

England, too, was well known to Couperus, and he counted among his friends and correspondents some of its brightest minds. Oscar Wilde wrote to him in glowing terms, in 1895, in praise of *The Footsteps of Fate*, and he, on his part, inspired the translation of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* into Dutch. The late Sir Edmund Gosse has left us a charming picture of Couperus. In 1921, just before embarking on a two-year cruise of the Malay Archipelago, Couperus had gone to London and, as usual, paid Gosse a visit. No other visitor had been present, and Gosse draws the following picture of the occasion: "Courteous and a little timid, Couperus produced little effect in a crowd; to know him it was necessary to see him alone or in

very congenial company. . . He was trim and well-groomed, with tufts of gray whiskers on each side of the pale oval of his face, to which black-rimmed glasses gave a certain owl-like aspect. He held his head a little on one side, with an almost languorous smile, very engaging; and he talked excellent English in a soft, low voice. Nothing about him suggested the conventional idea of a Dutchman."

They talked of many things, of travel and of places and books, and Couperus remarked: "They say I am improper! What do they mean by *improper*? We Continentals find you so difficult to understand. I am a Latin of the Latins, you must know. I must tell you that my mind is very un-moral! You are all so Puritan here, and I have such a sympathy with the *suburra*. The English publishers say this and that must be altered. Why should I be false? My heart is so tropic." Couperus left and embarked upon his cruise. He visited Batavia and the places where he had spent his childhood. On his return, in 1923, the grateful Dutch celebrated his sixtieth birthday. The same year he died, on July 16, at De Steeg near Arnhem, in the country which he loved but the winds of which in his lifetime he had found "so cold."

Latin and tropic . . . nothing better characterizes Couperus' writings. In his tetralogy *The Books of the Small Souls* (*Boeken der Kleine Zielen*) we have the exotic atmosphere of the tropics, both natural and human, blended with the cool practicality and narrow prejudices of the Dutch temperament and the swift rhythm of the Latin. The place of action is Holland and Italy, but there are certain characters which bring in the exotic landscapes of the East. The style is highly individualistic, amounting at times to a decided preference for mannerisms, but none the less of a type which adds much to the freshness and originality of the whole. A family chronicle of the dimensions of Galsworthy's *Forsety Saga*, it traces a woman's fortunes from a conventional marriage of convenience to an elopement and subsequent rehabilitation in the social circles of upper-class Dutch society.

Beginning as a writer of exotic verse in the manner of Hérédia, Couperus soon found a more congenial field in the realistic novel. To this period of self-discovery we owe, perhaps, his best works. But, as in the case of Flaubert, realism and romanticism were constantly at war in him. After 1907 Couperus abandoned realism and turned to the exploration of the romantic past. Earlier still he had written a cycle of purely fantastic novels: *Majesteit*, *Wereldverde*, *Hooge Troeven*; then an equally successful cycle of fairy tales: *Psyche*, *Dionysus*, distinguished not so much by the story as by the manner of telling. Later came the novels of antiquity, of Greece and Rome and Egypt, the result of his earlier antiquarian interests and more recent travels. These include *De Berg van Licht*, concerning Elagabalus, the priest of the Sun-God and future emperor; *De Komediante*, the tale of two Roman actors which also manages to introduce us to Martial and Quintilian, to Suetonius and Pliny the Younger; and finally *Iskander*, dealing with Alexander the Great and his troublous reign and conquests. And all thru this time of travel and novel writing Couperus found time to keep up an interesting column in *Het Vaderland*; some of these sketches have been collected in the volume *Eighteen Tales*.

Couperus wrote as he lived. The most cosmopolitan of Dutchmen, he was a friend of men and his interests covered a large field of human experience. Travel and mythology, society life and the lives of the humble shepherds of the Alps, family strife and the innocent musings of childhood . . . all found their way into his books. Couperus imparted to his characters an actuality which, until his time, had been a rarity in Dutch letters.

A. B.

Principal works of Louis Couperus:

POETRY: Een Lent van Vaerzen, 1884; Orchidaeen, 1886; Williswinde, 1895.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: Eline Vere, 1880; Noodlot, 1890; Exstase, 1892; Majesteit, 1893; Wereldverde, 1895; Hooge Troeven, 1896; Metamorfoze, 1897; Psyche, 1898; Fidesa, 1899; De Stille Kracht, 1900; Babel, 1901; Boeken van der Kleine Zielen, 1901-03; Van Oude Menschen: De Dingen de Voorbijgaan, 1902; Dionysus, 1904; De Berg van Licht, 1906; Van en over Mijzelf en Anderen, 1910;

Antieke Verhalen, 1911; Korte Arabesken, 1911; Antiek Tourisme, 1912; Uit blanke Steden, 1912; Herakles, 1913; De Komedianten, 1917; Iskander, 1920; Oostwaarts, 1924.

Louis Couperus' works available in English translation:

Footsteps of Fate, 1891; Eline Vere, 1889; Psyche, 1898; Small Souls, 1914; Later Life, 1915; Twilight of Souls, 1917; Dr. Adriaan, 1918; Old People and the Things that Pass, 1918; Ecstasy, 1919; The Inevitable, 1920; The Tour, 1920; The Hidden Force, 1921; Majesty, 1921; Eastward, 1924; The Comedians, 1926; Nippon, 1926; Arrogance: Xerxes, 1930; Eighteen Tales, 1930; Book of Small Souls (four volumes in one) 1932.

About Couperus:

Coenen, F. *Louis Couperus*; Gosse, E. W. *Silhouettes*.

London Mercury 8:519 September 1923.

John Cournos 1881-

Autobiographical sketch of John Cournos, novelist, editor and translator:

I WAS born in a Russian village [Kieff, March 6, 1881] and until the age of ten I had yet to hear a word of English. Except for my immediate family, I spent those early years in solitude in the Russian woods. My earliest memories are about peasants, trees, Russian folksongs, the golden spires of Kieff, and groups of pilgrims wending their way to that sacred city.

The medical tradition was strong in my family. For generations it had counted many doctors, and my parents made up their minds to make me one. (This may account for my tendency to diagnose the ills of society!) This was not to be. My parents lost their money, and with a large family they left for America.

I was ten when I came to Philadelphia, and after my idyllic existence in the Russian woods my new life in an industrial city was hard and in some ways incomprehensible. I went to school and in my spare hours I sold newspapers. My first English, which I learned in the streets, was expressive, and I dare say efficient if not exactly elegant. I possessed, however, a decided advantage in not always knowing what my words meant, wherefore I sometimes used them with impunity, if not always with immunity.

After two years, owing to the fact that I froze a foot one night while selling papers in a blizzard, we moved out of town, and I began my new life as bobbin boy in a woolen mill. I received two dollars and a half per week, working ten hours a day, and was eventually promoted to a man's job at an increase of fifty cents a week. I was then about fourteen years old. The two years I spent in the factory I now consider absolutely wasted.

I returned to town and became an office boy on a daily newspaper. I earned more money by writing leaders and articles than as an office boy, and was eventually promoted to an editorial position. This I held for some time, gathering all the while all kinds of experience. My first interest in literature was contracted by an acquaintance with art students, and my first writing consisted chiefly of art criticism. All this time I was the main support of a large family.

That I should ever have become an author seems like sheer accident. Perhaps it only seems so. For I have a curious belief, to which no ordinary logic could be applied, that accidents are strictly forbidden in art and that one is what one is meant to be. In my own case it would be more accurate to say



JOHN CURNOS

that I was subconsciously driven into literature by some blind will.

There may have been other things, which men commonly call accidents, but these, after all, have been only subsidiary to the blind urge for expression. The time inevitably came when matters were taken out of my hands, and there was no question of "tossing up" whether I should do this or that; and when that time came I never looked back, but did the only thing I thought I could do half well. Until that moment arrived I was driven—I cannot think of a better word—towards literature.

At the age of thirty-one I got "fed up" with everything. I was in a rut and I felt that if something didn't happen I should end by cutting my throat. I reflected, however, that there was plenty of time for that, and so instead I chucked a perfectly good life job and went to Europe without any introductions or prospects. I haven't the least idea how I managed to hold on, for during my first year in London I had an almost daily inclination to return to the fleshpots of Philadelphia. I need hardly go into details as to the life of a friendless free-lance in London. All the while I was accomplishing the main object of my stay, for I learnt English on English soil.

For years I had been thinking of writing a novel and at thirty-five I suddenly realized that I had been talking about it long enough and that if I did not get down to work then and there I should regard all my experience as wasted. When I began working on *The Mask* I had but one book in mind. I found, however, that with work the idea broadened and developed, and that I should never be able to complete it in the single volume I had planned. At the conclusion of a hundred thousand words, I had to end my book abruptly, a fact which did not escape the critics. I then thought that I could finish the narrative in *The Wall*, but the same thing occurred, and I was forced to continue the story in *Babel*.

The New Candide was my first venture into the purely imaginative field. In the three volumes which preceded it, I unburdened myself of the experiences

which drove me to write in the first instance.

In London on January 1, 1924, I was married for the first time to Helen, daughter of Christian Kestner. I have two step-children: Alfred and Marcia Satterthwaite. Alfred threatens to follow my career. Altho just eighteen, he has published short stories which have found their way onto Edward J. O'Brien's honor roll of best American short stories.

From 1924 to 1931, except for a visit in New Haven, I lived with Mrs. Cournos and the children in many places in England and on the Continent, for the most part in London, Oxford, Paris, Florence, and Switzerland. In 1931 we returned to New Haven. My novel *The Devil is an English Gentleman* was published in two volumes in 1932.

I am tending more and more toward traditionalism: My sympathies are with the "school" expounding its views in T. S. Eliot's *Criterion*.

I have no doubt that anybody looking for anything but money would be regarded nowadays by all "sane" people as something of a fool. I have no doubt, also, that if Cervantes' hero or Captain Ahab were to come to life, or if their authors were to come to life, they would be regarded as fools. Well, I have a fondness for such divine fools, since it is they alone who relieve us of the tedium of our drab existence. Indeed, in that sense, I hope I am something of a fool myself, and in support of my folly, let me quote still another fool, William Blake: "If a fool persist in his folly, he shall become wise."

* * *

Aside from his literary pursuits, John Cournos had at one time a short governmental career. He was a member of a commission sent to Russia by the British Foreign Office in 1917-18 and later was on the staff of the Ministry of Information. In 1920 he was a member of a commission investigating food conditions in the famine areas of Central Europe.

Mrs. Cournos is also a writer and under the name of Sybil Norton published a novel entitled *The Winthrop's* in 1927.

John Cournos' books:

NOVELS: *The Mask*, 1919; *The Wall*, 1921; *Babel*, 1922; *The New Candide*, 1924; *Miranda Masters*, 1926; *O'Flaherty the Great*, 1927; *Wandering Women*, 1930; *Grandmother Martin Is Murdered*, 1930; *The Devil Is an English Gentleman*, 1932.

BIOGRAPHY: *A Modern Plutarch*, 1928.

POEMS: *In Exile*, 1928.

PLAYS: *Sport of the Gods*, 1925; *Shylock's Choice* (in *Imagist Anthology*) 1930.

TRANSLATOR: *The Old House*, etc. (Sologub) 1915; *Little Tales* (Sologub) 1917; *The Clock* (Remizov) 1924; *Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia*, 1929; *That Worthless Fellow Platonov* (Chekhov) 1930; *A Song About the Merchant Kalashnikov* (Lermontov) 1929; *Abysm* (Andreyev) 1929; *The Secret of the West* (Merezhkovsky) 1931; *Petersburg* (Biely) 1933.

EDITOR: *Best British Short Stories* (with Edward J. O'Brien) 1922-26; *Fifteen Finest Short Stories*, 1928; *Representative American Short Stories*, 1929.

About John Cournos:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Cumberland, G. *Written in Friendship*.

Literary Digest International Book Review August 1924; *New York Evening Post Literary Review* August 2, 1924; *T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* December 13, 1924.

Kathleen Coyle

Autobiographical sketch of Kathleen Coyle, Irish author:

BORN and brought up in the north-west of Ireland. Tragic, Brontë sort of childhood. From the beginning, I imagine, life never wanted me. I was poisoned when only a few weeks old by a nursemaid who left me for dead in the cradle while she decamped with trunks full of valuables, and only the timely altho unexpected arrival of my grandmother from New York on that particular morning saved me. A few years later another nursemaid allowed me to indulge in an accident which has marked all my life.

I never went to school or college and have consequently missed all that might have been good or bad in these institutions. I was educated at home by foreign governesses, mostly incompetent. They came and went, up and down, according to the temperature of the family revenges. My real source of knowledge was a well-stocked library in which I

read everything—from *Miraculous Births* to modern poetry—and the mercurial influence of a brilliant and heretical father. Also, an imaginative child, I was steeped in that peculiar Celtic atmosphere in which dreams are made over into realities.

I wrote my first story surreptitiously when I was nine and hid it in a secret place from which it promptly disappeared—swept into flames or the dustbin by a zealous nursemaid probably. It had almost the same effect upon me to lose it as to lose my head. I was convinced for some time afterwards that no other idea would again occur to me. Writing, I discovered some years later, was my only outlet and means of expression. I was good for nothing else.

I have written up to the present time [1933] ten novels, two of them still in process of publication. Of these ten novels only one, *A Flock of Birds*, is of any value. The others are, and were meant to be, means of earning a livelihood. *The French Husband* was written in eleven days.

I have no hobbies, only devotions: my son and daughter, my friends, and my good work—when I am able to write what I like writing. I like writing my present novel—the eleventh—and I like writing poetry.



KATHLEEN COYLE

I live in France from choice because it is a country which gives real food to intellectuals, no matter how poor they are. It gives liberty and depth to the spirit, and it gives warmth—a very necessary quality when one considers the shortness of human life.

* * *

After Kathleen Coyle typed the above sketch of herself, she wrote, in ink, at the bottom of the accompanying letter to the editors of this volume: "I'm afraid I'm not a very interesting subject!"

When pressed for autobiographical information, she usually replies: "Oh, but you should ask about my grandmother, she is much more interesting." Her grandmother, she will tell you, married a man who was the choice of her family, and for whom she had no affection. "Fortunately for him he only lived two years after marriage. He worshipped her; but he was twice her age. Her daughter, my mother, was born in New York, tho brought up in Europe. My grandmother never settled anywhere; she traveled and had for those days a mania for crossing the Atlantic. Thru her I was brought close to America in my childhood."

The period between Mrs. Coyle's childhood and the time she published her fifth novel, *Lir*, was sketched briefly by Rebecca West in 1929 in her introductory essay to that volume:

"It was a year or two before the War that I first met Kathleen Coyle, who was then a very young girl, and was impressed, and almost alarmed, by her endowment of poetic sensitivity. During the intervening period she has exposed that sensitivity to much experience. She was in Ireland during most of 'the crossness'; and since the War she has led a life in Europe which one would be tempted to call wandering, if one saw the path of it traced on the map, but which was invariably oriented by certain obligations.

"Some years ago she began to write with what seemed to me something less than the effect one might have anticipated from this personality developed by that experience, tho at that her novels were better than most. *Piccadilly* had

beauty and dramatic power, particularly towards its close, but it suffered from the lack of clarity which often appears when a writer has not yet found the subject of which his inner self really wants to write. . .

"There is the same shadowy quality about *The Widow's House*, tho that contains an exquisite appreciation of one of those English towns where history is in the streets like a kind of twilight, and perhaps it was traces of its presence which prevented *Shule Agra* and *It Is Better to Tell* from getting anything like the attention which was their due.

"But there is nothing shadowy about *Lir*, which has the brightness of blue scillas piercing sunlit snow. It is as simple and translucent as books are when their authors have achieved a complete imaginative realization of their subject. I believe that Kathleen Coyle has at last reached a phase of being in which she is going to pick her own appropriate subjects, from her special field of knowledge and passion; and that henceforward she is going to be an extremely distinguished writer."

In 1930, Mrs. Coyle published *A Flock of Birds*, the novel which she thinks is her only work of any value. It deals with the political situation in the Dublin of 1919 and is the story of a mother whose youngest son is about to be hanged for the murder of a government official committed by someone in his political coterie. The *Boston Transcript* said: "As a story it is unique. As a subtle analysis of the mysterious intermingling of the sub-conscious with the conscious mind in emotional climacterics of life, it is unsurpassed." Gladys Graham wrote in the *Saturday Review of Literature*: "It takes courage to read the book; it must have taken tremendous courage to write it."

Kathleen Coyle in her life often reminds Rebecca West of Katherine Mansfield, "by the courage with which she has pursued her ends in spite of pitiful ill health, and by the joy she can distill from little things in the midst of the most discouraging circumstances. . ."

Mrs. Coyle is an exotic looking woman with a slender face and dark hair parted

in the middle. In the autumn of 1933 she was living in Paris.

Kathleen Coyle's novels:

Piccadilly, 1923; The Widow's House, 1924; Youth in the Saddle (American title: Shule Agra) 1927; It Is Better to Tell, 1927; Liv, 1929; A Flock of Birds, 1930; There Is a Door, 1931; The French Husband, 1932; The Skeleton, 1933.

About Kathleen Coyle:

Coyle, K. Liz (see introduction by Rebecca West).

• James Gould Cozzens 1903-

JAMES GOULD COZZENS, American novelist, was born in Chicago on August 19, 1903, the son of Henry Cozzens and Bertha Wood Cozzens. His parents, who were Rhode Islanders, moved back to New England shortly after he was born. He has no recollection of Chicago and has not been back there since. "I will confess," he says, "that I think of myself as being entirely New England and having an almost proprietary knowledge of it."

For six years Cozzens attended Kent School in Kent, Connecticut, where his mother established her home. When he was sixteen years old he published an article on the student government at Kent School in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March 1920. He was graduated from Kent and entered Harvard in 1922. In his freshman year at Harvard he wrote a novel, *Confusion*, which was published in 1924, when he was twenty-one. It is the story of a girl who is the victim of a process of over-education.

Cozzens left Harvard in his junior year, went to Cuba, and stayed a year at the big Czarnecki-Rionda Central Tuinucu, a sugar mill. There he "rode" the cane, taught Latin to some of the engineers' children and played bridge and fought game cocks, besides week-ending in Havana as often as possible. By means of such activities he accumulated a good deal of authentic background of the cane country life which he used in his novels. In Cuba he wrote *Michael Scarlett*, an Elizabethan tale, and it was published in 1925.

On December 31, 1927, Cozzens was married to Bernice Baumgarten. Continuing his novel writing at a steady



JAMES GOULD COZZENS

pace, he published *Cockpit* in 1928 and *Son of Perdition* in 1929, both based on his experiences in Cuba. The newspaper stories of the shipwreck of the *S. S. Vestris* in November 1928 moved him to write *S. S. San Pedro*, which was a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club in 1931. While writing this novel, he spent many days poking about in the cabins and engine rooms of the sister ship to the *Vestris*, making his details authentic.

Second prize in the annual O. Henry Memorial Award was given to Cozzens for his short story, "A Farewell to Cuba," which was published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1931. He is a frequent contributor of short stories to the *Saturday Evening Post* and other publications.

It was Kent, Connecticut, primarily, which gave Cozzens the background which he utilized in *The Last Adam*, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in January 1933. It was the story of a doctor's life in "a community where the old New England life is just boiling over into something different," as Henry Seidel Canby puts it. Dr. Bull is "full-blooded, coarse, a hunter of rattle-snakes and lover of women, a bull of a man in his sixties. . . A little science, much common sense, and a roaring personality, that was Dr. Bull—too strong a dose for

a town getting refined and losing its saltness. . . ."

Cozzens, according to Ruth Hale, is an intuitive writer. "He trusts to his natural receptivity to acquire his impressions, and to a natural selectivity to produce them again when he needs them, and he is a little disposed to call an uncommonly happy selection 'just an accident.' He is an experimental worker, but experimental only in forms." His intention is the ancient one—to understand and interpret. He has no missions or sociological predilections. "I try," he says, "to recreate the thing I have felt, or retell the thing I have seen. The ordered process is beyond me." He works carefully, under self-discipline.

"Tall, thin, pale and shy, and definitely opposed to talking to interviewers," is the way Miss Hale describes Cozzens. "He is of the somewhat nervous type that releases its energy best in work, next best to close friends, and a bad third to strangers." He is startled-looking with thick black eyebrows and black hair. He has an engaging smile and looks younger than he is. An urbane, fastidious individual, he lives with his wife in a slightly modernistic apartment in the East 70's, New York City.

James Gould Cozzens' novels:

Confusion, 1924; *Michael Scarlett*, 1925; *Cockpit*, 1928; *The Son of Perdition*, 1929; *S. S. San Pedro*, 1931; *The Last Adam*, 1933.

Adelaide Crapsey 1878-1914

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY, American poet, and originator of the "cinquain," was born at 28 Orange Street, Brooklyn Heights, Rochester, New York, on September 9, 1878, the third child and the second daughter of the Reverend Algernon Sidney and Adelaide Trowbridge Crapsey.

The father, in 1904-05, created a sensation throught the country by a series of sermons in which he denied the virgin birth of Christ and the resurrection and ascension of Christ's body. For expressing these doctrines, he was tried by an ecclesiastical court on charges of heresy, and was found guilty and deposed. An account of the issues involved and of the trial is to be found in his autobiography, *The Last of the Heretics*.

A unique feature of the Crapsey household was the remarkable freedom allowed its members. Mrs. Crapsey, as unorthodox a mother as her husband was a clergyman, actually regarded all her children—she had nine—as distinct personalities with clearly-defined rights of their own. She took great pride in the fact that in her home "everybody respected everybody else's temperament." She loved her children and was keenly interested in their intellectual development, but she did not believe in interfering with it. She carried her conviction to such an extreme that not until the publication of a volume of verse in 1915, after her daughter's death, did she know that her daughter was a poet!

With her sister, Emily Margaret (who died in the spring of 1901), Adelaide Crapsey was, from 1893 to 1897, a student at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin, a church school located on the shore of Lake Superior. She won a French prize in her junior year, and was valedictorian of her class, as her sister had been the year before. She was captain of the basketball team, and a frequent contributor to the *Kemper Hall Kodak*, of which she was Editor-in-Chief during her senior year. Among her articles were an appreciative review of Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington*, and an essay on the now-forgotten Charlotte M. Yonge, entitled "An Interesting Woman." During this period, she also wrote short stories and translated Daudet's *The Pope Is Dead*.

In 1897 she entered Vassar College, from which she was graduated in 1901 as a member of Phi Beta Kappa and editor of the senior year-book, the *Vassarion*. Two years later, after an enforced vacation due to illness, she returned to Kemper Hall to teach history and literature. In 1905 she went abroad to study archeology in Rome. During 1906-08 she taught English Literature at Miss Low's School, Stamford, Connecticut, altho her weak physical condition often made it impossible for her to meet her classes.

In June 1907, at the close of the school year, she went with her father to Holland, where he was a delegate to the Hague Peace Conference. Travel and new surroundings, she hoped, would



ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

1901

improve her health, but she returned to Stamford, on September 29, completely exhausted, and facing a hard year of teaching. In 1911, she was appointed instructor in poetics at Smith College, but she was compelled to resign, again on account of her health.

She died on October 8, 1914, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at Saranac Lake, New York, a victim of tuberculosis. Seriously ill for over a year, she knew that her death was only a question of time, but she faced the situation with courage, and with a grim humor that enabled her to give the name "Trudeau's Garden" to the graveyard that she could see from her window. In accordance with her wishes, she was cremated, and buried at Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester. Her ashes were placed in an urn, the gift of her Vassar classmates.

Altho she wrote a small amount of verse before 1911, Adelaide Crapsey did most of her work in the last three or four months of her life. This work appears in *Verse*, a thin volume, published by the Manas Press in Rochester, twelve months after her death. A second edition, with some additional poems, came out in 1922. Her unfinished treatise, *A Study of English Metrics*, was published in 1918. It is a valuable

investigation, which has proved useful to students of the technical problems of verse.

In a foreword to *Verse*, Claude Bragdon writes: "Her death was tragic. Full of the desire of life, she was forced to go, leaving her work all unfinished. Her last year was spent in exile at Saranac. . . Here, these poems grew—flowers of a battlefield of the spirit." Another critic, Marsden Hartley, tells us that "she had no affectations, no fashionable theories and ambitions. She simply wrote excellent verse."

In the "cinquain," Adelaide Crapsey made an original contribution to American poetry, and her originality and her contribution are not weakened by the statement that her stanza derives from a Japanese form, known as the "hokku." She used it in her own way, for her own artistic purposes, and to express her own personality. For these reasons, she deserves to be regarded as the inventor of the form which is definitely associated with her name. The "cinquain" is a stanza of five lines, unrhyming. Each line contains, respectively, two, four, six, eight, and two syllables. It is, as Louis Untermeyer calls it, the "strictest possible pattern," but it did not hamper Adelaide Crapsey who worked in it with ease, charm, and delicacy.

H. S. R.

Adelaide Crapsey's works:

Verse, 1915 (second edition, with a few additional poems, 1922); *A Study of English Metrics*, 1918.

About Adelaide Crapsey:

Hartley, M. *Adventures in the Arts*; Jones, L. *First Impressions*; Osborn, M. E. *Adelaide Crapsey*.

A. J. Cronin 1896-

Biographical sketch of A. J. Cronin, English novelist, written by his wife:

ARCHIBALD JOSEPH CRONIN was born at Cardross, Dumbartonshire, Scotland, on July 19, 1896. The only child of Patrick Cronin and Jessie Montgomerie, his education began at the village school and was continued at Dumbarton Academy. In 1914 he began to study medicine at Glasgow University.

His studies were interrupted by war service in the navy.

In 1919 he was graduated M.B. Ch.B. with honors, then he embarked as ship's surgeon on a liner bound for India. There followed various hospital appointments—first as physician in charge of out-patients at Bellahouston Ministry of Pensions Hospital and finally as Medical Superintendent of the Lightburn Isolation Hospital.

In 1921 he married Agnes Mary Gibson, M.B. Ch.B., and commenced active practice in South Wales. Whilst working there he took two higher medical degrees. In 1924 he was appointed Medical Inspector of Mines to carry out research work in connection with accidents in mines. Whilst doing this work he descended more than 500 collieries. In 1925 he wrote his thesis for the M.D. degree—its title *A History of Aneurism*—for which he was awarded his M.D. with honors.

Subsequently he started practice in the West End of London where he amassed a large and lucrative practice. But in 1930 his health broke down and whilst convalescing in the West Highlands of Scotland he wrote *Hatter's Castle* which was published in England and in the United States in 1931 and also translated into five other languages. It was an instantaneous success and Dr. Cronin then determined to devote himself to literature, an ambition which for years he had cherished in secret. Indeed, all his life he had been intensely interested in the world of letters. As a boy he had devoured the classics. At school, English composition had been his best subject and in 1908 at the age of thirteen he won a gold medal in a competition open to the whole county for the best historical essay of the year. Only the exacting demands of medical practice prevented him from previously following what was obviously his natural bent.

Besides his M.D. thesis the only other publication of Dr. Cronin's before *Hatter's Castle* was his report on his survey of the medical regulations in British collieries. This was published by H. M. Stationery Office.

Three Loves was published in 1932 and *Grand Canary*, his third novel, in 1933.



A. J. CRONIN

Dr. Cronin is very keen on all outdoor sports being particularly fond of trout fishing and golf. In his earlier days he was an enthusiastic footballer. A member of the Garrick Club, he has a definite interest in the theatre and is often seen at London first nights.

As regards his taste in literature, it is catholic. But perhaps his favorite authors are Robert Louis Stevenson, Scott, Conrad on the romantic side; Balzac, Maupassant, and Flaubert on the realistic. In respect of modern novels, he has little sympathy with the stream of consciousness school. He does not admire the thousand imitators of Joyce, Arnold Bennett, Sinclair Lewis, and Somerset Maugham he admires of modern writers.

Dr. Cronin resides in one of London's backwaters in an old part of Kensington—just a few minutes from Kensington Gardens. He has also a country residence in Sussex where he does most of his writing. He has two sons, Vincent and Patrick, the former aged nine and the latter seven, at this writing [1933].

Altho Dr. Cronin was a success in the profession of medicine—his London practice had grown to such an extent that a breakdown in health was caused by overwork—yet his heart was never in it. He always yearned after self-expression and in literature he has found

the sphere of work where he is completely happy. His ambition—simply to write so that not only may his name be known now but that it may continue to be known.

* * *

Dr. Cronin's first novel, *Hatter's Castle*, was accepted almost immediately by the first publisher to whom he sent it, despite its unusual length of 250,000 words, and became the first "first novel" to be adopted by the English Book Society. It was written feverishly in the short space of three months. The author even arose frequently in the night and wrote for hours while lying on the floor, lest ideas should escape him before morning. When it was finished he resisted an impulse to tear up the manuscript and sent it instead to the publishers. While awaiting their decision he was in a state of suspension, "like Mahomet's coffin," undecided between medicine and literature for his future career. He had determined, in Sir Walter Scott's phrase, that if literature failed him as a staff he would not attempt to use it as a mere crutch. Upon its publication, however, *Hatter's Castle* was received so enthusiastically by the critics, who found in it elements of Hardy, Ibsen, and Charlotte Brontë, that Cronin definitely abandoned the medical profession for writing.

A. J. Cronin's works:

Hatter's Castle, 1931; *Three Loves*, 1932; *Grand Canary*, 1933.

Rachel Crothers 1878-

RACHEL CROTHERS, American playwright, was born in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1878, the daughter of Dr. Eli Kirk Crothers and Marie Louise Depew Crothers, who was also a physician, one of the few women in the profession in that section of the country at that time. In the early days of Illinois the family were friends of Abraham Lincoln, who had at one time represented Dr. Crothers in a law suit before the Civil War.

She began to write plays as a small child and says that almost the first thing she can remember is sitting on the floor with her paper dolls, building houses for them and acting out their lives,

speaking the dialogue aloud and completing the story of one set of dolls before she began with another. Where this gift came from no one knows, she says, as the theatre was a remote, very dubious, and possibly somewhat wicked place to the Crothers family. At last, at the age of eight, she saw a real play and from then on her main interest in life was the stage.

At the age of twelve she wrote and produced her first play, "a very serious drama" in five acts, called "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining or The Ruined Merchant." There were five characters, three of which she played herself, allowing a friend and collaborator to play the other two. The "theatre" was the attic of the Crothers home. Later, during the years of her education at Illinois State Normal University in Bloomington, her interest in theatricals nearly disrupted the classroom routine.

Graduating from the Normal University in 1892, she came to New York and attended the Stanhope-Wheatcroft School of Acting, where, after several months as a pupil, and just as her funds were about to become exhausted, she was asked to remain as an instructor and coach. This she did for several years and acquired invaluable experience in writing, directing, acting, and general knowledge of stage mechanics.

Her first professionally-produced play was *Nora*, in 1903. Her first hit was *The Three of Us*, in 1906. Since that date she has averaged a play a year, many of them among the substantial successes of their respective seasons. Her output of New York productions is greater than that of any living playwright of either sex. Among her earlier successes were *The Three of Us*, *A Man's World*, *Old Lady 31*, *39 East*, *Nice People*, and *Expressing Willie*. Outstanding among her more recent plays are *Let Us Be Gay*, *As Husbands Go*, and *When Ladies Meet*. Thruout her career she has directed or assisted in the direction of her plays, and often picks the casts herself. She has occasionally acted in small parts in her own plays. During recent years her works have been produced under the aegis of John Golden, veteran Broadway figure.

Crothers: crū'thērs

In 1926, after years of comfort and independence, she had a disastrous financial venture when she undertook to sponsor a friend's play. It was an instant failure, and, rather than go into bankruptcy, she mortgaged her country home and took a salaried job as a play reader, meanwhile working on a new script of her own, to pay off some \$55,000 in debts, the outcome of the venture. The play that she wrote at this time was *Let Us Be Gay*. As produced in the "boom" days of 1929 by John Golden with Francine Larrimore as the star, it proved to be her most remunerative success. In a short time the royalties enabled her to settle her debts and resume her former way of life.

The one of the most prolific of American dramatists, Miss Crothers believes that the present-day theatre suffers from hasty and careless work, and will not permit herself to be hurried into producing a play with which she is not completely satisfied. "A play that is not ready," she says, "should simply be put away and not be allowed to come out again until the author has acquired some perspective." The play which she wrote following *Let Us Be Gay*, tho well received in a "try-out" performance, did not satisfy her and has never been produced. Critics say that there are no "pot-boilers" among her plays.

In general, Miss Crothers' plays may be said to have a single, tho progressive, theme. "With a few exceptions, every one of my plays has been a social attitude toward women at the moment I wrote it," she says. *Theatre Arts Monthly* calls her the "pace-maker for American social comedy" and comments that her work represents the social progress of the last twenty-five years "more thoroly and more representatively than that of any other dramatist."

Critics have also pointed out that tho her first efforts were produced in the days of Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Charles Rann Kennedy, J. Hartley Manners, Edward Knoblock, and George Broadhurst, and tho whole generations of playwrights have risen and sunk back into obscurity while she has continued to turn out her regular play-a-year, her work has not been called "dated" even



RACHEL CROTHERS

in the consciously modern and sophisticated 'Thirties. One writer said in 1932, "Miss Crothers has had the happy faculty of growing with the times."

One of her creeds is self-criticism. Another is that "we need sanity in all art."

"Even Eugene O'Neill would be a greater artist if he were more disciplined, instead of trying to put every fantastic idea that comes into his head on paper," she once told an interviewer.

Rachel Crothers has gray hair, cut short and worn studiously "touseled," large eyes with arched brows, and a face inclining to plumpness, tho her figure is slim and smart. She is fond of all kinds of jewelry and is seldom seen without a string of pearls. Henry James Forman says of her: "Were she not so fine and sensitive an artist, so charmingly feminine, domestic, and sympathetic, she might almost be compared to a captain of industry. Something of the irrepressible energy of the American big business man seems to radiate from her, and always she gives one the impression of being about to launch something new. Anyone upon seeing her, even in a large assembly, would conclude at once that here was a woman of rare and unusual creative energy."

Miss Crothers' home is at Redding, Connecticut. It is an old farmhouse

around which she has built additional rooms. She designed the plans and did the furnishings herself. She likes "every-day life."

Rachel Crothers' plays:

Nora, 1903; The Point of View, 1904; The Three of Us, 1906; The Coming of Mrs. Patrick, 1907; Myself, Bettina, 1908; Kiddies, 1909; A Man's World, 1909; He and She, 1911; The Herfords, 1912; Ourselves, 1913; The Heart of Paddy Whack, 1914; Old Lady 31, 1916; Mother Carey's Chickens, 1917; Once Upon a Time, 1918; A Little Journey, 1918; 39 East, 1919; Nice People, 1921; Everybody, 1921; Mary the Third, 1923; Expressing Willie, 1924; A Lady's Virtue, 1925; Venus, 1927; Let Us Be Gay, 1929; As Husbands Go, 1931; When Ladies Meet, 1932.

About Rachel Crothers:

Hackett, F. *Horizons*; Mantle, B. *American Playwrights of Today*.

Pictorial Review 32:2 June 1931; *Theatre Arts Magazine* 16:971 December 1932; *Theatre Magazine* 53:32 March 1931; *Woman's Home Companion* 58:71 August 1931; *Woman's Journal* 16:11 May 1931.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham 1852-

ROBERT BONTINE CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, British author, was born in London on May 24, 1852, the eldest son of William Cunninghame Graham Bontine of Ardoch and Gartmore, and descendant of one of the oldest families in Scotland. His Scotch-Spanish mother was Anne Elizabeth Fleeming, daughter of Admiral Charles Elphinstone Fleeming of Cumbernauld, Lanark, and sister of the fourteenth Baron Elphinstone. He was brought up by his Spanish grandmother who taught him to speak Castilian before he learned English.

Being "not the least made for a public school," he left Harrow at the age of sixteen and went out to Spanish America and lived there for sixteen years among the cattlemen, supporting himself by ranching. These, he says, were the happiest years of his life. He traveled continually over the Argentine pampas, often riding a hundred miles a day, learning to throw the lazo like a gaucho. For a time he was in Mexico, working as a fencing master. When he was twenty-seven, he married Gabriela de la Balmondière, a Chilean author and mystic. She had already published *The*

Christ of Toro, a book of short stories and sketches mostly about Spain.

The death of his father in 1884 brought Cunninghame Graham back to Scotland. He settled in the ancestral home, Gartmore, which had been built in 1680, and began to farm the estate in an attempt to pay off an inherited debt of one hundred thousand pounds.

In 1886 he was elected to Parliament as an advanced Liberal from Lanark, the district where Glasgow is located. In November 1887 occurred the famous "Bloody Sunday" riot in Trafalgar Square which resulted in Cunninghame Graham's being imprisoned two months for leading an attack against the police. In Pentonville Prison, near King's Cross, he studied the Book of Job. After his release he said the House of Commons gave him "no fair show at all," regarding as a nuisance his fearless speeches against capitalism in support of the workingman. He made a crusade for shorter hours of labor and opposed capital punishment. In 1890, with Keir Hardie, he founded the Scottish Labour Party which later merged into the general Labour Party. He frequented the Socialist meetings in London, but did not join the Fabians.

Three letters written to the *Daily Graphic* on the American Indian problem in 1890 were the first specimens of Cunninghame Graham's prose except for an article published earlier in the *San Antonio Times*. In 1891 he wrote a penny pamphlet called "Economic Evolution," jesting at capitalism, progress, and machinery. His Parliamentary career ended in 1892.

"Half in idleness and half out of that affection which is common to man and trees for the soil in which they have been for ages rooted," Cunninghame Graham wrote his first book, *Notes on the District of Menteith*, a descriptive history of the territory occupied by his ancestors the Earls of Menteith. Originally printed in pamphlet form, it was published in 1895 when he was forty-three years old.

The next year he brought out, in collaboration with his wife, a volume of short stories called *Father Archangel of Scotland*. He wrote nine of the stories,

his wife four. This work launched a long series of collected tales and sketches of South America, Spain, Morocco, and Scotland, largely autobiographical, written by Cunninghame Graham between travels in these countries.

In 1898 he disguised himself as Sheikh Mohammed el Fasi, a Turkish doctor, and started for Tarudant, in Morocco, against the edict of the Moorish government prohibiting any European from passing south of the Atlas Mountains. He did not reach his goal, being taken prisoner by the Caid of Kintafi and detained for twelve days. He related this experience in *Mogreb-el-Akksa*, the book which inspired George Bernard Shaw's play, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*.

Upon the suggestion of his friend Edward Garnett, Cunninghame Graham collected the sketches which he had contributed to the *Saturday Review* under the title of *The Ipané*, as the first volume of the Overseas Library. This book, published in 1899, included his best-known sketch, "Niggers," which is a denunciation of British imperialism. In 1901 he published *A Vanished Arcadia*, a history of the Jesuits in Paraguay in the seventeenth century.

Unable to make any money as a gentleman farmer, Cunninghame Graham was forced to sell his ancestral estate to pay off the debts of his forbears. He left Gartmore in 1902 and moved to a smaller estate which he had inherited, Ardoch Cottage, in Dumbartonshire, near Cardross. Here he began his biographical studies of the Spanish conquistadores with *Hernando de Soto*, published in 1903. Most of his research was done in the British Museum or in Spain.

Cunninghame Graham's wife died in September 1906 in the town of Hendaye on the French-Spanish frontier. She was buried on the island of Inchmahome in the Lake of Menteith. She left the British Museum a collection of Scottish mosses.

After his wife's death, Cunninghame Graham secluded himself at Ardoch, seeing no one, writing for solace. In 1907 he wrote an introduction to a new one-volume edition of her life of *Santa Teresa*, which had first appeared in two volumes in 1894, after she had spent

seven summers at Avila in Spain. In 1908 he privately printed a book of her poetry, *Rhymes From a World Unknown*. Four books of his own tales and sketches appeared successively, and in 1914 he collected all the stories of Scotland from his books in *Scottish Stories*.

In 1914 Cunninghame Graham went to the Argentine to buy horses and he remained in Columbia for nearly a year. He wrote a study of *Bernal Diaz del Castillo*, one of his favorite historical characters. During 1916 he was in the Argentine buying horses for the British government and from there he went to Columbia to buy cattle for the government in 1917, returning to England late that year.

After the War he continued his travels in South America and Spain and Morocco, spending part of each year at Ardoch and in London. In 1920 he resumed his historical and biographical studies with *A Brazilian Mystic*, the story of Antonio Conselheiro, a Brazilian frontiersman, as the result of a suggestion from Theodore Roosevelt, who was an enthusiastic reader of his books. It was followed by another historical work, *The Conquest of New Granada*, dealing with Quesada's exploration and the settling of the Columbian wilds.

The Conquest of the River Plate, published in 1924, is the story of the invasion of El Río de la Plata in South America by the Spanish conquistadores of the sixteenth century. It contains reminiscences of the author's youth and early manhood in that territory.

Cunninghame Graham's mother died in 1925 at the advanced age of ninety-seven when he was seventy-three. His next book was a life of an ancestor, Robert Graham of Gartmore, known as *Doughty Deeds*. It was followed by a biography of *Pedro de Valdivia*, the conqueror of Chile, and a book of sketches.

When the National Party of Scotland was formed in Glasgow in 1928, Cunninghame Graham was named president. He is a strong believer in home rule. The same year he was defeated by Stanley Baldwin for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow. A trip to Venezuela in 1928 resulted in a biography of *José Antonio*

Páez, a Venezuelan cowboy who helped Bolívar in the revolt against Spain.

In 1929 Edward Garnett selected and published *Thirty Tales and Sketches* of Cunninghame Graham. The next year Cunninghame Graham collected all the material on horses from his books in *The Horses of the Conquest*, dedicated to his favorite mount, Pampa. That spring he had a serious fall from a horse in Morocco. Two of his horses were cab-horses which he rescued in Glasgow and London. He campaigned against the use of horses in the Spanish bullring.

The story of Cunninghame Graham's life was written in 1930 by Herbert Faulkner West, professor at Dartmouth College. Cunninghame Graham informs the editors of this work: "The few personal details that he was able to extract from me took more out of him, so he said, than the worst class of freshmen lie ever examined."

West calls him "an observer of life with a piquant philosophy, with a shrewd judgment of men, and with a style that in each sentence reflects the man himself."

Cunninghame Graham writes to please himself and he writes from his own experience, without "moral purpose." He believes that "all that a writer does is to dress up what he has seen, or felt, or heard, and nothing real is evolved from his own brain, except the words he uses, and the way in which he uses them." His books, satiric of man, are not very popular in England and are little known in America. He is fond of ironic titles like *Progress* and *Success*. The praise of failure is a constantly recurring theme in his works. Joseph Conrad said to him: "You are the perfection of scorn." Conrad wrote him an enthusiastic letter every time he published a book. Other close friends of Cunninghame Graham were W. H. Hudson, Wilfrid Blunt, and William Morris. When Hudson died in 1922, he headed the committee, which selected Jacob Epstein as the sculptor for the Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park.

Cunninghame Graham, who reached his eighty-first year in 1933, is tall, thin, and erect, with an intense face. He has long, thick, white hair, and a flowing moustache and a beard trimmed to a



R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

point. He looks like Buffalo Bill Cody, who was his friend. William Rothenstein says he has "a witty and caustic tongue," and tells the best Scotch stories he ever heard. Proverbs are scattered thru his stories and letters.

During the winter of 1931 Cunninghame Graham was in Madeira and in 1932 he was in Mentone, working on a history of the Paraguayan wars of 1866-70 and a book of tales and sketches, *Writ in Sand*, which was published in 1932. In 1933 he was in Algeciras, Spain. The best part of travel, he says, is "its melancholy."

R. B. Cunninghame Graham's works:

SKETCHES AND TALES: Father Archangel of Scotland (in collaboration with Mrs. Cunninghame Graham) 1898; Aurora La Cujini (pamphlet) 1898; The Ipané, 1899; Thirteen Stories, 1900; Success, 1902; Progress, 1905; His People, 1906; Faith, 1909; Hope, 1910; Charity, 1912; A Hatchment, 1913; Scottish Stories, 1914; Brought Forward, 1916; Redeemed, 1927; Bibi, 1929; Thirty Tales and Sketches, 1929; Writ in Sand, 1932.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY: Notes on the District of Menteith, 1895; A Vanished Arcadia, 1901; Hernando de Soto, 1903; Bernal Díaz del Castillo, 1915; A Brazilian Mystic, 1920; Cartagena and the Banks of the Sinú, 1921; The Conquest of New Granada, 1922; The Dream of the Magi, 1923; The Conquest of the River Plate, 1924; Doughty Deeds, 1925; Pedro de Valdivia, 1926; José

Antonio Páez, 1929; Portrait of a Dictator, 1933.

MISCELLANEOUS: Mogreb-el-Aeksa (travel) 1898; The Horses of the Conquest, 1930.

TRANSLATED: Mapirunga (from Gustavo Barroso) 1924.

About R. B. Cunninghame Graham:

Cunninghame Graham, R. B. *Thirty Tales and Sketches* (see introduction by Edward Garnett); Ford, F. M. *Thus to Revisit*; Harris, F. *Contemporary Portraits: Third Series*; Hind, C. L. *More Authors and I*; Ward, A. C. *Twentieth Century Literature*; West, H. F. *Cunninghame Graham: His Life and Works*.

Fortnightly Review 139:251 February 1933; *Saturday Review of Literature* 6:177 September 28, 1929; *Travel* 54:48 April 1930.

Will Cuppy 1884-

Autobiographical sketch of Will Cuppy, American humorist and authority on mystery stories:

WILLIAM JACOB CUPPY was born in Auburn, Indiana, on August 23, 1884, the son of Thomas Jefferson Cuppy and Mary Frances Stahl Cuppy.

"In spite of our funny name," says Mr. Cuppy, "the Cuppys were of some consequence as pioneers of Whitley County, Indiana. My paternal grandfather, Abram Cuppy, died as long ago as 1847, while serving as state senator at Indianapolis. I was named after my uncle, Captain William Henry Cuppy, of the 44th Indiana Infantry, who died in 1862, having been wounded at Fort Donelson. We all came originally from South Carolina—French Huguenot stock.

"My happiest childhood days were spent at the Cuppy farm near South Whitley, Indiana, where my widowed grandmother was the rallying point of G.A.R. activities, and where the small Will acquired his first knowledge of the birds, the flowers, and other annoying aspects of animate nature. It was there, too, that I went thru a threshing machine by mistake.

"My mother was straight Pennsylvania Dutch, and a school teacher to boot. I am very proud of my Pennsylvania Dutch strain. I think that is the best way to feel about it. Anyway, mother had most of the family sense. She was a singer of great talent, and I used to pump the organ while she sang in the choir in the

Presbyterian Church in Auburn—a circumstance that finally led to my membership in the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. By the way, my sister played the organ. When necessary, I substituted for either of them, my little brother pumping at such times.

"I attended the Auburn High School, graduating in 1902. I was out of school a good deal, having what passed for recurrent attacks of appendicitis; I now think that this was merely my way of attracting attention and getting out of work. Nevertheless, to my lasting regret, I was considered bright enough to skip the eighth grade, so that I missed all tuition in grammar, punctuation and that sort of thing. As a result, I have always been wobbly in such matters.

"I entered the University of Chicago in 1902 and was graduated therefrom in 1907, with the degree of Ph.B. The extra year resulted from my outside activities as a college reporter for the old *Chicago Record-Herald*, the *Chicago Daily News*, and other papers. The degree shows that I did not study Greek—another of my tragedies. I was interviewing Professor Amos Alonzo Stagg about the prospects of the football team and having high jinks with the members of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity when I should have been studying Greek—but I'd do it all over again.

"The rest of my academic career is quite incredible. Deciding, after graduation, that I knew nothing whatever about anything, I hung about the campus for the next seven years, taking courses in practically everything, with or without credit, as the spirit moved me. For three mortal years I studied the Elizabethan prose writers in the graduate English library, and at one time had almost completed a doctor's thesis on the subject. One day I decided that all that would never do, so I cut the thesis in half, took the degree of Master of Arts in English and hopped a train for New York.

"So you see, I am really rather an crude person. I try not to let it show in my writing. It isn't everybody that spends twelve years in college—and then writes the sort of thing I do!

"My first experience in authorship was equally fantastic. A publisher asked me

to write a book of University of Chicago college stories, and I did. After purchasing and reading all the books of college stories available, I almost immediately produced a sizeable volume entitled *Maroon Tales*, as much like the others as possible, but worse. Today, writing two pages of a book is torture, but I wrote whole reams of *Maroon Tales* at one swoop. When the page-proofs arrived, they looked so much simpler and shorter-worded than any of the classics with which I was familiar, that I carried them and the Phi Gamma Delta dictionary to Jackson Park and spent two afternoons changing most of the little words to big ones. Mercifully, most of the first edition was drowned in a flood which visited the cellar of the university press shortly thereafter.

"That was in 1909. My next book, *How To Be a Hermit*, appeared in 1929, just twenty years later. I used the twenty years between my first and my second book in trying to achieve the first faint glimmerings of how to write English. I don't like to boast, but it isn't everybody who does *that*, either!"

Mr. Cuppy is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, and constantly in fear of becoming a trifle too plump. He begins a rigid diet on the first day of every month, but by evening he is up to his old tricks. He has blue eyes and a complexion of some-

what rosy hue. He has always wanted to be pale, thin, and Hamletish.

During the War he was a second lieutenant in the Motor Transport Corps in 1918. His record is mostly composed of blank spaces. He never even got across.

"I do my writing at night," says Mr. Cuppy, "when things are quieter. I can't write an article right off on the typewriter, like other people. I have to depend entirely upon the things I have thought of before and jotted down on 3 x 5 cards. I look these up in my card catalog, piece them together in ways too diverse and fatiguing to describe, and finally put the finished product thru the typewriter. This makes life about seventeen times more complicated.

"I do not travel. I think this is because I'm not much of an extrovert. I am not greatly interested in external objects, not even tall buildings and mountains. Whether this is just plain dumbness or something more serious remains to be seen.

"I am not an adorer of fiction. I read it sometimes, but only if it is well written. I do not care for the 'ideas' of novelists. Novels are wonderful, of course, but I prefer the newspapers. Besides, most novels are second-rate, and there is nothing more horrible than that, unless it's a second-rate violinist.

"I hate authors who cannot see jokes.

"I do a little magazine writing. Most of *How To Tell Your Friends From the Apes* was first published in the *New Yorker*.

"For some years I have conducted a weekly column called Mystery and Adventure in 'Books,' the literary supplement of the *New York Herald Tribune*. That is by no means because I prefer detective stories and Westerns to other books—it just happened so. Occasionally, I also review real, or honest-to-goodness books."

* * *

Will Cuppy is unmarried, maintains an apartment in New York, but spends most of his time, the year around, in a "shack" on one of the sandy reefs off the south shore of Long Island, where he develops the recipes that led the Library of Congress to classify his book of humor, *How To Be a Hermit*, under



WILL CUPPY

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"culinary arts." He is frequently referred to as "The Hermit of Jones's Island."

Burton Rascoe, who knew Cuppy at the University of Chicago and who first introduced him to book-reviewing, has said, "He is a humorist who uses none of the stock laugh-provoking devices but says funny and illuminating things in an unexpected manner. . . To encounter Will Cuppy's humor is a most uncommon experience."

Will Cuppy's books:

Maroon Tales, 1910; How To Be a Hermit, 1929; How To Tell Your Friends From the Apes, 1931.

About Will Cuppy:

Rascoe, B. *A Bookman's Daybook*.

Rubén Darío 1867-1916

RUBÉN DARÍO, Nicaraguan poet, was born in the little village of Metapa, Nicaragua, on January 18, 1867. He was the son of the citizen Mannel García and his wife Rosa Sarmiento. But the marriage had been one of convenience and the parents separated before the son was born. When Rubén was born, his mother put him in charge of his maternal grandmother. Even tho this arrangement deprived Rubén of much of what passes for normal childhood, he appears to have suffered little by it.

Darío's school life does not appear to have been crowned with any particular success. At León he learned all that one would expect of an elementary school curriculum: notions of arithmetic, geography, grammar, and religion. His own reading, however, was quite mature for his years. *Don Quixote*, the Bible, Cicero's *De Officiis* and later, at the National Library at Managua, in Darío's own words, "I spent long months reading everything I could lay hands upon, and among these readings were—*horrendo referens!*—all the introductions in Rivadeneira's *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, and the chief works of almost all the classics of our tongue."

Darío began to write while he was in his early teens and by his thirteenth year he was widely known as "the boy

poet" of León. After the publication of some of his rhymed elegies, he was asked to become a contributor to a political sheet, *La Verdad*. This first contact with the journalistic world was the beginning of a life-long connection with the periodical press. In 1886 he became a member of the staff of the Chilean *La Época* which gave him a prize for the best poem on the poet Campoamor. A few years later he became correspondent of *La Nación* (Buenos Ayres) which sent him to Europe and continued to publish his poems and essays until the very last. Tho his journalistic activities kept Darío fairly busy, he found time enough for occupations of a more personal kind. He never tired of courting the "inevitable and divine enemy" love. His poems bear ample witness to the variety and multiplicity of his infatuations.

Darío married in 1890 Rafaela Contreras, a young lady of means and some literary reputation. Two years later he was sent to Spain as Nicaragua's representative to the celebration of the Columbus centenary. In Spain he met all the leading literary and artistic lights of the day: Campoamor, Zorrilla, Castelar, and others. Upon his return he was informed that his wife had died, and this put him in such a state of dejection that he took to drink with unusual energy. At this very time he became friendly with a certain lady at León, the result of which was a second marriage and a second son.

Soon after this we find Darío named consul from Colombia to Buenos Ayres; special correspondent of *La Nación* to the Paris Exposition; Nicaraguan consul to Paris; minister plenipotentiary to Madrid; and finally envoy extraordinary to Mexico on the occasion of the centenary of Mexican independence. All these appointments meant numerous crossings and recrossings of the Atlantic, and with each new visit to Europe Darío met more and more of the intellectual leaders of the Old World. While at Paris, he encountered Oscar Wilde, was received by Paul Fort, Anatole France, Rémy de Gourmont, and had the experience of finding the great Verlaine amiable but tipsy. His final homecoming had none of the bril-



RUBÉN DARÍO

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liance of earlier days. Landing in New York, he lectured unsuccessfully, was stricken with pneumonia, and finally made his way to his native León. There he died, on February 6, 1916, brooding over the sad fate of France, his intellectual fatherland.

Rubén Darío's literary career was one of steady growth. With the publication, in 1888, of *Azul*, he came to be considered by a number of critics as the real founder of the *modernista* renovation. According to A. F. G. Bell, however, the movement, "in its half-tints and exquisite musics" derives "partly thru South America, from the French symbolists and decadents; in reviving a variety of metres and modulating the rhythm until it becomes a living thought, personal, subjective, softly pliant and insinuating as the opening bars of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, it had had . . . forerunners in Spain: Becquer, Querol, Rosálía de Castro." But *Azul* was none the less an innovation, an innovation that was to color all the future poetry of Darío himself and give, besides, a new direction to the poets of the generation that followed. In Darío's own words, "the origin of the novelty was my recent acquaintance with French poets of the Parnassian school. . . My real initial inspirer was Catulle Mendès,

—a translated Mendès,—for my French was still precarious. Some of his lyrico-erotic tales, and one or another of the poems in the *Parnasse Contemporaine*, were a revelation to me."

In 1896 came Darío's second great work, the *Prosas Profanas*. It was a volume of protest, of dissatisfaction with the age in which he labored. While *Azul* might be characterised as a passionate plea for new horizons, *Prosas Profanas* is "a dazzling noon of brilliant, yet cold, classic sunlight. But it is the classicism of France, not of Hellas.

And more by far than the Greece of the Greeks
I love the Greece of France. . .

sings Darío, and in this spirit he continued to the end. The *Cantos de Vida y Esperanza*, in the words of Isaac Goldberg, is "the keystone of Darío's poetical arch. It most exemplifies the man that wrote it; it most reveals his dual nature, his inner sincerity, his complete psychology; it is the artist at maturity." With this volume Darío became the acknowledged leader of the *modernistas*. The struggle between Catholicism and Paganism, which Darío waged to the last, is here most apparent. Disciples began to flock to him, he was being translated, the critics praised him. None of his later works, tho he went on writing to the very last, could measure up to this. Darío had indicated a way for twentieth century poetry, and his mission was over. *El Canto Errante* continued the work but did not materially add to it. His last works were mostly essays and an autobiography.

A. B.

Works of Rubén Darío:

POETRY: *Epístolas y Poemas*, 1885; *Abrojos*, 1887; *Azul* (poetry and prose) 1888; *Rimas*, 1889; *Prosas Profanas*, 1896; *Cantos de Vida y Esperanza*, 1905; *El Canto Errante*, 1907; *Canto á la Argentina*, 1910.

PROSE: *Los Raros*, 1893; *España Contemporánea*, 1901; *Peregrinaciones*, 1901; *La Caravana Pasa*, 1903; *Tierras Solares*, 1904; *Opiniones*, 1906; *Parisiana*, 1908; *El Viaje á Nicaragua*, 1909; *Letras*, 1911; *Todo al Vuelo*, 1912.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *La Vida de Rubén Darío Escrita por él Mismo*, 1912. •

English translations of Rubén Darío:

Eleven Poems of Rubén Darío, 1916; *Prosas Profanas and Other Poems*, 1922.

About Rubén Darío:

Bell, A. F. G. *Contemporary Spanish Literature*; Goldberg, I. *Spanish-American Literature*; González Blanco, A. *Salvador Rueda y Rubén Darío*; Lugones, L. *Rubén Darío*; Mapes, E. K. *L'Influence Française dans l'Œuvre de Rubén Darío*.

Mercur de France 114:324 1916; *Renacimiento*, special number, June 1907.

George Davis 1906-

Autobiographical sketch of George Davis, American novelist:

I WAS born February 4, 1906, in Bellevue Place, Chicago. My ancestry is Scotch-English. My father, Robert Anthony Davis; my mother, Georgina MacEdward Davis. I have four older brothers: Harold, Norman, Wilber, and Frank.

We left Chicago when I was three years old; moving to Clinton, Michigan, where my father took up the hard life of a country doctor. We didn't prosper, but we managed to keep from starving. And my mother's health, which had been failing, improved considerably.

With the entrance of America in the War, and Harold and Norman enlisted, my father decided to move his family to Detroit. I completed high school there, and entered the College of the City of Detroit. Couldn't stick it. Alternated between jobs in Detroit and Chicago for a while, then sailed for France in June 1927. Why? I don't know.

Up to then, I had never settled down to "serious writing," but encouraged by a good friend I determined to make the effort. *The Opening of a Door*, published in August 1931, is the result of that effort.

I am tired of having no roof of my own, but so are a lot of people, I suppose. Meanwhile, my life is spent wandering between Paris and Ludington, Michigan, where my parents now live.

Among fairly recent writings in America, I have admired Ring Lardner's stories, Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*, Elinor Wylie's poetry, some of Hart Crane's poetry, some of Hemingway's short stories—and other books, probably, that I can't



GEORGE DAVIS

recall this moment. I can't get anywhere with the writings of William Faulkner.

* * *

Davis' first book, and after two years still his only book, *The Opening of a Door*, was runner-up for the Harper Prize in 1931, the year the prize was won by Robert Reynolds' *Brothers in the West*. The judges in the contest were Ellen Glasgow, Bliss Perry, and Carl Van Doren. Lewis Gannett wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune* that "two judges voted for Reynolds' book, and one judge for Davis', and it would be a safe guess that it was Carl Van Doren who stood alone."

When critics generally expressed their preference for Davis' novel to the prize winner, and when published photographs revealed Davis to be "a very handsome young man" with black wavy hair, *The Opening of a Door* went at once into successive printings and outsold the winner.

The Opening of a Door is a plotless novel, a succession of characterizations of various members of a Canadian family living in Chicago—the grandfather, who dies early in the book, the aunts, the uncles, the young nephew, and the grandmother, who rules them all.

The general opinion of the book, as voiced by the *Forum*, was that it was

"one of the most distinguished first performances in recent years," and Fred T. Marsh, in the *New York Times*, called it "a high achievement in creative literature. . . a work of beauty in pattern, finish in style, and maturity in thought." It was difficult to believe, remarked some reviewers, that the author was only twenty-five years old.

M. C. Dawson wrote in *Books*: "This is one of the important few—the books that set a style and found a school of their own. It eludes classification, not by pounding insistence on novelty but by virtue of its quiet pride, its unassailable integrity. What Mr. Davis sees is not so flagrantly different from the vision of other authors, yet it has just that crucial fraction of divergence that turns it from portraiture to revelation."

In 1933 Davis was at work on another book.

George Davis' novel:

The Opening of a Door, 1931.

About George Davis:

Literary Digest 110:15 September 12, 1931.

Richard Harding Davis 1864-1916

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, American author and journalist, was born in Philadelphia on April 18, 1864. His mother was Rebecca Harding, a well known author of the day, whose first novel, *Margaret Howth*, published anonymously in 1862, aroused the curiosity of Lemuel Clarke Davis, an editorial writer on the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and led to their marriage.

The Davis household was the gathering place for a celebrated group of literary and theatrical people, and "Dick" Davis as a boy knew Louisa May Alcott, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, John Drew, and Maurice Barrymore. The Barrymore children were his playmates.

In college he neglected his studies, his absorbing interests being football, journalism, and social events. He attended successively Swarthmore, Lehigh, and Johns Hopkins without earning a degree.

He began his journalistic career at the age of twenty-two when his father obtained for him a job as cub reporter on

the *Philadelphia Record*. He did not remain there long, but joined the staff of the *Philadelphia Press* and during the next three years earned a reputation for originality and daring, disguising himself on one occasion as a burglar, in order to trap a holdup gang. He sold his first short story to *St. Nicholas* for fifty dollars.

Having covered the Johnstown flood of 1889, he resigned from the *Press* late that year and went to New York where Arthur Brisbane gave him a job on the *Evening Sun*. Here he varied the repertorial routine by writing short stories and he very soon caught the public fancy with the character of one Cortlandt Van Bibber, a New York clubman and man about town, whose romantic adventures appeared on the back page of the *Evening Sun*.

Meanwhile he had been hawking about a short story called "Gallegher" which he wrote in Philadelphia, with a copy boy of the *Press* for his hero. He sent it to more than half a dozen magazines, revising the manuscript after each rejection. In August 1890 "Gallegher" appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, with illustrations by the artist Charles Dana Gibson. The story made the author famous. "Herewith," says Thomas Beer, "Davis mounted into celebrity as gracefully as he might have swung his fine body in its handsome dress to the cushion of a waiting cab."

Thus, at twenty-six, Davis became a popular young man about town, a knight errant of the 'Nineties. He looked as romantic as his stories read and he was always noticed in a crowd. Ladies idolized him. Charles Dana Gibson, in his drawings, made him the model for a new type of man—clean-shaven, well-tailored, broad-shouldered—a type which, according to Mark Sullivan, became the pattern for his generation and "sent moustaches out of fashion and made the tailors pad the shoulders of well-cut coats." He was particularly popular on college campuses.

The night in 1891 when Davis received the royalty check of nine hundred odd dollars for his first collection of short stories, *Stories for Boys*, he and his brother Charley celebrated with a

dinner at Delmonico's, the New York restaurant which became his favorite haunt. His dinners there, tho increasingly frequent, were always a rite. He cut a dashing figure as he dined and could order the wines with an air. His friend Finley Peter Dunne says that he probably knew more waiters, generals, actors, and princes than any man who lived. Each weekend he put aside social invitations to visit his parents in Philadelphia.

Park Row bade goodbye to Davis at this time and he became managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*. In this capacity he traveled West early in 1892 and wrote a series of articles which, collected, made his first book of personal adventures, *The West From a Car Window*.

He soon gave up the editorship of the *Weekly* to launch upon a highly successful combination of freelance reporting and fiction writing. Traveling to foreign countries, and returning periodically to New York, which he loved, he found a double story in every setting—what happened and what he imagined might have happened—and supplied eager magazine editors with articles and short stories which were later published in book form, bringing large financial returns. His travel works were the targets of some criticism for their air of naive discovery. His early travels were confined to England, the Mediterranean and Paris.

In 1895 he went to Venezuela and Central America with Somers Somerset and Lloyd C. Griscom, plotting his account of the experience, *Three Gringos*, as he jogged along on muleback. Also out of this journey came his first long novel, which was one of his most popular works, *Soldiers of Fortune*. He received \$5,000 alone for the serial rights in *Scribner's*. The story was subsequently a hit on stage and screen.

In 1896 Davis covered the coronation of Nicholas II in Moscow for William Randolph Hearst, with August Trowbridge, later dean of the Princeton Graduate School, as his interpreter. His other assignments of 1896-97 were the Millennial Celebration in Budapest, the Cuban Insurrection, the Graeco-Turkish War, President McKinley's inaugural

ball, and Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. His sensational reporting of the Spanish-American War in Cuba in 1898 was highly praised in some quarters and condemned in others.

For all his attractiveness to women and his numerous rumored love affairs with débutantes and actresses, Davis remained a bachelor until the age of thirty-five. On May 4, 1899, he was married to Cecel Clark of Chicago, after having proposed to her by cable from London and caused a sensation by dispatching a messenger boy across the Atlantic with the engagement ring. Ethel Barrymore was maid of honor at the ceremony, which took place at his summer home, Marion, Massachusetts. His honeymoon was a trip to South Africa in January 1900 to cover the Boer War.

Early in the twentieth century Davis blossomed forth as a playwright, using his own previously published stories as the basis for his dramatizations, mostly farces. His most successful play, staged in 1904, was *The Dictator*. At one time he had three shows on Broadway and his royalties were as high as \$3,000 a week. In 1904 he went to Manchuria to cover the Russo-Japanese War for *Collier's* at a salary of \$1,000 a week.

Upon his return to the United States, Davis acquired a large estate near Mt. Kisco, New York, within commuting distance of New York City, and called it "Crossroads Farm." Here he brought his second wife, the musical comedy star Bessie McCoy, known as "the yama yama girl," whose real name was Elizabeth Genevieve McEvoy. They were married on July 8, 1912, at the home of Gouverneur Morris. His first wife, from whom he had long been estranged, had begun divorce proceedings against him on a desertion charge, but thru an unforseen delay the final decree was not actually issued until after his second marriage.

In August 1914 Davis went to Europe as war correspondent for the Wheeler Syndicate, having just completed coverage of the Mexican War. His account of the German invasion of Belgium was called the finest piece of reporting of the World War. His daughter Hope was born in January 1915 while he was overseas. He wrote three books about



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

the War, and a visit to Salonika, Greece, gave him the material for "The Deserter," generally regarded as his best short story, along with "Gallegher," "The Bar Sinister," and "The Consul." After returning to America in February 1916 he crusaded ardently for American preparedness.

Davis died suddenly of dilation of the heart at his Mt. Kisco home on April 11, 1916, while talking to a friend in New York City over the telephone. He was fifty-two years old. He died as he wished to die, in the harness. The *New York Evening Telegram* brought out an extra to announce his death and papers the country over gave his obituary a generous space.

His body was cremated and the ashes interred beside the graves of his parents in Leverington Cemetery, Philadelphia.

Altho he left a large estate, his wife was almost destitute for ready money. The emergency was met by the publication of Davis' letters, edited by his brother Charles Belmont Davis. Mrs. Davis died in 1931. Posthumous collections of the author's works swelled the estate for his daughter Hope, who married Jean L. F. Kehrig, of France, in 1933.

Fairfax Downey, who issued a biography of Davis in 1933, said that during the last five years of his life Davis was

earning \$100,000 a year. He always spent money freely, and dressed for dinner every night, even on his farm. At the battle front his tuxedo and his portable bathtub caused no little amusement among his less fastidious companions. He took exercises every morning to keep himself fit, but suffered all his life from intermittent attacks of sciatica.

People called him lucky because he had a way of being in the places where exciting events were going to happen. Because he would set himself up as a judge of other people's morals, some thought him a prude; many thought him an arrogant poseur. He had numerous enemies.

William Rose Benét writes: "Richard Harding Davis contributed genuinely to the people's entertainment in his time, and if the product he purveyed was not of enormous value, there was, at least, nothing cheap about it and nothing bogus or hypocritical in Davis' attitude toward the standards of conduct it upheld. Of no powerful intelligence, he was yet a clean-living and courageous man with a notable personality. And, even tho he knew this fact full well, he succeeded in endowing that character with considerable charm. 'Dick' Davis was just about the best story he ever wrote!"

Richard Harding Davis' works:

FICTION: *Stories for Boys*, 1891; *Gallegher and Other Stories*, 1891; *Van Bibber and Others*, 1892; *The Exiles*, 1894; *The Princess Aline*, 1895; *Cinderella and Other Stories*, 1896; *Soldiers of Fortune*, 1897; *Dr. Jameison's Raiders*, 1897; *The King's Jackal*, 1898; *The Lion and the Unicorn*, 1899; *Episodes in Van Bibber's Life*, 1899; *Her First Appearance*, 1901; *In the Fog*, 1901; *Captain Macklin*, 1902; *Ranson's Folly*, 1902; *The Bar Sinister*, 1903; *The Scarlet Car*, 1907; *Vera the Medium*, 1908; *The White Mice*, 1909; *Once Upon a Time*, 1910; *The Man Who Could Not Lose*, 1911; *The Red Cross Girl*, 1912; *The Lost Road*, 1913; *The Boy Scout*, 1914; *The Novels and Stories of Richard Harding Davis* (12 volumes) 1916; *The Boy Scout and Other Stories for Boys*, 1917; *The Deserter*, 1917; *From Gallegher to The Deserter* (selected short stories) 1927.

TRAVEL: *The West From a Car Window*, 1892; *The Rulers of the Mediterranean*, 1893; *Our English Cousins*, 1894; *About Paris*, 1895; *Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America*, 1896; *Cuba in War Time*, 1897; *A Year From a Reporter's Note Book* (also published with title *A Year From a Correspondent's Note Book*) 1898; *The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns*, 1898; *With Both*

Armies in South Africa, 1900; The Congo and Coasts of Africa, 1907; Notes of a War Correspondent, 1910; With the Allies, 1914; Somewhere in France, 1915; With the French in France and Salonika, 1916.

PLAYS: The Dictator, 1904; The Galloper, 1905; Miss Civilization, 1905; Farces (collection of three previous titles) 1906; The Zone Police, 1914; Peace Manoeuvres, 1914.

MISCELLANEOUS: Real Soldiers of Fortune, 1906; Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis (edited by C. B. Davis) 1917.

About Richard Harding Davis:

Davis, C. B. (editor) *Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis*; Downey, F. *Richard Harding Davis: His Day*; Hind, C. L. *Authors and I*; Williams, B. C. *Our Short Story Writers*; see also Davis' travel works.

Bookman 43:38 May 1916; 43:353 June 1916; 43:588 August 1916; *Collier's* 74:39 November 29, 1924; *Saturday Review of Literature* 10:129 September 23, 1933; *Scribner's Magazine* 60:91 July 1916; 80:472 November 1926.

Paul De Kruif 1890-

PAUL HENRY DE KRUIF, American author, was born March 2, 1890, in Zeeland, Michigan, the son of Hendrik and Hendrika J. Kremer de Kruif. After receiving a B.S. degree from the University of Michigan in 1912, he was a bacteriologist in the university for the next five years, receiving a Ph.D. in 1916 and becoming an assistant professor of bacteriology at twenty-six.

During the World War De Kruif served in France as a captain in the Sanitary Corps of the Medical Department. From 1920 to 1922 he was an associate in the Division of Pathology at the Rockefeller Institute. His writings and research work won world-wide recognition among bacteriologists and medical men. On December 11, 1922, he was married to Rhea Barbarin, of Freeland, Michigan.

De Kruif's first book, published in 1922 when he was thirty-two, was *Our Medicine Men*, which had as its purpose to show that the practicing physician of the day had little claim to the title of scientist and that he was neither more intelligent nor less superstitious than the old-time practitioner.

In 1925 De Kruif collaborated with Sinclair Lewis in the writing of *Arrowsmith*, the story of a doctor's life and struggles. They worked on the book together in the United States, the West Indies, Panama, London, and Fontaine-

bleau. Lewis, in a prefatory note, acknowledged his indebtedness to De Kruif "not only for most of the bacteriological and medical material in this tale but equally for his help in the planning of the fable itself—for his realization of the characters as living people, for his philosophy as a scientist."

De Kruif became a reporter for the Curtis Publishing Company in 1925. Driven by a desire to know what sort of men they were who made the important discoveries in the fields of medical science, he began to study their lives and in 1926 published *Microbe Hunters*, the story of fourteen pioneers of bacteriology. Writing in an unliterary, somewhat slangy style, he made a romance of their achievements. Thru the series of biographical narratives the story is told of the war on pathogenic organisms which began with the discovery of bacteria, in the seventeenth century, by the Dutch lens grinder, Leeuwenhoek. Accounts follow, dramatically related, of the achievements of Spallanzani, Pasteur, Koch, Roux, Behring, Metchnikoff, Theobald Smith, David Bruce, Ronald Ross, Battista Grassi, Walter Reed, and Paul Ehrlich.

Hunger Fighters, De Kruif's next book, was concerned with a few unstung men who struggled with nature to maintain and increase the North American food supply. Among them are Mark Carleton, founder of the durum wheat industry who brought the tough winter wheat from Kharkov to the western plains of America; Marion Dorset, who found the remedy for hog cholera; John Mohler, curer of foot-and-mouth disease; George Harrison Shull, the maize breeder; Stephen Babcock, discoverer of the fat test for milk; and Joseph Goldberger, experimenter with yeast.

In *Seven Iron Men* De Kruif wrote the true and tragic-comic chronicle of the rise and fall of the iron-hunting family of Merritts, whose discovery of the Missabe Iron Range in Minnesota led to the formation of the United States steel industry. It is the story chiefly of Leonidas, Bert, and John E. Merritt, and their uncovering of the basins of iron at the foot of the hills near Duluth.

De Kruif spent nearly three years writing *Men Against Death*, the life



PAUL DE KRUIF

narrative of twelve scientists who fought to keep people from dying. He wrote the prologue in October 1929 and the epilogue in May 1932. In the intervening time he published his basic material in articles in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Country Gentleman*, and the *Forum*, then completely rewrote it as a continuous story. Among the death fighters are the Hungarian, Semmelweis, who found a means of preventing childbed fever; Banting, discoverer of insulin; Minto, who proved the efficacy of liver-feeding for pernicious anaemia; Spencer, conqueror of spotted fever; Finsen, who discovered the curative effect of light ray; and Rollier, the sun doctor. With the exception of Finsen, Schaudinn, and Semmelweis, De Kruif knew all the principal characters of the book personally. His method, he says, was to study the scientific reports of these characters—"those drab reports that can suddenly turn as exciting as a trench mortar bomb bursting over the parapet"—and then, equipped with this knowledge, to visit them in their laboratories to search out the intimate details of their adventures.

In the prologue to *Men Against Death*, De Kruif, writing at the age of thirty-nine, said: "I hate the thought of dying. I want to go on cutting down more

thousands of saplings to make barricades of sandbags and saplings against Lake Michigan when it tries to take our house at Hungry Street's end." His home is "Blue Water," on the shore of Lake Michigan at Holland, Michigan.

He pins his greatest hope for long life on the unbookish wisdom of his three "honorary uncles," George Hedden Corson, Chase Osborn, and Jack Miner, who are three "unscientific" men of his acquaintance, all over sixty. "They're civilized barbarians," he says, "curious mutants from the race they've sprung from -- chained as that race now is to its white soft civilization. I aim to be like them." From them he has learned how to "grow old very slowly and stay young very long, by life in the sun and the open."

De Kruif is vain of his physical prowess, takes two-mile swims in Lake Michigan. He wears a dark close-clipped moustache and smokes a pipe. He likes frankness, hard work, "alcoholic drinks of all kinds." He dislikes "hypocrisy and pecksnifery; egotism in all its forms." His literary preferences are H. L. Mencken, Ernest Hemingway, and Edgar Lee Masters. His esthetic bias, he says, is "a red bird singing on a snowy morning in the spring in a year of financial depression and panic." He calls his marriage "highly successful and, in fact, indispensable." He dedicates his books to his wife.

No biographical studies of De Kruif have been made. "They have been discouraged," he says, "since their subject is not of sufficient importance to justify them."

Paul De Kruif's works:

Our Medicine Men, 1922; Microbe Hunters, 1926; Hunger Fighters, 1928; Seven Iron Men, 1929; Men Against Death, 1932.

William De Morgan 1839-1917

WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN. English novelist, was born in London on November 16, 1839. His father was Augustus De Morgan, professor of mathematics in University College, London, and author of several books on his subject and spiritualism; his mother was Sophia Frend De Morgan. He was the second of seven children.

At the University College School, and later at the College, De Morgan was a fair student but preferred to compose rhymes, draw caricatures, or make inventions. A delicate constitution kept him from taking part in athletics.

When he was twenty, he adopted art for his profession. He studied at the Royal Academy, "dabbled" in picture-making and stained-glass work, and in 1870 turned his attention to ceramics. After conducting experiments in tiles and lustre-ware and burning the roof off the house with the flame from his kiln, he established, in 1872, a factory at Orange House in Chelsea. With a number of artists and workers in his employ, he produced pottery which was noted for its lustre, specializing in peculiarly shaped pieces decorated with animal forms. If a pot which was apparently perfect did not please him in some small detail, he would smash it to bits. Intensely preoccupied with his work, De Morgan frequently forgot to eat his meals or sign the payroll checks. His work, as he modestly put it, "attracted some attention among artists" in England and was in demand by the fine shops, but the business did not prosper financially. "It is not well organized," said De Morgan with characteristic quaintness, "it is very ill de-morganized, in fact!" A bad salesman, he would discourage customers who came to his show-room and tell them that they could get cheaper pottery elsewhere. Nevertheless, he outgrew the quarters and in 1881 moved the factory to Merton Abbey outside of London.

In March 1887, when De Morgan was forty-eight, he married Evelyn Pickering, eighteen years his junior, a painter and sculptor, and daughter of an upper-class family. She had a quick wit, a rare gift as a raconteuse, and was an intimate friend of Thomas Carlyle. They settled in a rambling house in Chelsea with an adjoining studio for Mrs. De Morgan and a spacious garden. Continuing their respective artistic careers, they gave joint exhibits in De Morgan's show-place in the ballroom of the house in Great Marlborough Street which had been Mrs. Siddons'.



From a painting by Evelyn De Morgan
WILLIAM DE MORGAN

De Morgan's first piece of prose, other than letters, was his formal report to the Egyptian government of an investigation he made in Cairo in 1893 of the facilities for a pottery industry. He spent the winter of 1893 in Florence for his health (he was suffering from a spinal ailment), and went there yearly thereafter.

In 1901, when De Morgan was sixty-two, he sat down in a spare hour and wrote two chapters of a novel about a grubby little boy, "just to see what I could do." But he was so little impressed with the result that he laid it aside and finally threw it in the wastebasket, whence it was rescued by his wife. The pottery factory, meanwhile transferred to Sands End, Fulham, was suffering financial reverses, and draining the purse of Mrs. De Morgan. De Morgan had difficulty conducting the business from Florence in winters. Finally, in 1905, when neuritis gripped his thumb and stopped his drawing, he threw art aside (after forty years) and gave up the factory.

Bereft of his life's occupation, De Morgan took to his bed, ill apparently with influenza but actually with despondent idleness. One day his wife brought him the discarded manuscript, placed a pencil at his elbow, and said, "I think

something might be made of this." He started to write rapidly, using the backs of advertisements, torn envelopes, every scrap of paper within reach. The writing for him was a diversion, not an art; it was done "in the serenest independence an author can enjoy, to wit, a total disbelief in ultimate publication." But *Joseph Vance* was published in 1906, when De Morgan was sixty-seven, and achieved immediate success. Financially independent at last, he bought his wife an engagement ring which he had not been able to afford twenty years before. He continued to write for eleven years, publishing altogether seven novels which he said constituted a sort of review of his life. Popularly compared to Dickens, he explained that he had read Dickens diligently in his youth but for forty years had "scarcely looked in a book unless it was about pots or mechanism," so when he returned to literature he began writing exactly where he had left off.

De Morgan never made a scenario for his novels. He simply created his characters, then let the plot go wherever they led. When asked how a story was going, he would reply: "I am rather distressed, I am so afraid they are going to quarrel," or "the heroine has been hanging over a precipice for three days, and I don't know what on earth she will decide to do next!" He declined to be hurried in his work and never minded interruptions. He hated interviews. Summers he wrote in Chelsea, winters in Florence, working all day long and sometimes a little in the evening. He averaged about two thousand words a day, but about half of this writing was eventually edited out. The novels were nevertheless extraordinary long. One time his publisher sent back a manuscript with the request that the author condense it. De Morgan set about the task conscientiously, but when he had finished he had lengthened it by four hundred pages. Mrs. De Morgan criticized all his work and kept him from destroying some of the manuscripts which he thought hopeless. She painted his portrait twice—in 1893 and again in 1909. When their home was torn down in 1910, they moved to Church Street where they had two

old houses remodeled into one. He loved music, the ocean, puns, and riddles. His letters were invariably illustrated with humorous cartoons. His lifelong friends were Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He was the inventor, in his own opinion, of the best duplex bicycles and the most effective sieve in existence, as well as a smoke-consuming fire-grate.

De Morgan was about six feet tall, of slight build, with an artisan's hands of wide palm and long fingers. Long dark hair fell back from his expansive forehead and partially covered his ears. He had small blue-gray eyes, a delicate aquiline nose, thin lips. His pointed chin was covered by a kinky beard. He had a dreamy manner, would remain silent during an animated conversation, then utter some happy nonsense in a high-pitched drawl.

He died of trench fever in London on January 15, 1917, at the age of seventy-seven. His wife designed a headstone in bas-relief for his grave, in Brookwood Cemetery, London; she completed the two novels which he left unfinished, and died two years later. She bequeathed his pottery to the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

William De Morgan's novels:

Joseph Vance, 1906; *Alice-for-Short*, 1907; *Somehow Good*, 1908; *It Never Can Happen Again*, 1909; *An Affair of Dishonour*, 1910; *A Likely Story*, 1912; *When Ghost Meets Ghost*, 1914; *The Old Madhouse*, 1919; *The Old Man's Youth*, 1921.

About William De Morgan:

Hale, W. T. *William De Morgan and the Great Early Victorians*; Hewlett, M. *Extemporary Essays*; Seymour, F. W. *William De Morgan: A Post-Victorian Realist*; Stirling, A. M. D. *William De Morgan and His Wife*.

Living Age 292:571 March 1917; *North American Review* 205:440 March 1917.

Geoffrey Dennis 1892-

GEOFFREY POMEROY DENNIS, English author, was born at Barnstable, in Devonshire, England, on January 20, 1892. His mother died at his birth. In his lineage, it is said, are a number of ancient kings and princes. After a childhood of poverty, and office

Geoffrey: jêl'rê

work as a boy, he was "helped" to Oxford where he became a well-known figure, and took first class honors in history and an A.M. degree.

He served in France, partly with the French army, from 1915 to 1919, and rose to the rank of captain. During the immediate post-Armistice period he lectured in the Rhineland on politics, history, and literature to the army of occupation. In 1920 he became an official of the League of Nations at Geneva, Switzerland, serving for many years as head of the Interpreters' and Translators' Bureau; he was made chief of the Document Division in 1931.

The first book Dennis wrote, also commonly called his greatest, was *Mary Lee*, which he dictated to a stenographer over a period of three years and published in 1922. As the religious autobiography of a sensitive little girl, it was so convincing that reviewers accused the author of hiding under a masculine pseudonym. Clifton Fadiman, who is a personal friend of Dennis and, in the author's opinion "about the best informed critic in the United States" of his work, calls *Mary Lee* a great book. He says:

"It is great in the richness, the humor, the horror of its characterizations, great in its grasp of the mind of an extra-

ordinary child, great (altho not consistently) in his energetic, sensitive prose, great, finally, in the spiritual quality which fills it. It wars with all the conventions of the twentieth century."

In 1925 Dennis published his second novel, *Harvest in Poland*. (He had previously lived for a time in Poland.) The theme of the book was the temptation offered by evil. His publishers felt that it was handicapped by an unhappy title.

Declaration of Love, which followed in 1927, was a series of love letters between a young man and a young woman in which the man analyzed his own involute nature as it reacted to the personality of the woman. The author subtitled the book "undiplomatic correspondence between Paris and Berlin."

All of these books of Dennis attracted the attention of connoisseurs of the unusual, but none of them won popular plaudits. For the jacket of Dennis' fourth book, *The End of the World*, Louis Golding wrote in 1930: "Geoffrey Dennis is one of the most important and most unknown writers of our time. His *Mary Lee* is to me so manifestly a masterpiece that I shudder to think how few people know it. His writing is like some of Van Gogh's painting—strong, vivid, twisted, desperate. Like Van Gogh, he will come into his own."

Dennis did begin to "come into his own" when *The End of the World* was awarded the Hawthornden Prize for 1931, the public presentation being made in June by Sir James Jeans. (The book had been written in his spare evenings at Geneva.) His three earlier works were reissued to meet the demands of the somewhat wider public which the award brought him. But he was still not well enough known for inclusion in the 1933 edition of *Who's Who*.

The author is a reticent man who has a strong objection to revealing details of his personal life, interesting tho he admits he finds such information about other authors. In July 1933 he wrote to the editors of the present volume:

"I do not feel able to supply you with any information about my life or self;



GEOFFREY DENNIS

even if I wished to, I could find nothing interesting. About my novels, however, there is one thing I should like to say. Remarkably few people read them, but almost all who do are convinced that they are autobiography. This is an unusually incorrect judgment. *Mary Lee* is the life story of a little girl, born a century ago, the two chief features being the Plymouth Brethren, the harsh sect among which she was brought up, and the grim cruelty of her upbringing. Now I was never a little girl, nor was I born in that epoch; I was not brought up by the Brethren or in any remotely similar religious atmosphere, and my upbringing was neither grim nor cruel.

"As to *Harvest in Poland*, both the outward and the mystical plot are without any basis in my own experience and, similarly, the story of *The Red Room* [published in 1932] is pure fiction. No doubt experiences of my own have contributed points of view and ideas for small individual incidents in each book; but the autobiographical content of these novels is in inverse ratio to the general belief in it. The critics are all quite wrong. I suppose it is a compliment.

"In *The End of the World*, which is a treatise and not a novel, and wherein the good old word 'I' scarcely occurs, I will admit that on the contrary my own reaction to life informs almost every page from the first to the last. That dissertation about stars and floods and space and time is autobiography."

Dennis makes his home in Geneva. He looks like a combined business man and poet. He wears shell-rimmed glasses and his ample blond hair falls low on his forehead. He has made one visit to America. Clifton Fadiman says: "His major intellectual interests are politics and history; but his major interests are spiritual. He knows backstairs Europe like a book and some day he will write about the Europe he knows."

In autumn 1933 he published a book called *Bloody Mary's*.

Geoffrey Dennis' works:

NOVELS: *Mary Lee*, 1922; *Harvest in Poland*, 1925; *The Devil and X Y Z* (part author, over pseudonym "Barum Browne"), 1931; *The Red Room* (title in England: *Sale by Auction*) 1932; *Bloody Mary's*, 1933.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Declaration of Love*, 1927; *The End of the World*, 1930.

About Geoffrey Dennis:

Collins, J. *Taking the Literary Pulse. Bookman* (London) 80:189 July 1931.

John Dewey 1859-

JOHN DEWEY, American exponent of pragmatism, educational philosopher, and Columbia University professor, was born at Burlington, Vermont, on October 20, 1859, the son of Archibald S. and Lucina Rich Dewey, and the younger brother, by a year, of Davis Rich Dewey, author of a financial history of the United States, and professor of economics and statistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

He was educated in the schools of his home town, and was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1879, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The following year he spent at home, reading under the direction of one of his former teachers, Professor Torrey.

His decision to devote himself to philosophy was a result of the praise and encouragement he received from William T. Harris, superintendent of schools in St. Louis, and, later, United States Commissioner of Education, for an article that he had sent him. He studied philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University, under Professor George S. Morris, and gained his Ph. D. degree in 1884. He holds honorary doctorates in law from Vermont and Johns Hopkins, and also from the Peking National University, and the University of Paris.

In 1886, on July 28, Dewey married Alice Chipman, of Fenton, Michigan, whom he met while he was teaching at the University. They have four children: Frederick, Evelyn, who collaborated with him on *Schools of To-Morrow*, one of his most popular books; Lucy, and Jane, as well as an adopted son, Sabino. Two boys, Morris and Gordon, died in early childhood.

Dewey's teaching career, as a professor of philosophy, is associated with three major universities. After completing his graduate work at Baltimore, he taught at the University of Michigan from 1884 to 1888, and again from 1889 to 1894. (For a single year, 1888-89,

he was at the University of Minnesota.) From 1894 to 1904, he was at the University of Chicago, to which he had been called by William Rainey Harper, its first president. The reputation he established there, with his experimental high school, led in 1904 to his going to Columbia University, where he has remained since. Now an international figure, he is as well known in European countries, where his works are read in translation, as in America.

Dewey's activity has not been confined to the classroom. He is the author of over twenty important volumes. He is active in various social and educational movements, and expresses himself freely on political, social, and economic questions of the day. He is a fighter for academic freedom, for the rights of the child, and for decent government unhampered by corrupt influences. He is, in other words, a most rare combination: a deep thinker, at home in the world of philosophical speculation, and a practical citizen of the highest type, vitally interested in everything that makes for the welfare of the community and the nation. He is, on the one hand, the author of *The Quest for Certainty*, and, on the other, a vice-chairman of the City Affairs Committee of New York.

After the Great War he visited China and Japan to make a study of their educational systems. At Tokyo he gave a course of lectures, published in 1920, as *Reconstruction in Philosophy*. In 1924 and 1928, for the same purpose, he visited Constantinople and Russia, embodying his opinions of those countries in a volume of impressions. In 1929 he delivered the Gifford Lectures at Edinburgh (named for their founder, Lord Gifford). In the same year, he was elected chairman of the League for Independent Political Action. Dewey has not hesitated to ally himself, on special occasions, with Socialists, and other liberal groups, altho he is not a member of the Socialist Party.

He was the first president of the American Association of University Professors, which he was instrumental in forming. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences, the

American Psychological Association (of which he was president in 1899-1900) the American Philosophical Association (of which he was president in 1905-06) and a corresponding member of L'Institut de France. He belongs to the MacDowell Club, and the City Club.

On his 70th birthday, in 1929, Dewey was honored by a two-day celebration held (October 18-19) at Teachers College and at Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, and by a luncheon held (October 19) at the Hotel Astor. The committee consisted of a hundred men and women prominent in public life.

One of his superior students, the late Randolph Bourne, described Dewey, as he impressed him in 1915: "On the college campus or in the lecture-room, he seems positively to efface himself. The uncertainty of his silver-gray hair and drooping moustache, of his voice, of his clothes, suggests that he has almost studied the technique of protective coloration." Another observer, E. E. Slosson, sees in Dewey's profile "something like Robert Louis Stevenson, the same long lean face and neck and nose." "From a front view," he continues, "one would take him for a Kentucky colonel, disguised in spectacles. His long, straight, black hair, parted in the middle, is now



Underwood & Underwood
JOHN DEWEY

getting gray, but his drooping moustaches, being twenty years younger, are still dark. His eyes are black and keen, and one can catch a twinkle in them if the lids do not drop too quickly. His necktie is usually awry." The mentioned resemblance to Stevenson is traceable in the Epstein bust of Dewey, a photograph of which serves as a frontispiece to H. H. Horne's *The Democratic Philosophy of Education*.

In his delivery, Dewey talks in a very casual way, in a slow, careless drawl. His voice is low, and he usually stares at his desk, or out of the window. Sometimes, he gives the impression that he has totally forgotten the presence of students who are trying to hear what he is saying, and then, as if suddenly realizing that he is not alone, he "comes down with an explosive force on the next word, a preposition, as like as not." But when he is made fully aware of the fact that he is surrounded by eager listeners, there is nothing that he likes more than to be questioned. He thoroughly enjoys the give-and-take of discussion, and his delivery improves as questions, or statements, are fired at him.

Among his many books, the best-known is probably *Democracy and Education*, which, since its appearance in 1916, has become an educational classic. A standard text in many colleges and universities, it is now studied, along with Pestalozzi, Herbart, Froebel, Spencer, Huxley, and William James, as one of the major contributions to educational philosophy. Altho he has a large following, there are those who hold that Dewey is unhappy in his style, and that the difficulty of grasping his prose interferes with an understanding of the thought. Dewey, himself, is fully aware of this difficulty, and has even attempted to account for it. A lucid exposition of some of Dewey's main beliefs has been written by Dr. Horne in *The Democratic Philosophy of Education*, designed as a companion volume to Dewey's work.

Dewey's stature has long since been recognized, and educated men and women, the world over, are familiar with his viewpoints, and look to him for leadership. With the death of Wil-

liam James, he became the chief exponent of pragmatism in America. His standing and influence were so great, that, in the judgment of a competent critic, Dr. E. Louise Antz, he made pragmatism "one of the most-talked-of tendencies in educational thinking" because he was the "most-talked-of leader in education."

H. S. R.

John Dewey's works:

Psychology, 1886; Leibnitz, 1888; Critical Theory of Ethics, 1894; School and Society, 1899; Studies in Logical Theory, 1903; How We Think, 1909; Influence of Darwin on Philosophy, and Other Essays, 1910; Interest and Effort in Education, 1913; Schools of To-Morrow, 1915; Democracy and Education, 1916; Human Nature and Conduct, 1922; Experience and Nature, 1925; The Public and Its Problems, 1927; The Quest for Certainty: A Study of the Relation of Knowledge and Action, 1929; Impressions of Soviet Russia and the Revolutionary World, 1929; Philosophy and Civilization, 1931.

About John Dewey:

Cohen, J. G. and Searlett, W. *Modern Pioneers*; Horne, H. H. *The Democratic Philosophy of Education*; Slosson, E. E. *Six Major Prophets*.

George Dillon 1906-

GEORGE DILLON, American poet, was born November 12, 1906, in Jacksonville, Florida. He is descended on his mother's side from an old Kentucky family, and on his father's side from "an interminable line" of Georgia preachers and physicians. When he was five years old, he was taken to Kentucky. His father started a little bookstore in Henderson, and later in Louisville. Most of the time the family lived in boarding houses. Dillon went to the public schools.

As a boy he was unhappy, but learned to live in his imagination and began, among other things, to write poetry. When he was fourteen, his parents moved to St. Louis, where he attended the Webster Groves High School and the School of Fine Arts. He had a talent for drawing and wanted to be a painter.

In his sixteenth year the family moved to Chicago, and George entered the University of Chicago in 1923. At the University of Chicago he met some young people who wrote poetry and who



James Hargis Connolly

GEORGE DILLON

re-awakened his interest in the art. He was one of the founders of a little poetry magazine called the *Forge*. In 1925 he was awarded the John Billings Fisk Prize for the best poetry written by a student at the University. The same prize had been won in the previous year by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Dillon also received the young poet's prize given by *Poetry*, and was invited by Harriet Monroe to become an associate editor of the magazine in 1925, when he was still an undergraduate. He worked on *Poetry* for two years.

In 1927, when he was graduated from the University, his first book of poems, *Boy in the Wind*, was published. He was then in his twenty-first year. Alfred Kreymborg said the book "unfolds a considerable number of perfect or quasi-perfect poems, emotion and thought guided by an artistic consciousness and carved into clear, musical form."

Despite the enthusiastic critical reception given to his work, Dillon took a job as advertising copy-writer. Like most contemporary poets he was poor, and tired of poverty; he wanted to make money for a while. And he did. But eventually he became disgusted with the work, and since November 1930 he has lived without a regular job, supporting himself by free-lance work.

The Flowering Stone brought Dillon the 1931 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry. He was believed to be the youngest person ever to receive a Pulitzer award. He was twenty-five when the award was announced early in 1932.

A reviewer in the *Nation* said of *The Flowering Stone*:

"It represents that interval described with such humble savagery by Keats in his preface to *Endymion*, when the poet wanders between the imaginations of boyhood and maturity, afflicted by the perturbations of his senses and the ferment in his soul." The reviewer found in the collection ample evidence that Dillon's was a "ripening art."

Dillon received a Guggenheim Award in the spring of 1932, enabling him to do creative work abroad. His travels took him to many countries. In the autumn of 1932, when he was living in a little flat in Paris, he said: "I feel at peace for the first time in my life." The Guggenheim Fellowship was renewed in 1933, and he went to Africa for a while, emerging in time to make a selection from his own work for William Rose Benét's auto-anthology, *Fifty Poets*. He chose "The Noise of Leaves," which is the first poem in his book *The Flowering Stone*, and wrote Benét: "I want you to print it because it comes nearer than anything else I have done to saying what cannot be said—in short, nearer to poetry." In April 1933 he was in Athens, Greece.

Benét regards Dillon as "the most promising of our younger poets," and finds in his work a startling vivacity. Louis Untermeyer says that he "is essentially a lyricist of half-tones, but he puts suavity to measures firm in outline." According to Alfred Kreymborg, "The didactic note is present in his work; so is the scientific; but he turns these and other notes to distinctive lyrical poetry."

George Dillon's poems:

Boy in the Wind, 1927; *The Flowering Stone*, 1931.

About George Dillon:

Kreymborg, A. *Our Singing Strength*; Untermeyer, L. *Modern American Poetry*.

Nation February 10, 1932; *Poetry* 30:328 March 1932; *Saturday Review of Literature* 8:154 September 26, 1931.

Rudolf Ditzen

See "Fallada, Hans"

Alfred Döblin 1878-

ALFRED DÖBLIN, German novelist, was born at Stettin, a seaport on the Baltic sea, on August 10, 1878. He was the son of Max Döblin and Sophie Freudenheim. His early life was spent in the city where he attended a primary school and later a gymnasium. Having thus prepared for a university career, Döblin entered the University of Berlin as a student of medicine. It was at Berlin that Döblin first thought of writing and the result was *Der Schwarze Vorhang*. It was written in the years 1902-03, but was not published till 1919. After a year or two in Berlin, according to the practice of German students, Döblin changed his university and went to finish his studies at the University of Freiburg. He received his M.D. degree in 1905.

While at the universities, Döblin familiarized himself with the teachings of Freud and became much interested in psychoanalysis. Accordingly, after obtaining his doctorate, he became correspondent to a Regensburg newspaper, writing mostly on psychological matters. Finally, in 1911, he went to Berlin, settled down in the Berlin East Side, the Alexanderplatz district, and became a specialist in nervous disorders and a writer. He began to contribute tales to *Die Sturm*. These were gathered in 1913 in the volume *Die Ermordung Einer Butterblume*. Some of the tales had been written in his student days, but all of them bear a stamp of maturity which indicates that they had been carefully revised before being permitted to reach the public eye. Another noteworthy occupation of this period, and one that Döblin has not given up even at the present, is a deep interest in biological phenomena often leading to original experimentation and investigation.

In 1912, a few months after his settling in Berlin, he married Fraülein Erna Reiss. A son, Peter, was born in the same year. Three more sons were born to them, the latest, Stefan, in 1926.

About the time Döblin came to Berlin, we have a record of him in the rôle of a verbal exponent of his theories of art. Herr Kayser in his *Dichterköpfe* records that once, at a gathering of artists and musicians, in a back room of a Potsdam Street café, Döblin had presented a paper on "Conversations With Callipso Concerning Music." It had been a lively and at the same time instructive performance. "A little excited fellow," writes Kayser, "with a reddish Van Dyke and powerful eyeglasses . . . reading with unusual animation and feeling, half admonishingly, half prophetically—a thinker and a poet simultaneously. Such was Alfred Döblin." Else Lasker-Schüler, the poet, had been present and Gottfried Benn, a practicing physician and writer, like Döblin himself. And the subject of the discourse had been "the Ego bursting its walls and the Monad opening up windows towards the world at large and enjoying commerce with the magic and sound-forces of the universe."

The World War called Döblin to the front. As a physician he went thru the campaign for three years. But these were not years lost to art. At the front, from 1916 to 1918, he wrote the novel *Wallenstein*, a picture of the struggles of the Thirty Years War in which he injected the problems, doubts, and hopes of the present. Upon his return, he turned to political matters and the result was the volume of essays *Das Deutsche Maskenball*, which he published in 1921 under the pseudonym Linke Poot (the left foot). Three or four years later Döblin made a journey thru Poland and wrote a sympathetic account of the new state and its social and minority problems. In 1928 he was elected member of the German Academy of Letters.

Until 1933 he lived in the Frankfurter Allee, Berlin, near the scenes which he has described in the *Alexanderplatz*. With the accession of the Hitler régime, however, he became persona non grata to the German government and was forced to leave his country. Late in 1933 he was living in Paris, temporarily at least, and preparing a book dealing with the current political situation, which was to be published in Amsterdam.



ALFRED DÖBLIN

Alfred Döblin's present beliefs are an outgrowth of the Hindu science of the soul. This is most clearly expressed in *Das Ich Über die Natur*, an essay without which the artistic development of Döblin is hardly understandable. Nature for him is not the quiet abode of all good things as it was for Rousseau and the Romanticists, but a monster "of a thousand feet, a thousand arms, a thousand heads, and a thousand spirits." The conscious and the subconscious intermingle in him and the transition from one to the other is hardly noticeable.

The *Three Leaps of Wang-lun*, written "on the elevated trains, in the emergency wards while on night duty, between consultations, and on the stairs when visiting patients," is a tale of Chinese quietism placed against a background of Chinese conditions in the eighteenth century. Wang-lun, "born a fisher-boy" and living the life of a bandit, starts the Wu-wei, a quietist movement for "the really weak ones," based on the doctrine that "those who want to conquer the world thru activity, will fail. For the world is of a spiritual kind; one should abstain from touching it. The active one loses it; and he who merely holds on to it, loses it also." It is a Taoist doctrine. *Wallenstein*, Döblin's next important novel, is also written from the same point of view, tho some-

what nearer in detail to the world we know.

Berge, Meere und Giganten, tho a novel of the future, is a direct result of Döblin's experiences in the World War. In this novel, according to Herr Eloesser, he creates a new humanity brought about by the achievements of science and technology. It is, in effect, "a hymn to the communal spirit of the man of the future which, rising superior to individuality, brings all nature beneath its sway and vanquishes social distress." In the epic *Manas* Döblin attempts to portray the Hindu, just as in *Wang-lun* he portrayed the Chinese. It is an epic of gods and spirits, souls and demons, people and animals. It marks the transition from a Chinese to a Hindu conception of life, and effects a blending of the two.

Alexanderplatz, published in 1929, Döblin's latest major work, has been compared with Joyce's *Ulysses*. In it, writes Arthur Eloesser, "Döblin's soaring intelligence, at once scientifically constructive and addicted to fantastic pyrotechnics, found a really congenial subject, together with an original form inspired by the life of a great city. It is the story of a workman with a good heart and a simple disposition who becomes involved in crime and misfortune, drifting from the penitentiary to the lunatic-asylum and ending in the humdrum existence of porter at a factory. . . Döblin inserts into his text statistics, newspaper articles, and depositions from real lawsuits, he bawls the latest popular song and blares out his remarks as from a loud-speaker, which also serves him as a sort of chorus; in fact, he enters into competition with the gramophone, wireless, the theatre, and the film. But in this volume he shows us, by the aid of photography, the never resting spectacle of a great city, the hum and buzz of the social machine, the din of the streets, the screaming posters, all that is whispered in thieves' kitchens or conveyed by the twitterings of sparrows and the buzz of flies."

It must be noted that Döblin is not a believer in the individual Ego which, as a psychologist, he considers nothing but an evaporation of the "group-soul." His heroes are almost always pluralistic,

the only significant exception being the characters of *Die Nonnen von Kemnade*, a play which he describes as a very "cataract of I's." It is the Chinese people that is the hero of *Wang-lun*; it is the spirit of the Thirty Years War that is the hero of *Wallenstein*; and it is the group-soul in conflict with the advancing machine that is the hero of *Wadzecks Kampf mit die Dampfturbine*. Herr Kayser gives an admirable summary of Döblin's method: "Outwardly, Döblin's world is always in commotion, flux, and travail. But there is a quiet within. There are tiny human isles where it is possible to be silent, where it is possible even to dream. Both kinds are necessary. Such is nature." A. B.

Principal works of Alfred Döblin:

PLAYS: *Lydia and Mäxchen*, 1906; *Die Nonnen von Kemnade*, 1923; *Lusitania*, 1929; *Die Ehe*, 1931.

POEMS: *Maus*, 1927.

ESSAYS: *Das Deutsche Maskenball*, 1921; *Das Ich über die Natur*, 1927; *Wissen und Verändern*, 1931; *Unser Dasein*, 1933; *Jüdische Erneuerung*, 1933.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: *Die Ermordung Einer Butterblume*, 1913; *Das Stifstfräulein und der Tod*, 1913; *Die Drei Sprünge des Wang-lun*, 1916; *Die Lobensteiner Reisen Nach Böhmen*, 1917; *Wadzecks Kampf mit der Dampfturbine*, 1918; *Der Schwarze Vorhang*, 1919; *Wallenstein*, 1920; *Berge, Meere und Giganten*, 1924; *Die Beiden Freundinnen und ihr Giftmord*, 1925; *Reise Nach Polen*, 1926; *Alexanderplatz*, 1929; *Giganten*, 1932.

English translations of Alfred Döblin:

Alexanderplatz, Berlin, 1931.

About Alfred Döblin:

Beach, J. W. *Twentieth Century Novel*; Döblin, A. and Loerke, O. *Alfred Döblin: Im Buch—Zu Haus—Auf der Strasse*; Eloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*; Kayser, R. *Dichterköpfe*; Soergel, A. *Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit*.

Drauma 21:16 April 1931; *Neue Rundschau* 39:161 August 1928; *Neue Schweizer Rundschau* 21:602 August 1928.

Mabel Dodge

See *Luhan*, Mabel Dodge

Charles M. Doughty 1843-1926

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY, English travel-writer and poet, best known for the classic work of travel, *Arabia Deserta*, was born at Theberton

Hall, Suffolk, August 19, 1843, the youngest son of the Rev. C. M. Doughty, and died at Sissinghurst, Kent, in his eighty-third year. On both sides he was of "gentry" stock, his father being a squire as well as a clergyman, and his mother, Frederica Beaumont, of East Yorkshire nobility.

When he was a few months old his mother died, and when he was six his father followed her. He was brought up jointly by a paternal uncle and a maternal aunt. At an early age he set his mind upon entering the navy. The memory of his school days, he later declared, was unhappy, and was crowned with disappointment when he failed the navy examinations because of a slight impediment in speech. At the age of eighteen he entered Gaius College, Cambridge, and turned his attention to natural science, particularly geology. He was described in his undergraduate days by a schoolmate as "shy, nervous, and very polite. He had no sense of humor."

In 1863 he transferred to Downing College, where he had won a scholarship, and took a dispensation from residence. Before the end of the year he left for Norway where he spent the better part of a year living among the natives of the mountains, learning the Scandinavian tongues, and studying the glaciers. This trip was the basis of his *On the Jostedal-Brae Glaciers in Norway*, which was first read before the British Association in 1864 and was published separately as a pamphlet in 1866.

In the same year he was graduated, and turned for a time from geology to literature. His chief interests were Spenser and Erasmus. In 1870 or 1871 (authorities differ) he went to Holland, the beginning of long years of "studious travel." Doughty himself thought in later life that the date was 1871. In his eighties he wrote: "I spent 1870 at Oxford and was a good deal in the Bodleian [library]. The next year out of a reverence for the memory of Erasmus, Jos. Scaliger, etc. I passed in Holland learning Hollandish—which with Danish gave me a philological feeling in English. I spent some few months also at Louvain and the winter at Mentone (I had always rather poor health). I traveled

then in Italy and passed the next winter in Spain and most of the next year at Athens; and that winter went forward to the Biblelands, where I remained and in the winter rode down to Cairo and thence to the Sinai Peninsula where I remained three months and then rode upward to Maan; where I heard of Medain Salih."

"Medain Salih" was the Arabian caravanners' name for certain hevn and inscribed monuments on the crags of el-Héjr, some days from Damascus, to which religious pilgrimages were annually made. Doughty learned that no European had ever visited them, and it was his determination to be the first to do so that led eventually to the Arabian journeys which he immortalized in *Arabia Deserta*. For several months he tried vainly to induce the British Association and the Royal Geographical Society to finance him on a journey to the monuments (his family had in recent years lost most of its means and he was henceforth to be handicapped by pecuniary restrictions). Finally, finding himself stranded "without resources or prospects," he determined to go into the Arabian desert and live the life of the natives. In November 1876, having first spent some months learning the Arabic language and making friends with prominent Moslems, Doughty rode forth from Damascus in a religious caravan, "clothed as a Syrian of simple fortune," bound first for Medain Salih.

With him he took some medical supplies, two note books, the simplest scientific instruments, a few books including a seventeenth century *Canterbury Tales*, a carbine, and a slim purse of funds. He was known to the Arabians by the native name of "Khalil." The caravan reached Medain in December and Doughty made copies of the inscriptions on the monuments, but not without difficulties. On several occasions then and later he narrowly escaped death at the hands of the natives. In the following February he left the religious caravan which had brought him to Medain and set off into the desert with a party of Bedouins. He was not to return to "civilization" until a year and a half later, when he rode into Jidda in August of 1878, with a



CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

tale of months of adventure, dire hardship, and sickness. So great an impression had his courage in the face of discouragement made on the ordinarily unimpressible Arabs that forty years later T. E. Lawrence found his name still remembered as a legend in the desert, where "men are short-lived and their memories of strangers and events outside the family tree soon fail."

From Jidda he went briefly to Bombay, returning to England the following year to begin work on the "first fruits" of his Arabian trip, an archeological publication in French. Also, almost immediately after his return he began slow and painstaking work on his *magnum opus*, which was finally published in 1888 under the full title, *Travels in Arabia Deserta*.

The work was to be no less remarkable for its style than its subject matter. J. Hamish Miles, the English critic, has said on this point: "Doughty was less concerned to produce a chronicle or work of information than to create, out of his unique experience, an unique monument of what he considered pure English prose. To him, this meant the achievement of an Elizabethan directness of utterance and the renunciation of all post-Elizabethan growths in syntax and vocabulary. He succeeded. His profound literary sense told him aright when it

inspired him to treat his remote and lonely adventuring in this bare, majestic style."

Many other critics have shared this enthusiasm for Doughty's phrasing, but ironically enough this very feature almost prevented the classic work from ever being published. Publisher after publisher rejected the manuscript because of its style, some saying that it was "not English at all," and others that they could consider the manuscript only if it were "re-written from start to finish." Finally, a commission arrangement was made with a branch of the Cambridge Press, but even then there were months of dispute. At one time Doughty declared, "I would prefer that the book be not published than change one word of my English"; and eventually he prevailed. When the book was finally published it was in an edition of only 500 copies. It had an excellent "press" and altho financially it meant nothing to the author (the publishers sustained a net loss of £400; hence there were of course no royalties) his fame was established.

Professor Barker Fairley has remarked in his critical study of Doughty that from the publication of *Arabia Deserta*, the story of the author's life is little but the story of his books. There were few outward incidents from the year 1888 on. In 1886 he had married Caroline Amelia McMurdo, the daughter of General Sir Montagu McMurdo. After the publication of *Arabia Deserta* they made a trip to Palestine and Damascus, where Doughty met old friends of his journeying days. They continued to travel much, generally to nearer points on the Continent; often Italy or the Riviera. Aside from traveling Doughty occupied his time with writing poetry. His first published effort was a patriotic poem, published in a leaflet of some thirty pages, entitled *Under Arms 1900*, inspired by the Boer War. This was followed by a patriotic epic in six volumes, *The Dawn in Britain*, published in 1906. Its composition had occupied him nine years, and he said that he had thought and prepared for it for twenty-five.

His next work was another long poem, this time Arabian in its theme, *Adam*

Cast Forth. It was published in 1908, met with a favorable reception, and was followed by *The Cliffs* and *The Clouds*, both patriotic poems forecasting the World War, neither of which was well received by the reviewers. He published two other long poems in his lifetime, *The Titans* in 1916 and *Mansoul: Or the Riddle of the World* in 1920; both allegorical. The latter he revised in 1923. His poetic style has been compared to that of his acknowledged master, Spenser.

Doughty wrote to Norman Douglas in 1914: "The *Arabia Deserta* vols and then the *Dawn in Britain* and succeeding volumes, published by Duckworth, have occupied every hour of my time and strength, year in and year out without intermission for 55 years, nearly. To help on, what I believe to be a sane English philology; has been my lifelong endeavour and possible form of patriotism."

In the meantime *Arabia Deserta* had begun to bring its author some return, altho not directly at first. In 1908 the original volume went out of print and Edward Garnett of the publishing firm of Duckworth procured Doughty's permission to make an abridgment, which was published as *Wanderings in Arabia*. It was a volume of some six hundred pages as compared to the thirteen hundred of the original, and served to popularize Doughty so greatly that copies of the original mounted to fabulous prices in the second-hand bookstores—tho it had never brought the author a penny.

The further history of the book includes publication of a facsimile one-volume, thin paper edition of the original, with Doughty's own illustrations, in 1921. This was undertaken by Jonathan Cape, the publisher, at the instance of T. E. Lawrence, war hero and author himself of a "best-selling" work on Arabia (see sketch of Lawrence in this volume) and had a foreword by Lawrence. It was so successful that it sold out immediately, was followed by a second edition a year later, and went into many additional printings. An American edition appeared in 1926. In 1931 a volume of selected passages, compiled by Edward Garnett, was published in both

England and America, entitled *Passages From Arabia Deserta*.

All his life Doughty suffered from ill-health and feebleness induced by the hardships of his Arabian travels. Many years before he died he was subject to fainting fits and would often remain unconscious for several days, and in his last years he was practically bed-ridden. To complicate matters, the family's financial condition, which had never been favorable, became acute after the War. While awaiting the returns from the re-issue of *Arabia Deserta* their situation grew so dire that it became necessary for friends to step in and arrange the sale of some of the author's early manuscripts and notebooks. A small Civil List pension was even procured from the government. This, however, Doughty was able to resign in 1923 when he came into an unexpected annuity of some £2,000 a year upon the death of a cousin twenty years his junior. This windfall, combined with the prospect that the royalties from the reprinting of *Arabia Deserta* would take care of his family after he died, freed him in his very last years from financial worry, for the first time in his life. The state of his health grew increasingly serious, however, and the end came on January 20, 1926, after several days of unconsciousness following a severe attack of laryngitis.

Doughty's reserve was a life-long characteristic. Tho friendly and generous with a small group of associates and his own family, he held himself aloof from the ordinary life of his times. He declared that he knew nothing of modern literature. Once in his last years Thomas Hardy's name was mentioned in his presence. "Who is Hardy?" he asked in all innocence as his auditors gasped. In his own character, despite his little participation in or knowledge of current affairs, he was called "the most patriotic of Englishmen." He was of striking, almost handsome appearance, with his beard and strong features. Sydney Cockerell found him in his prime "a tall upright man with thick red beard and thick greyish hair." He was rigidly honorable and unbending in his scruples. Norman Douglas found him "benignly patriarchal" in his latter days and carried

away "an impression of reasonableness and benevolence."

He did not live long enough to receive the full recognition which came after its reprinting to his masterpiece, *Arabia Deserta*, of which John Courmos has written: "It is admitted by the discerning to be the greatest work of prose written in English during the nineteenth century."

Charles M. Doughty's works:

TRAVEL: On the Jostedal Brae Glaciers in Norway, 1866; Documents Epigraphiques Recueillis Dans le Nord de l'Arabie, 1884; Travels in Arabia Deserta (two volumes) 1888; Wanderings in Arabia (abridgment of Arabia Deserta by Edward Garnett) 1908; Travels in Arabia Deserta (one volume facsimile edition with introduction by T. E. Lawrence) 1921; Passages from Arabia Deserta (selections by Edward Garnett) 1931.

POETRY: Under Arms, 1900; The Dawn in Britain (six volumes) 1906; Adam Cast Forth, 1908; The Cliffs, 1909; The Clouds, 1912; The Titans, 1916; Mansoul: Or the Riddle of the World, 1920; Mansoul (revised) 1923.

About Charles M. Doughty:

Courmos, J. *A Modern Plutarch*; Douglas, N. *Looking Back*; Drake, W. A. *American Criticism*; Fairley, B. *Charles M. Doughty*; Garnett, E. *Friday Nights*; Gosse, E. *Books on the Table*; Hogarth, D. G. *Life of Charles M. Doughty*; Monro, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Murry, J. M. *Countries of the Mind*; Simson, T. S. *Men of Letters of the British Isles*; Weygandt, C. *Tuesdays at Ten*.

Bookman 62:250 April 1926; *Bookman* (London) 69:289 March 1926; *Fortnightly Review* 125:21 January 1926; *Living Age* 328:589 March 13, 1926; *North American Review* 214:257 August 1921.

Lloyd C. Douglas 1877-

LLOYD CASSEL DOUGLAS, American author and clergyman, was born in Columbia City, Indiana, on August 27, 1877, the son of Rev. Alexander Jackson Douglas and Sarah Jane Cassel. His father was a country parson and his mother a country school teacher. "Our family," he explains, "was brought out in two editions. I belonged to the second outfit. My father was fifty when I was born. He was the most interesting personality I ever knew."

Douglas had his education in a small church school, Wittenberg College at Springfield, Ohio, where he received an A.B. degree in 1900 and an A.M. degree

in 1903. After taking the B.D. degree at Hamma Divinity School, Springfield, in 1903, he was ordained a Lutheran minister and went to North Manchester, Indiana, as pastor of the Zion Church. On April 7, 1904, he was married to Besse Lo Porch of Louisville, Kentucky.

In 1905 Douglas removed to Lancaster, Ohio, to serve the First Church, and in 1908 went to the Lutheran Memorial Church in Washington, D.C. There he was Chaplain of the First Infantry, D.C. From 1911 to 1915 he was director of religious work at the University of Illinois. In 1915 he went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, as pastor of the First Congregational Church and stayed for six years. He was publicity director for the United States War Work Council in 1917 and for the Congregational World Movement in 1919. He wrote occasional religious essays which were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Scribner's*.

His first book, published in 1920 while he was at Ann Arbor, was *Wanted—A Congregation*, the story of a minister of a small congregation who adopts energetic business methods.

From 1921 to 1926 Douglas was pastor of the First Church in Akron, Ohio. When he was asked to do "a little book of a practical sort for young preachers," he wrote *The Minister's Everyday Life* which, when published, "had a pretty wide distribution, as such things go." In 1926 he changed his residence to Los Angeles, where he was pastor of First Church for three years. During that time he published *These Sayings of Mine*, a book on the parables of Jesus, and *Those Disturbing Miracles*.

"I am not an ecclesiastic; I would make a rotten cardinal," said Douglas. "I know nothing and want to know nothing about church machinery. But I am a preacher, and I believe that we preachers should write things that embody the precepts of the church but which, thru the telling of a story as the Gospel goes, will reach people the church will fail to reach."

When Douglas was fifty-two years old he achieved sudden fame by writing a novel called *Magnificent Obsession* which was calculated to show how a modern world might seize upon spiritual and religious values for its own regeneration.

It was based on Douglas' belief that most people are "spiritually wistful," and he wrote the story for such people. His appearance in the field of the novel, according to his own account, was by sheer accident: "While working on a series of essays on 'Personality Expansion Thru Private Philanthropy,' it occurred to me that more people would read the book if it were done in a story. I had never attempted dialogue—certainly not on a large scale—and as for plot construction I knew nothing about it at all. Many of my reviewers have noticed this and commented on it freely. . . Nobody has been more surprised than myself that it has been so widely read." *Magnificent Obsession* sold rapidly in the United States and Canada without any ballyhoo or spectacular advertising, and went thru twelve printings in thirteen months. Four years after publication it was still on best-seller lists.

In 1929 Douglas went to a new pastorate at St. James United Church, Montreal, Canada. Heartened by the success of his first novel, he wrote another entitled *Forgive Us Our Trespases*, which he calls "a story of the purgation of a young cynic." It was likewise a best-seller. Douglas commented: "Most reviewers are agreed that the author has done a clumsy piece of work, and wonder that the thing is read."



LLOYD C. DOUGLAS Blank & Stoller

Douglas modestly refers to his two successes as a "pair of old-fashioned novels in which the characters are tiresomely decent and everything turns out happily in the end." He adds: "The moral of this is that if a pair of books so badly written, by a man who knows nothing about the proper composition of a novel, can contrive to stir the interest of a large constituency, perhaps there is room for some well-written stories in which an attempt is made to recapture 'the lost radiance' of religion."

In appearance, Douglas is tall, distinguished-looking, very un-pastorlike and equally un-literary, with the faint suggestion of an Indiana accent still clinging to his voice. "I came into this fiction game," he says, "too late to take on any airs or cultivate the eccentricities which one loves to associate with toilers in this field." He is a Mason and a member of Phi Gamma Delta college fraternity. He has delivered commencement, baccalaureate, and convocation addresses at a score of educational institutions in America and has preached in half a dozen pulpits in London. The degree of D.D. has been conferred upon him by Fargo (N.D.) College, University of Southern California, and University of Vermont.

His wife, says Douglas, has been a valuable counselor. "Perhaps I could not have written the stories without her aid. It is doubtful if I would have tried. She has been very ambitious for me to do such things." They have two daughters—Betty and Virginia. One is the wife of an architect and the other of a surgeon.

"We are very fond of travel," says Douglas, "and have been about, somewhat. We drive, too, a good deal, and like to feel that the car is able to take us wherever we wish to go. It is practically the only extravagance we indulge in. Oh yes—I forgot the rugs. I am fond of nice rugs. Golf never interested me very much. There are so many other things I would rather do.

"I read many essays and books of travel. If I am pestered by my friends to read some popular novel, I usually accommodate them, but realize that my critical judgment of a novel is worthless. The same thing goes for my estimate of

pictures. I am likely to admire some picture very much, and then learn—to my chagrin—that it is not a good picture and that persons who think it is good are untrained, naive, and incapable of sound judgment."

After thirty years of preaching, Douglas took his last leave of a parsonage in April 1933 to devote himself entirely to writing. "I am free-lance from now on," he said.

Lloyd C. Douglas' works:

Wanted—A Congregation, 1920; A Minister's Everyday Life, 1924; These Sayings of Mine, 1926; Those Disturbing Miracles, 1927; Magnificent Obsession, 1929; Forgive Us Our Trespases, 1932; Precious Jeopardy, 1933.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle 1859-1930

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE was born of Anglo-Irish parents in the Scottish city of Edinburgh on May 22, 1859, and died at his home in Crowborough, Sussex, on July 7, 1930, after 71 active years. Altho his numerous writings deal with a variety of subjects and fields, he is remembered (as he was known in his lifetime) primarily as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, concededly the most famous detective of fiction. It has been said that Doyle picked up the detective story where Edgar Allan Poe left it, and he is generally credited with developing its present form and popularity.

Charles Doyle, father of the author, was an unrecognized and impecunious artist. Altho a member of a family which had won distinction in literature and art, he was compelled to work throughout his life as a civil employe to support and educate his numerous offspring. The writer's mother, Mary Foley, traced her ancestry to the Plantagenets. By popular association the two names Conan and Doyle have come to be thought of as a compound surname. This, however, was not the case. Conan was the name of a very ancient English family from whom Sir Arthur was descended thru his paternal grandmother, and his habitual use of it was apparently from pride of ancestry.

The author's boyhood was an unexceptional one, his autobiography, *Memoirs and Adventures*, reveals. Neverthe-

less he showed an early bent toward literature, writing and illustrating a small book before he was ten. An omnivorous and rapid reader, his tastes were, he said, "boylike enough." His favorite author was Mayne Reid and his favorite book, *Scalp Hunters*. In student days he frequently spent his lunch money in second hand book stalls. He was large for his age, strong, and, he confessed, inclined to be pugnacious and "a young rebel." A master in one of the schools he attended remarked, when told of his intention at that time of becoming a civil engineer, "Well, Doyle, you may be an engineer but I don't think you will ever be a civil one." Despite the condition of the family finances he was educated at Hodder and Stoneyhurst and in Jesuit schools in Germany and France (he was brought up in the Catholic faith but later turned to agnosticism and spiritualism); and took his degree in medicine at Edinburgh University.

Graduation from medical school brought with it adventure. Shortly before final examinations young Doyle learned of an opening as ship's surgeon on a whaling vessel bound for the arctic. He took the opportunity eagerly and followed the voyage with another to the African coasts. Upon his return from the African trip there was an unsuccessful attempt to begin the practice of medicine with a former schoolmate in Plymouth, followed by removal to Portsmouth and a more serious effort at neighboring Southsea.

Two important events occurred during the Southsea years. One was the author's first marriage, to Jane Hawkins, in 1885. (She died in 1906 after years of invalidism, and Doyle married again in 1907. His second bride was Jean Leckie.) The other was the "birth" of Sherlock Holmes, who first strode forth from his Baker Street chambers into foggy, romantic *fin de siècle* London with its gas lights and rattling hansom cabs, "upon the trail of violence and murder," in 1886; tho he did not become publicly known until a year later.

Matters had not been going well financially with the young physician. (One year his income tax report was so small that it was returned from the authorities as being "most unsatisfactory."



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Doyle scrawled "I agree" across the sheet and sent it back.) All thru the early years of practice, small checks for short stories of adventure had been a welcome if not substantial addition to meager medical fees—he had begun contributing to the cheaper fiction magazines in student days. With ample time between infrequent patients and professional calls to sit, smoke, and ponder, he came to the conclusion that if any considerable money or fame were to be made from writing, one must have a book published. He made one attempt, a blood-and-thunder adventure novel, which was promptly rejected by all possible publishers. The idea of a full-length detective story then occurred. Somehow there came into his mind the image of a former teacher in the medical school at Edinburgh, a certain Joseph Bell, whose powers of observation and deductive diagnosis were the marvel of his pupils.

In the author's own words:

Gaboriau had always attracted me by the neat dovetailing of his plots, and Poe's masterful detective, M. Dupin, had from boyhood been one of my heroes. But could I bring an addition of my own? I thought of my old teacher, Joe Bell, of his eagle face, of his curious ways, of his eerie trick of spotting details. If he were a detective he would surely reduce this fascinating but unorganized business to something nearer an exact science.

It was surely possible in real life, so why should I not make it plausible in fiction? It is all very well to say that a man is clever, but the reader wants to see examples of it—such examples as Bell gave us every day in the wards. The idea amused me. What should I call the fellow:

First it was Sherringford Holmes; then it was Sherlock Holmes. [ED. NOTE: Doyle added the explanation in an interview that he had once, when playing cricket in his youth, scored thirty runs off a bowler by the name of Sherlock and consequently had a kindly feeling for the name. The surname came from one of his favorite authors, Oliver Wendell Holmes.] He could not tell his own exploits, so he must have a commonplace comrade as a foil—an educated man of action who could both join in the exploits and narrate them. A drab, quiet name for this unostentatious man. Watson would do. And so I had my puppets and wrote my *Study in Scarlet*.

In this manner was created the tall, wiry, hawk-faced individual called by Grant Overton "without question the most famous character in English fiction." (Vincent Starrett, author of *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, pronounces him "a symbol as familiar as the Nelson monument or the Tower of London; a name that has become a permanent part of the English language"; Christopher Morley has said, "Perhaps no fiction character ever created has become so charmingly real to his readers"; and after nearly half a century the London postoffice still receives letters addressed personally to the detective at 221-B Baker Street—"a man who never lived and a house that never existed.") But creation was not synonymous with public recognition. Indeed, for some months it seemed that Holmes was not to be known to the world. Finally, after numerous rejections, the discouraged author sold the manuscript of *A Study in Scarlet* to Ward, Lock & Co. for £25—this sum he later declared was every penny he ever received for it—and the gaunt, sardonic detective made his debut as a cheap "gift book," *Becton's Christmas Annual for 1887*. This humble beginning was the "first edition" of Sherlock Holmes.

It is noteworthy that Holmes found a public more quickly in America than in England. It was at the instance of an American magazine (*Lippincott's*) that the author was induced about a year later to put his character thru another

adventure. This time it was *The Sign of Four*, which Starrett and other leading Sherlockians have joined in adjudging "perhaps the most vivid and the best" of the long series of adventures which were to follow. Previously, while waiting for publication of *A Study in Scarlet*, Doyle had written *Micah Clarke* and *The White Company*, both of which have been praised generously as high types of the historical novel.

At this period came an interlude in Doyle's life. Believing that in medicine as in literature he must specialize, he left Portsmouth with his wife for several months' study in Vienna on the proceeds of his writings, then returned to England and went to London to set up as an eye specialist in Wimpole Street. For £120 a year he obtained the use of a front room with part use of a waiting room. As he later remarked, he was "soon to find that they were both waiting rooms." During the months of watching for patients who never came, he conceived and wrote for the *Strand Magazine* the series of episodes which were later to appear as his most successful and most frequently reprinted book, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. In less than a year, while the *Adventures* were appearing in magazine form, Doyle was taken with a severe attack of influenza. As he convalesced a momentous decision was reached. With exultation he determined to give up medicine and devote his life to writing.

Then began long years of literary labor. The DoYLES removed to Norwood where volumes of many sorts followed closely upon each other. None of the later writings, however, attained the success of the Holmes stories. By popular demand the immortal detective was resurrected in 1905—he had been supposedly killed by a fall from a cliff at the end of the *Memoirs*, published in 1894—and "lived" on in new adventures virtually to the day of his creator's death. The later volumes included *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, *The Valley of Fear*, *His Last Bow*, and *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes*. A number of dramatizations were also made from the stories. Since the later tales lacked, almost inevitably, the quality of the earlier

ones, there was no little criticism of this prolongation; and Doyle himself once related an incident illustrating popular opinion, which at the same time demanded and deplored continuance of the character. "I think, sir," he quoted a Cornish boatman as saying to him, "when Holmes fell over that cliff he may not have killed himself, but he was never quite the same man afterwards."

Nevertheless, Holmes continued to set out intermittently into the "melancholy glamor" of the lamp-lit murk of Baker Street on his "missions of humane vengeance" until as late as 1927, when the *Case-Book* brought the saga to an end. In 1928 an English compilation of the "short stories" appeared, followed by a collection of the "long stories" in 1929. In 1930 in America, after Conan Doyle's death, a two-volume "memorial edition" of all the stories, both short and long, was issued under the title *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*. In addition to the numerous volumes, editions, reprints, and collections of the Holmes tales themselves, a larger and more earnest literature, in newspapers, periodicals, and books, has grown up about the sinewy detective—it is interesting to note—than has been written about any other character of fiction, with the possible exception of Hamlet. The "Holmes specialist" has at his disposal one of the widest ranges of items available in modern book-collecting.

Doyle's later writings, aside from the Holmes adventures, were devoted principally to history, travel, and spiritualism, with some general fiction. As in the case of Sir Oliver Lodge, a life-long interest in spiritualism was intensified by the death of a son. Kingsley Doyle, a captain of the 1st Hampshires in the World War, succumbed to pneumonia in a London hospital during the War years after being severely wounded in the Somme.

Sir Arthur has been called the most plausible exponent of spiritualism, and Lady Doyle was equally ardent. In the last decade of his life they toured America twice and Australia once, in addition to extensive travels in the British Isles, lecturing on the subject. Considerable excitement followed Doyle's death when

it was learned that he and his wife had previously arranged test communications in the event of the passing of either. Many claims were set forth, but whether satisfactory communication was established remains a moot question.

Sir Arthur was a large, vigorous, active man, with all of the Englishman's traditional fondness for sports. Thruout his life he wore the "walrus" moustache of the late Victorian era. He has been described as more like Watson than Holmes in appearance. He was fond of travel and was an intimate observer of three wars, participating in the Soudan skirmishes of the late '90s as a newspaper correspondent, in the Boer War as a surgeon attached to a hospital unit, and in the World War as a propagandist. His knighthood was the reward for an apologia for England's part in the Boer disturbance. He also wrote a history of the Boer War and one of the Great War.

He combined the traits of pugnacity and kindness and was always a partisan of the underdog. Says Cosmo Hamilton: "Unkindness and ill-nature were nowhere in his heart." His efforts in the famous Slater and Edalji cases, which have been compared to the agitation over Tom Mooney in America, were largely responsible for the release and eventual exoneration of both men.

Sir Arthur wrote, as nearly as can be ascertained, something like half a hundred books, many of which were short-lived and have long been out of print. In his earlier writing years he occasionally published the same material under more than one title, and even more frequently re-wrote old material for new publication under changed titles. He himself did not seem to be completely certain, in his later years, as to the exact contents, titles, or dates of some of his earlier volumes. For these reasons a complete and accurate bibliography of his works would be difficult to arrive at and at the same time not particularly useful to the general reader. Below is a selection of his better known books:

SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES (complete list—exclusive of dramatizations): *A Study in Scarlet*, 1887; *The Sign of Four*, 1890; *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, 1892; *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, 1894; *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, 1902; *The Return*

of Sherlock Holmes, 1905; *The Valley of Fear*, 1915; *His Last Bow*, 1917; *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes*, 1927; *Sherlock Holmes: The Complete Short Stories*, 1928; *Sherlock Holmes: The Complete Long Stories*, 1929; *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* (two volumes) 1930.

HISTORICAL, SPIRITUALISTIC, AND MISCELLANEOUS: Micah Clarke, 1888; *The White Company*, 1890; *The Great Boer War*, 1900; *Round the Red Lamp*, 1902; *The Lost World*, 1912; *The Wanderings of a Spiritualist*, 1921; *Our American Adventure*, 1923; *Memories and Adventures* (autobiography) 1924; *History of Spiritualism*, 1926; *Marcot Deep*, 1928; *The British Campaign in Europe*, 1928.

About Sir Arthur Conan Doyle:

Adcock, A. St. J. *Gods of Modern Grub Street*; Bell, H. W. *Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson: The Chronology of Their Adventures*; Blakeny, T. S. *Sherlock Holmes: Fact or Fiction?* Doyle, A. C. *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* (see introduction by Christopher Morley) and *Memories and Adventures* (autobiography); Ernst and Carrington, *Houdini and Conan Doyle*; Hamilton, C. *People Worth Talking About*; Knox, R. *Essays in Satire*; Lamond, J. A. *Conan Doyle* (with epilogue by Lady Doyle); Locke, H. *A Bibliographical Catalogue of the Writings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*; Milne, A. A. *By Way of Introduction*; Nichols, B. *Are They the Same at Home?*; Roberts, S. C. *Dr. Watson*; Sayers, D. *The Omnibus of Crime and The Second Omnibus of Crime*; Starrett, V. *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*; Thomson, H. D. *Masters of Mystery*; Wells, C. *The Technique of the Mystery Story*; Wright, W. H. *The Great Detective Stories*; Wrong, E. M. *Crime and Detection*.

Atlantic Monthly 150:81 July 1932; *Bookman* 66:160 October 1927; 75:354 August 1932; 75:812 December 1932; 76:166 February 1933; *Bookman* (London) 43:95 November 1912 (Conan Doyle number); *Collier's Weekly* 41:11 August 15, 1908 (Sherlock Holmes number); 72:9 December 29, 1923; *Golden Book* 12:81 December 1930; *John O'London's Weekly* 23:563 July 26, 1930 (Conan Doyle memorial number); *Literary Digest* 106:15 July 25, 1930; 107:27 December 27, 1930; *New York Herald Tribune "Books"* October 22, 1933; *Outlook* 146:386 July 20, 1927; *Saturday Review of Literature* 7:21 August 2, 1930; *Times Literary Supplement* (London) October 27, 1932.

W. E. B. Du Bois 1868-

WILLIAM EDWARD BURGHARDT DU BOIS, American Negro editor and author, was born February 23, 1868, at Great Barrington in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. His parents, Alfred and Mary Burkhardt Du Bois, were of mixed blood: Dutch, French, and African. His

father drifted from one occupation to another and at length disappeared from home.

When Burghardt Du Bois was sixteen he was graduated from high school and his mother died. The next year he entered Fisk University, a Negro institution in Tennessee, where he was graduated in three years, after spending the summers teaching school among country Negroes. He went to Harvard, took another A.B. (serving as one of the six commencement speakers of the 1890 class) and an A.M. in 1891. Financed by the John F. Slater Fund, he studied for two years at the University of Berlin, returning to Harvard to earn a Ph.D. His doctor's thesis, on *The Suppression of the Slave Trade*, was his first published book in 1896. Today he says it is "not entirely unreadable."

At the conclusion of his university studies in 1895, Du Bois went directly into the teaching profession. For a short time he taught miscellaneous subjects at Wilberforce University in Ohio, where he was married on May 12, 1896, to Nina Gomer, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. They had two children, Burghardt and Nina, the first of whom died as a child.

After a year's research on the Negro in Philadelphia during a connection with the University of Pennsylvania, Du Bois went to Atlanta University as head of the department of economics in 1897. It was understood here that he was to have time to study the social condition of the American Negro, and during his incumbency of thirteen years he edited a series of yearly monographs on such subjects as the church, education, labor, and housing, with the general title of *Atlanta University Studies of the Negro Problem*. In 1903 he published his first post-graduate book, *The Souls of Black Folk*, a collection of essays dealing with the struggles and achievements of Negro Americans. The volume included an essay called "The Passing of the First Born," in which Du Bois told the story of his own sorrow at the death of his son. In 1907 he led a group of Negroes who met at Harper's Ferry, the scene of John Brown's raid, and sought to secure full rights for the colored people of the United States. Two years later he completed a biography of John Brown.



W. E. B. DU BOIS

In 1910 Du Bois left Atlanta University and became one of the board of directors and one of the executive officers of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in New York. "Our idea," he says, "was to put before the world the legitimate demands of Americans of Negro descent for freedom from caste restrictions, civil and political rights, and social equality." To further this, he founded in 1910 the *Crisis* magazine, which became a large factor in the growth of young Negro writers, such as Langston Hughes and Countée Cullen. In appreciation of his work a group of New Yorkers gave him a banquet on his return from a trip to Africa, and Countée Cullen dedicated a poem to him, imaging him as a "strong eagle."

A pageant describing the history and development of the black man from savage days to the present was written and staged by Du Bois in New York and Washington in 1911. He continued the writing of books with a novel, *The Quest of the Silver Fleece*, in 1911, and further essays, *Darkwater*, in 1920.

Du Bois went to France in 1919 during the Versailles Conference and gathered data concerning the treatment of Negro soldiers in the American Expeditionary forces during the World War. He sent back to the *Crisis* a story of discrimina-

tion against his race in the army ranks that sent the *Crisis* sales up to 125,000 and caused the government to suspend publication of the magazine for a time. In Paris Du Bois called the first Pan-African Congress, with the idea that the black people of the world should obtain a hearing before the nations. He served as secretary of the organization, and forty delegates attended the 1919 session. The second congress met in London, Brussels, and Paris in 1921, and later conferences were held in London and Lisbon in 1923, and in New York in 1927.

The author made studies in history and social conditions in *The Gift of Black Folk*, published in 1924, and in 1928 he issued a second novel, *Dark Princess*. He has been a frequent contributor to periodicals. His writings wage a relentless battle against race discrimination, race prejudice, lynch law, backwardness, and intolerance of all kinds. Du Bois himself says his books "have wavered between literature and statistics, propaganda and impression. On the whole, they have mirrored my own thought and the thoughts of a considerable number of the twelve million fellows who share community of blood with me."

A sketch of Burghardt Du Bois in Devere Allen's *Adventurous Americans* describes his physical appearance. "He is not a tall man but compactly and shrewdly built with nothing lax or loosely hung about him. He is bronze—a perfect fusion of the streams of blood flowing into his being from black and blue veins. His eyes are hazel, his nose aquiline; he is handsome and more than handsome so that people sometimes turn about on the street to gaze after him. . . His voice is singularly musical and gratifying, informed with culture." He is quite bald and wears a Van Dyke beard.

In 1933, at sixty-five, Du Bois was still the active editor of the *Crisis* in its twenty-third year of existence. He makes his home in New York City.

W. E. B. Du Bois' works:

Non-Fiction: The Suppression of the African Slave Trade, 1896; The Philadelphia Negro, 1899; The Souls of Black Folk, 1903; John Brown, 1909; The Negro, 1915; Dark-

water, 1920; *The Gift of Black Folk*, 1924; *Black Reconstruction in America*, 1933.

NOVELS: *The Quest of the Silver Fleece*, 1911; *Dark Princess*, 1928.

EDITOR: *The Atlanta University Studies of the Negro Problem*, 1897-1911.

About W. E. B. Du Bois:

Allen, D. (editor) *Adventurous Americans*; Ovington, M. W. *Portraits in Color*.

Current Opinion 60:82 July 1920; *Nineteenth Century* 88:909 November 1920.

Finley Peter Dunne 1867-

FINLEY PETER DUNNE, American humorist, creator of "Mr. Dooley," was born in Chicago, Illinois, on July 10, 1867, the son of Peter and Ellen Finley Dunne. He was educated in the Chicago public schools.

At the age of seventeen, in July 1884, he entered the newspaper field, as a reporter for the *Chicago Telegram*, a small evening paper. From 1885 to 1891, he was associated with the *Daily News* and the *Tribune and Herald*, in the capacities of reporter, staff correspondent, and editorial writer. After a year, 1891-92, as city editor of the *Chicago Times*, he spent from 1892 to 1897 on the staffs of the *Chicago Evening Post* and the *Times-Herald*.

In 1896 he became editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, a position he held until 1900, when he left his native city to go to New York. He entered into partnership with William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's administration, who had purchased the *Metropolitan Magazine* and the *Morning Telegraph*, after retiring from an active political career. Not satisfied with the clientele and the policy of the latter paper, Dunne and Whitney planned to enlarge the scope of the *Telegraph*, which, at the time of the purchase, was devoted entirely to racing and theatrical news. The partnership was pleasant and profitable for both men, but it came to an end in 1904, when Whitney died.

This connection was followed by another in which Dunne became part owner, with John S. Phillips, of the *American Magazine*. After it was sold, he was offered the post of editor of *Collier's Weekly*, and when that journal also passed into other hands, he decided

to give up magazine editorship, and to devote all his time and energy to independent writing.

Dunne first attracted attention, in 1893, when he began his Irish-dialect "Dooley" articles, while he was on the *Times-Herald*. It was not long before they were established in popularity, and at the height of their success, they secured him the comfortable sum of a thousand dollars a week. They were first intended, according to his own statement, to be used as a "weapon against the corrupt political ring then in control of Chicago's government," which is merely another illustration of the fact that humor is, at bottom, both serious and ethical.

The Spanish-American War provided Dunne with a welcome opportunity to widen the scope of his humorous Irish philosopher, and to further develop the note of political and social satire for which he is best known. The publication of *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War*, a few months later, was greeted with unanimous approval, and Dunne became popular, not only in America, but also in England, where the character of Martin Dooley, keeper of a public-house, was thoroly appreciated. Sixty thousand copies were sold in six months.

Since 1898, several collections of "Dooley" wisdom, all of them successful, have given entertainment and philosophy to large portions of the American reading public. Indeed, the title of one of his volumes, *Mr. Dooley Says*, was, for a long time, a popular phrase throuth the country.

In 1899 Dunne went to London with his American publisher to make arrangements with London firms for issuing his books. The English reviewers had called him a profound and far-sighted critic and a second Artemus Ward. No doubt remarks like these are as pleasing to an author as applause is to an actor, but the London publishers were so eager to make their customers happy that they neglected to secure the publishing rights, and several of them brought out pirated editions. The affair was settled amicably, and Dunne, a humorist even when his legal rights were at stake, cleverly dedicated *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen* "To Sir George Newnes,



FINLEY PETER DUNNE

Bart., Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Limited, And Other Publishers Who, Uninvited, Presented Mr. Dooley to a Part of the British Public."

The original of "Dooley" was James McGarry, a Dearborn Street saloon-keeper, who was in the habit of commenting on what he read in the newspapers. His observations on Jay Gould, after reading the account of his funeral, gave Dunne the idea of writing them up, with, of course, many alterations and additions. Dunne called the first paper "The Thoughts of Colonel McNeery," and it was so successful that he decided to continue them, altho he did not continue to visit McGarry. Later, McGarry, who seems to have been rather sensitive for a saloon-keeper, became annoyed and complained to the editor. When this was brought to Dunne's attention, he obligingly invented the name "Dooley."

On December 9, 1902, Dunne married Margaret Abbott, of New York. They have four children: Finley Peter, Philip, David Leonard, and Margaret. He lives at "The Rushes," Southampton, Long Island, and is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

In recent years, Dunne has been less active, and many were disappointed that he did not express himself thru his original creation during the Great War

—at which time Dunne was engaged in directing the War Savings Stamps Campaign.

"Dooley" has been compared to Lowell's Hosea Biglow, and William Dean Howells placed Dunne in the "line of great humorists who have not failed us in our crises of folly or misdoing."

Finley Peter Dunne's works:

Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War, 1898; Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen, 1898; What Dooley Says, 1899; Mr. Dooley's Philosophy, 1900; Mr. Dooley's Opinions, 1901; Observations By Mr. Dooley, 1902; Dissertations By Mr. Dooley, 1905; Mr. Dooley Says, 1910; New Dooley Book, 1911; Mr. Dooley On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils, 1919.

About Finley Peter Dunne:

Masson, T. L. *Our American Humorists. American Magazine* 62:571 October 1906; *Bookman* 51:674 August 1920; *Century* 63:63 November 1901; *Current Literature* 38:29 January 1905; *New Republic* 20:235 September 24, 1919; *North American Review* 176:743 May 1903; *Outlook* 123:94 September 17, 1919; *Spectator* 90:258 February 14, 1903.

Will Durant 1885-

WILLIAM JAMES DURANT, American author, was born November 5, 1885, in North Adams, Massachusetts. His father was Joseph Durant, later a factory foreman in New Jersey; his mother was Marie Allors Durant. He was educated by French Catholic nuns in North Adams and later by Jesuits in St. Peter's College, Jersey City, New Jersey, where he received an A.B. in 1907 and an A.M. in 1908.

When Durant finished school, Arthur Brisbane gave him a job as reporter on one of William Randolph Hearst's New York newspapers. He quit after four months, and went to Seton Hall College, South Orange, New Jersey, as teacher of Latin, Greek, French, English, and other languages. As librarian there, he read Darwin, Spencer, Spinoza, and Anatole France. In 1909 he entered the seminary at Seton Hall to study for the priesthood as his parents wished, but did not finish. He left Seton Hall in 1911 and became active in the Socialist movement.

In 1912 Durant was an instructor at the Ferrer School in New York City, an Anarchist school named for Francisco

Ferrer, a martyred Spanish educator. There he was associated with Lola Ridge and Upton Sinclair. He wrote an essay for the school magazine called "The Economic Interpretation of Literature," but it was refused because it was Socialist, not Anarchistic.

Durant toured Europe with Alden Freeman in 1912, and was married, on October 31, 1913, to Ida Kaufman of New York City. In 1913 he began graduate work in philosophy, biology, and psychology at Columbia University.

In 1914 Durant gave a lecture on his favorite philosopher, Spinoza, at the Labor Temple, a community center on the East Side of New York City, and this led to an extended course of lectures on philosophy, ancient and modern, which he gave twice weekly. "They gave me the freest platform I had ever known," he recalls. He also gave a weekly lecture course on psychology in a New York high school, under the auspices of the Board of Education, building up an audience of thirteen hundred students. In 1917 he was an instructor in philosophy at Columbia and received the degree of Ph.D. His first book, *Philosophy and the Social Problem*, appeared in 1917.

Durant was made director of the Labor Temple School in 1921, and organized an experiment in adult education, giving annually some thirty courses ranging from philosophy to art. His lectures at the Labor Temple, many of them published in five-cent pamphlets, formed the genesis for *The Story of Philosophy*, his best known work, which is a brief summary of the lives and opinions of the greater philosophers. Published in a modest edition of fifteen hundred copies in 1926, its success was instantaneous and it sold one hundred thousand copies in the first seven months. For several years afterward it was a steady seller.

Transition was the next book by Durant. Tho written as a novel, it is largely autobiographical, except that the explosion described in the chapter called "I Am Blown Up" happened to a friend rather than to himself. When he sent the manuscript to his publisher, he wrote: "The accompanying 'remem-

brance of things past' was written in a pleasant vacation-time, as an indulgent relief from a year of historical research. But it was done *con amore* and there are some pages in it which I am afraid will remain to the end the best that I have written."

Durant covered the famous Snyder-Gray murder trial of 1927 for a newspaper. With Clarence Darrow he published *Debate: Is Man a Machine?* in 1927, Durant taking the negative side. He ceased his connection with the Labor Temple School in 1927 to devote his time to writing, and thereafter published a book a year and wrote numerous magazine articles. He edited the abridged *Works of Schopenhauer* in 1928. After visiting India in 1930, he wrote *The Case for India*, in which he attributes India's ills largely to British imperialism, and endeavors to enlist American opinion in favor of the Indian nationalists. In *Adventures in Genius* he made a miscellaneous collection of essays and magazine articles. *A Program for America* summarized in 1931 the deficiencies and assets of American civilization and presented his plan for its betterment.

On the Meaning of Life was edited by Durant in 1932 after writing to a hundred contemporaries in various walks of life asking them to tell what meaning life had for them, what was the "motive-force of their toil," and what help religion gave them. The literary figures whose replies the book contains include Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, André Maurois, and Ernest Dimnet.

In 1932, at the age of forty-six, Durant began writing history and planned to devote the rest of his life to a five-volume opus, *The Story of Civilization*, at one volume every five years. But, he said in 1933, "my 'guaranteed' first mortgages went the way of other gilt-edged American investments, taking the proceeds of the *Story of Philosophy* with them. Now I shall have to go out and work like an honest man, and may be able to see the under dog's side a little more vividly."

Durant, describing his method of writing history, says: "I spend a good deal of my time making notes and gathering materials. Each item is on a separate



WILL DURANT

slip, so that it may be shifted around from one position to another. The notes so made are first classified according to the chapters of the projected book; and then, the notes for one chapter are classified under an outline that usually contains some six hundred headings; then the notes under each heading are arranged in an apparently logical order; and the whole business is then typed for me and presented to me as the raw material of a chapter; the rest is up to me and solitude."

He does not write easily. "I have to fuss around and bother everybody to get out of my way, sight, hearing, etc., before I can settle down to pen and paper; then it takes me an hour to get out of the world and into my subject; whereupon someone interrupts me. I write with equal difficulty at any time of the day; perhaps least in the quiet hours of the night when all those who love me (that is, possess me) are in bed."

Durant seldom writes more than three hours at a sitting. "I do most of my writing in my study; but I do better, I think, in a hotel room; and best in some secluded nook of an ocean liner." He does not use a typewriter, nor does he dictate anything except letters. He writes the matter out in longhand, rewrites, and then revises it again in having it typed. "I am never," he says, "inspired

by a big idea; ideas form in me very slowly if at all. Still I do believe in genius—that is, in people to whom sudden revelations come."

With his family, Durant lives at Great Neck, New York, but he was hoping in 1933 soon to take up permanent residence in his summer home in the Catskills at Lake Hill, New York. The only exercise he gets is "walking and talking." His recreations are playing with his daughter, Ethel Benvenuta Durant, and an adopted son, and working in his vegetable garden.

Durant is round-cheeked and has full lips. He wears a close-clipped moustache and a tiny goatee. "I don't drink or smoke," he says, "and have only one wife; but I sometimes mourn what I am missing."

Will Durant's works:

Philosophy and the Social Problem, 1917; The Story of Philosophy, 1926; Transition (novel) 1927; Works of Schopenhauer (editor) 1928; The Mansions of Philosophy, 1929; The Case for India, 1930; Adventures in Genius (essays) 1931; A Program for America, 1931; On the Meaning of Life (editor) 1932; The Tragedy of Russia, 1933.

About Will Durant:

Durant, W. *Transition*; Karsner, D. *Sixteen Authors to One*; Wickham, H. *Misbehaviorists*.

Biblical Review 13:216 April 1928; *Bookman* 66:73 September 1927; *Catholic World* 124:370 December 1926.

Olav Duun 1876-

OLAV DUUN, Norwegian novelist, was born November 21, 1876, on the island of Fossnes in the district of Namdal, Norway. This northern coastal region is the scene of his books. His father was Johannes Antonius Duun and his mother Ellen Fossum before her marriage.

"My father," says Duun, "was a farmer, but, like most of the other small farmers in the neighborhood, he went out fishing every year in the winter season and often in the summer too. I lived at home until my twenty-fourth year, occupied with farming or fishing, and reading all the books within my reach."

That he was not entirely satisfied with farm life is clear from a picture taken in 1901, according to Theodore Jorgen-

son's *History of Norwegian Literature*. "His narrow, sensitive, lean, convex face, with the inward-staring dark eyes, indicates a craving to know the realm of the spirit."

With the hope of gaining opportunity to write, and "without inborn urge to teach," Duun went at the age of twenty-four to the state normal school of Trøndelag. Completing the course in 1904, he taught school for one year near Trondheim, then for three years at Inderøyen. In 1908 he received an appointment at Botne, near Holmestrand in the southern district of Vestfold, not far from Oslo, remaining at this post eighteen years.

Duun was married in 1908 to Georgina Möller, daughter of an East Country merchant. Their oldest child, Dagmar, made her début as a semi-professional actress in the winter of 1930-31.

Teaching gave Duun the hoped-for opportunity to write, and he produced an unbroken line of books, beginning in 1907 with *Loglege Skruvar*, a volume of short stories. In 1908 he published his first novel, *Marjane*, which had been written more than eight years earlier, while he was still on his father's farm. The novels which followed with annual regularity dealt mainly with the self, the family, and the mind. For many years they did not have large sales, being written in a country dialect.

The author did his work rapidly, during evenings and holidays: one book was penned complete during a Christmas recess.

In 1918, when he had been publishing for eleven years, Duun commenced his major work, a series of six novels called *Juvikfolke* (The People of Juvik) tracing the fortunes of four generations of a family of Norwegian peasant landowners of the nineteenth century.

"The novel begins with the founding of a family home," states H. G. Topsøe-Jensen, "and it ends with the courageous death in the storm of the last proud descendant. . . The style is completely objective. Duun narrates without digressions; the taciturnity which is characteristic of the persons of whom he writes has set its mark also upon his own narrative style. Here are no superfluities,

no pointers, no explanations; the author lets his work speak for itself."

Duun's saga occupied him until 1923. In 1926, after twenty-two years as a schoolmaster, he gave up teaching to devote himself entirely to literature. He was then fifty years old. By that time a prominent figure in European letters, he did not become known to American and English readers until 1928, when *Der Gode Samvite*, written in 1916, was translated into English as *The Good Conscience*.

The English translation of Duun's six-volume saga *The People of Juvik* was begun in 1930 by Arthur G. Chater, and the first volume, *The Trough of the Wave*, was followed in 1931 by *The Blind Man*. The third and fourth volumes appeared in 1932 with the titles *The Big Wedding* and *Odin in Fairyland*. The last two volumes of the saga, *Odin Groves Up* (or *Youth*) and *The Storm*, were scheduled in 1933 for publication in the near future.

The People of Juvik has also been translated, at least in part, into Swedish, German, Finnish, Bohemian, and Dutch.

Theodore Jorgenson, in his *History of Norwegian Literature*, says: "The mastery which Olav Duun attains in his art is largely one of portraying the complex personality which shows the rapid alternating and the interplay of good and evil in the same mind. The contradictory and the double-bottomed, the relativity of principles and of values, the flux rather than the ideally fixed—this is the content which has filled his production with significance and richness."

Phillips Dean Carleton says that Duun "is perhaps the greatest living spokesman for the peasant mind. He has had a tremendous task to fulfill and has performed it most creditably. He had to interpret not only the peasant mind—Hamsun has done that in *The Growth of the Soil*—but the peasant mind under the weight of tradition, under shifting social conditions, changed ways of living, in the struggle between an outworn paganism and a new Christianity."

Tho Duun modestly says that he has never learned to write in the English language, he wrote in English to the editors of the present work in 1933:



OLAV DUUN

"Today I am writing the last volume of a trilogy (of novels) the first of which is *Medmenneske* and the second *Ragnhild*. All of my books are written in the new Norwegian, the so-called Landsmaal.

"Influences? I don't deny they exist, but I can't find them—they probably are too many, so that I cannot see them. So are my likes and dislikes, far too many. . . And as for my development: God knows if there really is any such thing to be found by me."

Duun still makes his home near Holmestrand in Vestfold, and lives in a cottage high above the Oslo fjord. He leads a quiet life, belonging to few organizations, his one crusade being for the popular defense movement which brought forth the so-called rifle units. Sigrid Undset has nominated him as the next Norwegian candidate for the Nobel Prize.

Olav Duun's works:

NOVELS: *Marjaane*, 1908; *Paa Tvert*, 1909; *Nøkksjolia*, 1910; *Hilderøya*, 1912; *Sigvyn*, 1913; *Tre Venner*, 1914; *Harald*, 1915; *Det Gode Samvite*, 1916; *Paa Lyngsøya*, 1917; *Juvikingar*, 1918; *I Blinda*, 1919; *Storbryllope*, 1920; *I Eventyre*, 1921; *I Ungdommen*, 1922; *I Stormen*, 1923; *Straumen og Evja*, 1926; *Juvikfolke* (collection of six volumes) 1927; *Ølsøgutane*, 1927; *Carolus Magnus*, 1928; *Medmenneske*, 1929; *Ragnhild*, 1931; *Ettermaela*, 1932.

SHORT STORIES: *Løglege Skruvar og Anna Folk*, 1907; *Gamal Jord*, 1911; *Blind-Anders*, 1924; *Vegar og Villstig*, 1930.

Olav Duun's works available in English translation:

The Good Conscience (*Det Gode Samvite*) 1928; *The Trough of the Wave* (*Juvikingar*) 1930; *The Blind Man* (*I Blinda*) 1931; *The Big Wedding* (*Storbryllope*) 1932; *Odin in Fairyland* (*I Eventyre*) 1932.

About Olav Duun:

Jorgenson, T. *History of Norwegian Literature*; Overland, A. *Olav Duun*; Topsøe-Jensen, H. G. *Scandinavian Literature*.

American Scandinavian Review 16:741 December 1928.

Max Eastman 1883-

MAX FORRESTER EASTMAN, American author and editor, was born January 4, 1883 at Canandaigua, New York. His parents were the Rev. Samuel Elijah Eastman and the Rev. Annis Bertha Ford Eastman, both Congregational ministers. His mother was the first woman to be ordained for the ministry by the Congregational church in New York and was famous for her eloquence.

Eastman prepared for college at Mercersburg Academy and graduated from Williams College in 1905. "Also an important part of my education," he says, "was four months in the summer of 1901 which I spent in the West without money, traveling and earning my way as a day-laborer." For four years after graduation he taught logic and psychology at Columbia, studying at the same time. He passed all the requirements for a Doctor of Philosophy degree, but never took it. He was married in 1911 to Ida Rauh of New York. (They were divorced in 1922.) In 1910 he organized the first Men's League for Woman's Suffrage in the United States.

The year 1913 saw the publication of Eastman's first literary work, *Enjoyment of Poetry*, a study of the psychology of literature. None of his later works has surpassed its success. It is used as a text in many schools and colleges and has gone into twenty editions—an average of one a year since its publication.

In the same year Eastman, together with a group of revolutionary writers and artists, founded the famous journal,

the *Masses*, which he describes as "a humorous and literary and artistic magazine, left-socialist in political policy." He was both editor and manager for five years. The *Masses* opposed the entry of the United States into the War in 1917 and also opposed the War. For this it was suppressed by the government, and Eastman, Floyd Dell, the novelist, and John Reed, communist journalist, were arrested and tried twice for sedition. They were defended at the first trial by the socialist lawyer, Morris Hillquit. At the second trial they defended themselves. Eastman addressed the jury in the second trial for two hours and forty minutes. The jury disagreed at both trials and the second time with so large a majority in the defendants' favor that the indictment was dismissed.

In the meantime Eastman had founded a new magazine, the *Liberator*, which he edited until 1922 when he went to Russia to learn the language and study the Soviet civilization. The *Liberator* was turned over to the "Workers Party" (the American Communist Party) at that time and eventually disappeared.

Of his frequently publicized relations with the communist party Eastman says: "I was for a short time a member of the communist party, and am still of the same political conviction, but I allowed

my membership to lapse because I want to devote myself to literature. I was also, however, as a formality, expelled from the party for defending Trotsky's position."

In addition to his literary and political activities, Max Eastman is widely known as a lecturer. His writings include poems, "social philosophy," literary and critical essays, and a number of political biographies and discussions. He was the translator of Trotsky's three-volume *History of the Russian Revolution* and also of his political papers. His essays are included in many anthologies.

In 1924 he was married a second time, to Eliena Krylenko of Moscow. He makes his home at Croton-on-Hudson, a few miles above New York, occasionally traveling to the city to visit old haunts of the *Masses* days in Greenwich Village. Karl Schriftgiesser described him on such a visit, in the *Boston Transcript* in 1931: "Tall, strong, a healthy glow in his ruddy cheeks, his hair snow white, his voice firm and assured, Max Eastman, no stranger in lower New York, was at once the center of all attention. People came to his table on the way to a meal at another, and stopped there instead. Late comers, seeing him in the corner, hailed him. The conversation became general, and often was between table and table. The food was good, the drinks were excellent, the restaurant attractive. But standing out above all else was the shock of white hair, the ruddy face; rising above the other voices, in interest if not in tone, were the words of Max Eastman, at home in this typical New York gathering place, among his friends."

"Ruggedness" has frequently been called Max Eastman's distinguishing characteristic.

Max Eastman's works:

POETRY: *Child of the Amazons and Other Poems*, 1913; *Colors of Life*, 1918; *Kinds of Love*, 1931.

NOVEL: *Venture*, 1927.

LITERARY AND POLITICAL ESSAYS AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS: *Enjoyment of Poetry*, 1913; *Journalism Versus Art*, 1916; *Understanding Germany*, 1916; *The Sense of Humor*, 1921; *Since Lenin Died*, 1925; *Leon Trotsky*, 1925; *Marx and Lenin: The Science of Revolution*, 1926; *The Literary Mind*:



MAX EASTMAN

its Place in an Age of Science, 1931; Art's Right to Independence, 1933.

TRANSLATOR: The Real Situation in Russia (Trotzky) 1928; Gabriel (Pushkin) 1929; The History of the Russian Revolution (Trotzky) 1932.

About Max Eastman:

Brooks, V. W. *Sketches in Criticism*; Hackett, F. *Horizons*; MacLean, M. S. *Men and Books*.

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section November 28, 1931; *Current Opinion* 72:169 February 1922.

Walter Prichard Eaton 1878-

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

American dramatic critic, essayist, poet, and lecturer on the theatre, was born at Malden, Massachusetts, on August 24, 1878, the son of Warren Everett Eaton, a distinguished educator, and Mary Prichard Eaton. The father was head master of the Harvard School in Charleston for forty years.

Eaton began his literary career at an early age. His first work—an anticipation of H. G. Wells, and Van Loon—was *A History of the Heavens*. It was Eaton's work in every sense of the word: he not only wrote it, but he illustrated, printed, and bound it. It came out in a limited edition—one copy. The author was eight years old.

At the age of ten, Eaton learned how to set type by visiting the office of the local weekly paper. Soon after, he began the publication of his own paper, a four-page monthly. It was printed on a small eight-by-six press and from an assortment of type that his father had given him. At the end of two years, it had a paid-up subscription list of nearly two hundred, and the proprietor was charging fifteen cents an inch for advertising space.

Speaking of this enterprise, thirty-three years later, Eaton says: "I find on investigation that my editorials were strongly moral in tone, and inclined to be conservative. I suppose I had more fun with this little press and my little paper than I have ever had since, and it certainly fixed in my mind the ideal of journalism as a profession so firmly that thereafter I never questioned what I was going to do."

Eaton was educated at Phillips Andover Academy in Massachusetts, and at Harvard University, graduating with the class of 1900.

While still at Harvard, he wrote a short life of John Paul Jones for a school textbook, for which he was paid \$100, and he spent the summer of 1899 working in a newspaper office. For two years after his graduation, he was a reporter on the *Boston Journal*. He then came to New York to join the staff of the *Tribune*, as music and dramatic critic from 1902 to 1907. On the *Sun*, he held the same position in 1907-08, but he made many enemies among the theatrical managers by his frank criticisms.

Since 1908, Eaton has been engaged in independent literary work, and in lecturing on the drama. For several years, he has conducted well-attended courses at Columbia University in dramatic criticism and book-reviewing. He has also lectured at the Cambridge Summer School of the Drama, at the Bread Loaf School of English, at Harvard University, and at the universities of Miami and Iowa. From 1909 to 1918, he was dramatic critic for the *American Magazine*.

On June 30, 1910, he married Elise Morris Underhill, of New York, with whom he had collaborated, the year before, on *The Runaway Place*, a collection of short stories. His wife, who was an instructor in the Kindergarten Training Department of the Normal College of the City of New York (now Hunter College), came of a family that had lived for over half a century in New York in the same house—one of a group in the Colonnade on Lafayette Place. Eaton describes her as "one of the rarest specimens to be found in our metropolis, a real New Yorker."

In 1923, with his friend, David Carb, he wrote *Queen Victoria*, a play in seven scenes. It was produced by the Equity Players, at the 48th Street Theatre.

On May 28, 1933, Eaton was appointed to the faculty of the Department of Drama at Yale University, to teach George P. Baker's "English 47" course—a course that he had taken as a student.

He belongs to the National Institute of Arts and Letters, of which he is

secretary. His clubs are the Harvard, the Century, and the Coffee-House, and he is a member of the committee of award for the Pulitzer Prize in Play-writing. His home, when he is not lecturing, is in Sheffield, Massachusetts.

Of his books on the theatre, the best are probably *Plays and Players* and *The Drama in English*. The first is a collection of forty-four reviews and essays, divided into four sections: American Plays, Foreign Plays, Shakesperian Revivals, and Plays, Players, and Acting. The second volume is a popular history of the drama from its beginnings in the church down to Galsworthy, Synge, and Eugene O'Neill. Eaton's views are frequently in direct opposition to those held in "academic" circles.

Altho Eaton is known chiefly as a writer on subjects of theatrical interest, he also has several volumes of travel and nature essays to his credit. The first of these is *Barn Doors and Byways*. *Green Trails and Upland Pastures*, a collection of nineteen essays, is dedicated "To My Mother Whose Hand First Led Me Out Among the Flowers and Whose Plea Was the First I Heard in Defense of the Wild Folk of the Wood."

Penguin Persons and Peppermints, dedicated "To My Little Sister Who

Was Born Just in Time to Know the Old, Quiet Ways of Life in their Gentle Decline—to Know and to Love Them," is a collection of "little papers" as he modestly calls them, written at various times and places over a period of fifteen years. In an informal way, Eaton takes the reader into his confidence to let him know that, "nothing is so rude in this world as to ask a man a question about some subject close to his heart when you have no intention of listening to his answer, nor any interest in it." In general, he tells us, "men have better manners than women, tho they are far less polite."

Eaton's many books on nature and travel testify fully to his love of the country and country life. His most complete statement, however, is, frankly, a piece of propaganda. In 1925, Charles Downing Lay, architect, wrote *The Freedom of the City*, a defense of urban life. The publishers asked Eaton to write an answer to Lay's book. The result, *A Bucolic Attitude*, is a highly enthusiastic account of the charms and virtues of country life, and also an attack on those who love the city—"Cockneys," Eaton calls them.

The thesis of the book is that the real values of life, or, at least, four of them, are to be found only in the country; these values, as Eaton states them, are "balance, dignity, sweetness, and repose." The conclusion of the book is as follows: "I live in the country to enjoy its elemental solidity and its sensuous loveliness. I have come back to the country to live out the rest of my life because the country, to me, holds a richer, far happier, more satisfying life than the town. When everything is said, it is not riches, but a richer life, that all of us want, even if we do not know it."

Aside from the point of view that it presents, *A Bucolic Attitude* is of considerable autobiographical interest in its details of Eaton's life in the city, as well as in the country. The effect of both environments on him is clearly stated: "I was reared in the country, and I lived in a roomy house there. I was born to space and quiet." When his newspaper work later brought him to the city, he writes: "The crowds of



WALTER PRICHARD EATON

New York got on my nerves, even my own pleasant apartment—two rooms and a bath six flights up in an elevator—got on my nerves. In fact, there came a time when everything in town got on my nerves, and I hated it with a bitter intensity. My rasped nerves gave me no rest. I couldn't sleep. Many a night, I tramped the crowded streets of Greenwich Village till I actually could not find my way home again. In winter, I coughed and dragged myself about with a temperature; in summer, I sneezed with hay fever, tho no hay was in sight. I contributed to the support of the doctors and oculists, and if anybody told me what a wonderful place New York was, I burst either into tears or profanity."

In 1910, after his marriage, Eaton moved to Stockbridge in the Berkshires, "almost the loveliest village in America." There he lived during the years 1910-1917, moving in the latter year to his present home in Sheffield. Of his life in the country, he writes: "I found happiness and health. I have never had a sleepless night, nor sneezed and sniffed with hay fever since I left New York."

In *Echoes and Realities*, a book of verse, Eaton reveals himself as a man of warm social sympathies. In "Union Square," a poem that has the appearance of relating an incident in his own life, Eaton protests against an economic system in which wealth is so unevenly distributed. The volume also includes a few war poems, and a group of twelve poems on trees, as a little boy would have written them. In "When Kreisler Plays," "Mrs. Fiske as Hedda Gabler," and "Pinero's Iris," we see the interests of a musical and dramatic critic expressed in verse.

H. S. R.

Walter Prichard Eaton's works:

DRAMATIC CRITICISM and THEATRICAL ESSAYS: *The American Stage of Today*, 1908; *At the New Theatre and Others*, 1910; *Plays and Players: Leaves From A Critic's Scrapbook*, 1916; *The Actor's Heritage*, 1924; *The Theatre Guild: The First Ten Years*, 1929; *The Drama in English*, 1930.

TRAVEL and NATURE ESSAYS: *Barn Doors and Byways*, 1913; *Green Trails and Upland Pastures*, 1917; *In Berkshire Fields*, 1919; *Skyline Camps*, 1922; *A Bucolic Attitude*,

1926; *New England Vista*, 1930; *Everybody's Garden*, 1932; *On Yankee Hilltops*, 1933.

INFORMAL ESSAYS: *Penguin Persons and Peppermints*, 1922.

POEMS: *Echoes and Realities*, 1918.

PLAYS: *Queen Victoria* (with David Carb) 1923; *Grandfather's Chair* (one act) 1930; *Grandma—Old Style* (one act) 1932.

JUVENILE FICTION: *The Boy Scouts of Berkshire*, 1912; *Boy Scouts in the Dismal Swamp*, 1913; *Boy Scouts in the White Mountains*, 1914; *Boy Scouts of the Wildcat Patrol*, 1915; *Peanut: Cub Reporter*, 1916; *Boy Scouts in Glacier Park*, 1918; *Boy Scouts at Crater Lake*, 1922; *Boy Scouts on Katahdin*, 1924; *Hawkeye's Room Mate*, 1927; *Boy Scouts on the Green Mountain Trail*, 1929.

ANIMAL STORIES: *On the Edge of the Wilderness*, 1920.

SHORT STORIES and TALES: *The Runaway Place* (with Elise Underhill) 1909; *The Man Who Found Christmas*, 1913; *The Idyl of Twin Fires*, 1915; *The Bird House Man*, 1916.

About Walter Prichard Eaton:

Burgess, G. (editor) *My Maiden Effort*. *Bookman* 29:473 July 1909.

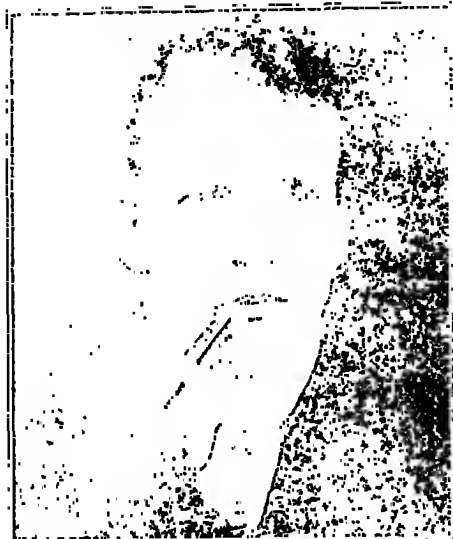
Walter D. Edmonds 1903-

Autobiographical sketch of Walter Dumaux Edmonds, American novelist:

I WAS born in Boonville, New York, on my father's farm on the Black River (with the Black River Canal just across the valley) on July 15, 1903. We wintered in New York, so I can just remember the pre-motor days there, the Fifth Avenue stages. It was a good day when we took one with three horses.

I was educated at the Cutler School, later at St. Paul's (Concord, New Hampshire) and Choate (Wallingford, Connecticut). At Harvard I became a member of the *Advocate*, secretary and president in turn, and tried to make that literary magazine a paying proposition. We raised the circulation from three hundred-odd to a printed issue of three thousand at our best, even selling on New York City news stands and ran an eighty-eight page number instead of the old forty-odd pages. It was fun, exciting, good experience, but it did not last and we ended the year not very far on the right side. In my junior year I took Copey's (C. T. Copeland's) course and he sold to *Scribner's* the first story I submitted to him.

After graduating I spent a year in Boonville trying to sell stories with not



WALTER D. EDMONDS

much success till Ellery Sedgwick decided I was worth a flier and got me to write a book, *Rome Haul*. He called me down to Boston in November and told me to finish the book in March. I did. And the book payed its way. It appeared in 1929. In 1930 I wrote *The Big Barn* and was married to Eleanor Stetson. It was a poor time for a writer to try to start a career. *The Big Barn* and its successor *Eric Water* had only half of *Rome Haul's* sale. And I have had to keep on with short stories. These also have been hard to sell as popular magazines have not believed that country people like to read about themselves. I have written over forty short stories since leaving college, selling only thirty-odd. Of late, thanks to my agent's indefatigable work, the *Saturday Evening Post* has become mildly interested. It is a hopeful sign. I have had a good batting average with O'Brien's *Best Short Stories*, missing (I think) three numbers since 1926. That is, he has reprinted four stories. Other anthologies have no use for me.

I have lived three years in Clinton, New York, since I married, but am going to be in Cambridge, Massachusetts, next winter [1933-34] for a change. Whatever earlier plans are, summer always finds me in Boonville. I now

have a two-year-old boy to teach to fish and shoot when the time comes.

Of writing as an "art," I think authors have the least to say. Copey used to say, rightly, that the best thing was to read and write and listen to people. Style is not a mechanical service—it is purely an involuntary result of the point of view of the writer. The more clearly one sees the simpler, more unstylized, one's writing. Swift was the great exponent.

You write and write and the more you do so, the less you know of writing—at least that is my case. Each new book and each new story finds me with the same "do's" and "don't's" in mind and each time I go thru exactly the same arduous, ridiculous struggle to get the story clearly set down.

* * *

Edmonds' father, besides being a farm owner in up-state New York, had a law practice in New York City. Slight of build for his years, Edmonds as a child preferred the company of older men and animals to boys of his own age. Consequently he disliked his winters at preparatory schools, which led, however, to an early and close companionship with books.

His summers on the farm, nevertheless, furnished the ideas for his stories. As he grew up there, the people with whom he came in constant contact—their speech, the turns of their trade, and the habits of their minds—unconsciously became a part of him.

At Harvard, where his literary career began, he really enjoyed school for the first time in his life. During his freshman and sophomore years he contributed small poems and articles to the *Harvard Advocate*, and later in the capacity of editor he won distinction of a sort by issuing a number in parody of the *Dial*, which was banned by Boston authorities.

Edmonds' first short story dealt with the canal country and he continued to write about the native folk whom he knew best. One story won second prize in Harper's intercollegiate competition in 1926.

"My family," says Edmonds, "looked upon this 'literary spurt' as an adolescent 'wild oat' which they decided to let me get out of my system. They had wanted me to be a chemical engineer,

and are still not thoroly convinced as to the wisdom of my choice."

Rome Haul, Edmonds' first novel, pictured canal boat life on the Erie canal in its heyday, the 'Fifties of the nineteenth century. The hero was a young farmer turned boatman, but the center of interest was the canal itself with its roistering crews and its teeming life.

His second novel, *The Big Barn*, did not deal directly with the life of the canal, but was laid back in the canal country, in the farmland. *Erie Water*, his third novel, which appeared in 1933, was a story of the Erie canal covering the years of its building from 1817 to 1825. The work of building and the people who lived along the route of the canal were pictured thru the eyes of a young carpenter, and the main thread of the tale was concerned with his romance with a girl whom he "bought" as a redemptioner at Albany.

Edmonds says he has his doubts of the scholars of the future being interested in his work. He is very youthful looking, with dark hair and a slender, serious face.

Walter D. Edmonds' novels:

Rome Haul, 1929; *The Big Barn*, 1930; *Erie Water*, 1933.

Ilya Ehrenburg 1891-

ILYA GRIGORYEVICH EHRENBURG (also spelled Ehrenbourg, Erenburg) Russian poet, pamphleteer, novelist, and short story writer, was born in Kiev on January 27, 1891. His Jewish parents moved to Moscow when he was scarcely five. He spent his childhood in a suburban brewery "stale with the odor of hot sour beer." At the age of fifteen he left the paternal roof and helped in the building of barricades in the district of Krasnaia Presnia. His political activities had led to his expulsion from the sixth class of the Moscow High School. Thoroly taken by the cause of revolution, he joined the Bolshevik party in 1906. Accused in 1908 of having violated the 102d statute, he was arrested and taken to the police headquarters and then to the Butirsky prison. However he was released before his case came up for trial, and he left Moscow for Paris.

From 1909 to 1917 Ehrenburg lived a hazardous existence: often hungry for five or six days at a stretch, constantly suspected and persecuted, the only consolation remained his poetry, at the time tinged with Catholic mysticism. For a while he contemplated joining a Benedictine order.

Ramón Gómez de la Serna, who met him in Paris in 1915, said that his attitude was reserved, mysterious. He wore an exceedingly long overcoat and a tiny hat, and walked like a Trappist monk whose habit got in his way—the streets of Paris were his cloisters. Diego Rivera, the talented Mexican painter, believed in him and often declared: "He is the most terrifying, the most stirring poet of his country. All the young Russians worship him, always whispering their praises at his mere mention. The Russian girls would gladly die for him." Even during the dark days Ehrenburg had won recognition for his *Poems About Foreshadowings*.

One day Ramón and Rivera visited him at his home, an anonymous room in an anonymous hotel. On the wall hung a wide strip of paper on which Ehrenburg had painted invectives against the old regime. "I will never forget those red strokes of the brush," said Ramón, "that strip of paper reminded me of a handkerchief with which one had cleansed a wound."

Ehrenburg frequently sat for hours on end in a corner of the Rotonde. His abstracted glance and dishevelled hair gave him the appearance of a madman or a fanatic. He used to send his contributions to several newspapers in Russia. One day the chief of police in Paris summoned him: "We have been reading all your articles, and we consider you a dangerous person. Your articles are extremely unjust. We are going to give you a chance: go to the front lines! After seeing a few things you'll write differently."

On his return from Verdun, Ehrenburg did not stop in his room but went directly to Diego Rivera's: "Give me a brush to get rid of this Verdun mud." His dear overcoat had been ruined. Altho he said little about the trenches, he had brought with him a more serious concept of life.

After the Revolution Ehrenburg returned to Russia. For two years he sided with the *Obozontsi*, Socialist advocates of national defense, and, curiously enough, wrote all sorts of counter-revolutionary poems and pamphlets. He trekked across Russia, saw Ukrania and Crimea (in fact, worked at Koktebel in a children's playground) and understood the horrors of the White regime. He says: "I grasped the real meaning of the Revolution; I escaped from Crimea on a coal boat and after many difficulties made my way to Moscow." Thus comes to a close a long, perilous adventure: Ehrenburg had been assistant to a lion-tamer, stevedore, stage-director for a children's theatre—the Whites had threatened to shoot him, and the GPU accused him of being a spy, a Wrangel agent. . .

After helping Meyerhold in the Theatrical Union, Ehrenburg was sent to Paris (1921) but the French authorities were not very anxious to admit "the dangerous person" and immediately deported him. So Ehrenburg settled down in a Belgian village. So far he had written verse (see *Poems, 1915-1921*, published in Berlin in 1921) and newspaper articles which, collected under the title *Face of the War*, were published in book form in Sofia in 1920. Now



ILYA EHRENBURG

with the newly, and not too easily acquired, peace, Ehrenburg devoted himself to more literary prose: in Belgium he wrote *The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurenito and His Disciples*, 1921, a work which established him at once as a significant novelist. In this first book Ehrenburg narrates "the fantastic adventures of Julio, exiled Mexican dreamer and prophet of destruction, of his seven cosmopolitan apostles and their wanderings with the master about Europe before, during and after the War. Julio's ferocious philosophy is limitless nihilism and anarchy. His followers embrace his faith, in theory, with fanatical ardor, but like their beloved master, when the test comes, they are singularly harmless and ineffectual." Most effectively portrayed are Mr. Cool, "the pious American financier," and M. Delhail, "the French pacifist and hack"—both of whom, as a critic remarked, attain "Gargantuan proportions and great satiric strength." The novel makes entertaining reading because of its happily sustained humor, its fresh sardonic implications, and its brilliant style. These qualities place Ehrenburg nearer to certain French vanguard writers (Cendrars, Apollinaire, MacOrlan, and especially Valéry Larbaud) than to the great Russian tradition. However in later novels, such as *Life and End of Nicholas Kourbov*, *Michael Lykov*, *The Love of Jeanne Ney*, and *Street in Moscow*, Ehrenburg has substituted his note of exoticism for his native land. The two last novels mentioned above have been translated into English. *The Love of Jeanne Ney*, 1924, was criticized for its "swashbuckling melodrama and spy-story technique." In *Street in Moscow*, Ehrenburg studies a section of the Soviet capital: Prochny Street which, as he called it, is "a quagmire where thrive gypsy romances, cockroaches, and our famous national malady, hypochondria." The plot does not seem to be of great importance—a brutal shopkeeper tried to immure and kill some homeless children who have been stealing from his cellar—but the atmosphere of the lower depths has been masterfully depicted. Nazarov, among others, admitted: "The novel

reeks with physical and moral dirt, fist blows, tears, tragedies, and yet, there is a thirst for life and for human love in even the most degraded and embittered human hearts."

Besides novels, Ehrenburg has written the biography of Gracchus Babeuf, a hero of the French Revolution, and countless short stories (of special beauty those in *Unlikely Tales*, 1921, *Six Tales of Easy Ends*, 1922, and *Thirteen Pipes*, 1923). Their too, he has cultivated his own genre, what he has termed "chronicles of our time," dealing in a satiric way with the life of the automobile, *10 H.P.*, and with the moving picture industry, *Factory of Dreams*. His travel impressions have been collected in *Vision of the Times*, and in his entertaining and keen *Spain: Republic of Workers*, a short section of which was reprinted in *The Living Age* for May 1932.

Ehrenburg lives in Paris. He is still in his early forties and in full power of creation. He has confessed: "I seem to be best as a satirist. This probably is why I am so fond of foreign material. I should like to think that a few of my books could help, no matter how little, to destroy the society I hate. Despite everything I consider myself a Russian and a Soviet writer. A Russian writer because of my language and all that binds one to the country that gave him life and first helped to form him. I am a Soviet writer if only because the Soviet Revolution permitted me to see with new eyes the old world I know so well. No doubt I am a bad builder—I somehow haven't the knack of driving in nails. I can't sing lively songs either. But I do what I can. Maybe that, too, is necessary."

A. F.

Principal works of Ilya Ehrenburg (with titles in English):

POETRY: *Poems* (1915-1921) 1921.

NOVELS: *The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurenito and His Disciples*, 1921; *Life and End of Nicholas Kourbov*, 1922; *Trust D.E.*, 1923; *The Love of Jeanne Ney*, 1924; *The Summer of the Year*, 1926; *Street in Moscow*, 1927; *The Conspiracy of Equals*, 1928; *The Adventures of Lazik Ratschwanz*, 1929; *Michael Lykow*, 1929.

SHORT STORIES: *Unlikely Tales*, 1921; *Six Tales of Easy Ends*, 1922; *Thirteen Pipes*,

1923; *The Conventional Sufferings of a Coffee-House Regular Customer*, 1926.

BIOGRAPHY: *The Life of Gracchus Babeuf*, 1929.

CHRONICLES OF THE TIMES: *10 H.P.*, 1930; *Factory of Dreams*, 1931.

TRAVEL: *Vision of the Times*, 1929; *Spain: Republic of Workers*, 1931.

Ilya Ehrenburg's works available in English translation:

The Love of Jeanne Ney, 1929; *The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurenito and His Disciples*, 1930; *Street in Moscow*, 1932.

About Ilya Ehrenburg:

Gómez de la Serna, R. prologue to *La Callejuela de Moscú*; Pozner, V. *Anthologie de la Prose Russe Contemporaine*; Orobon Fernandez, V. *Veinte Cuentistas de la Nueva Rusia*; and Dreiszig *Neue Erzähler des Neuen Russland*.

International Literature 1:138 Moscow, 1933; *Nocí Mir* 4:109 Moscow, April 1925, and 8-9:224 August-September 1926.

Mathilde Eiker 1893-

Autobiographical sketch of Mathilde Eiker, American novelist:

I WAS born in Washington, D.C., January 5, 1893, the daughter of John Tripner Eiker and Mattie Etheridge Eiker. I have lived in Washington all my life, graduating from the public schools, and in 1914, from George Washington University, in that city.

It is very difficult to trace my development as a writer because I cannot remember a time when I did not expect to become a writer, and yet I wrote almost nothing until the time that I actually began writing for publication.

My earliest work, to be exact, was a play, written, when I was seven years old, on a sheet of white wrapping paper and designed to be performed in our back yard, where a sheet pinned to the clothes line was curtain, back-drop, and wings. I remember the play for a speech which taxed my efforts to reconcile rhyme and grammar.

On the other side of the Pacific Ocean
Lives a maiden, and in *she*
Lies my heart's devotion.
I love her, and she loves me.

I justified the rhyme in line two on the ground of poetic license. (I was in the third grade, and my teacher had mentioned it.) When I appealed to her, how-

Eiker: i'kēr

ever, she refused to countenance quite so much license. I forsook poetic drama from that day to this, and resolved that anything which I had to say in the future could be expressed within the limitations of grammatical correctness. Whether I then abjured fairy plays, I do not remember. This may have been the transition from romanticism to realism.

Plays remained my chief literary interest, altho I wrote no more until the year 1922. In that year I wrote two plays, one of which was accepted for production, altho never produced. Shortly afterward, I began my first novel, which was immediately accepted for publication. I have written only novels since that time. I now definitely prefer the novel as a medium of expression, altho I have not lost my interest in plays and expect to return sometime to that form. The short story I have never cared for as a literary form, altho at the time I was interested in plays, I wrote a few light short stories and sold them under an assumed name.

It is difficult to say what were the influences that contributed most to my development. In school I liked best French and mathematics. I admired the polish, precision, and felicity of expression of French prose; I admired also the capacity for detached thought, unprejudiced by emotion, of many French authors. The impersonality—and the imaginative stimulation (strange as that may sound)—of mathematics made that subject one which I enjoyed completely. When I left school I studied music.

From my earliest childhood I read almost constantly. My parents wisely permitted me to read anything that came into my hands. Years that were marked by no effort on my part to write, were most important in my development as a writer. Unlike many persons who urge for the young writer constant practice in his craft, I believe that the formation of a sure taste and the development of habits of scrutiny are the first and most valuable assets.

My chief "dislike" in writing is thinking of titles for my books that will please me, the publishers, and the public. *The Senator's Lady*, for instance, I called *After Thanksgiving*, which I considered an excellent ironic title, until an acquaint-



MATHILDE EIKER Harris & Tuttle

tance, a Potential Buyer, inquiring the name of my next book, muttered helplessly, "*After Thanksgiving?*" But it doesn't mean anything. You might as well call it *After Christmas*." Thereupon, I deferred to a name that was more explicit. And *Laggard Antigone*, my name for *My Own Far Towers*, which certainly meant something, was ruled out because the only member of Antigone's family who had a box office name was Oedipus, via the complex.

I particularly enjoy walking, and the parks of Washington are to me a never failing source of delight; they are my conception of the show places of the city; never the public buildings. I also enjoy playing bridge.

I am always most keenly aware of the shortcomings of my life when I try to give an account of it. It has been too uneventful; I cannot make an impressive show of it. Sometime, much as I hate traveling, I shall in desperation take a trip around the world just so that I can say: "Mathilde Eiker has traveled extensively to these remote places." Then will follow a thousand ports.

* * *

Mathilde Eiker was once described by Selma Robinson: "She speaks with a faint accent, slightly German; Swiss, perhaps. Yet she was born in Washing-

tion. And her ancestors for many generations back were Americans. She is tall and angular and has a young girl's inability to know what to do about it all. She sits with one foot twisted about the other. She moves timidly. But these are surface things. There is a sureness in her mind.

"She thinks that most individuals are restrained from living as they otherwise would by the obstacles which life places about them. She writes easily and steadily, producing a book a year. She was a school teacher in Washington when she wrote her first two novels, but resigned because the inadequacies of the educational system irritated her. She believes that the problem of the supernatural child is not at all recognized by the public schools."

Miss Eiker's novels are of the type generally classified as "drawing room."

Mathilde Eiker's works:

Mrs. Mason's Daughters, 1925; Over the Boat Side, 1927; The Lady of Stainless Raiment, 1928; Stranger Fidelities, 1929; My Own Far Towers, 1930; The Senator's Lady, 1932; Brief Seduction of Eva, 1932.

"Elizabeth" 1866.

ELIZABETH, English novelist who in private life is Countess Russell, was born Mary Annette Beauchamp in 1866, the daughter of H. Herron Beauchamp. She is a cousin of Katherine Mansfield, whose real name was Kathleen Beauchamp.

She was a school girl in her teens when she met Count von Arnim while spending a holiday in Italy with her father. He came of a famous old Junker family. Tho he was twenty-five years her senior, they were married, and he carried her away to an estate of sixty thousand acres in East Prussia. Here she spent most of the next twenty years in maintaining the formal dignity and state of her position as mistress of the isolated place. There was one neighbor ten miles away with whom they exchanged annual visits.

It was here that her four children were born, first the three girls whom she called her April, May, and June babies, then a son. She spent many hours puttering in the gardens of her

husband's huge estate, which inspired her so completely that her first attempts at writing revolved around them. She wrote *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, an autobiographical novel, on the veranda of the château while her babies played around her. The book was in diary form. Published in 1898, it had great success and went thru countless subsequent editions. Thirty-five years later it was still a favorite. A second garden volume, *The Solitary Summer*, was in a sense a continuation of the first. The last book in which she wrote of her own experiences in the first person was an account of a trip to Germany's island of Rügen in the Baltic Sea.

The next work of Elizabeth, published in 1905, was a venture in pure fiction. *The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight* is a tale of a vivacious young princess with red gold hair and a nose that was not quite straight. Two years later Elizabeth attempted a new literary form, a comedy of manners in letters, recording the progress of a romance between *Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther* in letters written by the girl. In *The Caravaners*, the story of a lazy, pompous, and miserly Prussian army officer, she allowed her gift for satire full play. But even in her most biting moods, her merriment and humor cannot be suppressed.

As Countess von Arnim, Elizabeth never outgrew a secret amusement at the servants in their scarlet uniforms and the formal dinners with her husband. When the servants were not too observant she would get great joy from planting flowers around the sundial and lurching on salads under the lilac bushes when her husband was away, instead of sitting alone in state in the lofty dining room.

Count von Arnim died in 1910 and Elizabeth's life in Germany came to an end with the appearance of *The Pastor's Wife*, the last of her books to have a German setting. The books of that period numbered ten, signed "by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*" or not acknowledged at all.

As it was Count von Arnim's wish that his children should be educated in England, Elizabeth returned to her own country in 1914 and sent her son to Eton. The outbreak of the World War detained



"ELIZABETH"

her youngest daughter in Germany, where she eventually married a Bavarian.

In 1916 Elizabeth regained her English citizenship thru her marriage, at the age of fifty, to John Francis Stanley Russell, the second Earl Russell. They were separated three years later, and he died in 1930, leaving his title to his younger brother, Bertrand Russell, the philosopher and mathematician.

During the War Elizabeth sent her two eldest daughters and her son to America where they all eventually married. She resumed her writing with *Christopher and Columbus*, which was based on the American journey of her two daughters, tho the story is fictitious. After her separation from Earl Russell in 1919 she spent the summers in the Swiss Alps in her Chalet Soleil, where she wrote *Vera*, a satirical novel. Published in 1921, it led Alice Meynell to call her one "of the three finest wits of our day."

Among the other books of this later period, *The Enchanted April* was an amusing story of an Italian holiday which, in 1922, had almost as much popularity as *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. It was made into a play by Kane Campbell. The novel *Love*, published in 1925, dealt with a young man and an older woman. The works of Elizabeth were published in fourteen

uniform volumes in 1929. *Father* was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in 1931.

Elizabeth has been described by Rosita Forbes as "dignified and gracious, in spite of there being only half as much of her as of the ordinary author or authoress. She really is a very tiny lady, so that everyone always wants to do things for her, and to protect her from herself, and from anything rough or cold, and above all from the waywardness of the characters in her novels who do just what they like. Lady Russell's mouth is pale pink, like a flower, in the middle of a face made of white samite.

"She inhabits a series of enchanted cottages perched in unexpected places all over the world. One stands high above the valley of the Rhone, between Swiss snows and forests. It is a dear little Hans Andersen house with eaves like eyebrows and blue painted shutters. Another, within an hour of London, was obviously the original dwelling of Red Riding Hood. It is all on the ground floor, with rows and rows of china plates lining the hall, so that any ordinary person's day would be punctuated by breakages.

"Wherever she goes, Elizabeth is surrounded by friendship. It permeates her cottages, but I doubt if any of her friends really know Elizabeth. They see her, like a Bronzino portrait in crimson velvet and dark fur, her wimple of ash-gold hair needing the pearls of the Renaissance, bending over a chessboard, her small, cold hands as colorless as the ivory castles. They walk with her one by one in pine woods and olive groves, but they do not learn much about Elizabeth, except that she is young as hope and old as wisdom, with an immense interest in love and life and books and things and people."

She continually refuses to be interviewed concerning the details of her private life, but broke her rule in 1926 for her friend Sir Philip Gibbs. She is a popular London hostess.

To the editors of this work she wrote in 1933: "It has always been my wish, unfortunately not realized, to remain anonymous, and I still try to be as anonymous as possible."

The works of Elizabeth:

Elizabeth and Her German Garden, 1898; The Solitary Summer, 1899; April Baby's Book of Tunes, 1900; The Benefactress, 1901; The Pious Pilgrimage, 1901; Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen, 1904; The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight, 1905; Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther, 1907; The Caravaners, 1909; The Pastor's Wife, 1914; Christopher and Columbus, 1919; In the Mountains, 1920; Vera, 1921; The Enchanted April, 1922; Love, 1925; Introduction to Sally, 1926; Expiation, 1929; Works (14 volumes) 1929; Father, 1931.

About Elizabeth:

Cooper, A. P. *Authors and Others*; Ward, A. C. *The Nineteen-Twenties*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Delicador 108:7 May 1926; *Mentor* 15:49 March 1927.

S. Guy Endore 1901-

Autobiographical sketch of Samuel Guy Endore, American author:

I AM one of five children of Jewish (Russian-Galician) ancestry. I was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 4, 1901. We had our first schooling at the Orphan's Home in Canal Dover, Ohio, a Methodist institution. In 1908 we were taken abroad and my brother and I studied at the Elizabeth Gymnasium in Vienna until Easter 1914. My sisters studied piano at the Imperial Conservatory of Music. Our father had taken us there and left us under the strict surveillance of a French governess, an admirable woman from Brittany, who became a second mother to us. Unfortunately she perished somewhere in Finland during the revolutionary turmoils in Russia.

I graduated from high school in 1917, and having always entertained notions of becoming an artist I entered the Carnegie Technical Institute at Pittsburgh, Pa. The war upset these and other plans of mine. Eventually I came to study at Columbia College, intending to emerge at the end of seven years as a doctor. Lack of funds prevented me from going that far, but I did manage to graduate and even to secure an M.A., by means of scholarships and loans; and having been awarded a traveling fellowship, I continued to study towards a Ph.D.

I failed however to secure employment as a teacher of French. Mean-

while I had acquired a wife, née Henrietta Portugal (one daughter: Marcia) and was badly in need of money. I thereupon turned to writing as a means of livelihood, my wife being willing to share the risk. As a matter of fact other avenues of work were pretty much closed to me. Steady, dull office jobs afflict me with an indefinable but severe melancholia. The writer is today one of the few who can have a home life. The rest are part-timers. Writing, in short, offered me the opportunity of living like a gentleman, a condition to which I was not born, but to which all my nature aspired.

I felt moreover that my training would be of help to me, and I had received some encouragement in this direction from John Erskine. I began on the very bottom rung of the ladder, that is to say I was a ghost translator, which is little short of nothing. After that I became a translator in my own right, and since then my advance has been one triumph after another, so that I may expect any year now to be actually earning a living.

When one takes into consideration the many years of my education, the time it takes me to write a book and the hard research that most of them cost me, it is plain that I am a losing proposi-



S. GUY ENDORE

Bert Thayer

tion, not only to myself, but also to the generality that kept the world going while I prepared myself to be what I've become. My defense must be that of all those who strive to live like gentlemen, the writer's burden upon society is least, his contribution highest.

The writer's task is to amuse, to interpret, to exhort. It is my aim to do all three together, whenever possible, in the form of novels, short stories, biography, etc. The predicament of the writer is that the average person wishes to be amused and not instructed in his short leisure, he does not wish to be made more aware of his misfortunes, he wants something to help him forget; while the upper classes threaten to tear the social structure down with them if, by interpretation or exhortation, their privileges are attacked. For my part I have not yet decided which is worse, the muted miseries of peace and industry, in which there are some spoils to be distributed, no matter how unjustly, or the clamorous horrors of revolution where success is hazardous and the spoils are nil.

I am to a large extent a vegetarian, a teetotaler, a non-smoker. In giving up, with occasional exceptions, the use of meat, liquor, and tobacco, I feel that I have added to the happiness I derive from living. For recreation I prefer handball, sun-bathing, and the movies to all other forms of amusement. I read little outside of the subject I happen to be studying, for that usually requires all my time. In religion I tend towards mysticism, that is to say I believe in a sublime world-plan, of the nature of which I can have no conception, tho I may catch occasional eye-blinding glimpses of a tiny corner of its magnificence. In politics I tend toward communism and the establishment of the classless society.

S. Guy Endore's works:

Casanova: His Known and Unknown Life, 1929; The Man From Limbo, 1930; The Sword of God: Jeanne D'Arc, 1931; The Werewolf of Paris, 1933; numerous short stories, translations, and introductions.

Ilya Erenburg
See Ehrenburg, Ilya

Caradoc Evans

Autobiographical sketch of Caradoc Evans, Welsh author:

I COME from Wales, a country the principal exports of which are preachers, politicians, and pugilists. My part is Cardiganshire, about ten miles inland of New Quay. I come of peasant stock, altho my father succeeded in becoming an auctioneer and estate agent. But he died at the age of thirty, leaving a widow with five very small children. Of the five I was the youngest but one. We went to the village board school. The education was free. Next to the preacher the schoolmaster was the worst tyrant in the place. He also was religious. He taught me a little penmanship and a little English reading, but I never had the ghost of an idea what I was reading.

Mother wanted to place her children in genteel trades. The professions were out of the question. Parents who had money had their sons trained into preachers or lawyers. The Welsh make successful preachers and lawyers and politicians because their conscience can be bought at a basement bargain price. My eldest sister was apprenticed to a draper, likewise my eldest brother, and at the age of fourteen I was apprenticed to a draper at Carmarthen. It was at this draper's shop that I first tasted fresh meat. My stumbling-block was the English language. I used to make customers laugh by my misuse of the words: "punctuation" for "punctual," "cornel" for "corner," "twice or three times once before," and so on.

By and by I got another job in Cardiff; that job was slavery. We slept six, seven, and eight in a room; and we were badly fed. I came to London, and was sacked from one job after another for my incompetence. I thought that I would like to be a journalist. I attended evening classes at the Working Men's College in North London. But I could not make any progress in English. With all I decided to become a journalist. One day I was discharged from my twelfth

Caradoc Evans: cār'ā-dōc ēv'anz

London job and I vowed not to return to shop work. One morning I put on my frock coat and silk hat, which was the draper's uniform, and walked into the office of a small weekly publication. The editor-proprietor looked at me and engaged me at a salary of three pounds a week. Four weeks later he said to me: "Lend me ten pounds." I answered, "I haven't got ten pounds." He said: "Good God, if I hadn't thought you a rich fellow I wouldn't have engaged you." I never received any salary from him, but I had saved about thirty pounds and I lived on that sum. I stayed until the paper broke, spent much time in stripping the floor of its linoleum and chopping up the doors, these things being needed for firewood.

I wanted to write stories, but I did not know what to write about. Then one night I opened the Bible anywhere and the passages under my eyes were those of the eighteenth chapter of Genesis. I read them and I said to myself: "This is the way to learn English." I said further: "Why not try and write a Welsh story in Biblical English?" I have been trying to do so.

After *My People* was published people began to talk about me. My uncle, whose memory I hate, noised it about that it was he who had had me educated; but the village schoolmaster said: "If Caradoc can write a book, the village idiot can write a new Bible."

* * *

Evans was born in Pantycroy, Llandyssul, Wales. He has not revealed the date of his birth, but a magazine article in 1933 gave his approximate age as fifty. His father's name was William Evans. The board school he attended was in the village of Rhyddlewis. He worked for twelve years in provincial and London drapery shops. He made his first experiments in the short story on the paper overlaps of the boxes in which gloves were packed, being unable to buy writing paper out of his two or three shillings a week. Living in a Soho garret in London, he wrote a sketch a week for three years, but succeeded in getting only two of them published. He received five shillings for one and nothing for the other.



CARADOC EVANS

A chance encounter on the street carried him into journalism. Eventually he was on the staff of *Everybody's Weekly*, and was acting editor of *T. P.'s Weekly* and *Cassell's Weekly*.

Evans expressed hatred for his own nationality in a book of short stories called *My People*, which was published in 1915. It was suppressed in Wales. The author was denounced from pulpits and images of him were burned. One day he was being shaved by a Welsh barber in the Strand, London. The barber, not knowing who he was, said: "If I had Caradoc here I would slash his throat."

When he told a lecture audience in Cambridge that it was the Welsh who taught the Londoners to water their milk, the meeting was stopped by hecklers and he was forced to seek police protection to get to his hotel. Lloyd George said: "This man is a renegade."

But Evans continued to satirize his people in books of short stories, publishing *Copel Sion* in 1916 and *My Neighbours* in 1919. Riots accompanied the production of his play, *Taffy*, in the London West End in 1925. Dairyemen were ejected from the theatre by the dozens nightly. The play had little success.

The first novel by Evans, *Nothing to Pay*, appeared in 1930. It was the story

of a Welsh miser. Glyn Roberts said: "To me it is one of the greatest novels I have ever read, even tho all its characters are depraved and contemptible, and tho its 'hero' is one of the uttermost monsters who ever bestrode the white pages of a novel." A second novel, *Wasps*, followed in 1932. It was called an astounding book.

Naomi Royde-Smith hails Evans as "the greatest satirist of his own people since Swift." H. L. Mencken believes that he has created a new form of fiction. According to J. B. Priestley, "he can be depended upon to set down the truth as he sees it with a fierce, mordant humor," and Hugh Walpole declares that "his honesty is one of the most striking things in modern letters."

Altho he has published comparatively little and is seldom seen, Evans has achieved the status of a legend. Thomas Burke describes him as "a lean figure, dark of hair and visage, and heavily lined. He has the smouldering gloom of his race that flashes now and then into nervous heat. He goes about with spurts and dashes, bursting into a place and bursting out before you know he has been there; and never yet has he been known to keep an appointment. He talks in cascades, words tumbling over each other, precisely opposite to the caustic manner of his work; words, too, that cause people in trains and buses to look aghast. He likes plain company, pipes, old taverns, and beer."

He states in *Who's Who* that his recreations are "walking in London and sermon-tasting at Welsh chapels, listening to other people's opinions."

In 1933 English and Welsh alike were anticipating his next book, *Gangrene*, in which he was said to transfer his satirical attentions to the Gloucestershire peasantry.

Caradoc Evans' works:

SHORT STORIES: *My People: Stories of the Peasantry of West Wales*, 1915; *Capel Sion*, 1916; *My Neighbours: Stories of the London Welsh*, 1919.

PLAY: *Taffy*, 1925.

NOVELS: *Nothing to Pay*, 1930; *Wasps*, 1932; *The Way to Heaven*, 1933.

About Caradoc Evans:

Saturday Review 155:311 April 1, 1933.

"Hans Fallada" 1893-

Autobiographical sketch of Hans Fallada, German novelist, whose real name is Rudolf Ditzen:

I WAS born July 21, 1893, in Greifswald in Pomerania. My father was a jurist. The first eighteen years of my life were spent in Berlin and Leipzig, but I never became a real city dweller. It was perhaps from my Frisian and Hanoverian ancestors that I got my impulse towards the country, flowing water, animals, and the life of the soil.

As far as I can recollect—and from what my parents remember of me—I was pretty much of a good-for-nothing, always sick, given to tears, a pronounced solitary, and happy only in the company of animals.

I was a crazy scamp, always falling downstairs, getting my hand caught between millstones, throwing myself under the hoofs of galloping horses, always caught when cheating in the classroom, and very early in life finding an escape in the fantasy world of books. At fourteen I had completely gone thru my father's library, including the carefully hidden sets of Zola and Boccaccio. Even today, when I get up in the morning, I can remember those early 4 A.M. awakenings, when my eyes used to be confronted with the hobgoblin of Pythagoras, along with the friendlier faces of Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, and Don Quixote.

It is no wonder, then, that I never graduated, but instead, one fine day, found myself in the country as an agricultural student on an estate in Thuringia. For six weeks I was compelled, along with the Polish peasant girls, to work a dung fork in order to show that I was really serious about my love for the land. I must have proved myself, because I spent the next six weeks as a stable boy, gradually feeling my way into my relationship with concrete, everyday things. And when, one night—I was twenty—I found myself alone with a calving cow, I felt that somehow my hands knew what to do. I became a notable cow and horse midwife.

" rs! Sunday after-
for trout in flow-

ing, shady brooks; I can remember those nights when I went thru the stalls; I can remember the rattling and snarling of the self-binder throwing off the first wheat sheaves of a monstrous, golden stream.

I became unfaithful to the soil again. Back into the city I went; I became a clerk, a bookkeeper, an estate agent, a dealer in provisions, a potato grower. This lasted for several years.

In the meantime, between 1920 and 1922, I wrote my first novels. *Der Junge Gödeschal* enjoyed a very slight success, but was written entirely in the expressionistic style, and is no longer readable today. *Anton und Gerda* was a failure for my publisher—and yet I still believe it is my most creative book.

Then followed six years of wandering, silence, inability to write, a surrender of the very thought of writing. Life had no savor. Crippled years, sick years, years of beggary and patient waiting, and also, tho I did not know it, years of apprenticeship. Then, slowly, a new beginning. I married. I settled down in a little town in Holstein, and solicited classified advertising for a provincial paper. Finally I was allowed to do a little writing.

I lived from hand to mouth, and found great joy in living thus quietly with my wife and my child . . . three months later, I found myself again in Berlin. Slowly, with what time I could spare from my office work, I wrote *Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben*.

* * *

Fallada's self-portrait ends at the point where success began to come to him. *Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben*, a political novel, was enthusiastically received by the critics and, tho there were few readers, it enabled him to move into a little house with a garden at the edge of the city.

Then came *Kleiner Mann, Was Nun?* (Little Man, What Now?)—a book to which the critics were cool, but which the German public rejoiced over and devoured more eagerly than any book since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It was a simple and moving tale of a poor young couple and the struggle they made to support life for themselves and

their baby in the Germany of depression years. The German expression, *kleiner mann*, or "little man," is a sociological one, meaning the group which is bearing the burden of unemployment. Fallada said his aim was "to bear witness to the unimportant people, who are very different from the popular conception of them."

Dealing as it did with a universal condition, *Little Man, What Now?* had a universal appeal. Large editions were printed in England and America and eleven other foreign translations were made in as many months. In America it was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in 1933 and it led best seller lists for some time. Christopher Morley said: "The enchantment of the story is the clear and gay humor with which it is told. The fundamental virtue of this fine book is its quickening sympathy, its softening effect upon our hard crust of daily unconcern. . ."

The tremendous success of his book on two continents left Fallada dazed. He was himself a "little man," one of the unemployed, when he wrote it and neither he nor his publisher dreamed of the possibility of such success. "It is a miracle; my wife and I seem to each other like enchanted children," he said afterward. Now able to realize a life-long dream, he bought a little farm



"HANS FALLADA"

of his own in Pomerania. It was with more pain than pleasure that he went to Berlin to help with the filming of his story.

Fallada was sure the miracle would not repeat itself. Pressed by the public and the publishers for further stories of the same characters, he said his forthcoming books would be of an entirely different kind. While *Little Man, What Now?* was at the height of its popularity in the summer of 1933, he was working on a novel along the lines of *Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben*, dealing with convicts released from prison. In addition to this, he was planning a new type of criminal novel, new in the manner of telling and in scope, and also a light love story of two girls.

Ruth Hale gives a picture of Fallada on his farm, where he lives quietly with his wife and son: "He gets up at five o'clock in the morning in all weathers, works out of doors all day, and writes his books in what he calls his 'escape to the world of paper' before he goes to bed. He is tall, rangy, and powerful looking, with dark brown hair, gray eyes, and big hands and feet, and moves around hotel lobbies and such-like urban plague spots with distressed unease. It is only over plowed fields that he walks surely and happily."

He has a wide, tranquil face, and wears large shell-rimmed glasses. He looks younger than his age, which in 1933 was forty. His name in private life being Ditzen, most of the neighboring farmers had no idea that he was the distinguished Hans Fallada whom all Berlin was talking about.

Hans Fallada's novels:

Der Junge Gödeschal, 1920; Anton und Gerda, 1922; Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben, 1930; Kleiner Mann, Was Nun? 1932.

Hans Fallada's novels available in English translation:

Little Man, What Now? 1933.

About Hans Fallada:

Living Age 3:4:328 June 1933.

Élie Faure 1873-

ÉLIE FAURE, French art critic, was born on April 4, 1873, at Ste. Foy, Gironde. His father Pierre Faure was a peasant devoted to wine culture. As

a small boy, Élie tells us, he had a great passion for pictures which he would cut out of the reviews and color. The Paris Exposition supplied a large number of these, and Élie is said to have awaited the postman with the greatest interest.

When about fifteen years old, i. e. about the year 1888, Élie was sent to Paris where he entered the Lycée Henri IV. Later on he studied medicine, like his brother Jean, and received his degree in 1899. While still a student, Faure spent much time at the museums and galleries and his native good taste almost spoiled his future career for him. There was much that did not please and, in his own words: "I was on the point of forsaking the Louvre, forsaking painting, or of returning to my former loves and coming to no good. Delacroix saved me. Then it was Courbet. The Venetians did the rest." A further occupation of this period was the reading of Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and especially of Dostoevsky and Zola. It is to Zola that Faure gives the credit of having introduced him to a better appreciation of the lives of artists. Of Taine he thought much because of the latter's appreciative treatment of Delacroix.

Towards the end of the century, Faure married Suzanne Gilard. They had two sons, one of whom died. This was also a period of severe experiences: "Between 1894 and 1900, eclipse. I saw hardly any painting. One year of military service. Five years of medical studies. Married, very young. Children. Boredom. Sickness. Death. Suffering. A precocious education in responsibility and unhappiness." Then came the Dreyfus affair; the issue of *L'Aurore* with Zola's famous *J'Accuse*. All France took sides. Faure became a frequent visitor to the office of the fearless paper, meeting some of the most outstanding Dreyfusards such as Clémenceau, Anatole France, and Zola himself. Then, in the twenty-seventh year of his life, Faure was appointed art critic for *L'Aurore*.

Now began his real art career. Eugène Carrière became his friend, and thru him Faure met Rodin, Octave Mirbeau, Metchnikov, and many others. In 1904 he published his first extensive work of art criticism, a brochure on *Velasquez*.

When, on the other hand, the individual artist aspires to 'create,' he becomes a monstrosity, and those who speak of him as a prophet are deluded." This thesis seems to be the pervading idea of all Faure's books, and especially so of his *History of Art*. This is not a history of painting and sculpture and architecture in the usual sense; not, at any rate, in the sense of Reinach's *Apollo*. More characteristically it is a history of humanity as expressed in its art. The social element is never forgotten, never overlooked. Environment and the inarticulate forces of the masses, the work of slaves and artisans. . . these too are considered as the builders of the pyramids. As Thomas Craven puts it: "The individual is cast aside; only spiritual records are taken into account, and reasoning *à posteriori* from the object to the environment, M. Faure attempts to explain not only the genesis of art, but also to write the history of the society that gave it birth." In the later volumes of the *History of Art* this tendency is somewhat less marked because of the large number of actual examples to be discussed, but the thought remains the same. His volume on modern art however is easily the most interesting of the five, for here there is much that he gathered from personal intercourse with the artists themselves. It takes up a more personal, a more anecdotal, note.

"Art," says Faure, "is only the humble and marvelous image of the cosmic order itself, that state of provisional equilibrium between chaos on this side and chaos on that." But recognizing that no definitions of art, however well-sounding, would ever adequately cover all cases, he immediately adds: "I think this is the character, at once logical and fluctuating, tragic and consoling, of art, which desires that all definitions one has given and will give of it shall remain and should remain incomplete." He is "all for the eclectic taste and the comprehensive view. The pagoda, the Pantheon, or the sky-scraper come to him with the same message, tho the language and the emphasis be infinitely different."

His other essays are much of the same general tendency. Whether he deals with *Napoleon*, "an essay in artistic crit-

icism with one of the world's greatest men for its subject," or with artists like *Derain*, or even with the philosophy of art as in *The Dance Over Fire and Water*, Élie Faure maintains his thesis consistently. Both Jesus and Napoleon are artists to him, and both alike acceptable. The one a "lyric artist," the other a "master of lyricism" in action. For "the artist never accuses. He is the man of affirmation and of conquest. If he has. . . the feeling for immortality, he also alone knows that the introduction into the world of some new splendor is the only work of virtue, and that one adds nothing to life by seeking to protect it by an appeal to the policeman or the judge or that street-walker, public opinion." A. B.

Principal works of Élie Faure:

Velasquez, 1904; Eugène Carrière, 1908; Formes et Forces, 1907; L'Art Antique, 1909; L'Art Médiéval, 1911; L'Art Renaissance, 1914; Les Constructeurs, 1914; La Conquête, 1917; La Sainte-Face, 1918; La Danse sur le Feu et l'Eau, 1920; Henri Matisse, 1926; L'Art Moderne, 1921; Napoléon, 1921; L'Arbre d'Eden, 1923; Cézanne, 1923; Derain, 1923; Montaigne et Ses Trois Premiers-Nés, 1926; L'Esprit des Formes, 1927; Les Trois Gouttes de Sang, 1929; Soutine, 1930; Corot, 1931; Mon Périphe, 1932.

English translations of Élie Faure:

Ancient Art, 1921; Medieval Art, 1922; Renaissance Art, 1923; Art of Cineplastics, 1923; Modern Art, 1924; Napoleon, 1924; Dance Over Fire and Water, 1926; Italian Renaissance, 1929; Spirit of the Forms, 1930; Soul of Japan, 1930.

About Élie Faure:

Ellis, H. *The Philosophy of Conflict*. *Arts* 4:91 August 1923; *Dial* 72:208 February 1922; *St* 340 October 1926.

Ronald Firbank 1886-1926

ARTHUR ANNESLEY RONALD FIRBANK, English novelist, dramatist, and essayist, was born in London, in 1886, the second son of Major (Sir) Joseph Thomas Firbank, M.P. for St. Julians, Monmouthshire, and Lady Jane Harriette Firbank, fourth daughter of the Reverend James Perkins Garret, of Kilgarron County, Carlow.

His ill health as a boy—he suffered from throat trouble—was only the first, and the least, of his tragedies. He needed a warm climate, and the general

dampness of England only served to aggravate his condition.

At the age of fourteen, after having been kept at home, and indulged in by his mother, he was sent to school for the first time. He went to Uppingham, at Rutland, one of the modern public schools. Details of his life there are not available, but enough is known to make it evident that he was not happy in his new surroundings.

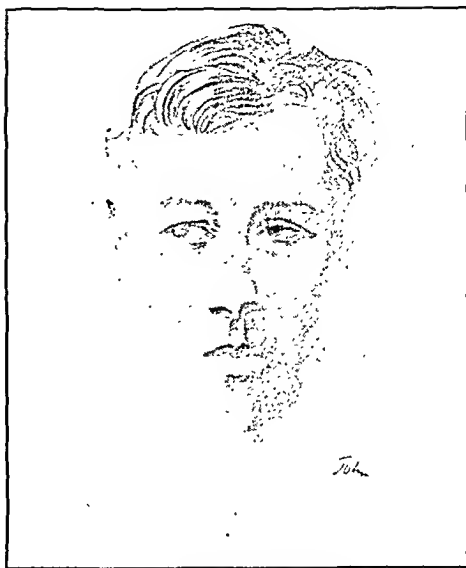
Firbank did not suffer long at Uppingham: it soon became apparent to all concerned—to himself, to his parents, and even to the school authorities—that he "had no place in a system based upon classwork, games, and communal life," and he left in April 1901, after having completed only two terms.

After leaving Uppingham, his education was continued under private tutors at Buxton. While there, he met R. St. Clair Talboys who directed his reading and encouraged him to write. Talboys, himself a man of fine sensibilities, thoroughly understood boys who were "different," and his sympathy gave Firbank a support that he did not receive from many.

In the summer of 1904, Firbank went to a château at Tours, to spend his time in studying the language and literature of France. He used his vacation to good advantage, reading the works of Gautier, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Mallarmé, Maeterlinck, and Henri de Régnier.

The following year found him at Madrid, where he spent two months in studying Spanish, in making literary friends, and in cultivating "fashionable society." He had a suite of rooms in the Calle Mayor, and he entertained on a lavish scale that must have distressed his father when he received—and paid—the bills.

He returned to England in October 1905, and after a year of reading and study at home, he entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he was as much out of his element as at Uppingham. He completed only five terms (out of the necessary nine) and left without taking a degree. For days at a time, he would disappear from Cambridge (which is no easy thing to do)—only to return in a highly excitable state, full of more or less incoherent impressions of concerts, art exhibits, and literary functions that



From a portrait by Augustus John
RONALD FIRBANK

he had—or, so he claimed—attended in London.

Sidney C. Cockerell, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum (which is "open to serious students, whether members of the University or not") recalls Firbank as "a sensitive and rather shy young man, with fine discernments in art and literature, and rather exotic tastes." He was interested in *fin de siècle* literature, both French and English, in impressionistic painting, and in Russian music.

Firbank was a member of one of the Cambridge dramatic societies, attending rehearsals, but never taking part in any production. Altho he was often invited to act, he was unable to overcome his shyness. He would read the parts offered to him, and act them, alone, in his room.

In 1905, Firbank published his first volume, a thin one of forty-five pages, containing two prose pieces, *Odette D'Autrevers* and *A Study in Temperament*. This was followed by *Vainglory*, and by *Odette: A Fairy Tale for Weary People*, which was dedicated "In All the World to the Dearest of Mothers." For his father, who did not understand him—and who was not in sympathy with his desire to write, Firbank had adored affection.

Ifan K. Fletcher, his chief biographer, gives a revealing sketch of his life.

"In his room, he would sit in curtained and shaded twilight, behind his head the yellow glimmer of candles set in carved and gilded candelabra. As he talked in his high-pitched voice, the silhouette of his face, large and fleshy, with low brow, aquiline nose, and full lips, would pass across the light. His hands, clasping his ankles or circling his head in frequent gestures, glinted with the sombre colors of his rings. Usually he wore a green jade Chinese ring, but occasionally he preferred the color of some blue Egyptian rings, made of earthenware."

In 1919, he published *Valmouth*, a romantic novel, and in August 1922 he visited Havana, of which he has recorded his impressions in *Prancing Nigger*, a volume of vivid sketches of Havana life. It was introduced to the American public by Carl Van Vechten. In England, this book is known as *Sorrow in Sunlight*.

An American writer, Hunter Staggs, saw Firbank in England during the summer of 1923. Upon his return, he communicated his impressions to Burton Rascoe in a sketch which confirms and completes that of Holland: "I went to dinner twice with Ronald Firbank, who seems to be a very lonely and unhappy sort of person. He speaks in an undertone, so low that I always had to ask him to repeat everything he said. He explained that he saw so few people he hadn't much practice in talking. He said he never made a shilling out of his books; and he was very bitter about it. He was very confident, however, that his work would be appreciated by future generations; and he took a sardonic sort of pleasure in the fact that recently people had begun to seek his autograph. He is very grateful to American critics, and especially to Carl Van Vechten, for the praise they have accorded his work. The English are now beginning to read his books."

Firbank was painted by Charles Shannon, Wyndham Lewis, Augustus John (several times) and Alvaro Guevara, the Spanish artist. One of John's portraits gave offense, naturally enough, to his employer, who claimed that it made him look like an idiot—a claim not entirely true, as John has exaggerated generally his long features, with a result which is not exactly attractive. Of Gue-

vara's painting, Firbank himself voiced his disapproval: "A perfectly brutal little study of me, huddled up in a black suit by a jar of orchids, in a décor suggestive of opium."

After traveling a good deal on the Continent, Firbank went to Egypt. In the spring of 1926, he returned to Rome, where he died on May 21. He was buried in the Testaccio Cemetery. He had not reached the age of forty, "the thought of which he so much disliked."

Firbank had a habit of disappearing frequently, leaving no word, which caused his friends a tremendous amount of worry, as they did not know where he was or in what condition. As a result, there are several "gaps" in his life, making it somewhat difficult to write a detailed biographical sketch. His own life or death he is known to have regarded with supreme indifference, which makes less strange the fact that his American publishers, when appealed to for information by the editors of this book in 1933, suggested writing to him at his London address!

For his reputation in America, Firbank is indebted chiefly to Carl Van Vechten, critic and novelist, who declares that "he is, perhaps, the only purely Greek writer that we possess today. There is no sentimentality in his work; hardly even cynicism. To such affairs of the world as those for which he has no taste he is utterly indifferent. He does not satirize the things he hates: he flits airily about, arranging with skilful fingers the things he loves."

Another friend, V. B. Holland, who knew him as a student, sees Firbank as "an unhappy man who had the power of expressing himself in his books. . . His brain was too tumultuous to allow him to express himself clearly in speech."

In the United States, Firbank is best known by *Prancing Nigger* and *The Flower Beneath the Foot*. The former work was begun in September 1922 in the British West Indies, and was completed among the palms and flowers of Bordighera in the winter of 1923. The genesis of the latter romantic tale is best told in Firbank's own words: "I suppose *The Flower Beneath the Foot* is really Oriental in origin, altho the scene is some imaginary Vienna. The idea

came in Algeria. One evening (or it may have been early morning) just as the lights were being extinguished of a supper-restaurant in Algiers, a woman, almost assuredly an American, sailed unconcernedly in, and sank down with charming composure, at a table not far from mine, and to myself I murmured: "Her Dreaminess, the Queen!" Later, in the radiant dawn, just outside, I beheld an Arab boy asleep beside the summer-sea, and to myself I murmured: "His Weariness, the Prince!" And from these two names *The Flower* just came about."

Valmouth and *Prancing Nigger* are of especial interest to American readers in their presentation of Negro characters. Firbank's conception of the Negro, says Carl Van Vechten, is his own, and is not indebted to other writers who have handled Negro themes, from Harriet Beecher Stowe down to T. S. Stribling.

Firbank's prose fictions are most easily described as novels, altho they are not that in the strict sense of the term. Too short for full-length novels and too long for short stories, they fall, rather indefinitely, between the two. And it is not only in length, but also in structure that Firbank's works are not true novels. Primarily concerned, as he is, with character development, he pays little attention to what is ordinarily regarded as the chief element of the novel: action. As a result, the narrative thread is slight and loose. Firbank is partial to eccentric characters, and the interest of the reader is centered on what the characters say and think and feel, rather than on what they do, or fail to do.

Mrs. Thoroughfare, Lady Saunter, Lady Quickstep, Sir William West-Wind, Miss Peggy Laugher, Miss Almeria Goatpath, Mrs. Lumlum, Sir Victor Virtue, Miss Doris Country, and Miss May Heaven are only a few of the fantastic names to be found in Firbank's pages.

In his treatment of physical passion, Firbank is frank, but not offensive, always suggesting or implying much more than he states. In spite of this fact, however, he is not, according to Van Vechten, popular with women readers. "I meet ladies in the street," he writes, "who batter me with their parasols because they have been led to

read his books thru reading encomiastic articles of mine. I quite appreciate the depth of their feeling, but when these ladies assure me that they do not like Firbank, I am learning more about the ladies themselves than I am about the object of their abomination."

H. S. R.

Ronald Firbank's works:

Odette D'Antrevrnes and *A Study in Temperament*, 1905; *Vainglory*, 1915; *Odette: A Fairy Tale for Weary People*, 1916; *Inclinations*, 1916; *Caprice*, 1917; *Valmouth: A Romantic Novel*, 1919; *The Princess Zoubaroff: A Comedy*, 1920; *Santal*, 1921; *The Flower Beneath the Foot*, 1923; *Prancing Nigger*, 1924 (English title: *Sorrow in Sunlight*); *Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*, 1926; *The Mauve Tower: A Dream Play* (unpublished); *True Love: An Episode* (unpublished).

About Ronald Firbank:

Fletcher, I. K. *Ronald Firbank*; Muir, P. H. *A Bibliography of the First Editions of Books by Ronald Firbank*; Van Vechten, C. *Excavations*; introduction to *Prancing Nigger*; Waley, A. *The Works of Ronald Firbank* (introduction to Volume I).

Bookman's Journal 15:1 No. 4, 1927.

Vardis Fisher 1895-

Autobiographical sketch of Vardis Fisher, American author:

I WAS born in Annis, Idaho, of pioneer parents who were also born of pioneers; educated in the Universities of Utah and Chicago, taking my doctorate from the latter in 1925; have taught in several universities; and at present [summer 1933] am living in the Antelope country of Idaho, doing the remaining volumes of a tetralogy of which *In Tragic Life* was the first.

My chief recreation is hard physical labor. Among my contemporaries in literature, some things which give me pleasure are the impetuous headlong rhetoric of Thomas Wolfe; the superb craftsmanship of Faulkner; the whimsical tenderness of Nathan; and the oblique and penetrating realism of Cabell.

There is nothing at all unusual in my method of writing. I write in the morning, perhaps for three or four hours, rarely doing more than eight hundred words in the rough; revise very carefully once, or even a second and third time; and am still, of course, dissatisfied.



VARDIS FISHER

The "influences" which have touched my life have been too many even to suggest here; but among them are the Bible, puritans and moralists, college teachers of all sorts, and a persistent observation of my fellows. I think I have no "esthetic bias."

In regard to a serious statement of principle, about all I can say is that I try to portray life as I see and have seen it; and because I have seen so much that is brutal and ruthless, vulgar and unlesioned, and because I believe that all aspects of human life belong in serious novels, my books are called brutal and ruthless. But I have no vision of a utopia and I hope I preach no morality. The only good book, in my opinion, is an honest book, and no book, I am sure, can be honest and wholly bad. Most of the dogmatisms I trust I have left behind.

I feel that life needs no apologists, least of all the romantics; and that what passes for romance, in one form and another, is not only vicarious fulfillment or adolescent attempts at escape, but is also a terrible confession of a people afraid of themselves. For a long while we have been as a race trying to lift ourselves apart from life and in process of that we have invented innumerable disguises and monstrous affectations in which we take refuge; all of which seems pretty silly to me.

I see no reason why we should assume virtues which we do not possess, nor why we should look with shame upon those impulses which repudiate those imaginary virtues; and it becomes obvious, at this point, that I accept the thesis of that wisest and wittiest of American books, Mr. Cabell's *Beyond Life*. What he has said there is unanswerable. And it is a magnificent irony that his book is regarded, at least by many whom I know, as gorgeous spoofing. Perhaps the fact that it is so regarded shows, even in sufficient degree to appall Mr. Cabell, that our unconscious dishonesty with ourselves is a completely integrated part of our social thought. And out of all this, of course, springs such irony as Anatole France made splendid books of.

My published works are *Sonnets to an Imaginary Madonna*, a volume more sardonic and excoriating than I care to remember; and three novels, *Toilers of the Hills*, *Dark Bridwell*, and *In Tragic Life*.

* * *

If Vardis Fisher had given a more detailed account of his life in the above sketch, he might have mentioned that he was born on March 31, 1895, the son of Joseph and Temperance Thornton Fisher; that, as he has stated elsewhere, he wrote a complete novel when only a youngster in his first year of high school and burned it, and that during adolescence he "wrote enough bad verse to make a collected edition."

He served as a corporal in the United States army during the World War, and was married on September 10, 1918, to Leona McMurtrey, who later died. They had two children, Grant and Wayne. Fisher received his A.B. from the University of Utah in 1920 and his A.M. from the University of Chicago in 1922. One of his instructors at Chicago was Robert Herrick, the novelist, who advised him to give up the idea of producing fiction because he would "never write a novel worth opening."

Fisher began his educational career upon receiving his Ph.D. in 1925. After three years as instructor in English at the University of Utah, he went in the same capacity to New York University in 1928. He thinks "teaching is the

worst nonsense a writer can fall into" and regards it merely as "pot-boiling."

His first book, *Sonnets to an Imaginary Madonna*, was published in 1927, while he was still at the University of Utah, and the three novels followed in 1928, 1931, and 1932 respectively.

The first edition of the third novel, *In Tragic Life*, was brought out by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, after having been rejected by half a dozen Eastern publishers because, in the words of one, "It is too strong meat for our table." The book attracted the attention of critics, and later it was issued by a New York publishing firm. This firm plans to bring out, with the Idaho printers, the three other novels that are to follow in Fisher's tetralogy of a man's life. The projected title of the second volume is *Passions Spin the Plot*, and of the final volume, *No Villain Need Be*. These titles are taken from George Meredith's famous lines in "Modern Love" (Stanza XLIII):

... In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot;
We are betrayed by what is false within.

The entire tetralogy, says Fisher, will "range from the frontier to the largest metropolis, from the crude life of a frontier home to most of the important aspects of American life, becoming thereby, I hope, a truly indigenous American novel, which is spacious in its scope, inclusive in its materials. It will not, therefore, be a novel with an 'unhappy' ending. It will proceed from bewilderment and chaos into negativism and then to a very positive attitude toward life."

According to the *Boston Transcript* Fisher "tells us about the dry farmers and the canyon hermits, two new types of fiction, with an avalanche of realistic detail worthy of Frank Norris, of Theodore Dreiser, or of Zola, who were possibly his subconscious literary progenitors. You can call Mr. Fisher's West the most living of all the Wests because it is sordid as well as epic, his men have more guts than good manners (guts is a word he loves) more sex than chivalry, more hauntingly real personalities than conventional charm, minds more undistinguished than statesmanlike. . ."

While he was writing his tetralogy, Fisher had more than half a dozen other novels shaped in his mind, including a story of sophisticated university student life (this one was nearly written in the rough) another which he calls "the epic of the homely girl, most pathetic of all the misdemeanors from God's hand," and a novel about Jesus.

He lives in New York in the winter time and spends the summer on his father's ranch at Ririe, Idaho.

Vardis Fisher's works:

POEMS: *Sonnets to an Imaginary Madonna*, 1927.

NOVELS: *Toilers of the Hills*, 1928; *Dark Bridwell*, 1931; *In Tragic Life*, 1932; *Passions Spin the Plot*, 1933.

About Vardis Fisher:

Boston Transcript Book Section August 8, 1931.

James Elroy Flecker 1884-1915

JAMES ELROY FLECKER, English poet and dramatist, was born in Lewisham, London, on November 5, 1884, and died in Switzerland, a victim of tuberculosis, at the age of thirty on January 3, 1915.

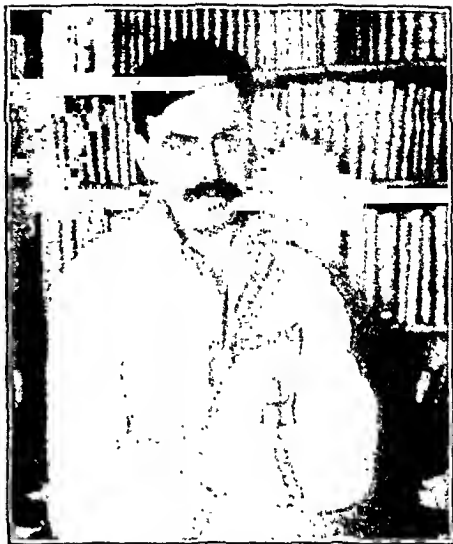
He was the son of the Rev. W. H. Flecker, headmaster of Dean Close School at Cheltenham, and was an unusually precocious child. He attended his father's school and entered Uppingham at 16. There he won an open classical scholarship (a field in which he always excelled) in his first year and the season following "went up" to Trinity College, Oxford, where he stayed for five years, made many friends, and became a protégé of Sir Walter Raleigh, then professor of English literature. For about a year after leaving Oxford he taught in a school at Hampstead, then entered Caius College, Cambridge, to take tuition in foreign languages with the idea of preparing himself for the consular service.

After two years of this preparation he won an appointment and in June 1910, not yet 26, was sent to Constantinople. Ill health, however, forced him to return to England in September of the same year. He entered a sanatorium in the Cotswold Hills near Cheltenham, came out six months later apparently in

the best of health, and was sent to Smyrna. It was the dull season and the duties were light, so almost immediately he obtained a leave of absence and journeyed to Athens where he married Miss Hellé Skiadressi. She was a native of Greece whom he had met the year before, and was to prove a most devoted wife and the inspiration of his best literary work, which was accomplished as his health grew steadily worse in the next few years.

After a holiday in Corfu following his marriage, Flecker was assigned to Beyrout, in Syria, where he discharged the duties of a sub-consular post with unusual success (as a poet he was humorously proud of his record as a practical man of affairs) until his last illness, which began in 1913. In the summer of that year, after a short visit to Lebanon, where he grew worse, his physician ordered him to Switzerland. There he spent the last eighteen months of his life, kept prisoner by his sickness and the outbreak of the War. Periods of extreme suffering, when he was unable to write at all, alternated with brief interludes of comparative comfort, when he wrote prolifically. Some of his best work is the product of those months. He lived briefly in some half dozen localities in Switzerland, the longest stay being in Davos where he resided for the eight months preceding his death, which came suddenly. He was taken to England and buried in Cheltenham at the foot of the Cotswolds. One of his last poems, inspired by the War (which affected him deeply) was entitled "Burial in England" and may in a sense be said to be his own elegy.

In his short lifetime Flecker wrote only enough verse to fill one slender volume of *Collected Poems*, one little known novel, some miscellaneous prose, and two plays (only one of which was produced, and that several years after his death); but his name is included in almost every description of modern English literature. His poetry is distinguished chiefly by its lyric beauty and pictorial splendor. The same qualities have been found and praised by critics in his two dramas, *Hassan* and *Don Juan*.



JAMES ELROY FLECKER

The former was one of the outstanding disappointments of Flecker's life. During the painful last months he was badly in need of money, and his greatest hopes and efforts were centered on attempts to have the play produced. But it was not until the season of 1923-24, eight years after his death, that it reached the stage. Then—gorgeously produced, with Fokine ballets and a musical setting by Delius—it was an immediate success and ran the entire London season. The critics divided sharply on its merits as a play. Some dismissed it as unimportant, ascribing its popularity to its spectacular elements. Others considered it—tho by no means flawless—in many respects a dramatic epic, and hailed Flecker as "a second Shakespeare nipped in the budding."

The full title of the play—*The Story of Hassan of Bagdad and How He Came to Make the Golden Journey to Samarkand*—reveals something of the author's intent. He stated frankly to friends that the drama was originally written to please himself and to lead up to the epilogue, which is his previously published (and perhaps best known) poem, "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," from the book of verse of the same title. The play itself is a reflection of Flecker's life-long interest in the East and depicts

colorfully and dramatically, and with rapid changes of mood and form—it is not unusual for the drama to swing from fantasy to stark realism in a single scene—the beauty and at the same time the cruelty of the older half of the world. It has not been revived in the theatre since its first presentation, because, no doubt, of the expense which would be involved in the staging, but it is still read in book form.

Don Juan was never produced, but has been published. Parts of it were praised by Bernard Shaw. Flecker himself was never satisfied with it and it has never had the popularity of *Hassan*.

Flecker was one of the literary "bad boys" of his time. One of his favorite pastimes was critic-baiting and his earlier volumes of verse contained some fiercely controversial prefaces. In his university days he had a great reputation as a wit. (An anecdote of an earlier age relates how as a child of four or five he remarked scathingly to his younger sister, of whom he was very jealous, "A fine aunt you will make my children!") Several writers have commented on his ability as a conversationalist. One writes: "It got to be quite the fashion in Oxford to ask Fletcher to luncheon and dinner parties—simply in order to talk. The sport afforded was excellent . . . He talked best when someone baited him." It is said that he was never bested in repartee.

Flecker was of striking appearance, with straight black hair, eyebrows, and moustache, dark complexion, and incongruous pale blue eyes. In physique he was tall but frail. His habitual expression, according to one acquaintance, was "a curious blend of the sardonic and the gentle." In manner he was active, vehement, and enthusiastic and given to strong opinions. Talking was his principal recreation. He was habitually cheerful, even in his last illness, and close friends have declared that his designation of himself in Oxford days as "the lean and swarthy poet of despair" (which some writers have interpreted as a premonition of his early death) was intended as a jest, so opposite was his actual nature.

One of the strongest influences in Flecker's life and work was his friendship for the poet John Davidson, who died prematurely by his own hand in 1909. His work shows also the effects of his ardent admiration for everything Grecian and his intimate knowledge of the East, the thoroughness of which is admitted even by Orientals. At Oxford he was an agnostic. The cruelty of the Orient repelled him back toward the Christian faith, however, in his last years. Traces of this conflict are perceptible in his writings, notably in *Hassan*.

James Elroy Flecker's books:

POETRY: *The Bridge of Fire*, 1908; *The Last Generation*, 1908; *Thirty-Six Poems*, 1910; *Forty-Two Poems*, 1911; *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, 1913; *The Old Ships*, 1915; *The Burial in England*, 1915; *God Save the King*, 1915; *Collected Poems*, 1916; *Selected Poems*, 1918.

PLAYS: *Hassan*, 1922; *Don Juan*, 1925.

NOVEL: *The King of Alsander*, 1914.

GENERAL: *The Grecians: A Dialog on Education*, 1910; *The Scholar's Italian Grammar*, 1911; *Collected Prose*, 1920; *Some Letters from Abroad* (with reminiscences by Hellé Flecker and an introduction by J. C. Squire) 1930.

About James Elroy Flecker:

Cunliffe, J. W. *Modern English Playwrights*; Dukes, A. *The Youngest Drama*; Flecker, J. E. *Collected Poems* (see introduction by J. C. Squire); Flecker, J. E. *Some Letters From Abroad*; Goldring, D. *James Elroy Flecker*; Goldring, D. *Reputations*; Hodgson, G. *The Life of James Elroy Flecker*; Lucas, F. L. *Authors Dead and Living*.

Bookman (London) 79:244 January 1931; 82:282 September 1932; *Current Opinion* 76:74 January 1924; 77:322 September 1924; *Fortnightly Review* 121:274 February 1924; *Living Age* 319:385 November 24, 1923; *Outlook* 139:297 February 25, 1925.

John Gould Fletcher 1886-

Autobiographical sketch of John Gould Fletcher, American poet:

I WAS born at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the third of January, 1886, within three days of my father's birthday. My father, before I came to know him, had had an interesting and picturesque career. Born in 1831, in what was then pioneer country in Saline County, Arkansas, he grew up with his six brothers in a log

cabin, and received only such schooling as the nearest schoolhouse (four miles distant) afforded. The Civil War found him still, as his father and grandfather had been before him, a farmer. When Arkansas withdrew from the Union, he immediately came to Little Rock, and there offered himself to the Confederate cause, being assigned as private to Company A, 6th Arkansas Regiment. After the battle of Perryville, he was promoted to be captain; and as such, fought at Murfreesboro (Stone River), December 30, 1862-January 2, 1863, being cited for gallantry in the first day's dispatches, and being left wounded on the field on the second day. He was taken by the Federals to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, where he remained thruout 1863. In 1864, he was paroled, and returned South, promptly rejoining Joe Johnston's army operating against Sherman, and was in the retreat to Atlanta, and in all that followed.

After Johnston's surrender, he returned to Arkansas, but being by now practically penniless, he decided to start in business in Little Rock as cotton buyer, for that purpose taking into partnership an old comrade-in-arms, who later migrated to New York. He rose rapidly, and was made mayor of Little Rock from 1871 to 1875, marrying in

1877 Adolphine Krause, the daughter of early German-Danish settlers, and a woman twenty-four years his junior. As an only son, with two sisters, I was brought up carefully, and in a manner unlike most American boys, having few playmates, and being taught at home, so that I did not enter school till past ten years of age.

At the age of four, I came to live in a house which my father had recently purchased, this being the old Pike place, built about 1836 by General Albert Pike, distinguished soldier, poet, lawyer, and freemason. This house exerted a powerful influence on my childhood, and I may truly say that I have never fully gotten away from it. Within its walls, one felt the presence of the ante-bellum South. Here I first read Scott and Tennyson, Coleridge and Shakespeare, Milton and the Bible. At school I did badly, having no aptitude for mathematics, but being fascinated by history. At the age of sixteen, I took my first journey beyond the bounds of my state, going to Phillips Academy, Andover, for a year before entering Harvard.

At Harvard, where I remained for four years (1903-1907) I was unable to decide on any course of future development, tho the sudden and unexpected death of my father during this period, practically left me free to do what I chose. I read extensively in English and French literature, beginning with Swinburne, Rossetti, and other poets of the 'Nineties, and absorbing Gautier, Baudelaire, and Flaubert (mostly in translations). I also read Joseph Conrad, and thru the medium of an older classmate read Nietzsche, then just being translated. I was powerfully influenced by the early Yeats and also by Fiona McLeod, now forgotten. I acquired a strong taste for Gothic architecture and Medieval literature generally, and attempted, by attending Boston Symphony concerts, to understand classical music.

In 1907, I quitted Harvard without taking a degree, feeling that, in my case, American education had proven itself a failure, but not knowing what to turn to next. In the same summer, a classmate invited me to join a Peabody Museum expedition which was going out to the ruined pueblo of Puyé and to the



JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Mesa Verde for the purpose of archeological study. As I did not wish to face the wrath of my mother, who had counted on my taking my degree, I agreed. The journey, which was practically my first introduction to the Southwest, proved an unforgettable experience, and undoubtedly influenced me deeply, tho I was unable to make any use of the experience then, or for many years afterwards. I had already begun to write verses, starting in the summer of 1905, during the course of an earlier journey to the Yosemite, to pre-earthquake San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon (where the World's Fair was being held that year). I continued this practice spasmodically during the Southwestern trip, but had serious thoughts of becoming an archeologist, thoughts that I abandoned when I discovered that I had neither the patience nor the temperament for the enterprise. After a short visit to Santa Fé, I returned, disconsolately, to Boston.

In August 1908 I decided that henceforth the United States held nothing of interest for me, and embarked on a ship which took me past Gibraltar and Naples, and thru the Straits of Messina to Trieste, whence an easy train journey landed me in Venice, early in September. Ignorant as I was of the least syllable of Italian, I remained there for two months, gradually picking up the language. Early November weather forced me south to Rome, where I remained till the following May. During the voyage across, I had prepared myself for the Renaissance by reading Merezhkovsky's trilogy and *Don Quixote*, in Shelton's translation. In Venice I first read Ruskin; in Rome, Byron and Shelley carried me away. I did not read Keats till much later. The Catholic Church tremendously fascinated me, and I began to have serious thoughts of becoming a Catholic. I plowed thru Gregorovius, in order to learn all that I could about the Papacy. What I learned only convinced me of the necessity for Protestantism.

In May 1909 I suddenly decided that I must go to England. The early numbers of the *English Review*, then first appearing under the editorship of Ford Madox Ford, really decided me; but the first literary people I came into contact

with in London began by exalting Whitman, and so I decided to read an author whom—owing to my Nietzschean and Southern prepossessions—I had passed over at Harvard as useless for my purpose. The result was a whole series of poems, excessively Whitmanian in form, but in message owing much to James Thomson of "City of Dreadful Night" fame, whom I had read back in the Harvard days. This series I count as the first really coherent book of verse I ever wrote, but it still remains unpublished. By 1911, I was already off on another tack: I had entered the domain of French poetry, thru Verhaeren. A rapid reading thru of the Van Bever-Léautaud anthology convinced me that there had been other symbolists besides Baudelaire, and a subscription to the *Mercure de France* completed my ruin. Henceforth I was to be nothing but a poet.

Numerous trips to the Continent, the revelation of Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, an intensive interest in Debussy's music, further enriched me for the work I had to do, but tho I wrote reams, the form that would combine poetry, painting, and music still eluded me. At last I decided, early in 1913, that I must do something besides scribble to justify my existence. I shoveled together the best verses I could find, and dumped them on various publishers, receiving in reply offers to publish if certain stipulated sums were forthcoming. I accepted the offers, published the verses, felt no better. May 1913 found me in Paris, in possession of the formula for *Irradiations*. The Russian Ballet, then first producing Stravinsky's "Sacré du Printemps" had finally given me the focus I needed.

With *Irradiations* half-written in my pocket, it was here that, for the first time, I met Ezra Pound. I liked him from the first, and remain to this day grateful for the help and encouragement he gave me. A month later and I was back in London, confronting, for the first time, Amy Lowell. Ezra's sending of *Irradiations* to Harriet Monroe in Chicago procured for me my first monetary reward. January 1914 found me writing "The Blue Symphony," properly

speaking, my first imagistic poem. Up to then, I had refused to enter their ranks, and had demurred when Ezra proposed that I be included in the first *Des Imagistes* anthology.

In June, Miss Lowell appeared again, with the project of turning the anthology into an annual volume. Ezra and she quarreled over the editorship, and also over Ezra's increasing Vorticism. By this time I had progressed to the "White Symphony," and was increasingly sure of my ground. I decided to throw in my lot with Amy, for better or for worse. The War, which drove me back to America a few months later, for the first time in over six years, put Miss Lowell and myself into the relationship of neighbors as well as friends.

I managed to "stay put" in America for nearly two years (November 1914-May 1916) and obtained my first insight into the specific American problem: how, out of multiracial and lingual diversity, to construct a real, as opposed to a purely economic unity. I left, finally, with the problem still unsolved, but with "Lincoln" written: the first of many provisional farewells to the land of my birth.

I returned to marry, but not to settle down; to become aware of the War and of the dangerous proximity of T. S. Eliot. Subsequent contact has sharpened our differences, but increased, on my side at least, respect. My thoughts now turned inward and more toward history: that combination of idea and deed, thought and action, that underlies today.

Since then I have been back and forth across the Atlantic five times. One thing at least has become clear to me during that process: that it is only in America that I can find the necessary resistance, that fundamental give and take that is so essential to the artist. But I have not yet found the American community where I can function to my fullest extent. Europe today means to me nothing more than a shelter. Soon she may not mean even that.

* * *

Fletcher's verse and essays have been published extensively in leading literary and art reviews on both sides of the Atlantic. Besides a substantial number of volumes of poetry, he has published

books of biography and criticism and is known as a translator.

The qualities in his poetry which are most generally recognized are his color, harmonies, and "imaginative mysticism." Conrad Aiken has called him "the sort of a poet who reaches his greatest brilliance when allowed to develop rapidly successive musical variations on a theme capable of prolonged treatment." Harriet Monroe finds him "a somewhat rebellious imagist, experimenting in and out of [imagism's] tense method but profiting by its discipline. . . a painter-poet, a landscape-poet, a colorist."

John Gould Fletcher's works:

POETRY: *The Dominant City*, 1913; *Fire and Wine*, 1913; *Fool's Gold*, 1913; *The Book of Nature*, 1913; *Visions of the Evening*, 1913; *Irradiations—Sand and Spray*, 1915; *Goblins and Pagodas*, 1916; *Japanese Prints*, 1918; *The Tree of Life*, 1918; *Preludes and Symphonies* (reprint of *Irradiations* and *Goblins and Pagodas*) 1922; *Parables*, 1925; *Branches of Adam*, 1929; *The Black Rock*, 1928.

PROSE: *Paul Gauguin: His Life and Art*, 1921; *Some American Poets* (pamphlet) 1921; *The Dance Over Fire and Water* (translation from the French of Elie Faure) 1929; *John Smith—Also Pocahontas*, 1928; *The Reveries of a Solitary* (translated from the French of J. J. Rousseau, with an introduction) 1929; *The Crisis of the Film* (pamphlet) 1930; *The Two Frontiers: A Study in National Psychology*, 1930.

About John Gould Fletcher:

Aiken, C. P. *Skepticism*; Hughes, G. *Imagism and the Imagists*; Kreyenborg, A. *Troubadour*; Lowell, A. *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*; Lowell, A. *Poetry and Poets*; Monroe, H. *Poets and Their Art*; Untermeyer, I. *American Poetry Since 1900*.

Nation 127-291 August 20, 1928; *Poetry* 27:206 January 1929; 30:103 May 1932.

Alain Fournier 1886-1914

ALAIN FOURNIER, French novelist, whose real name was Henri Allain Fournier, was born on October 3, 1886, at Chapelle-d'Angillon, a small town near Bourges, in the center of France. His childhood and early youth were passed in the tiny village of Epineuil, where his parents were the village teachers. He led the life of a peasant. Every summer, when the books arrived which were later to be distributed as school prizes, he and his sister Jean-

bella carried them up to the attic and read them eagerly. He was impressed most by *Robinson Crusoe*.

At thirteen Fournier resolved to be a naval officer, and after a period of schooling in Paris he went into training at Brest. But this experience proved disillusioning and in 1903, at the age of seventeen, he entered a secondary school, the Lycée Lakanal, situated north of Paris, with the idea of preparing for the Ecole Normale Supérieure. Here he led a group of rebels and circulated a petition protesting against the regulations of the school. He made the friendship of Jacques Rivière, a classmate who later married his sister Isabella and became editor of the literary periodical *La Nouvelle Revue Française*.

Fournier's first attempt at poetry was some verses, "Sur La Nacelle," written in 1903 on the back of an illustrated postcard and sent to his sister Isabella when she was in residence at the Lycée de Moulins. The postcard was signed Henri, which meant to the authorities that it was from a young man, so it was not given to her until she left the school. Another early poem was "A Travers les Étés," which contained the germ of his future novel. Neither of these was published until after his death. He had already determined upon the novel as his form of expression. In 1905 he wrote to a friend: "The novel that I have carried in my head for three years was at first only me, me, and me, but it has gradually been depersonalized and enlarged and is no longer the novel which everyone plays at eighteen."

The summer holiday of 1905, from July to September, Fournier spent in London as French correspondent for a London merchant. He found England and the English stimulating—they enlarged his vision of life, he said—and he felt that "in many points I resemble these English." Returning to Paris, he lived with his grandmother and sister and attended as a day-pupil the upper courses at Louis-le-Grand.

In 1907 Fournier failed to pass the examination for the Ecole Normale, and on the same day he was plunged into grief by the news that the girl who was his ideal had been married. He wrote

to Rivière: "Mademoiselle de Q. was married last winter. What is now left to me, dear friend, but you?" Every year thereafter he observed the anniversary of the day in 1905 when he had first seen her on the Cours-la-Reine in Paris and followed her until she had given him her name and address.

Fournier buried himself in a study of contemporary letters, art, and music. In 1907, when he was twenty-one, he published an essay in *La Grande Revue* entitled "Le Corps de la Femme," with a dedication to Maurice Denis, who was his favorite in French art. Between 1907 and 1909 he did his two years of military training.

In his rooms in the Observatory quarter in Paris, in an isolated street, Fournier began writing his novel, struggling with a method which he felt to be artificial. The reading in 1910 of Marguerite Audoux's *Marie-Claire* and R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* revealed to him the method he wanted. He wrote to Rivière: "In the end I have scrapped it all, for, one fine evening I found my road to Damascus. I began to write simply, directly, as in my letters, in little tight voluptuous paragraphs, a simple story which might be my own. Now it goes by itself." Transcribing in large part scenes and episodes from his own



ALAIN FOURNIER

youth in rural France, he wrote a tale of a French schoolboy and visionary who looms an epic figure even to his schoolfellows. They call him "Le Grand Meaulnes," which is the French title of the book. His story is an adolescent search for an ideal, glimpsed, won, lost, and forever sought.

Published in 1912, Fournier's novel, *Le Grand Meaulnes*, was unnoticed except by a few like Péguy, Madame Rachilde, and Julien Benda. Said Jacques Rivière: "I know nothing in literature so full of dreams and flights and disappearances as *Le Grand Meaulnes*. I remember nothing else at the same time so enchanted and so disenchanted." It is the only novel which Fournier completed. He began several others, one of which was to carry out the same idea with Paris for a locale. The English title of *Le Grand Meaulnes* is *The Wanderer*.

During this period in Paris, according to Havelock Ellis, Fournier "might often be seen in the Luxembourg Gardens, a slender young man dressed in black, with a dark serious face and slight moustache, 'the face of an imperious young prince,' it has been called. Pilon says he recalled the figures described by Pater in his *Imaginary Portraits* when dealing with Watteau. . . There was a certain awkwardness in him—even in his hands, we are told—and he lacked patience."

Fournier said himself: "Only women who have loved me know to what point I can be cruel. Because I want the whole. You see, my hero Meaulnes!" Rivière said that Fournier mentally prescribed to women the angle at which they were to enter his life, and at the smallest lapse on their part he would overwhelm them with reproaches for their innocent failure to attain his ideal. The ideal demand which he would make of his wife, he said, was "audacious initiative" blended with "superhuman tact."

In his last years Fournier read the Bible and Dostoevsky and thought of entering a religious order. Péguy was a close friend.

When the World War broke out in August 1914, Fournier was in the south of France and was immediately rushed

to the front. He was killed on September 22 at Saint-Remy when he was still twenty-seven years old. His body was never found, and until the end of the war his friends hoped that he had been imprisoned by the Germans, like his friend Jacques Rivière. After the War Rivière made a search, but found no traces of Fournier.

In 1924 Rivière collected Fournier's fragments under the title of *Miracles*, including part of a projected novel, "Colombe Blanchet." The novel *The Wanderer*, unnoticed during the War, began to attract attention, and in 1928, fifteen years after its first publication, it was translated into English by Françoise de Lisle and published with an introduction by Havelock Ellis, who praised it as an expression of the nostalgia of the soul. Two years later it was translated into German. Madame Isabella Rivière, Fournier's sister, collected the correspondence of Rivière and Fournier in four volumes and also the letters written by Fournier to his family between 1905 and 1914.

Alain Fournier's works:

Le Grand Meaulnes, 1912; *Miracles*, 1924.

Alain Fournier's works available in English translation:

The Wanderer, 1928.

About Alain Fournier:

Fournier, A. *The Wanderer* (see introduction by Havelock Ellis).

Bookman 68:129 October 1929.

John Fox 1862-1919

JOHN WILLIAM FOX, JR., American story writer, was born at Paris, Kentucky, in Bourbon County, in 1862. He was the eldest son of John W. Fox and his second wife. His elder half-brother, James, had some charge of his early education, and he went to school at one time to James Lane Allen, author of *The Choir Invisible*.

At fifteen Fox went to Lexington and attended Transylvania University for two years. Then he studied at Harvard where he was prominent in theatricals (in female rôles) and a star member of the glee club. One time when the glee club gave a performance in Maine, the town newspaper referred to



JOHN FOX

Fox as "a broad-shouldered young jack-ass, understood to be from Kentucky."

Following graduation from Harvard in 1883, Fox worked on the *New York Sun* for a few months, then entered Columbia Law School. He abandoned law after two months' time and joined the staff of the *New York Times*, remaining until illness compelled him to go South a year later. He was idle at his home in Paris for a year or more.

About 1887 Fox settled at Big Stone Gap, Virginia, and established himself in the mining business. Thru his work of visiting the mines he became interested in the life of the mountaineer folk.

Fox sat down one day in the early 'Nineties and wrote a story about a mountain girl who rode upon the back of a steer. He called the story "A Mountain Europa" and sent it away to a magazine. The news of the acceptance of the story reached him late one night at the Gap, and he recalled: "When I got the letter I struck out as hard as I could and dashed thru the mud and rain a half mile to show it to my brother."

More short stories followed, dealing with the mountaineers of eastern Kentucky and southwestern Virginia. Fox's first book was a collection of stories published in 1894 under the title of *A Mountain Europa*. In rapid succession appeared two more volumes, *The Cum-*

berland Vendetta and *Hell Fer Sartain*. The latter work described a locality high up among the Cumberlands where there were fights, murders, moon-shining, love-making, and revivals. He sold the title story for ten dollars and it made his reputation. It contained the germ of much that he wrote later in his novels and its motif of passion and courage runs thru much of his work. His first novel, published in 1897, was *The Kentuckians*, a study of life in the "Bluegrass," against a mountain background.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Fox joined the Rough Riders but soon left that organization to act as correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* at the front. His experience there furnished some material for a Kentucky novel of love and war, *Crittenden*, which was published in 1900. After the war he returned to the South and his book of stories, *Bluegrass and Rhododendron*, embodied his own experiences as a member of the police guard in Kentucky and Virginia.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, the most widely known of Fox's books, appeared in 1903. It was a romance of the Civil War, with the scene laid in the mountains of eastern Kentucky and in the Bluegrass region, Piedmont and Lowland, which was the debatable land of the war. In it Fox traced the social development of a nation from its birth in a log cabin to its highest point of culture. The next year he published a collection of stories, *Christmas Eve on Lonesome*.

During the Russian-Japanese War, Fox was in the Far East as war correspondent for *Scribner's Magazine*. He recorded his impressions of Japan and Manchuria in a book called *Following the Sun Flag*.

Fox had great success with *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, the story of a mountain girl, published in 1908. It was subsequently dramatized and picturized.

At Big Stone Gap Fox built a rustic bungalow and there he brought his bride, Fritz Scheff, the comic opera star, whom he met at a ball in New York and married in 1908. The ceremony was performed by his brother, Rector K. Fox, at Mount Kisco, N.Y. Later they were divorced.

In 1913 Fox published *The Heart of the Hills*, a short novel of a mountain lover and a girl from the city. The last book which appeared in his lifetime was *In Happy Valley*, a collection of short stories, published in 1917.

Fox chose names and titles with care. Theodore Roosevelt was an admirer of his work. It was agreed that he had a keen observation and knowledge of the mountaineers, their dress and speech and customs. He excelled in the shaping of a plot to the advantage of tense dramatic moments. But some critics found fault with his sugary heroines. One added: "His ideas, too, and his whole interpretation of human life are conventional. He built his tales upon the old romantic formulas, without a sign that he had ever looked deeper than the surface of human existence as it is traditionally reproduced in popular literature."

After the divorce Fox made frequent trips to New York for business and social reasons and he spent part of each year with Thomas Nelson Page, author, who was later United States Ambassador to Italy. He was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Page, in a eulogistic memoir, remarks about Fox's inability to make a final decision to go anywhere and to leave a place once he got there. Fox sometimes stayed with Page as long as five months at a time and was pronounced a "delightful guest." He chronically lost his baggage when he traveled. He loved children. "He was frankly bored by the conventionality of the ordinary literary life and evaded it with joyous satisfaction."

In appearance, Fox was quaint with a "sparse, sinewy figure, alert with nervous energy," and a sharp face which was said to resemble an Indian chief's. He wore a pince-nez and high starched collars. Thin hair was plastered tightly to his head. Page lists some of his traits: "love of beauty and enjoyment of pleasure, with the keenness and frankness of a child; detestation of the commonplace; hatred of the ignoble, of egotism, and of bores; richness of sentiment; appreciation of all that makes the joy and charm of life, expressed in sympathetic speech and tone, and in ringing laughter, mirthful and mirth-inspiring."

The description of Fox is completed by Bruce Crawford: "Part of the time he played golf near his home-place. Often was he seen with his neighbor, Bascom Slemph, recent secretary to President Coolidge. Fox hobnobbed with coal operators and lawyers and mining engineers. Once in a while he would go on a solitary ramble in the mountains to hear some homespun philosophy from a hill-billy, or study a wild flower. And occasionally he would attend a local dance. Always he was a great friend of the ladies, who found him charming. Imperious tho he was, it was second nature for him to be kind and courteous, even at convivial moments when others lost their heads."

In the winter and spring of 1919 Fox worked on a novel of Virginia and Kentucky in the days of the transition from colonial to revolutionary life, which he called *Erskine Dale, Pioneer*. He made occasional trips to Lexington and Louisville to collect data in the libraries. Early in July he went into the mountains for a fishing trip, and on the day of his arrival was stricken with double pneumonia. He was taken back to Big Stone Gap where he died within two days, on July 8, 1919, at the age of fifty-six. *Erskine Dale, Pioneer* was posthumously published in 1920.

The works of John Fox:

SHORT STORIES: *A Mountain Europa*, 1894; *A Cumberland Vendetta*, 1895; *Hell Fer Sartain*, 1897; *Blue Grass and Rhododendron*, 1901; *Christmas Eve on Lonesome*, 1904; *In Happy Valley*, 1917.

NOVELS: *The Kentuckians*, 1899; *Crittenden*, 1900; *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, 1903; *A Knight of the Cumberland*, 1906; *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, 1908; *The Heart of the Hills*, 1913; *Erskine Dale, Pioneer*, 1920.

NON-FICTION: *Following the Sun Flag*, 1905.

About John Fox:

Literary Digest 87:70 October 17, 1925; *Nation* 109:72 July 19, 1919; *Scribner's Magazine* 66:674 December 1919.

Anatole France 1844-1924

ANATOLE FRANCE, French author, whose real name was Jacques Anatole Thibault, was born in Paris on April 16, 1844. He was the only son of Noël Thibault, a book dealer of the Quai

Malaquais, who was considered an authority on bibliography. His father had served in the bodyguard of Charles X and was an ardent Royalist and Catholic.

When France was a child his mother read to him from the *Lives of the Saints*. At fifteen he wrote as a school exercise "La Vie de Sainte-Radegonde."

France was educated at the Collège Stanislas, an aristocratic Jesuit institution in Paris, but he said he owed his intellectual education to the booksellers of the quays of the Seine more than the professors of the University. His formal education completed, he joined the sessions of the Parnassian poets in the bookshop of their publisher Lemerre to hear Leconte de Lisle expound the theories of a new poetic art.

In June 1867, when he was twenty-three, France published two poems, "Denys de Syracuse" and "Les Légions de Varus," in a short-lived review, *La Gazette Rimée*. The political allusions in the poems helped cause the suppression of the review, on which he collaborated with Paul Verlaine. He also contributed poetry, prose fantasies, dramatic criticism, and bibliographical articles written jointly with his father to *Le Chasseur Bibliographique*, another periodical, of which he became editor in 1877. His first book was a study of Alfred de Vigny, published in 1868.

When he served in the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, France diverted himself by reading Virgil and playing the flute. Back in Paris, he collected his verse in a volume dedicated to Leconte de Lisle called *Les Poèmes Dorés*, published in 1873.

After working a short time on the staff of the Senate Library, France undertook to write a series of biographical introductions to French classics for Lemerre, beginning in 1877 with Racine and producing ten in the next ten years.

France won an Academy prize with his first novel, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, published in 1881 when he was thirty-seven. It was an imaginative picture of himself in old age. The book enjoyed great popularity, but in later years he regarded it as "the most insipid and tedious" of all his books and called it "a masterpiece of platitudinousness."

In 1883 France met Madame Arman de Caillavet, the woman who raised him from comparative obscurity to worldwide fame. He was notoriously indolent and she held the whip over him and drove him to work. He frankly confessed that without her help he should write no books. She even "ghosted" for him and wrote at least one of the short stories contained in his collections.

For twenty-five years France wrote prolifically under Madame de Caillavet's stimulation. In 1885 he produced a novel based on his childhood, *Le Livre de Mon Ami*. Between 1887 and 1891 he was literary critic of the Parisian newspaper, *Le Temps*, collecting his weekly articles into the four volumes of *La Vie Littéraire*. In the novels, *Le Lys Rouge* and *Le Jardin d'Epicure*, he expressed his skeptical reflections on life and the world. He was elected to the French Academy in 1896. From 1897 to 1901 he wrote week by week for *L'Echo de Paris*, producing a chain of plotless episodes and conversations in which provincial characters were used to satirize the army, priesthood, nobility, and politicians. Collected in book form, these satires filled the four volumes of the *Histoire Contemporaine*. France took the side of the accused in the Dreyfus affair and began to speak in public. He was not rated a good orator. Lafcadio Hearn's English translation of *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* appeared in America in 1906 and thenceforth the works of France came out rapidly in English.

A great part of each year France traveled in France and Italy with Madame de Caillavet. When Ugo Ojetti saw them in Italy he described Madame as being "a mature lady of great culture, fat and kind." Because France did not want the bother of luggage, she carried his linen and few toilet articles in her valise and sent them wrapped in newspaper to his room as soon as they reached a hotel.

France's winters were spent in the Villa Saïd in Paris; the stained glass windows of his house opened on the Bois de Bologne. There, for twenty years, he worked intermittently on his life of Joan of Arc, and it was published at length in 1908 in two volumes. He would get up in the morning, put on



ANATOLE FRANCE Herbert Photos

trousers with huge feet attached to them such as Balzac used to wear indoors, and a flannel dressing gown. He selected a skull-cap from a basket containing a hundred caps of all descriptions. "Without my cap," he said, "I am good for nothing." In his library, before seating himself in an adjustable Louis XIV armchair, he addressed a kind of prayer to a mutilated Venus, which he said was the mistress of the house. The manuscript of Joan of Arc, which was in reality a mass of notebooks and loose notes done up in a sheet with safety pins, was dragged into the room by his housekeeper Josephine, and work began.

France wrote with difficulty and said that he "rarely felt the gust of inspiration." He wrote everywhere, "especially at railway stations," making notes on the backs of letters, envelopes, visiting cards, announcements of marriages and deaths, tradesmen's bills—anything at hand. They were written, according to Jean Jacques Brousseau, who was his secretary for eight years, in a "tall, aggressive, puckered-up hand." His method of writing a book was to gather these odds and ends of notes and send them to the printer. Then he demanded no less than six proofs from the printer, making extensive alterations in each, planing down his sentences, cutting them apart with a pair of huge scissors, re-

matting them at random, rebuilding his paragraph thirty times. "My most valuable working tools," he said, "are the pastepot and the scissors." Brousseau said that he looked "like a needlewoman cutting out an embroidered festoon." He was a noted stylist.

Daily France dined with Madame de Caillavet at her home in the Avenue Hoche and spent the afternoon dictating stories in her drawing room, seated on a kind of Gothic throne. Six days a week she held him to the grindstone. On Sundays they received guests and she would make France perform like a schoolboy. He loved conversation and his show conversation was brilliant and witty and majestic. He had a great fund of anecdotes about Napoleon and Benvenuto Cellini and Michael Angelo. According to Brousseau, "the stories followed one another in an immutable sequence. The points were brought out at fixed places. Changes of tone were introduced. In appropriate passages the soft pedal was freely used. The end was intoned with sacerdotal emphasis." Between acts France would blow his nose while the spectators applauded and Madame commented upon the performance, saying that he had surpassed himself or that he had not done so well as usual. France's private conversation was of a different kind. According to Paul-Louis Couchoud, he "was looking for his words, hesitated, even stammered a little, rubbed his thumb against the other fingers, and often corrected himself." His long jerky sentences were punctuated with phrases like "Yes, isn't it so?" and "Ah, well." He had a habit in later years of leaning over and talking into a person's ear as if afraid of being overheard.

The death of Madame de Caillavet on January 12, 1910, left France ill and unable to work for months. That spring he traveled in Italy with Madame Georges Bölöni, Hungarian author who wrote under the name of Sandor Kemeri, and his physician, Dr. Paul-Louis Couchoud.

France was sued in court by the publisher Lemerre for failure to write a history of France according to his promise. The result was a compromise and the publication in 1913 of *Génie Latin*, the collected biographical sketches France

had written thirty years before. He continued his political satire with the novel, *La Révolte des Anges*.

When the World War broke out in 1914 France wrote a letter urging the citizens of his country to place humanity above everything. His Paris home having been torn down, he moved in September 1914 to La Bechellerie, an estate which he purchased at St. Cyr-sur-Loire near Tours, and remained there the rest of his life, spending the winters usually in Antibes or Paris. He sold his war book, *Sur la Voie Glorieuse*, for the profit of the wounded, but never abandoned his pacifist attitude. He freely expressed his disapproval of the War and of the political leaders Clemenceau and Poincaré, and received many anonymous letters threatening death, but was never attacked. Unlike his friend Joseph Cail- laux, he escaped prosecution for his outspokenness. When he went to Paris in the spring of 1918 he saw a performance of his poetic drama *Les Noces Corinthiennes* at the Comédie Française during an air raid of the city. He made a lecture tour of South America in the spring of 1919.

At the age of seventy-six, on October 11, 1920, France was married in the town hall of St. Cyr-sur-Loire to Emma Laprevotte. They took the guardianship of his grandson, Lucien Psichari. (His first marriage had ended in divorce and his daughter's husband, who was Ernest Renan's grandson, had fallen in the War.)

France was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1921 and went to Stockholm to receive the award in person. His acceptance speech was condemned in the French journals for the fearless remark that the Versailles Treaty "was not a treaty of peace but a prolongation of the War." In 1922 France's works were placed on the Index Expurgatorius in the Vatican—the list of books that should not be read by Catholics. For many years some of his books were tabooed in libraries.

In 1922 France completed his series of four autobiographical novels with *La Vie en Fleur*. Tho some names were altered and some circumstances feigned, these novels were a faithful reminiscence of his childhood and youth.

"I love the things of days gone by and I like to live in the company of the dead," said France. He was also a dreamer of the future and a commentator on the present. "I have been inclined at all times to take life as a spectacle," he said. "I have never been a true observer. For observation needs a system to direct it, and I have no system." James Huneker called him "a modern thinker, who has shed the despotism of the positivist dogma and boasts the soul of a chameleon."

France never claimed to be a thinker or a philosopher; he thought of himself as a reformer. "People take me for a juggler, a sophist, a droll fellow," he said. "In reality I have passed my life twisting dynamite into curl-papers." His outstanding characters—such as Sylvestre Bonnard, the Abbé Coignard, Professor Bergeret, Doctor Trublet—were portraits of himself, figures in whom he breathed his own ideas.

He read little other than French literature. Voltaire and Renan were his masters. The naturalism of Zola aroused his antipathy and he did not like Romain Rolland.

Frequently he drove from La Bechellerie to Tours in his red automobile and spent hours chatting in a bookshop there. His favorite topics of conversation in late life were art and religion. He did not believe in the historical Christ, and disbelieved in personal survival after death. He did not like the thought of death but was preoccupied with it and discussed it constantly. Henri Bergson's philosophy irritated him.

France had sensitive tastes in food and would refuse to eat if the food did not suit him. When traveling he was known to go on "hunger strikes" for days at a time. He was a connoisseur of furniture and enjoyed pounding nails and hanging pictures. In his old age he never carried money and had to ask his wife for every franc. Slender in build, France wore a beard and moustaches that were curled to a point. He had shaggy eyebrows, eyes set closely to his nose, and faun-like ears. He was known for his beautiful hands. He always carried an umbrella.

In January 1924 France became ill with grippe and was removed from Tours to Paris. His condition improved suffi-

ciently to permit him to attend a celebration at the Trocadero in honor of his eightieth birthday given by prominent literary and public men of France, and to return to Tours.

France died at Tours on October 13, 1924, after a summer-long illness. He was eighty years old. His body was taken to Paris and it lay in state in the remodeled home in Villa Saïd, four days later, people filing past the bier from morning until night. The funeral was conducted October 18 on the Quai Malaquais in the shadow of his birthplace, attended by the president of the Republic and members of the government. He was buried in the cemetery at Nanilly in the tomb of his father and mother after the funeral procession had passed thru five miles of streets lined with people. Joseph Caillaux, convicted politician, was permitted to return from exile for the funeral. France's brain was analyzed and found to be of an exceptionally small size.

Paul Valéry, who succeeded France as a member of the French Academy, made a sensational "eulogy" in subtle depreciation of his predecessor, never once mentioning him by name. This was expressive of the attitude of the new generation of French writers, who had had nothing to do with France and regarded him as a tiresome old man.

Some of France's unfinished papers, arranged and annotated by Michael Corday, were published in America in 1926. His collected works in forty-one volumes appeared in 1930. His widow died in January 1930.

Anatole France's works:

NOVELS: *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, 1881; *Les Désirs de Jean Servien*, 1882; *Le Livre de Mon Ami*, 1885; *Thais*, 1890; *Les Opinions de Monsieur Jérôme Coignard*, 1893; *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, 1893; *Le Lys Rouge*, 1894; *Le Jardin d'Épicure*, 1895; *Pierre Nozière*, 1899; *Histoire Comique*, 1903; *Les Dieux Ont Soif*, 1912; *L'Île des Pingouins*, 1908; *La Révolte des Auges*, 1914; *Le Petit Pierre*, 1918; *La Vie en Fleur*, 1922.

SHORT STORIES: *Jocaste et le Chat Maigre*, 1879; *Abécille*, 1883; *Nos Enfants*, 1886; *Balthazar*, 1889; *L'Étui de Naere*, 1892; *Le Puits de Sainte-Claire*, 1895; *Clio*, 1899; *Filles et Garçons*, 1900; *Mémoires d'un Volontaire*, 1902; *Crainquebille*, *Putois*, *Riquet*, 1904; *Sur la Pierre Blanche*, 1905; *Les Conges de*

Jacques Tournebroche, 1908; *Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-bleue*, 1909; *Le Comte Morin*, *Député*, 1921; *Marguerite*, 1921.

ESSAYS: *Histoire Contemporaine* (four volumes): *L'Orme du Mail*, 1897; *Le Mamequin d'Osier*, 1897; *L'Ameau d'Améthyste*, 1899; *Monsieur Bergeret à Paris*, 1901.

STORIES AND BIOGRAPHY: *Alfred de Vigny*, 1868; *Racine et Nicole*, 1875; *Les Poèmes de J. Breton*, 1875; *Bernardin de Sainte-Pierre*, 1875; *Lucile de Chateaubriand*, 1879; *L'Elvire de Lamartine*, 1893; *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* (two volumes) 1908; *Le Génie Latin*, 1913.

POEMS: *Les Poèmes Dorés*, 1873; *Poésies* (collected poems) 1896.

PLAYS: *Les Noces Corinthiennes* (lyric tragedy in three acts) 1876; *Au Petit Bonheur*, 1898; *La Comédie de Celui qui Épousa une Femme Muette*, 1912.

MISCELLANEOUS NON-FICTION: *La Vie Littéraire* (four volumes) 1888-1892; *Discours de Réception à l'Académie*, 1896; *Opinions Sociales*, 1902; *L'Eglise et la République*, 1905; *Vers les Temps Meilleurs*, 1906; *Aux Émigrants*, 1910; *Sur la Vie Glorieuse*, 1915; *Ce Que Disent Nos Morts* (addresses) 1916; *Le Café Procope* (essays) 1928.

COLLECTED WORKS: *Oeuvres Complètes Illustrées*, 1925.

English translations of Anatole France's works:

Monsieur Bergeret, 1902; *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, 1906; *Mother of Pearl*, 1908; *The Red Lily*, 1908; *The Garden of Epicurus*, 1908; *Thais*, 1909; *The Life of Joan of Arc*, 1909; *The Well of St. Clare*, 1909; *The White Stone*, 1909; *Penguin Island*, 1909; *Balthazar*, 1909; *Works* (twenty-five volumes) 1909; *Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche*, 1909; *The Wickerwork Woman*, 1910; *The Elm Tree on the Mall*, 1910; *Honey Bee*, 1911; *On Life and Letters*, 1911, 1914, 1922, 1924; *Jocasta and the Famished Cat*, 1912; *The Aspirations of Jean Servien*, 1912; *The Opinions of Jerome Coignard*, 1912; *At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque*, 1912; *My Friend's Book*, 1913; *The Gods Are Athirst*, 1913; *Girls and Boys*, 1913; *The Revolt of the Angels*, 1914; *Crainquebille*, *Putois*, *Riquet*, and *Other Profitable Tales*, 1915; *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, 1915; *Pierre Nozière*, 1916; *The Amethyst Ring*, 1916; *The Human Tragedy*, 1917; *The Bride of Corinth and Other Poems and Plays*, 1920; *Little Pierre*, 1920; *The Seven Wives of Bluebeard*, 1920; *Marguerite*, 1921; *The Mummer's Tale*, 1921; *Clio*, 1922; *Count Morin, Deputy*, 1922; *The Bloom of Life*, 1923; *Latin Genius*, 1924; *Representative Stories of Anatole France*, 1924; *Little Sea Dogs and Other Tales of Childhood*, 1925; *Riquet* (selected and adapted from France's novels) 1925; *Pierre* (selected chapters from the four autobiographical novels) 1926; *Under the Rose* (unfinished works) 1926; *Unrisen Dawn* (speeches and addresses) 1928; *Rabelais*, 1929; *Works* (forty-one volumes) 1930.

About Anatole France:

Böhlöni, I. M. J. *Rambles with Anatole France*; Brousson, J. J. *Anatole France Abroad*; Brousson, J. J. *Anatole France Himself*; Cerf, B. *Anatole France*; Chevalier, H. M. *The Ironic Temper*; George, W. L. *Anatole France*; Gsell, P. *The Opinions of Anatole France*; Le Goff, M. *Anatole France at Home*; May, J. L. *Anatole France*; Pouquet, J. M. *Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse*; Segur, N. *Conversations with Anatole France*; Segur, N. *The Opinions of Anatole France*; Shanks, L. P. *Anatole France*; Shishmanova, I. V. *Philosophical Novels of Anatole France*; Stewart, H. L. *Anatole France: The Parisian*.

Bookman 72:112 October 1930; *Contemporary Review* 130:606 November 1926; *Dial* 83:361 November 1927; *Literary Digest* 83:27 November 1, 1924; *Quarterly Review* 239:141 January 1923.

John Freeman 1880-1929

JOHN FREEMAN, English poet, critic and novelist, was born in 1880. His first book of verse was *Twenty Poems*, published in 1909 when he was twenty-nine years old. His first book to attract any notice was a collection of *Fifty Poems* two years later.

There followed a silence of five years and then Freeman published in 1916 two volumes of verse, *Presage of Victory* and *Stone Trees*. It was the latter collection that gave him his place among the "younger" English poets.

Also in 1916 Freeman made his début as a literary critic with a volume called *The Moderns* which included essays on George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Robert Bridges, and three others. This was the first work of Freeman to be brought to America. It was published here in 1917.

Twelve poems were contained in *Memories of Childhood*, which made its appearance in 1918 as number one of the Green Pastures series. Its cover and frontispiece were drawn by James Guthrie. These poems were republished the next year together with some new poems under the title of *Memories of Childhood and Other Poems*.

Freeman was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1920 for his *Poems New and Old* which was a collection of his previously published verses with some

unpublished ones added. This work introduced Freeman's poetry to American readers in 1921. In England in 1921 he published two more volumes: *Music: Lyrical and Narrative Poems* and *The Red Path and the Wounded Bird*. "The Red Path" is a narrative.

In 1922 Freeman turned to fiction and wrote two novels, *This My Son* and *Fan of Belsey's*. Two more novels followed in the two succeeding years, *Punch and Holy Water* and *God's Infidel*. None of the four novels was published outside of England.

A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of His Work was Freeman's second critical work. It was a combination of biography and literary criticism, showing the influences discoverable in Moore's work, his attitude toward his art and toward other writers, his friendships and contacts with men and women. Freeman subjected each of his books to a careful analysis.

Studies of Walter De La Mare, Compton Mackenzie, and others of Freeman's contemporaries appeared in *English Portraits and Essays*.

Returning to poetry in 1924, Freeman published a collection called *The Grove and Other Poems*. In 1925 and 1926 he wrote two verse dramas, *Prince Ab-salom* and *Solomon and Balkis*.



JOHN FREEMAN

Assuming the task of piecing together the fragments of autobiographical record contained in Herman Melville's early works, Freeman published a study of Melville in 1926 as the first of the English Men of Letters series edited by J. C. Squire. In the preface Freeman made an apology to America for including an American writer among English men of letters and said that his volume had "the advantage—and all the disadvantages—of being the first book on Herman Melville to be published in England."

His critical works were in rhythmic prose, written, as he believed all prose should be, rather for the ear than for the eye.

The *Collected Poems* of Freeman appeared in 1928, made up mainly of selections from *Poems New and Old*, *Music*, and *The Grove*, plus other poems not previously printed in book form.

Freeman was best known in America for his studies of Melville and Moore, but in England he was regarded as one of the most promising of the contemporary poets and was repeatedly praised for his spiritual strength and the beauty of rhythm in his pastoral poems. Most of his poems were inspired by nature. They were simple, revealing sensitiveness of feeling and a gentle melancholy, but rarely passion or strong emotion.

Harold Monro said: "His poetry is a continual discovery of new beauty in old and well-known objects. It is melodious, slow-flowing, mellifluous—not surprising. It is digressive and expansive, and those who learn to appreciate it do so gradually and by force of custom rather than thru any sudden illumination." Freeman's works were never very popular, being read and appreciated chiefly by critics and poets.

During his twenty years of writing, Freeman carried on a successful business in life insurance, traveling much of the time. It was said there were few towns in England that he did not know intimately, their streets and buildings and churches and the characters and humors of their inhabitants. He spent his holidays in the English countryside, avidly reading English literature. He was secretary of the Victoria Friendly Society.

In appearance Freeman was slight, with a large expressive mouth and receding chin. His hair was somewhat long. He wore horn-rimmed spectacles. His intimate conversation was graced with humor. Death was a constant thought with him, but he did not fear it.

Freeman died at Anerley on September 23, 1929, at the age of forty-nine. His *Last Poems* were published posthumously in 1930, edited by J. C. Squire.

John Freeman's works:

POEMS: *Twenty Poems*, 1909; *Fifty Poems*, 1911; *Presage of Victory and Other Poems of the Time*, 1916; *Stone Trees and Other Poems*, 1916; *Memories of Childhood*, 1918; *Memories of Childhood and Other Poems*, 1919; *Poems New and Old*, 1920; *Music: Lyrical and Narrative Poems*, 1921; *The Red Path and the Wounded Bird*, 1921; *The Grove and Other Poems*, 1924; *Prince Absalom*, 1923; *Solomon and Balkis*, 1926; *Collected Poems*, 1928; *Last Poems*, 1930.

CRITICAL STUDIES: *The Moderns*, 1916; *A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of His Work*, 1922; *English Portraits and Essays*, 1924; *Herman Melville*, 1926.

NOVELS: *This My Son*, 1922; *Fan of Belsey's*, 1922; *Punch and Holy Water*, 1923; *God's Infidel*, 1924.

About John Freeman:

Freeman, J. *Last Poems* (see introduction by J. C. Squire); Frost, R. *Contemporary American Authors*; Mairs, S. P. B. *Books and Their Writers*; Monro, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Shanks, E. *First Essays on Literature*; Waugh, A. *Tradition and Change*. *Bookman* (London) 71:252 August 1928; 77:114 November 1929; *Dial* 75:341 October 1923; *London Mercury* June 1920; 20:549 October 1929; 21:325 February 1930.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman 1852-1930

MARY ELEANOR WILKINS FREEMAN, American author, was born October 31, 1852, in the village of Randolph, Massachusetts, near Boston. Her father was Warren E. Wilkins, an architect and storekeeper, who was a descendant of Bray Wilkins, a judge in witchcraft trials. Her mother, Eleanor Lothrop Wilkins, also came of an old New England family.

A frail child, Mrs. Freeman was unable to attend school or play games with the other children. When she was eighteen her parents sent her to Mount Holyoke Seminary but she was withdrawn at the end of a year because of her



MARY F. WILKINS FREEMAN

delicate health. In 1873 the family moved to Brattleboro, Vermont, where for a short time she was a day pupil in a boarding school at West Brattleboro. She largely educated herself by reading at home.

"I read Dickens and Thackeray and Poe," she said, "and some translations of Goethe. I also read translations from the Greek. I remember being delighted at a very early age with some of the Greek philosophers, I cannot remember which. I was on very intimate terms with mythological people. I read Ossian; I read a lot of poetry."

Her first poems and stories appeared in the juvenile periodical, *Wide Awake*, and in a magazine for Sunday School children. Inspired by the Elizabethan song books and Rossetti, she wrote fairy ballads for *St. Nicholas Magazine*. At thirty-one she published her first book, an illustrated volume of poems called *Decorative Plaques*. "Given perfect freedom of choice, which I was not given," she said, "I might have been a lyricist."

After the death of her sister and her mother, Mrs. Freeman kept house in Brattleboro for her father until he died in 1883 and then she returned to Randolph and made her home there for the next twenty years with Mary Wales, a

friend of her girlhood. Faced with the necessity of earning her own living and also supporting an aunt, she began to write short stories for grown-ups. "A Shadow Family" won a prize contest conducted by a Boston paper. Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, discovered Mrs. Freeman and published her second adult story, "Two Old Lovers," in March 1883. The third, "A Humble Romance," appeared in *Harper's Monthly* for June 1884.

The early juvenile stories of Mrs. Freeman were collected under the title of *The Adventures of Ann* in 1886. The book was reprinted in 1899 as *An Colonial Times*.

In 1887 twenty-eight of Mrs. Freeman's short stories were collected to form her first mature volume, *A Humble Romance*. She was then thirty-five. The book was generally ignored, but Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose secretary she was for many years, congratulated her upon it, as did James Russell Lowell. England began to show an interest in Mrs. Freeman's work, and by the time her second book, *A New England Nun*, appeared in 1891, she had general recognition both at home and abroad. Her juvenile tales from *St. Nicholas* were gathered in 1892 under the title of *Young Lucretia*. She wrote a dramatic tragedy, *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, which was read with approval at the Deerfield summer school of history and romance, but was a complete failure on the Boston stage.

Mrs. Freeman's first novel, so called, was *Jane Field*, which was not unlike a short story in technique. It began as a serial in *Harper's Monthly* in 1892 and appeared in book form in 1893. Another nominal novel, *Pembroke*, which was in reality a series of short story episodes, came in 1894. These two novels and her first two story collections (exclusive of her juvenile work) were the books for which she was best known in her lifetime.

In 1895 Mrs. Freeman wrote a detective novel called *The Long Arm*, which, after revision by a staff member of the *Youth's Companion*, won a two thousand dollar prize offered by the magazine.

The Portion of Labor, published in 1901, was perhaps the most discussed

of Mrs. Freeman's novels because of the picture it presented of the hard life of the factory worker in a small New England town.

She was married on January 1, 1902, to Dr. Charles Manning Freeman and went to live in Metuchen, New Jersey, where she made her home the rest of her life. Her only work of literary criticism was a critique of Emily Brontë written in 1903, expressing the opinion that had Emily Brontë lived longer she could not have produced a greater book than *Wuthering Heights*, "so far as the abstract quality of greatness goes."

After devoting herself to the short story for several years and producing notably the volume of stories called *Sir Trees*, Mrs. Freeman returned to the novel with *The Debtor* in 1905. Her last novel was *An Alabaster Box*, written in collaboration with Florence Morse Kingsley, and published in 1917, and her final story collection was *Edgewater People*, 1918.

According to figures compiled in 1922, Mrs. Freeman wrote a total of 238 short stories, of which 173 appeared in collections. Sixty-five more were not republished from the magazines in which they appeared. Seventy-one stories appeared in *Harper's* alone. She wrote practically nothing in the last ten years of her life, but in 1925 was awarded the William Dean Howells medal for fiction by the American Academy of Arts and Letters and was elected a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1926. Her *Best Stories* were selected in 1927 by Henry Wysham Lanier.

The many books produced by Mrs. Freeman after the year 1895 were criticized for their unevenness. They were said to be self-conscious and improbable, lacking the close-knit construction and spontaneity of her early work. Fred Lewis Pattee, in speaking of her novels (which he regards as less important than her short stories) says: "Their power, and all of them have unquestioned elements of strength, lies in parts instead of wholes, in passages and episodes, in vivid characterization, in pictures, however, of completed character rather than in tracings of gradual character develop-

ment; in short story technique, in short rather than in novelistic art."

Mrs. Freeman wrote to sell. "The most of my work," she said, "is not really the kind I myself like. I want more symbolism, more mysticism. I left that out because it struck me people did not want it, and I was forced to consider selling qualities." The usual scene of her stories was rural New England. Her favorite theme was revolt, as exemplified in the popular story "The Revolt of Mother." Many of her characters were unmarried women past middle age.

"Concerning any influence of other writers," said Mrs. Freeman, "it may seem egotistical, but there was none. I did, however strange it may seem, stand entirely alone. As a matter of fact, I would read nothing which I thought might influence me. I had not read the French stories; I had not read Miss Jewett's stories. I will add that, altho I have repeatedly heard that I was founded on Jane Austen, I have never read any of her books." This accounts for the originality as well as the lack of artistry in her early work, Pattee points out.

Mrs. Freeman was a small woman who impressed people as being singularly unaffected, cordial, and frank. One who knew her well described her as being "a little frail-looking creature, with a splendid quantity of brown hair, and dark blue eyes with a direct look and a clear, frank expression—eyes that readily grow bright with fun." She was said to have a keen sense of humor which expressed itself quietly and whimsically. She was fond of country ways, but confessed to a fear of cows, caterpillars, and all creeping things. She always claimed to be ten years younger than her real age, giving the year of her birth as 1862, a decade later than it was actually shown to be by an investigation of parish records after her death.

She died at Metuchen on March 13, 1930, at the age of seventy-seven years.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's works:

COLLECTED SHORT STORIES: *The Adventures of Ann*, 1886; *A Humble Romance*, 1887; *A New England Nun*, 1891; *The Pot of Gold*, 1892; *Young Lucretia*, 1892; *Comfort Pease and Her Gold Ring*, 1895; *The People of Our Neighborhood*, 1898; *Silence*, 1898; *The*

Jamesons, 1899; *The Love of Parson Lord*, 1900; *The Home-Coming of Jessica* (including stories by Brander Matthews and Robert Grant) 1901; *Understudies*, 1901; *Six Trees*, 1903; *The Wind in the Rose Bush*, 1903; *The Givers*, 1904; *The Fair Lavinia*, 1907; *The Winning Lady*, 1909; *The Green Door*, 1910; *The Yates Pride*, 1912; *The Copy-Cat*, 1914; *Edgewater People*, 1918; *The Best Stories*, 1927.

NOVELS: *Jane Field*, 1893; *Pembroke*, 1894; *Madelon*, 1896; *Jerome: A Poor Man*, 1897; *The Heart's Highway*, 1900; *The Portion of Labor*, 1901; *The Debtor*, 1905; "Doc" Gordon, 1906; *By the Light of the Soul*, 1906; *The Shoulders of Atlas*, 1908; *The Butterfly House*, 1912; *An Alabaster Box* (with Florence Morse Kingsley) 1917.

POEMS: *Decorative Plaques*, 1883; *Once Upon a Time and Other Child Verses*, 1897.

PLAY: *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, 1893.

About Mary E. Wilkins Freeman:

Courtney, W. L. *Modern English Essays; Dictionary of American Biography*; Freeman, M. E. W. *The Best Stories* (see introduction by H. W. Lanier); Halsey, F. W. *Women Authors of Our Day in Their Homes*; Harkins, E. F. *Famous Authors (women)*; Overton, G. *Our Women Novelists*; Pattee, F. L. *Side-Lights on American Literature*.

Atlantic Monthly June 1899; *Bookman* 73: 617 August 1931; *Publishers' Weekly* 117:1685 March 22, 1930.

R. Austin Freeman 1862-

RICHARD AUSTIN FREEMAN, English author of scientific detective stories, was born in London in 1862, the youngest son of Richard Freeman. As a boy he attended the regulation private schools of the metropolis. At the age of eighteen he began his professional training at the Middlesex Hospital Medical College in London. Six years later he was admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries. His first appointment was as house physician at the Middlesex Hospital in 1886. He was married in 1887 to Annie Elizabeth Edwards, and they had two sons.

The turning point in Freeman's career occurred in 1887 when he went to Accra, on the Gold Coast of West Africa, as assistant colonial surgeon. He was twenty-three. It was a pestilential year, his sanitary report showing a mortality of 40 per cent among the Europeans.

A year and a half after his arrival he was attached to a mission to Ashanti and Jaman as medical officer, naturalist,



R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

and surveyor. He made a survey of the expedition's route, fixing positions by astronomical observations, and reported on the flora, fauna, natural productions, and other features of the countries visited. On his return to the Gold Coast he was appointed a member of the Anglo-German Boundary Commission for Togoland, but the blackwater fever laid hands on him and he was sent home, to be invalidated finally in 1892 as unfit for further service in West Africa.

For five years he practiced medicine in London, acting for a time as surgeon in charge of the throat and ear department of the Middlesex Hospital. In 1898, at the age of thirty-six, he wrote his first book, *Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman*, based on the journey he had taken in 1889. In 1901 he was medical adviser to Holloway Prison in London and in 1904 he was acting assistant medical officer of the Port of London. Then his health broke down so completely that practice became impossible and he turned to literature for a livelihood. His first work of fiction, published in 1905, was *The Golden Pool*, a story of a forgotten mine.

Recalling that in his student days he had been impressed with the material for fiction which lay in the realm of medical jurisprudence, Freeman projected a new type of detective story

built around a medico-legal expert, namely Dr. John Thorndyke of the Inner Temple. Dr. Thorndyke made his first appearance in 1907 in a mystery novel called *The Red Thumb Mark*, and he was the central figure of nearly all the novels and tales which Freeman wrote thereafter. His first book of tales was *John Thorndyke's Cases*, published in 1909.

Freeman reversed the usual mystery tale procedure in the collection of five stories published in 1912 entitled *The Singing Bone*. Working on the idea that the reader "is interested more in the intermediate action than in the ultimate result" of a story, he first revealed how a crime was committed and then showed how Dr. Thorndyke solved it.

In 1914 Freeman joined the Royal Army Medical Corps of the Territorial Forces. He commanded the first, second, and third Home Counties Field Ambulances in 1916 and 1917. He was placed on the retired list in 1922.

Detective novels and tales continued to issue from Freeman's pen meanwhile. He left fiction long enough in 1921 to write *Social Decay and Regeneration*, a treatise on the processes of life and growth in human societies and the causes of social decay and racial decadence, with suggestions as to certain possible means of regeneration.

The seven short detective stories in *The Blue Scarab*, published in 1924, differed from the usual type inasmuch as the interest lay not in guessing the identity of the criminal, but in the steps by which the identity was established. Thirty-seven of Freeman's short detective tales were collected into the volume, *Famous Cases of Dr. Thorndyke*, in 1929. In 1931 appeared *The Thorndyke Omnibus*, containing thirty-eight stories.

Most of Freeman's books, however, are novels. In 1932 he brought out *Dr. Thorndyke's Discovery* and *When Rogues Fall Out*.

"Dr. Thorndyke was not based on any person, real or fictitious," according to Freeman. "He was deliberately invented. In a professional sense he may have been suggested to me by Dr. Alfred Swayne Taylor (the father of radical jurisprudence) whose great work on that subject

I studied closely when I was a student. But his personality was designed in accordance with certain principles and what I believed to be the probabilities as to what such a man would be like. . . Especially I decided to keep him perfectly sane and normal."

Christopher Morley calls Thorndyke "the most carefully established crime savant since Sherlock Holmes."

Of the scientific problems in his stories Freeman is more than careful. Practically all the experiments performed by Dr. Thorndyke are first carried out by Freeman and the results verified. For example, before writing the story of *The Red Thumb Mark*, which conclusively proves that a finger-print is easier to forge than a written signature, and thereby challenges the infallibility of the whole finger-print method of detection, he made a set of stamps with which he was able to reproduce his own finger prints. In another story he established a sand clue by visiting a sponge warehouse and making photo-micrographs of sand from the clothing of warehousemen. The wood dust in *A Certain Dr. Thorndyke* came from a worm-eaten sparrowhawk block in his own workshop, dust which he not only examined microscopically but in individual grains which he measured with a micrometer.

"Thorndyke's material," says Freeman, "is real, authentic material, and is recognized as such by the lawyers and men of science who are among my most constant readers. A very eminent authority on Mendelism wrote to me approvingly of Thorndyke's treatment of his subject, and a well-known counsel, in criminal practice, told me that he found the Thorndyke books extremely instructive as studies in special evidence. In each book, a particular problem in medical jurisprudence is worked out, and altho the cases are fictitious, the facts are real facts and in many cases contribute new matter to the science."

Willard Huntington Wright, author of the S. S. Van Dine mystery novels, says that Freeman's stories are "well documented, carefully written, and full of both intellectual and dramatic interest."

Freeman lives at Gravesend, in Kent, where he combines his literary work with

a small local practice. He is a shy and modest man and eschews all publicity. He almost never permits himself the pleasure of reading a detective story, preferring not to run the risk of being influenced by another writer.

He is skilled in several crafts. He is a competent landscape and marine painter, a modeler in clay, a good plaster moulder, a worker in wood and metal, and is able to bind a book in leather, tool and cut the cover, and engrave the necessary brass finishing tools.

R. Austin Freeman's works:

NOVELS: *The Golden Pool*, 1905; *The Red Thumb Mark*, 1907; *The Eye of Osiris*, 1911; *The Mystery of 31 New Inn*, 1912; *Unwilling Adventurer*, 1913; *A Savant's Vendetta* (American title: *The Uttermost Farthing*) 1913; *A Silent Witness*, 1914; *The Exploits of Danby Croker*, 1916; *The Great Portrait Mystery*, 1918; *Helen Vardon's Confession*, 1922; *The Cat's Eye*, 1923; *The Mystery of Angelina Freed*, 1923; *The Shadow of the Wolf*, 1923; *The D'Arblay Mystery*, 1926; *A Certain Dr. Thorndyke*, 1927; *The Surprising Experience of Mr. Shuttlebury Cobb*, 1927; *Flighty Phyllis*, 1928; *As a Thief in the Night*, 1928; *Mr. Pottermack's Oversight*, 1930; *Pontifex, Son and Thorndyke*, 1931; *Dr. Thorndyke's Discovery*, 1932; *When Rogues Fall Out*, 1932; *The Great Platinum Robbery*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *John Thorndyke's Cases*, 1909; *The Singing Bone*, 1912; *Dr. Thorndyke's Case Book*, 1923; *The Blue Scarab*, 1924; *The Puzzle Lock*, 1925; *The Magic Casket*, 1927; *Famous Cases of Dr. Thorndyke*, 1929; *The Thorndyke Omnibus*, 1931.

NON-FICTION: *Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman*, 1898; *Social Decay and Regeneration*, 1921.

About R. Austin Freeman:

Thomson, H. D. *Masters of Mystery*;
Ward, A. C. *Aspects of the Modern Short Story*.

Roger E. Fry 1866-

Autobiographical sketch of Roger Eliot Fry, English art critic and artist:

ROGER FRY, the son of the late Sir Edward Fry, Lord Justice of Appeal, was born in London in 1866. After taking an honors degree in natural science at King's College, Cambridge, he decided to devote himself to art, and studied in the London studio of Francis Bate for some years, before going to Paris.



From a painting by Mela Muter
ROGER E. FRY

During the 'Nineties of last century he was a member of the New English Art Club. This was the home of Impressionism in England. Impressionism was still regarded at that time as a dangerous foreign innovation. To some extent he reacted against Impressionist practice and increasingly sought for direction in the works of the older masters, particularly of the Italian school.

In 1899 he published his first book. This was on Giovanni Bellini (now out of print) and this, having earned him a certain reputation as an authority on the subject, led, in the early years of the present century, to his being appointed curator of paintings of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The president of the board of trustees was the late J. Pierpont Morgan. As frequently happens in museums, a difference of opinion arose between the trustees and the curator regarding the policy of the museum, which, after a few years, led to the termination of his connection, and his return to Europe.

About this time [1905] he produced an annotated and critical edition of Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Discourses*. He became much interested in the *Burlington Magazine*—an interest which has been continued up to the present date.

In 1911 he organized the first exhibition of Twentieth Century French art. Up to that time the works of Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin, not to mention Matisse and Picasso, were practically unknown to the English public. For the purpose of exhibition he gave to this group the name of "Post-Impressionists." The fact that he had hitherto been regarded mainly as an authority on early Italian art, and now came forward to defend what seemed extravagantly revolutionary, was something of a shock to the British public, but increasing familiarity with the work of these masters has made his attitude appear less paradoxical.

He has written several books of essays on esthetic questions, notably *Vision and Design* and *Transformations*. He has also written short studies on *Flemish Art* and *Characteristics of French Art* besides monographs on Cézanne and Henri Matisse. His only excursion into more general literature consists of a book of his impressions of Spain, called *A Sampler of Castille*.

In the current year [1933] he has been appointed Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Cambridge University.

* * *

Professor Fry was married in 1896 to Helen Coombe. They had one son and one daughter.

In 1920 he brought together the selected writings of twenty years under the title of *Vision and Design*. The book was dedicated to his sister Margery. The *Dial* commented: "He shows that every picture worth a moment's consideration is built upon design, and with this truth in mind his argument drives straight to the unanswerable conclusion, namely, that the meaning of art lies in its forms."

A lecture delivered by Professor Fry at the Royal Institute of British Architects on May 20, 1921, was published as *Architectural Heresies of a Painter*.

In his preface to *Transformations*, published in 1926, he wrote: "By the word 'Transformations' I wish to suggest all those various transmutations which forms undergo in becoming parts of esthetic constructions. It is justified,

I hope, by the fact that the discussion of these various transmutations occupies so large a part of the book."

On March 24, 1927, he delivered a lecture in Queen's Hall, London, before the members of the National Art Collections Fund on the Flemish Loan Exhibition which was being held in London in 1926-27. This lecture was published, with illustrations, under the title of *Flemish Art*.

He was made an honorary fellow of King's College in 1927 and was given the honorary LL.D. by Aberdeen in 1929.

A series of lectures given to members of the National Art Collections Fund in 1932 during the exhibition of French art held at Burlington House, London, was the basis for his *Characteristics of French Art*, a volume of critical essays published the following year.

As a painter, Professor Fry has given numerous exhibitions of his work in London galleries. He says his paintings do no more than give an idea of his wanderings in search of a guiding principle in art; they are a record of trial and error. A French artist said: "To look at a picture by Monsieur Fry is like taking a lesson in painting." Commenting on this remark, Clive Bell said, "He can prove by demonstration in paint certain conclusions to which a profound and subtle study of the masters has led him. Mr. Fry does not paint like a schoolmaster, but he does paint like a critic . . . what makes his criticism precious is precisely what gives a peculiar quality to his painting," which is an awareness of motives, a quality of demonstration, and willingness to show where a composition has been mended and why it had to be mended. "Mr. Fry, both as critic and creator, is alarmingly rapid, so rapid that his intellectual decisions have sometimes the irresponsible air of instinctive reactions."

As critic, Professor Fry is known as one whose opinion carries much weight both in England and abroad. Reviewers remark that his writings are unfailingly interesting. He is a frequent contributor to the *Nation* and *Athenaeum*. He has a home in Essex.

Roger E. Fry's works:

CRITICISM: Giovanni Bellini, 1899; Vision and Design, 1920; Architectural Heresies of a Painter, 1921; The Artist and Psycho-Analysis, 1924; Transformations, 1926; English Hand-writing (with Elias Avery Howe) 1926; Art and Commerce, 1926; Flemish Art, 1927; Cézanne, 1927; Chinese Art (with Laurence Binyon and others) 1927; Georgian Art: 1760-1820 (with J. B. Manson and others) 1929; Henri Matisse, 1930; Arts of Painting and Sculpture (reprinted from The Outline of Modern Knowledge) 1932; Characteristics of French Art, 1933.

TRAVEL: A Sampler of Castille, 1923.

EDITED: Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses, 1905.

About Roger E. Fry:

Art Digest 5:32 April 1, 1931; *Burlington Magazine* 42:254 May 1923; *Nation* (London) 28:547 January 15, 1921; 33:26 April 7, 1923; *New Statesman* 15:307 June 19, 1920; 21:15 April 14, 1923; 36:585 February 21, 1931.

Richard Le Gallienne

See *Le Gallienne, Richard*

José Ortega y Gasset

See *Ortega y Gasset, José*

W. L. George 1882-1926

WALTER LIONEL GEORGE,

British novelist, was born in Paris, March 20, 1882, of British parents. He was half Jewish. His upbringing and training were French, he attended school in Paris, earning a university degree, and also studied in Germany. At nineteen he could scarcely speak English.

After starting out to be an analytical chemist, then an engineer, he went half way thru the reading for the bar, served for a time in the French army, and at twenty-three went to England to work in a commercial office.

Two years later, in 1907, George took up journalism and wrote for the London magazines on social, economic, or political topics. His first book, a group of essays on social reform, *Engines of Social Progress*, became an official handbook of the Japanese government. It was followed by a standard book on French politics, *France in the Twentieth Century*, and also a book on labor and housing. He was married in 1908 to Helen Porter.

During his journalistic career George served as special correspondent for vari-

ous papers in France, Belgium, and Spain. In politics he was an aggressive pacifist, an opponent of the idea of nationality, and a republican, the last, he said, "subject to the view that the people should be not trusted but led." He was specially interested in feminism and its subsidiaries: marriage, divorce, and sex questions.

Realizing that his ideas would reach a wider public in the form of fiction, George began writing novels at twenty-nine. His success was instantaneous. *A Bed of Roses*, his first novel, established him as an authority on woman. A story of prostitution as a profession, it was banned by libraries, with the result that its sales increased and it soon sold sixty thousand copies.

Ignoring the public demand for another novel on immorality, George wrote a story of contemporary French life, a somewhat autobiographical study of a young Frenchman in England called *The Making of an Englishman*. His fifth novel was *The Second Blooming*, the narrative of three sisters who have reached the dangerous age in their married lives. It was immensely popular and was sometimes called his best work.

George's wife died in 1914 and in 1916 he was married to Helen Agnes Madden, youngest daughter of Colonel Travers Madden, of the Bengal Staff Corps. They had two sons.

During the World War, George was a section officer in the Ministry of Munitions, and once he aroused a whole club against him by entertaining a pacifist leader at luncheon. In 1919 he further damaged his popularity by advocating soviets for England. Again, because of his French logic, he could not understand why he failed to conciliate Lord Northcliffe with his novel *Caliban*, the hero of which bore a flattering resemblance to that newspaper owner in every respect except for unfortunate conjugal affairs.

In 1920 George visited America where he had a particularly large following as a champion of feminism. His flair for publicity and his admitted liking for self-advertisement were manifest when, in the first nine hours after arrival, he gave out twenty-three feature interviews to reporters and was much photographed.



W. L. GEORGE

He lectured thruout the country for about six months on love and marriage, giving his listeners prescriptions for happiness and answering questions after each lecture. His principal purpose, he said, was to study American women, and he remarked upon their restlessness, curiosity, and "vivid intelligence."

His second wife died of blood poisoning in Houston, Texas, on December 10, 1920. Asked by a sympathetic American woman if she could do anything for him in his bereavement, he shocked her with his reply: Yes, would she sell his dead wife's clothes and be sure to get a good price. His French lower bourgeois upbringing led him into many such blunders. He recorded his random impressions of America in *Hail Columbia*, and revisited the country repeatedly in succeeding years.

In 1921 George had great success with *The Confession of Ursula Trent*, which is the story, told in the first person, of a young woman of good birth who lives her life according to her own natural impulses regardless of social repressions.

Kathleen Geipel, eldest daughter of Herbert Geipel, justice of the peace, Old Hall, Coxwold, York, became George's third wife in 1921. She is the author of the novels *Purity* (1926) and *Put Asunder* (1930).

Departing occasionally from the novel form, George made experiments in short stories of the O. Henry type, wrote two volumes of criticism, and a humorous guide to the lesser known aspects of London life. He was again misunderstood in 1924 when his novel *Triumph of Gallio*, which attempted to describe his own disillusion and stoicism, was hailed in England as a good study of a cad.

His creed was: "Work sixteen hours a day. During the other eight dream of your work. Check your references three times; then get somebody to check them again. Collect all the facts you can; then realize there are some you don't know. Acquire strong convictions; then doubt them. In other words, keep your mind fluid, so that always it may be fit to flow into the most obscure crannies of human singularity."

To a New York reporter, George said: "I am not one of these people who are interested in old ruins, and Rembrandts and cathedrals. I am interested in machinery and concrete ways of doing things, and vital things in life. I don't care at all to visit the Metropolitan Museum here, but I should like to visit your law courts." He visited Sing-Sing prison.

Frank Harris, in describing George's appearance, said: "He made a pleasant impression; a strong well set-up figure, some five feet nine or ten in height, with dark handsome face; a courteous manner with a suspicion of self-assurance. . . ." He had full lips, a black moustache, and a high forehead. He spoke English with a decided French accent. He lived in London, belonged to the Savile Club, and traveled for recreation.

Paralysis overtook George in 1925, crippling first his right hand, then his left, then his arms. Step by step the failure of nervous control spread over his whole body. When he could neither hold a pen nor speak intelligibly, he went on working, dictating novels to his wife and secretary who were the only ones who could understand his almost inarticulate words.

George died on January 20, 1926, at the age of forty-three, leaving behind him three novels which were published posthumously: *Gifts of Sheba*, the story of a

woman and her three husbands; *Children of the Morning*, a study of the psychological problem of sixty children between the ages of five and eight shipwrecked on a tropical island; and *The Ordeal of Monica Mary*.

W. L. George's works:

NOVELS: *A Bed of Roses*, 1911; *The City of Light*, 1912; *Israel Kalisch*, 1913; *The Making of an Englishman* (American title: *The Little Beloved*) 1914; *The Second Blooming*, 1914; *The Strangers' Wedding*, 1916; *Blind Alley*, 1919; *Caliban*, 1920; *The Confession of Ursula Trent*, 1921; *The Stiff Lip*, 1922; *One of the Guilty*, 1923; *The Triumph of Gallio*, 1923; *Gifts of Sheba*, 1926; *Children of the Morning*, 1926; *The Ordeal of Monica Mary*, 1927.

SHORT STORIES: *Olga Nazimov*, 1915; *The Selected Short Stories*, 1927.

MISCELLANEOUS NON-FICTION: *Engines of Social Progress*, 1907; *France in the Twentieth Century*, 1908; *Labour and Housing at Port Sunlight*, 1909; *Woman and To-Morrow*, 1913; *Dramatic Actualities*, 1914; *Anatole France*, 1915; *The Intelligence of Woman*, 1917; *A Novelist on Novels*, 1918; *Eddies of the Day*, 1919; *Hail, Columbia!* 1921; *A London Mosaic*, 1921; *How to Invest Your Money*, 1924; *The Story of Woman*, 1925.

About W. L. George:

Harris, F. *Contemporary Portraits: Third Series*; Hind, C. L. *More Authors and I*; Johnson, R. B. *Some Contemporary Novelists* (men); Swinnerton, F. *A London Bookman*.

Bellman 26:578 May 24, 1919; *Bookman* 52:193 November 1920; *Fortnightly Review* 125:521 April 1926; *Saturday Review of Literature* 2:633 March 13, 1926.

Jean Giraudoux 1882-

JEAN GIRAUDOUX, French novelist and playwright, was born in the little town of Bellac (Haute Vienne) on October 29, 1882. His father, an engineer, specialized in building bridges, and, since rivers abound in that section of France, he had always plenty of work. The provincial bourgeoisie offered Jean a peaceful childhood: he played with the son of the inspector of highways and the druggist's nephew, and with them learned the alphabet from an old respectable lady, and, like them, believed in fairies. The winters were extremely cold in Bellac, the wolves prowled in the farms, the Vincou froze, and Jean's father complained of rheumatism. Forced to move, the Giraudoux family settled down in the town of Cerilly (Allier). It was a smaller town than Bellac, and less charm-

ing, but Jean met there his first friend—Charles-Louis Philippe (1874-1909) the famous author of *Bubu de Montparnasse*.

For five years Jean attended the school at Pellevoisin, in Berry, and later the Châteauroux Lycée. Altho he has called Châteauroux "the ugliest town in France," still he has evoked with great love and sympathy (in *Adorable Clio* and in *Simon le Pathétique*, for instance) his student days and his night escapades when an irresistible desire drove him away from the town into the distant moonlit fields. At school the fifteen year old boy learned that his neighbor at Cerilly, Philippe, was—a great writer! On his homecoming during his vacation, Jean looked up Philippe and made some strange discoveries. "Philippe's house stood next to mine. Every morning he would come to the shoemaker's shop and sit down on a bench by the door. I spied on him from a bull's eye, and I derived more pleasure from watching him than from reading his books." Jean wrote to Philippe, who answered with a long epistle filled with admonitions and profitable advice.

At first Jean thought of becoming a professor: he loved Latin and Greek, and once he told Lefèvre: "Latin is the language to which I owe most." He went to Paris and attended Lakanal; he came out brilliantly at the *concours generale*. After serving his military period in Lyons and Clermont-Ferrand, he followed courses at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, but soon changed his mind about becoming a professor. He longed for something more difficult and exciting. Germany attracted him. After a brief sojourn in Munich, he went to Berlin and then to Vienna, and later visited Italy and the Balkans. He saw all that interested him—Wilhelm II and the Emperor Francis Joseph included. In 1907 he became the private tutor of the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen. Annoyed at being called Herr Professor, he fled as fast as he could. In years to come his nomadic spirit took him to Canada, the United States, and Mexico.

At the age of twenty-seven, Giraudoux had received his *licencié* and also a diploma for his graduate work in German literature, and was now engaged in journalism, contributing articles to *Le*

Matin. But his main ambition was literature: in 1904 while at the Ecole Normale he finished a short story entitled "Le Dernier Rêve d'Edmond About" and gave it to a fellow student, one Émile Ripert, who saw to it that it was published. It appeared in *Le Marseille-Etudiant* for December 16, 1904. This was Giraudoux's literary debut. Not long after, his stories were printed in *La Grande Revue*, *La Revue des Temps Présents*, and in *L'Ermitage*. One day he engaged in conversation with a total stranger on the terrace of a café, and learned that his name was Bernard Grasset, lover of literature and editor (at his own expense) of the younger writers. Invited to talk things over, Giraudoux went to see him with a manuscript under his arm. It was a collection of five short stories, three of which had been published in the magazines mentioned above, and he wanted to see them printed in book form under the title *Provinciales*. Grasset praised the book and published it in 1909—in four years he sold exactly forty copies and Giraudoux collected his first royalties: twenty francs.

In the meantime a new story had been accepted by *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, another by *La Grande Revue*, and a third one (sold for seventy francs) by *Le Mercure de France*. In 1911 Grasset brought them out under the title *L'Ecole des Indifférents*.

If literature brought no material profits, at least Giraudoux had won recognition. André Gide, among others, greeted him quite warmly. For a living Giraudoux turned to diplomacy. He attended the Consular School and his brilliant work was rewarded with a post in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Soon, after a few months of office routine, he was sent on a "mission" to northern Russia and the Orient. He devoted his spare time to a novel—*Simon le Pathétique*. The editor of *L'Opinion* asked for the manuscript (July 1914) and printed it serially till August 2, when the magazine had to stop publication: the Germans had passed Dieuze and Charleroi on their way to Paris, and the *L'Opinion* staff feared that Giraudoux's manuscript might get them into trouble. Two chapters which had some cutting



JEAN GIRAUDOUX

remarks about German Kultur were destroyed.

Overnight Giraudoux changed from a Chateauguyon bather to a foot-soldier in Alsace. And then he "caressed the War" at the Moselle, the Oise, the Aisne, the Marne, and the Dardanelles. . . "Awake, constantly awake," he distinguished himself for his valor. He was wounded twice and was the first French writer to be decorated with the Legion of Honor. His war reminiscences, *Lectures Pour une Ombre*, 1918, represent one of the few really literary reports of the World War and are available in English translation as *Campaigns and Intervals*. When he came out of the hospital he was sent directly to the United States as officer-instructor. He endeavored to understand this country and his sympathetic observations resulted in *Amica America*, 1918. Unlike most foreign visitors, his book was more a defense than an accusation: he did not harp on the overemphasized industrial, money-making aspects of American civilization, but praised its youthful, sporting attitude.

Giraudoux found time to doctor his too hastily maimed *Simon le Pathétique* and finally published it in 1918. This novel, highly praised by the critics, was immediately followed by *Elpénor*, 1919, a delightful pastiche of Homer (as Giraudoux remarked: "I became the

Charlie Chaplin of the *Odyssey*") and by *Adorable Clio* in 1920. But he was also busy in the exercise of his diplomatic duties: penciling crosses to show the Germans where to affix their signatures on the Treaty of Versailles, and in missions to Portugal in the company of Joffre and Bergson.

In 1921 appeared *Suzanne et le Pacifique* (*Suzanne and the Pacific*) considered by an English critic as "one of the most artificial books ever written." The plot can be summed up in a few lines: A French schoolgirl named Suzanne won a prize (a voyage to Australia) in an essay contest. The ship taking her and her governess was wrecked somewhere in the Pacific, Suzanne being the only survivor. This young Miss Robinson Crusoe managed to exist alone on an island. Some corpses of German submarine sailors were washed on to her coral reef, and some time later she was rescued by a party of scientists. The charm of the novel lay in its exquisite descriptive prose: a poem in prose scintillating with bizarre images and metaphors.

While visiting Germany in 1921 and studying its new problems, Giraudoux used his spare time in hotels and waiting-rooms in the composition of *Siegfried et le Limousin* (in English translation, *My Friend From Limousin*). The novel was finished in twenty-seven days. Published in 1922, it brought him half of the Grand Prix Balzac—the other half went to Émile Baumann's *Job le Prédestiné*. In his narrative Giraudoux took advantage of a strange case of amnesia to compare the two cultures—the French and the German—which he knows so thoroughly and which has served him as a leitmotiv thru his entire work. Thanks to the award, his name traveled beyond his esoteric reading public. However, he attained a really wider and more international audience only after the appearance of *Bella* in 1926. For this novel, like most *romans à clef*, contained sensational material; it depicted the rivalry for political power between two French families: the Rebenard and the Tubardeau, which alert readers immediately identified as the Poincaré and the Berthelot respectively. This novel, simpler and less fantastic than his previous work, was translated

into English, German, Italian, Polish, and Russian.

As far back as 1924 (as evidenced by a short piece, "Première Scène d'une Adaptation au Théâtre de Siegfried et le Limousin," included in a tribute offered to Professor Charles Andler by his pupils and friends) Giraudoux was interested in the theatre. In 1928 *Siegfried* was performed in Paris with unprecedented success. Since then he has written three other plays, but only *Amphitryon 38*, produced in 1929, compared with his earlier success.

Giraudoux has also collected some notes and maxims on one of his major interests in life, sports (*Le Sport*, 1928). His recent novel *Aventures de Jérôme Bardini* seems to be, despite its New York background, its novelty and pathos, more clever than significant. More recently he has brought together in one volume, *La France Sentimentale*, several short narratives which could be classified as variations on *Bella* and his earlier works.

Giraudoux has occupied many important positions in the diplomatic world: in 1924, *chargé de relations avec la presse*, a sort of intermediary between the government and the press; two years later he formed part of the committee dealing with the Franco-Turkish litigation, etc.

A rather tall man, youthful-looking, Giraudoux loves sports, books, automobiles, travel, and politics. He is reserved and elegant: pale lips, prominent forehead, plastered, well-dressed hair, deep blue eyes under the rose-tinted glasses of his tortoise-rimmed spectacles. Often he wears a monocle.

A. F.

The principal works of Jean Giraudoux:

FICTION: *Provinciales*, 1909; *L'École des Indifférents*, 1911; *Simon le Pathétique*, 1918; *Elpenor*, 1919; *Adorable Clio*, 1920; *Suzanne et le Pacifique*, 1921; *Siegfried et le Limousin*, 1922; *Juliette au Pays des Hommes*, 1924; *Bella*, 1926; *Eglantine*, 1927; *Aventures de Jérôme Bardini*, 1930; *La France Sentimentale*, 1932.

DRAMA: *Siegfried*, 1928; *Amphitryon 38*, 1929; *Judith*, 1932; *Intermezzo*, 1933.

ESSAYS AND TRAVEL: *Lectures Pour une Ombre*, 1918; *Amica America*, 1918; *Adieu à la Guerre*, 1919; *Le Sport*, 1928; *Racine*, 1930; *Bêtes*, 1931; *Berlin*, 1932.

Works of Jean Giraudoux in English translation:

Campaigns and Intervals, 1918; Suzanne and the Pacific, 1923; My Friend From Limousin, 1923; Bella, 1926; Siegfried, 1930.

About Jean Giraudoux:

Angiolletti, G.-B. *Scrittori d'Europa*; Boulanger, J. *Mais l'Art est Difficile*; Bourdet, M. *Jean Giraudoux*; Catalogue, G. de. *Une Génération*; Crémieux, B. *XIXe. Siècle*; Drake, W. A. *Contemporary European Writers*; Dubech, L. *Les Chefs de File de la Jeune Génération*; Gide, A. *Nouveaux Préludes*; Humbourg, P. *Jean Giraudoux*; Jaloux, E. *L'Esprit des Lettres*; Lefèvre, F. *Une Heure Avec*, II and IV; Lièvre, P. *Esquisses Critiques*; Mionmandre, F. de. *Le Pavillon du Mandarin*.

Bookman (London) 83:117 November 1932; *Bookman* 76:246 March 1933; *Le Correspondant* 311:500 May 25, 1928; *Etudes* 4:580 December 5, 1922; *La Grande Revue* 110:547 February 1923; *Mercur de France* 225:96 January 1, 1931; *Nuova Antologia* 59:235 February 1, 1924; *Nouvelle Revue Française* 13:1064 December 1, 1919; *Revue Européenne* 1:37 March 1, 1923; *Revue des Vivants* 4:227 February 1930; *Revue Mondiale* 178:63 July 1, 1927; *Theatre Arts Monthly* 17:495 July 1933.

Ramón Gómez de la Serna 1891-

RAMÓN GÓMEZ DE LA SERNA (universally known as Ramón) Spanish humorist, essayist, and novelist, was born in Madrid at 5 Calle de las Rejas on July 5, 1891. His first attempt at writing consisted of a Christmas card addressed to his parents in 1894 and his earliest journalistic efforts appeared in his own hectographed paper of which he still remembers an article about the Spanish "disaster" of 1898. The dawn of the new century found him in Frechilla, a town in Old Castile, where he resided for two years. He attended the Instituto of Madrid. His adolescent years seem to have been uninteresting—he has called them his "dark" years. Accompanied by some children whose names he has completely forgotten, he used to go to the Paseo de Coches to read *Tierra y Libertad*. At twelve he was a strong, healthy boy: he spent his mornings playing ball in the Retiro Park. Once he left his game for a radical meeting. He shouted some words which started a riot and he was taken to police headquarters. Since then he has poured his rebelliousness only into his literary creation.

In 1904, in celebration of his thirteenth birthday, he published his first book significantly entitled *Entrando en Fuego* (Coming under Fire). It won him a certain notoriety and, not long afterwards, he was reading a memoir for the Athenaeum, of which he became secretary. At the appearance of his second book, *Morbideces*, in 1907, a group of intellectuals, led by Ciges Aparicio, honored him with a banquet. A year later he obtained his law degree, but he has never practiced—he studied law only so that he might have his photograph taken in his cap and gown. He autographed the one copy of his picture, dedicating it to himself with the inscription: "To the pitiless lawyer Ramón, who had the nerve to be photographed in this get-up. With apologies—Ramón."

He wanted to see other countries. After a first sojourn in Paris, with 150 pesetas for all expenses, he went to Italy, as far down as Naples, which he reached in an almost penniless state. Later he visited London, and toured most of Switzerland. But he has shown a predilection for Lisbon, especially for the sea-resort Estoril, which he discovered in 1914 and has cherished since as the "true nest of inspiration."

The year 1908 was a very significant one in Ramón's career: he met the authoress Carmen de Burgos, his most helpful and stimulating friend. In 1909 he endeavored to define the new literary trends in *El Concepto de la Nueva Literatura*, and also sent to press four other works, thus exhibiting for the first time the prolific nature of his genius. Since then he has helped to disprove the current legend about Spanish procrastination. Like his more glorious countrymen, Lope de Vega and Pérez Galdós, he has shown himself to be an utterly enterprising writer. When in 1917 he became the author of five important, full-length volumes in one season (a feat repeated in 1923) a trick picture was made of him in five different poses, so that five Ramóns, sitting in a circle facing each other, were represented in discussion of their latest works. Probably few admirers have gone thru all the eighty-odd volumes published by

Ramón during his twenty-odd years of literary activity.

In 1910, a decade before Marinetti, Ramón anticipated the Italian Futurist in a manifesto published in a number (the twentieth) of *Prometeo* and in his challenging little book *Mis Siete Palabras* (My Seven Words) in which he uttered the memorable revolutionary exclamation: "Oh, si llega la imposibilidad de deshacer!" (Alas if the day should come when it would be impossible to destroy!) Waldo Frank has claimed that if "Proust made a portrait of a society in deliquescence, of its break-up into the essences, atoms, maggots of dissolution, Ramón also weaves the filmy shell of a dissolving world, altho in him the dissolution is not social but subjective."

This concern for the fragmentary appeared more evident in 1915 when Ramón devoted an entire volume to El Rastro, the picturesque junk-dealing district of Madrid (equivalent to the Flea Market in Paris) a haven for the collector of curios and bric-a-brac—where he can find the corsets of 1830, the bicycle built for two, the lamp of Aladdin, and all the rarities of a mad world.

Ramón is the tutelary god of Madrid's gayety. It is significant that he wears sideburns like a toreador's, or better still, like Goya's. This comparison is not a superficial one. Ramón is really the son of Goya. He has not etched or painted "Caprichos," but he has designed them by means of an explosive and ticklish language. His books, however, are only a partial expression of his utterly clownesque nature. He is fundamentally the apotheosis of the play-spirit in Spain; he is, in fact, the playboy of Spain.

He is short and plump as a play-boy should be and he is full of that rollicking spirit that plump people possess. If he were not so chubby-faced, he could be taken for the best bull-fighter in Spain. He is very good-looking, too, with a smile that displays a flashing set of strong white teeth. He has the eyes of a naughty child, staring and full of curiosity. One suspects, in his penetrating glance, the desire of the child to know what is inside his doll. He seems to be a gambler who is always watching the roulette wheel of life; when he finds a new absurdity, he rakes it in to his



RAMÓN GÓMEZ DE LA SERNA

little pile of winnings, for absurdities are what he collects and cherishes above all other things. Spain loves him, as a stern, repressed mother loves her spoiled precocious child. She dotes on his foibles, and laughs complacently at each new prank.

The college boy in America would be jealous of Ramón's room. It has more trophies in it than a New Zealand head-hunter's hut; more gew-gaws than a fin de siècle spinster's parlor.

Ramón has a Segovian clock, in which two lovers eternally roll their eyes at each other in rhythm with the pendulum. He has a doll that walks sedately to a perpetual schoolhouse; music-boxes; skeletons; DANGER—DON'T TOUCH signs; a Cartesian devil who pops out at his command; Indo-Chinese butterflies; black African idols; a Cubist painting by himself; a ceiling full of constellations made of glass and mirrors: magician's props; an album where the pictures cry out, sing, weep, bark, or say "Papa" or "Mama" as the pages are turned; and a mechanical bird that sings strange songs in the morning. He used to have a heart in a glass jar of alcohol, but one day the jar was knocked over and broken, to his great sorrow. He has a crystal Japanese carrillon near the door, so that when visitors come in they

think they have broken all the glassware in the house.

Taking it into his head that he could write better if he put himself more in touch with the common heart of humanity, Ramón petitioned the Electric Light and Power Company for permission to have a street-lamp in his room. This petition was so strange that it was necessary to call a special meeting of the board of directors of the company, to decide what should be done. After much debating, argumentation, and litigation, it was decided that Ramón's petition should be granted, and now his room has a fully-equipped street-lamp in it, lamp-post and all. When he wishes to feel close to humanity, he lights his lamp and fancies himself in the street; if he reads his newspaper by its light, he fancies that, even more than being in the street, he is in the center of the world. On one side of the lamp-post he placed a large plaque with his name, Ramón, on it. Now he is free of the unease of one who has not yet achieved the immortality of having a street named for him. In his room is the thorofare of his own immortality.

The complicated problem of marriage has been easily solved by Ramón. He bought himself a Turkish slave girl in the market one day. She was clad only in a simple shift, but he took her home and dressed her in style and elegance. Being mute, she was a great comfort to him, never reproaching him; being deaf, she could not be annoyed if he zigzagged his way home belatedly from the café. She was blind to his shortcomings, and her feelings never were hurt. But one day, toppling over, she broke her wax nose on the floor, and lost her glass eyes. This spoiled her ideal perfection. Ramón put the doll away, and wore a black necktie for a long time as a token of mourning for her.

Then he bought another wax lady, prettier but not so exotic, who still lives with him. He has dressed her in the most expensively beautiful clothing, so that she seems a fashion mannequin. She is the gracious hostess who presides over his studio parties, and the guests address their remarks to her as often as to him, for she has a most understanding look and the continual self-possession of

the ideal hostess. Ramón has bought her much jewelry, including a fine diamond necklace, bracelets and rings, and a pair of earrings that fit her intriguing personality, for they are diamond question-marks from which drop long black tears. Some of her principal advantages over other women are that she does not suffer from sentimental hysterics; no wrinkles appear under her eyes with the passing of time; and she asks no questions. She makes no caustic remarks. This wonderful behavior forces Ramón to buy her more and more beautiful things. Perhaps her greatest virtue is that Ramón can read her any of his works at any time, and be sure that she will always look understanding and intelligent.

On Ramón's desk sits a test tube rack, holding seven test tubes. In each is a fountain pen. He used to have twenty, but losses and accidents reduced them to seven, and ever since he has chosen to have no more than this mystic number. Whenever he goes out, his seven pens accompany him, in his left breast pocket. As he uses only red ink, he claims that they refill themselves from his heart. Writing has always been a very natural performance for Ramón: he is the born writer *par excellence*.

To show his scorn and hatred of the pedagogic and academic ways of lecturers, Ramón at his first lecture, to the Gijón Workmen's Forum, talked on "Street-lamps," and, in order that his speech might not lack the support of authority, insisted on delivering it from a perch on a lamp-post. The more literal-minded of the police, not falling into the quaint whimsicality of the situation, forced the lecturer to appear at the police station to answer a charge of disturbing the peace, but the judge, having a more elastic disposition, acquitted him.

Another lecture, on "The Complex Beauty of the Circus," was delivered from a trapeze in Madrid, and later from the lofty tribune of an elephant at the "Cirque d'Hiver" in Paris.

Even a playboy can be a creative genius. The works of Ramón have been translated into French, German, Italian, Japanese, Dutch, Russian, Polish, and English. From his child's collection of

toys, of antics and caprices, Ramón has created his philosophy and esthetic. He brags that he has never been a frowning art, that he has wanted only to live as a human being among human beings.

"If this natural attitude is called infantilism," he says, "this fatal comparison is one made by doctors and frock-coated solemn men who would die for the Legion of Honor and the Cross of Alfonso XII. But my attitude is absolutely sincere, spontaneous, meditated, and of my own free choice. Is it not enough to feel oneself a human being in a human world? I shall always collect what pulsates in life among toys, and shall always fight Fate with a toy sword."

Ramón has written several important novels and short stories: *La Viuda Blanca y Negra*, 1917. (The Black and White Widow)—considered by the *Paris-Journal* among the five greatest works of fiction of our generation; *El Doctor Inverosímil*, 1921 (English translation, in part, as "A Doctor of Rare Ingenuity" in *Alhambra* for June 1929 and January 1930); *El Incongruente*, 1922 (The Incongruous One); *Cinelandia*, 1922 (available in English as *Movieland*); *El Chalet de las Rosas*, 1923 (The Chalet of the Roses); *Torero Caracho*, 1926 (Caracho the Bullfighter); *6 Falsas Novelas*, 1927 (Six Untrue Stories); *El Dueño del Atomo*, 1928 (The Lord of the Atom, short stories); etc. Of his extensive critical works, his *Goya*, 1928, and his *Azorín*, 1930, stand out as the most informative and penetrative. But his real contribution was the discovery of the *greguería* in 1917. Since then Ramón has cultivated his own new literary genre with astounding success. A *greguería* is a sort of metaphoric maxim or aphorism without any moralizing or academic heaviness. Christopher Morley defined Ramón's *greguerías* as consisting of "merry, bitter, and casual little trivia of inward observation; sometimes sentimental, sometimes pure iodine. . . They are worthy to stand beside Chekhov's Notebook; they are more condensed than Pearsall Smith's little sweetbreads."

In 1912 Ramón organized the gatherings at the Café Pombo, his "Sacred Crypt," attended every Saturday night by

the élite of Spanish intelligentsia. That year Ramón wrote several dramas. One of them, entitled *El Teatro en Soledad*, altho never performed and now totally forgotten, Ramón has considered the precursor of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. During the fall of 1929 Ramón tried once more the theatre: his *Medios Seres* (Half Beings) a somewhat surréaliste play was performed in Madrid in a veritable riot of applause and hootings: the vanguard approving the rebellious novelty, while the more pedestrian theatre-goers considered it a hoax.

At present Ramón is one of the busiest men in Spain. He contributes daily to two newspapers; dozens of weekly and monthly magazines thruout the world publish his articles; and he enjoys the reputation of being the most active and entertaining lecturer in the Peninsula. In 1931 he visited South America on a lecture tour and his success prompted him in 1933 to repeat his experience.

Many critics have regretted Ramón's exuberance. They claim that his speed and carelessness are detrimental to his chance for immortality. But Ramón seems not to be concerned with post mortem glories.

A. F.

The principal works of Ramón Gómez de la Serna:

PLAYS: *Ex Votos*; *Los Sonámbulos*, *Siempre viva*, *La Casa Nueva*, *Los Unánimes*, *Tránsito*, *Fiesta de Dolores*, *La Corona de Hierro*, *La Utopía*, 1912; *El Lunático*, 1912; *El Teatro en Soledad*, 1912; *Los Medios Seres*, 1929.

NOVELS: *La Viuda Blanca y Negra*, 1917; *El Secreto del Acueducto*, 1918; *El Doctor Inverosímil*, 1921; *El Gran Hotel*, 1921; *El Incongruente*, 1922; *Cinelandia*, 1922; *La Quinta de Palmyra*, 1923; *La Mujer de Ambar*, 1923; *El Novelista*, 1923; *El Chalet de las Rosas*, 1923; *La Malicia de las Acacias*, 1924; *El Torero Caracho*, 1926; *La Nardo*, 1930; *Policéfalos y Señora*, 1932.

SHORT STORIES: *6 Falsas Novelas*, 1927; *El Dueño del Atomo*, 1928; *La Hiperestésica*, 1931.

CRITICAL STUDIES: *Goya*, 1928; *Azorín*, 1930; *Ismos*, 1931.

FANTASY, DESCRIPTION, and APHORISMS: *Tapices*, 1913; *El Rastro*, 1915; *Senos*, 1917; *Greguerías*, 1917; *El Circo*, 1917; *Muestrario*, 1918; *El Alba*, 1918; *Greguerías Selectas*, 1918; *Variaciones*, 1920; *Disparates*, 1921; *Ramonismo*, 1923; *Caprichos*, 1925; *Las 636 Mejores Greguerías*, 1925; *Golleries*, 1926; *Novísimas Greguerías*, 1929; *Elucidario de Madrid*, 1931.

Ramón Gómez de la Serna's works in English translation:

Movieland, 1930; and stories in *The Best Continental Short Stories of 1927* edited by R. Eaton, 1928; in *The European Caravan* edited by S. Putnam, 1931; and in *Great Spanish Short Stories* edited by J. G. Gorkin, 1932; and selections in *Alhambra* 1:13 and 1:30, New York, June 1929 and January 1930; *Bookman* 67:386 June 1928; *Broom* 2:182 May 1922; *Criterion* 1:106 January 1923; *Living Age* 333:830 November 1, 1927; *Fortnightly Review* 125:35 January 1929.

About Ramón Gómez de la Serna:

Boyd, E. *Studies from Ten Literatures*; Cassinos-Assens, R. *La Nueva Literatura, IV*; Frank, W. *Virgin Spain*; Lefèvre, F. *Une Heure Avec*, V; Salaverria, J. M. *Nuevos Retratos*.

Bookman 67:386 June 1928; *Broom* 2:182 May 1922; *Fortnightly Review* 125:33 January 1929; *Hispania* 1:234 Paris, 1918; *Mexico Moderno* 1:78 March 1, 1921; *New York Herald Tribune Magazine* October 12, 1930; *La Revue Européenne* 3:7 March 1, 1924; *La Revue Hebdomadaire* 32:293 January 20, 1923; *La Vie des Peuples* 7:442 June 10, 1922.

Edmund Gosse 1849-1928

SIR EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE, English critic, essayist, and literary historian, of Scandinavian origin, was born in London, on September 21, 1849, the only son of Philip Henry and Emily Bowes Gosse. At his birth, he was, like Hardy, thought to be dead, and he owed his preservation to an old woman, who, present merely by chance, detected signs of life in him. Gosse's father, a well-meaning religious fanatic, was a naturalist and author of *The Romance of Natural History*. The mother, more extreme, if possible, in her religious views than her husband, was a member of the rigid "Plymouth Brotherhood," and is described as being of a "devout and pious turn of mind, a successful writer of tracts, and a lifelong practitioner of good deeds." Her husband's senior by five years, she was forty-three when her son was born, and she died when he was seven years old.

Both parents were entirely ignorant of, and opposed to, secular literature, and the mother, who regarded the reading and writing of fiction as a sin, refused to read Scott's works because they were not "true"! Nevertheless, Gosse became one of the best-read men of his

day, and one of the most understanding and sympathetic interpreters of modern literature.

Thru his mother, Gosse was descended from Lucy Hancock, an aunt of the statesman whom we honor by using his name as a synonym for signature. Of this fact, Gosse, who admired America and American writers, was always very proud.

After being educated at home by tutors, and at private schools, Gosse was appointed, in 1867, assistant librarian of the British Museum (at an annual salary of £90) thru the influence of Charles Kingsley, a friend of his father. At the British Museum, Gosse had the pleasure of being associated with Coventry Patmore. This post he held until 1875, when he became translator to the Board of Trade, with Austin Dobson as one of his colleagues.

While serving in this capacity, he compiled in 1881 an official blue book, published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office, *On the Industry and Trade of Germany During the First Year of the New Protective Policy*, that aroused the wrath of Bismarck, who demanded, thru the Foreign Office, that the author be called to account. But Bismarck was disappointed, as his order was no more successful than his attempt to crush German Socialism: the affair was treated as a "big joke," Gosse tells us, and, instead of receiving a rebuke, he was praised and promoted.

In 1884 Gosse made his first visit to the United States and Canada, delivering a course of lectures on English Literature. At Boston, he was the guest of William Dean Howells, and at Washington, of George Bancroft, the historian, and of General Sheridan.

For five years, 1884-1889, he was Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge (succeeding Sir Leslie Stephen) one of the fruits of which activity was his *From Shakespeare to Pope*, a discussion of "classical" English verse (with a poetical dedication to W. D. Howells). An interesting feature connected with these lectures is the response they drew from J. Churton Collins, who "pulled them to pieces." Altho there was some justification for

Collins' strictures, the real truth is that Gosse erred in minor points of detail and emphasis, rather than in his fundamental position.

In 1904 Gosse left the Board of Trade to become librarian to the House of Lords, a post in which he enjoyed an official residence and a yearly salary of £1400. Here he remained until 1914, when he was compelled to resign, much against his will, because he had reached the retirement age.

His first volume of verse (1870) attracted the attention of Rossetti and Swinburne, altho Gosse admits that "not more than a dozen copies were sold." A second volume, *On Viol and Flute*, published in 1873, had more serious consequences, winning him both a wife and poetic recognition. It secured him an invitation to the home of the famous painter, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. There he met Nellie Epps, Lady Tadema's sister, whom he married on August 13, 1875. Three children were born of the union, two daughters, Tessa and Sylvia, and a son, Dr. Philip Gosse, a radium expert, who has inherited his grandfather's interest in natural science, and who is author of a *History of Piracy*.

For his services in introducing Scandinavian literature to English readers,



EDMUND GOSSE

Gosse was made a Knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, of the Royal Swedish Order of the Polar Star, and of the Royal Danish Order of the Dannebourn. With William Archer, he shares the credit of making Ibsen known outside of his own country. France honored him with a commandership in the Legion of Honor, and his masterpiece, *Father and Son*, was crowned by the French Academy in 1913, in which year Gosse admitted its authorship, the book having been issued anonymously in 1907. His contribution to English letters was officially recognized on January 1, 1925, when he was knighted by King George. He had previously, in 1912, been made a Companion of the Order of the Bath. Honorary doctorates were conferred on him by the universities of St. Andrews, Cambridge, Strasbourg, Gothenburg, and Paris.

To those who saw Gosse as a pall-bearer at Hardy's funeral, where he introduced Shaw to Kipling, he appeared to be in perfect health, standing tall and straight, with ruddy complexion, and sharp blue eyes twinkling thru steel-rimmed spectacles, but he died four months later, on Wednesday, May 16, 1928, following an operation at the London Nursing Home. He left a host of friends among writers, actors, and artists, one of the finest private libraries in the world, and a reputation for having read almost as much as George Saintsbury.

Gosse was a prolific writer who attempted practically every literary form in prose and verse. He will be remembered, however, not as poet, essayist, dramatist, or novelist, but as a critic and as the author of *Father and Son*, a fascinating study of "a struggle between two temperaments, two consciences, and almost two epochs." The book scored an immediate success, as it deserved, and its claim to greatness continues to grow. Shaw described it as "one of the immortal pages of English literature."

As a critic, Gosse was, in no derogatory sense of the word, conservative. He accepted the traditional forms, worked in them with ease, and felt that they did not hamper real talent. At the same time, he did not hesitate to

praise writers who adopted unconventional modes of expression. Always fair in his criticism—altho he was, on more than one occasion, the victim of unjust attacks—he was the more so in discussing tendencies with which he was not in sympathy. Frequent references in his letters show that he was aware of the dangers of being prejudiced and old-fashioned, and he guarded against them. Especially at home in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, he was also keenly interested in all modern movements. Perhaps his services to French literature—altho he spoke a vile French—are even more significant than his English studies. He knew France as well as James Darmesteter, the too-little known French essayist, knew England. He had a natural sympathy for everything French, and Daudet, Zola, Verlaine, Fabre, Paul Bourget, Henri de Régnier, Marcel Prévost, and André Gide were only a few of his French friends. His early appreciation of Gide long before he was recognized, even in France, is one instance where Gosse anticipated what is now the general verdict.

An interesting personal sidelight on Gosse's critical standards is shown by his reaction to a statement made by Philip Guedalla, of whom he had written very favorably. Guedalla, pleased, believed, or pretended to believe, that Gosse was merely being kind. Gosse rebuked him severely in a letter (December 3, 1926), which must have removed Guedalla's doubts: "Your note last Monday made me very angry. I cannot think how you could allow yourself to say that you would be proud if you could believe that I 'meant half that I wrote.' I always mean exactly the whole of what I write. I believe that you expressed yourself in haste and not with a wish to wound me. But you should not be so anxious to be 'smart' at all risks."

H. S. R.

Edmund Gosse's works:

POETRY: Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets, 1870; On Viol and Flute, 1873; New Poems, 1879; Firdausi in Exile and Other Poems, 1885; In Russet and Silver, 1894; Collected Poems, 1911.

DRAMA: King Erik, 1876, The Unknown Lover, 1878.

FICTION: The Secret of Narcisse: A Romance, 1892.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, and BIOGRAPHY: Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe, 1879; Gray, 1882; Seventeenth Century Studies: A Contribution to the History of English Poetry, 1883; From Shakespeare to Pope, 1885; Raleigh, 1886; Life of William Congreve, 1888; A History of Eighteenth Century Literature, 1889; Robert Browning: Personalia, 1890; The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, 1890; Gossip in a Library, 1891; Questions at Issue, 1893; The Jacobean Poets, 1894; Critical Kit-Kats, 1896; A Short History of Modern English Literature, 1898; Henry Fielding, 1898; The Life and Letters of John Donne, 1899; English Literature: An Illustrated Record, 1903 (volume 2 with Richard Garnett; volumes 3 and 4 by Gosse alone); Jeremy Taylor, 1904; French Profiles, 1905; Coventry Patmore, 1905; Sir Thomas Browne, 1905; British Portrait Painters and Engravers of the Eighteenth Century, 1906; Ibsen, 1907; Father and Son, 1907; Swinburne: Personal Recollections, 1909; The Life of Swinburne, 1912; Portraits and Sketches, 1912; The Future of English Poetry, 1913; Two Pioneers of Romanticism: Joseph and Thomas Warton, 1915; The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1917; The Novels of Benjamin Disraeli, 1918; Three French Moralists and the Gallantry of France, 1918; Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, 1919; Malherbe and the Classical Reaction in the Seventeenth Century, 1920; Books on the Table, 1921; Aspects and Impressions, 1922; The Continuity of Literature, 1922; More Books on the Table, 1923; Personal Relations Between Literature and Medicine, 1924; Silhouettes, 1925; Swinburne, 1925 (written in 1875); Leaves and Fruit, 1927.

About Edmund Gosse:

Bellows, W. Edmund Gosse: *Some Memories*; Braybrooke, P. *Considerations on Edmund Gosse*; Charteris, E. *The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse*; Cox, E. H. M. *The Library of Edmund Gosse*; Freeman, J. *English Portraits and Essays*.

Bookman 73:463 July 1931; Bookman (London) 63:536 July 1926; London Mercury 18:114 June 1928; 18:264 July 1928; 18:633 October 1928; New Republic 55:70 June 6, 1928.

Rémy de Gourmont 1858-1915

RÉMY DE GOURMONT, French poet, critic, and novelist, was born on April 4, 1858, at the Château de la Motte in Bazoches-en-Houlme, Orne, Normandy. He was the son of the noble Auguste Marie de Gourmont and Marie Mathilde de Montfort. Among his ancestors he had had the learned fifteenth century printer Gilles de Gourmont, and several abbots of the diocese of Cou-

stance. His childhood was spent at his father's château, and later at the manor Mesnil-Villeman nearer the sea in the department of Manche where his parents had removed about the year 1868. Rémy received his education at the Lycée de Coustance and at the Faculty of Law of the University of Caen.

In 1883, at the age of twenty-five, Rémy de Gourmont went to Paris and obtained a position at the Bibliothèque National. Three years later he came to know the Symbolists thru a reading of the first number of Mallarmé's *Vogue*. In the meantime he had also become acquainted with Huysmans who was then a sub-chief of a bureau of the Paris Sûreté Générale. With him he often went to a café "across the river. . . where he listened to the older man's rather savage characterizations of men, women, movements, and books." This acquaintanceship and the meeting with other decadents and symbolists of the day came to a tardy fruition in the novel *Sixtine*, wherein Gourmont demonstrated again as true the opinion of his teachers that he was of "an easy distinguished intelligence which," they added, "he cannot learn to direct. He makes too many excursions in the field of fantasy." It also led him to espouse the cause of the "vapoureux, nuancé, et sublimisé" writers of the younger generation: Mallarmé, Verlaine, Maeterlinck, and Huysmans himself, in the pages of *Le Mercure de France* which he had helped to launch in 1890.

Some years previously, in 1887 to be exact, Rémy de Gourmont had come to know a certain Mme. de Courrière, for whom he conceived a violent passion. It led him to his first purely literary writing, the *Lettres à Sixtine* which were intended for Mme. de Courrière, but were not published until six years after Gourmont's death.

The year 1891 was an unhappy one for Gourmont. It was in this year that he published in *Le Mercure de France* an article entitled *Le Joujou Patriotisme* which satirized militarism in general and the idea of *la revanche* against Prussia in particular. He was immediately accused of anti-patriotism and dismissed from his post at the national library.



RÉMY DE GOURMONT

Furthermore, an unseemly growth began to show itself on his face at this time which made his public appearance anything but enjoyable. He removed himself to the upper floor of a house on the Rue des Saints Pères and gave himself up entirely to a solitary and studious life. He appeared in public only on his visits to the office of *Le Mercure de France* and, occasionally, among the bookstalls on the quays. But he wrote, now more than ever, and even had to take to the use of a pseudonym for his numerous articles, many of which he published over the signature of Richard de Bury. The year 1892 was somewhat enlivened with the production of his drama *Théodat* by his friend Paul Fort at the latter's Théâtre d'Art.

Rémy de Gourmont, unlike many of his contemporaries, did not travel much. He hardly ever left Paris, then only for short visits to his Normandy home. Instead, he gave himself up to unceasing literary activity, an activity which took the form of self-discovery. It was a journey "from the sensual mystic idealist of *Sixtine*, 1890, to the "sceptical Nietzschean *Dialogues des Amateurs*," 1907; from the critical essays in *Le Latin Mystique*, 1892, to the lyric flights of fancy in the *Divertissements* of 1912. Thruout this period Gourmont was also a most active journalist, contributing

voluminously to the press of Europe and America. In 1902, when his health had again become more or less normal, he founded *La Revue des Idées* wherein he strove to popularize science and the more advanced theories of literature for the benefit of the general reader. But politics he left severely alone; he was not to be caught in another imbroglio the outcome of which might bring him still more suffering.

And then Gourmont met Nathalie Barney. She was an American, a poet, who preferred to live in Europe and appears to have exerted an unusual influence over the recluse poet and critic. It did not take many years before Gourmont was again able to publish a series of letters, the *Lettres à l'Amazone*, dedicated to the American charmer, and posthumously the *Lettres Intimes à l'Amazone*. Miss Barney not only overcame Gourmont's strong aversion to Americans and all things American, but even managed to bring him out again in society. They appeared together on fashionable promenades, attended receptions, and Gourmont went so far as to appear at the Amazone's parties and dances and was even induced to pay a visit to Anatole France.

Nevertheless, writing and reading that he might write were Gourmont's real life. He had no other deep interest; even his occasional infatuations led to the same result: more experiences to write about. He lived in a musty room of books; spoke haltingly, was not fond of visitors, acted strangely with those who came to see him, and even his best friends, such as Pierre Louÿs and the painter André Rouveyre, found him trying at times. The latter gives us a fine picture of Gourmont's later years: "In his own flat, dressed in his Trappist frieze, he looked to me like the devil forced to turn hermit.

"The atmosphere was panic, secret, shadowy in his ill-aired dusty domicile . . . the place was warm, padded, unendurable, unhealthy, and its shell was composed of piled-up, dusty books built by the hands of the solitary wanderings in his quarter and along the quays. An eagle's nest, a toad's hole. . ." And Arthur Ransome adds the following:

"M. de Gourmont sits in a big chair before the desk, placing his visitor on the opposite side of the table. . . In conversation he often disguises his face with his hand, but now and again looks openly at his visitor. . . His face was beautiful in the youth of his flesh, and is now beautiful in the age of the mind, for there is no dead line in it, no wrinkle. . . The nose is full and sensitive with markedly curved nostrils. There is a little satiric beard. The eyebrows lift towards the temples, as in most men of imagination. The eyes are weighted below, as in most men of critical thought . . . The lower lip, very full, does not pout, but falls curtain-like towards the chin. . . Omar might have had such a lip, if he had been capable not only of his garlands of rose, but also of the essays of Montaigne."

From 1910 to 1913, Gourmont contributed regularly to *Le Temps*, writing of literary and philosophical questions, two spheres of thought in which only Anatole France could compete with him. Then came the World War and Gourmont again turned to politics. France was attacked. Gourmont showed his loyalty for his country by taking her side in his writings. Formerly an advocate of Franco-German amity, he now saw the Germans as invaders and cultural barbarians. They were destroying cathedrals, demolishing works of art. Gourmont wrote to denounce their barbarous activity. Even in the days before his final illness he was writing against them. He died, one may say, in the middle of an article denouncing the bombardment of the Reims cathedral. On September 25, 1915, Gourmont suffered an attack of hemorrhage of the brain. Two days later, at six o'clock in the evening on September 27, he died in the presence of his brother Jean and Mme. de Courrière. He was buried at the Père Lachaise cemetery with the honors usual to a French man of letters. He did not even escape the usual speech of a deputy of the government who, on this occasion even saluted him as "a great Republican," an honor which during his lifetime Gourmont had done nothing to earn.

Rémy de Gourmont was first introduced to the English-speaking public in 1912 thru the translation of his *A Night at the Luxembourg*. Tho he was paid only two hundred dollars for the manuscript, it earned for him the friendship of such literary persons as Ezra Pound, Richard Aldington, and J. C. Squire in England, and Harriet Monroe and Amy Lowell in the United States. He has been called "a descendant of the encyclopedists and renovated by Nietzsche," and this is indeed true. For, far from being a "Republican," Rémy de Gourmont all his life strove to establish the claims of the individual. A provincial neophyte, he emigrated to the capital of France and soon became a leading figure in contemporary letters. His deep scholarship found expression in the masterly editions of such classics as Nerval's *Aucassin and Nicolette* and *La Miracle de Théophile of Rutebeuf*. Then followed an imposing list of independent critical writings from *Le Latin Mystique* of 1892 to the *Muses d'Aujourd'hui* of 1910. "He speculates continuously, and if questions are insoluble, is not content until he has so posed them as to show the reason for their insolubility. He prefers a calm question mark to the more emotional exclamation mark, and is always happy when he can turn the second into the first." And John Cowper Powys adds that Gourmont's "ultimate contribution to the art of criticism is the disentangling, from among the more purely rational vehicles of thought, of what we might regard as the sensual or sensuous elements of human receptivity." For Gourmont handles ideas not as ideas but as sensations. One is called to respond to them not with the mind but with the heart. Be they characterizations of the poets of the sixteenth century, or of contemporary symbolists, one feels them personally and is either drawn to them, or repelled, on the basis of a purely personal reaction. He is like Oscar Wilde in this and like Walter Pater.

To the English readers, however, Gourmont is best known for his novels, chief of which is perhaps *A Night at the Luxembourg*. While in his critical writings he is somewhat influenced by Nietzsche, and in his poetry by the sym-

bolists, in his novels he transports the reader "away beyond all modern surroundings into a delicate dream world so dear to lovers of Watteau and Poussin, where the nymphs of Arcadia gather, wondering and wistful, about the feet of wandering saints, and where the symbols of Dionysian orgies blend with the symbols of the redemption of humanity."

A. R.

Principal works of Rémy de Gourmont:

NOVELS, LETTERS, AND SHORT STORIES: *Sixtine*, 1890; *Histoires Magiques*, 1891; *Les Chevaux de Diomède*, 1897; *D'un Pays Loinain*, 1898; *Le Songe d'une Femme*, 1899; *Une Nuit au Luxembourg*, 1906; *Un Cœur Virginal*, 1907; *Couleurs*, 1908; *Lettres à l'Amazone*, 1914; *Lettres à Sixtine*, 1921; *Pages Choies*, 1922; *Lettres Intimes à l'Amazone*, 1927.

PLAYS: *Lilith*, 1892; *Théodat*, 1892; *Le Vieux Roi*, 1897.

POETRY: *Litanies de la Rose*, 1892; *Les Saints du Paradis*, 1898; *Oraisons Mauvaises*, 1900; *Simone*, 1901; *Divertissements*, 1912.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANEOUS PROSE: *Le Latin Mystique*, 1892; *Le Livre des Masques*, 1896-98; *L'Esthétique de la Langue Française*, 1899; *Le Chemin de Velour*, 1902; *Le Problème du Style*, 1902; *Physique de l'Amour*, 1903; *Epilogues*, 1903-05; *Promenades Littéraires*, 1904-09; *Promenades Philosophiques*, 1905-09; *Dialogues des Amateurs*, 1907; *Muses d'Aujourd'hui*, 1910; *Nouveaux Dialogues des Amateurs*, 1910; *Dans la Tourmente*, 1916; *Pensées Inédites*, 1920.

English translations of Rémy de Gourmont:

NOVELS: *A Night at the Luxembourg*, 1912; *The Virgin Heart*, 1921; *A Very Woman*, 1922; *The Horses of Diomedes*, 1923; *Mr. Antiphilos*, 1922; *The Dream of a Woman*, 1927; *Colors*, 1929; *Letters to the Amazons*, 1931.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANEOUS PROSE: *Philosophic Nights in Paris*, 1929; *The Book of Masks*, 1921; *Decadence and other Essays on the Culture of Ideals*, 1921; *The Natural Philosophy of Love*, 1922; *The Physiology of Love*, 1932.

COLLECTIONS: *Rémy de Gourmont: Selections From All His Works* (edited by Richard Aldington) 1928.

About Rémy de Gourmont:

Aldington, R. *Rémy de Gourmont*; Donne, D. *Bibliographie des Oeuvres de Rémy de Gourmont*; Gossé, E. W. *Aspects and Impressions*; Hummer, J. G. *Uncertainty*; Powys, J. C. *Suspended Judgments*; Ransome, A. *Portraits and Speculations*.

Fortnightly Review 123:151 October 1927; *Nation* 127:357 October 10, 1928.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham
See *Cunninghame Graham, R. B.*

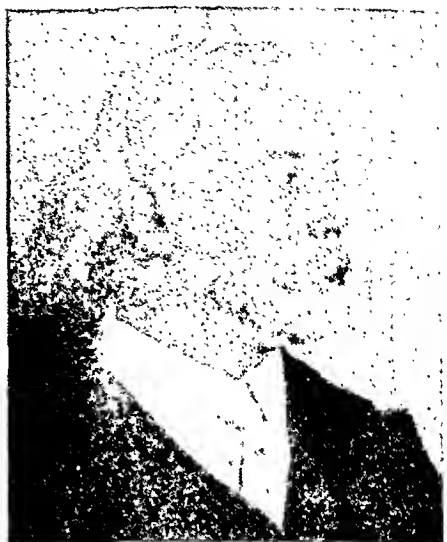
Kenneth Grahame 1859-1932

KENNETH GRAHAME, who is likened variously to Lewis Carroll, Barrie, and Stevenson, was born in Edinburgh in 1859 and died at Pangbourne on the Thames on July 6, 1932, in his seventy-third year. He combined in his quiet career such anomalous distinctions as the authorship of a number of widely known children's books—he was ever the champion of children against the tyranny of grown-ups, whom he designated "Olympians"—and the secretaryship of the Bank of England, to which he attained at an unusually early age. Like Carroll he followed a mathematical profession and turned to fantasy as a leisure-hour relaxation, an unashamed apostle of the literature of escape.

Tho born a Scotsman, the son of J. C. Grahame, an Edinburgh advocate, Kenneth Grahame had little knowledge of his native heath. His parents both died early in his life, and English relatives adopted the young orphan and brought him up in their simple rural household in Berkshire. There, in the Thames countryside, he lived the childhood which was later to be immortalized in his books. He was educated at St. Edward's School, Oxford, and entered the banking profession in London. In 1893 he became acting secretary of the Bank of England and was made full secretary five years later at the age of thirty-nine, holding the position until 1908 when ill-health forced him to resign.

In 1899 he married Elspeth Thompson of Edinburgh and they had a long and happy life together. There was one son, Alastair, familiarly known as Mouse, "with a face like a Maxfield Parrish illustration." His premature death clouded Grahame's last years. The two are buried side by side on the bank of the Thames.

Grahame was a typical "leisure hour" author. His writing was all accomplished evenings, Sundays, and on holidays during his business years, for he published nothing after he left the Bank, tho he lived for a quarter of a century



KENNETH GRAHAME

longer. His first successful literary effort was a satirical short story, "The Heads-woman," published in the *Scots Observer* in the late eighties. He became a frequent contributor to that magazine and to the *National Observer* and also wrote for the old *Yellow Book*. Swinburne was one of the earliest admirers of his work. His first publication in book form was *Pagan Papers*, a collection of essays issued in 1893, the year he was advanced to acting secretary at the Bank. Two of his remaining three books also appeared, coincidentally, in years which were milestones in his financial career. *Dream Days* was published in 1898 and *The Wind in the Willows* in 1908. The most widely known, however—*The Golden Age*—appeared in 1895.

During his writing years he was informally associated with the "Henley group," at whose meetings he preserved the rôle of a quiet observer, rarely entering into the discussions which enlivened the gatherings. Tho he could talk freely and fluently while swinging along in the out-of-doors, or lying in the open fields watching the sky, he spoke no oftener than necessary beneath a roof. One observer has pictured him amid the literary din of the group gatherings as "a startled fawn . . . unable to escape

wholly from the glades and woods whence he had come."

His work, like his life, belongs distinctly to the Victorian period in mood and style, and in the opinion of critics has been saved principally by its spontaneity from the oblivion which has swallowed the efforts of many of his contemporaries. *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* are devoted to child-life and are largely reminiscent of the author's own childhood. *Pagan Papers* is a volume of essays in the chiseled style of the 'Nineties. *The Wind in the Willows* is a story in which the personages are animals endowed with human attributes, as seen thru a child's eyes. It was dramatized by A. A. Milne in 1929 as *Toad of Toad Hall* and under this title has become popular with a new generation.

Critics have devoted considerable discussion to Grahame's attitude toward children, which has been defined as unpatronizing and distinctly not "written down." Like Carroll's, his writings are extensively read and praised by adults. Grahame once said that tho he had drawn on his own childhood for material, the children of his books were "not any particular children" but "any and all children."

Tho there can be no doubt of Grahame's understanding of the juvenile mind and outlook, Charles Lewis Hind gives an ironically amusing picture of the interpreter of child-life in his later years when he had occasion to observe him on a railway platform, "watchful, a little fussy, bothering about wraps and a carriage, ignoring two children who were of the party but studiously polite to their parents"; and recalls the wistful closing sentence of Grahame's story "The Olympians": "Can it be I, too, have become an Olympian?"

Grahame was a large and well-knit man, with a shy, kindly manner and "a ready smile that women would call 'sweet.'" Clayton Hamilton in his reminiscences gives a description of him at the age of fifty: "He was very tall and very broad—a massive figure, but with no spare flesh. His hair at that time was white [in his younger days it was very blond] but his face was almost beatifically young, and he had the clear

and roseate complexion of a healthy child. He was dressed in knickerbockers, a soft shirt, and a baggy coat of tweeds. One could see at a glance that he was one of the rare people in the world who look like themselves."

After quitting the Bank, Grahame retired to spend the last period of his life in virtually uninterrupted seclusion in the countryside of his childhood memories. His address was, "Boham's, Blewbury, Didcot, Berks" (the last pronounced to rhyme with "larks") which, translated for the non-British reader, means that he lived "in a farmhouse known ancestrally as Boham's, in the hamlet of Blewbury, adjacent to the railroad station of Didcot, in Berkshire." When attained, this somewhat complicated address would reveal itself as nothing more spectacular than a spacious early Tudor brick farm-house, with heavily thatched roof, which Grahame had modernized to the extent of electric lights and a bathtub without disturbing the essential atmosphere of the place. Here he lived with his family for years, almost entirely out of touch with the literary world. His best friends were his neighbors' animals. He knew every dog, cat, horse, cow, rabbit, chicken, sheep, and pig for miles around. The pig was always his favorite.

In answer to the frequently asked question why he so suddenly stopped writing at the period when he had the necessary leisure for the first time, Grahame once told a visitor, "I am not a professional writer. I never have been, and I never will be, by reason of the accident that I don't need any money. I do not care for notoriety; in fact, it is distasteful to me. If I should ever become a popular author, my privacy would be disrupted and I should no longer be allowed to live alone. What, then, is the use of writing, for a person like myself? To toil at making sentences means to sit indoors for many hours, cramped above a desk. Yet, out of doors, the wind may be singing thru the willows and my favorite sow may be preparing to deliver a large litter in the fullness of the moon."

Kenneth Grahame's books:

Pagan Papers, 1893; *The Golden Age*, 1895; *Dream Days*, 1898; *The Wind in the Willows*.

1008; The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Young People (editor) 1916; The Kenneth Grahame Book (collection) 1933.

About Kenneth Grahame:

Chalmers, P. R. *Kenneth Grahame*; Hind, C. L. *Authors and I*; Parker, W. M. *Modern Scottish Writers*.

Bookman 76:69 January 1933; *Bookman* (London) 83:169 December 1932; *Literary Digest* 114:19 August 6, 1932.

"David Grayson"

See *Baker, Ray Stannard*

Horace Gregory 1898-

Autobiographical sketch of Horace Gregory, American poet:

I WAS born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 10, 1898; but before I write down the few facts of my own life, I must say a word or two about my family. How important an early environment may be I leave for others to decide, of this much only I am certain: that the roots of my formal education and its incentive lie within my family circle.

On my mother's side I am of German stock, a mixture of Prussian and Bavarian blood, the family emigrating to the rich lake country of southwestern Wisconsin in the latter half of the 1840's. I can remember the house where my mother was born, a neat, clapboard structure, reminiscent of a New England farmhouse of the same period, austere and Protestant, set upon a sharply pointed hill that declined rapidly to the green shores of a small lake.

On my father's side the blood is a mixture of Roman Catholic, Scotch-Irish, and Protestant English. My grandmother's father was Henry Goadby, an Englishman who in his college career dropped law and took his doctor's degree in the sciences. He then worked with Darwin, Huxley, Owen, and Tyn-dall and assisted in the production of *The Bridgewater Treatises*. He specialized in entomology and after coming to this country completed his book, *Animal and Vegetable Physiology*. In the early eighteen sixties he accepted the chair of sciences at the then newly-founded University of Michigan.

Meanwhile my grandmother married Dr. John Gregory (1783-1880), one-time astronomer and mathematician at Trinity College, Dublin. He became the first city-surveyor of Milwaukee and wrote a book, distributed in Dublin, called *Industrial Resources of Wisconsin*, which was a plea for the Irish to leave famine and revolution behind them and follow him to the American Middle West. Today the book has special value in the early history of the state of Wisconsin.

His wife, Elizabeth Goadby, was among the first translators of Turgenev from current French translations into English and her eldest son, John Goadby Gregory, after editing the *Evening Wisconsin* for twenty years, is the author of a book of verses and a history of Milwaukee.

My father, her third son, Henry Bolton Gregory, is president of the H. B. Gregory Company, an old and well established firm dealing in bakers' supplies and machinery. My first job was with him.

After instruction under private tutorship I enrolled in a preparatory school, the German-English Academy, and during the summers, the Milwaukee School of Fine Arts.



HORACE GREGORY

At the University of Wisconsin (1919-1923) my principle interests lay in Lucretius and Catullus, for at home I had already acquired a background in English poetry thru the influence of my uncle's large library. I began to write poetry under the strictest of classical influences, Pope and Landor, which was praised by my instructors and with their encouragement I participated in the usual round of extra-curricular activity—serving on the editorial staffs of undergraduate magazines and the student newspaper. I left the University with a B.A. degree.

With this background I came to New York in 1923 and contributed formal verse to *Vanity Fair*, the *Nation*, and *Books*, but I soon found the facile "charm" of these verses lacking in everything I wanted to say. I began a new phase by writing *Chelsea Rooming House*, merely the beginning of my effort to combine the idiom of contemporary life with my early (and entirely literary) influences. Following this I wrote my translation of Catullus, which in spite of the many faults it may have, restores, I think, something of the vitality and freshness that Catullus must have had for his contemporaries. Recently, the book seems to be gaining recognition from the younger instructors in Latin literature.

My latest book of poems is *No Retreat*, which is again a combination of my early influences with the new; and in my present work I am attempting to extend its range, identifying myself in part with the tradition in American poetry that springs from Emerson.

No matter what others may think of my work I would like to have said of me what was said of Baudelaire, a far greater poet than I: "He belonged to no school . . . he copied no one, but he used everyone that suited him, making what he had taken his own and something new."

As for my criticism, when I am finished with my work I want this said, which was his statement in a letter: "I shall like it to be said that I fought against false reasoning and false taste, and against the futile enthusiasms of our contemporaries. And I trust I shall have the courage to proclaim the short-

comings of those with established reputation and defend the new and undiscovered at any price."

In 1925 I married Marya Zaturenska, poet, and have two children, Joanna and Patrick. Our home is in Long Island City, New York.

Horace Gregory's works:

POETRY: *Chelsea Rooming House*, 1930; *No Retreat*, 1933; *Phoenix in Broadcloth*, 1933.

STUDY: *Pilgrim of the Apocalypse* (D. H. Lawrence) 1933.

TRANSLATOR: *The Poems of Catullus*, 1931.

About Horace Gregory:

Poetry 38:41 April 1931; *Saturday Review of Literature* 9:468 March 4, 1933.

Lady Gregory 1852-1932

AUGUSTA, LADY GREGORY, Irish author, playwright, and Renaissance leader, died on May 23, 1932, at her estate at Coole, County Galway, Ireland, at the ripe age of eighty. Said the *London Mercury*: "The gaiety of nations has been diminished."

To Dudley Persse, Irish landed proprietor and kin of nobility, was born at Roxborough, Galway, on March 5, 1852, a youngest daughter. Isabella Augusta Persse as a girl led the usual life of the daughter of a country squire of the times. Growing to womanhood, she became one of the great beauties of her day and was widely known for her wit and charm. She was married in 1881 at twenty-nine to Sir William Gregory of Coole, a man many years her senior. He was an M.P. who had formerly been Governor of Ceylon and was locally famed as a raconteur and a violent partisan whose sympathies—despite his own career in the Government—were characteristically on the side of rebellion. One son was born to them. He was an artist who served in the World War as an airman and was killed in action. Sir William died in 1892, only eleven years after their marriage.

By all accounts the marriage was a happy one and Lady Gregory a most devoted wife. It was Sir William's death which led her into literature. His autobiography, edited by her, was published in 1894. At about the same time she began to write, taking Irish folklore, in which she had a life-long interest, as



LADY GREGORY

her material. A chance meeting with William Butler Yeats in 1898 identified her with the Irish Renaissance Movement. Tho the Movement had begun in the 'Eighties, Lady Gregory came to be known as its "godmother," thru her association (which grew out of the meeting with Yeats) first with the short-lived Irish Literary Theatre and then with the historic Abbey Theatre in Dublin. The latter association continued the rest of her life and won her the title, bestowed by George Bernard Shaw, of "The Charwoman of the Abbey."

Altho Lady Gregory's literary fame rests largely upon her distinctive personality and her position as a patron of letters, she was author in her own right of a number of works lasting in quality, if lacking the brilliance and significance of the more pretentious writings of her associates in the Movement. Several of her short plays are considered among the finest examples of the form, and have been played in all parts of the world. Few Little Theatre groups have failed to give at least one of Lady Gregory's one-act plays, so simple and homely are they and so well do they lend themselves to amateur production. Among her most widely performed plays are: *Spreading the News*, *The Rising of the Moon*, *The Jackdaw*, *The Traveling Man*, *The Wrens*, *Heurahan's Oath*, *The Golden*

Apple, *Workhouse Ward*, and *The Story Brought by Brigit*. The last is "a passion play in three acts." All are written in Lady Gregory's favorite "Kiltartan," the Anglo-Irish dialect of Western Ireland, and deal either with native folklore or with everyday peasant life.

Lady Gregory's first published original work was *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, issued in 1902, a Kiltartan play based on the life and exploits of the legendary Irish hero of the title. A year previously she had edited a small volume dealing with the Renaissance Movement. During the whole of her life she wrote prolifically and diversely, having by the time of her death nearly a score of published volumes to her credit; including numerous plays, collections and discussions of Irish folk-tales and lore, a translation of Molière's French folk-plays into the Kiltartan idiom, a biography of her nephew, Hugh Lane, well known Irish patron of the arts, and a history of the Abbey Theatre. Her final work was *Three Last Plays*, published in 1928 when she was seventy-six.

The stormy history of the Abbey Theatre immediately springs to mind whenever Lady Gregory's name is mentioned. In the minds of many, she and the Theatre were synonymous. Altho the Abbey itself was not opened until 1904, Lady Gregory and Yeats had sponsored productions of native Irish drama for some years previously, beginning with a presentation in the Ancient Concert Room in Dublin in 1899 of Edward Martyn's *Heather Field* and Yeats' *Countess Cathleen*, an occasion which stirred controversy and dispute, prophetic of the storms of later years.

The most famous event of the Abbey's history, and one which involved Lady Gregory personally, was the presentation of J. M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* in 1907. The play, treating of Irish peasant life in none too complimentary terms [see biographical sketch of Synge in this volume] was generally regarded by the Irish as an insult to the race and created one of the most memorable controversies in literary history. Both its Dublin and New York presentations were attended by rioting, and the Abbey and Lady Gregory were subjected to violent editorial attacks for

sponsoring it. In Dublin the riots did not begin at the première of the piece, as is commonly believed, but with the second night's performance. Wilfrid Blunt quotes Lady Gregory on the episode in his *My Diaries*: "The first night, she said, passed fairly well, with only a few hisses, but on the second night there was an organized opposition and, fearing mischief, she sent for the police and afterwards there was a tumult every night of the week till the last performance, when the opponents of the play got tired of their noise. She considers, therefore, that she has won a victory, but fears the incident will have harmed her in the provinces where the play is resented more than in Dublin. . . . At Gort, her country town, the local council has boycotted her, forbidding the school children to attend her teas and entertainments, lest their morals be corrupted. She is going abroad awhile with her son."

Lady Gregory brought the Abbey actors and *The Playboy* to New York in 1912 and at the Maxine Elliott Theatre the Dublin disturbances were repeated. The previous rioting had received such publicity that on opening night the theatre was packed with ardent Irish-Americans, whose pockets were filled with potatoes which they let fly at the actors when the curtain went up. One hit Lady Gregory, as she sat in a stage box. With characteristic humor she preserved it as a memento for many years.

During her lifetime she made other trips to America and always had a keen interest in the Little Theatre movement in the United States. Her last visit was in 1921, in the interests of the starving women and children of Ireland. (She was at all times an intense nationalist.)

Lady Gregory has been described by many of her contemporaries in the Irish Movement. One writer pictures her as "a core of stillness in the center of the whirlwind" of the ardent and disputative Irish literati of the Renaissance period. Another calls her "undisturbed" and finds her the force which held the temperamental members of the group together. George Moore, however, thought her "a little too imposing, too suggestive of Corinne or Madame de Staël."

Lady Gregory's books:

PLAYS: *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, 1902; *Gods and Fighting Men*, 1904; *Seven Short Plays*, 1909; *The Image*, 1910; *Irish Folk-History Plays*, 1912; *New Comedies*, 1913; *The Image and Other Plays*, 1922; *Three Wonder Plays*, 1922; *New Comedies*, 1923; *The Story Brought by Brigit*, 1924; *Three Last Plays*, 1928.

FOLKLORE: *Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland*, 1920.

GENERAL: *Our Irish Theater*, 1913; *Sir Hugh Lane's Life and Achievement*, 1921.

About Lady Gregory:

Blunt, W. *My Diaries*; Boyd, E. A. *The Contemporary Drama of Ireland*; Boyd, E. A. *Ireland's Literary Renaissance*; Chislett, W. *Moderns and Near Moderns*; Lynd, R. *Old and New Masters*; Moore, G. *Hail and Farewell!*; Morgan, A. E. *Tendencies of Modern English Drama*; Russell, G. W. *Imaginations and Reveries*; Weygandt, C. *Irish Plays and Playwrights*; Yeats, W. B. *Cutting of an Agate*.

Literary Digest 113:17 June 11, 1932; *London Mercury* 26:99 June 1932; *Nation* 134:640 June 8, 1932.

Sir H. Rider Haggard 1856-1925

SIR HENRY RIDER HAGGARD, English author, was born at Bradenham, Norfolk, on June 22, 1856, the son of William Meybohm Rider Haggard and Ella Doveton Haggard. He was the eighth of ten children. He was educated by private tutors and at the Ipswich Grammar School. Frequent childhood trips were made to the Continent.

In 1875, when he was nineteen, Haggard went to South Africa as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, newly-appointed governor of Natal. Two years later he joined the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone on a special mission to the Transvaal which ended with the annexation of the Transvaal by Great Britain and the formal hoisting of the British flag over the South African Republic at Pretoria by Haggard and Colonel Brooke on the Queen's birthday in 1877. At the age of twenty-two he was made master and registrar of the high court at Pretoria, a position which he resigned in May 1879 to take up ostrich farming in Natal.

Haggard visited England in 1880 and was married on August 11 to Mariana Louisa Margitson, the daughter of Major Margitson of Ditchingham, Norfolk. Towards the close of 1880 he returned

to Natal with his wife and resumed farming.

Following the retrocession of the Transvaal to the Dutch, Haggard returned to England in 1881 and took up the study of law. While engaged in independent reading, he wrote his first book, a record of the events he had witnessed in South Africa called *Cetywayo and His White Neighbours*. When no publisher would accept it, he had it published at his own expense. He was then twenty-six.

One Sunday at church in Norwood, where he was living temporarily, Haggard saw "a singularly beautiful and pure-faced young lady" who he thought should be the heroine of a novel, whereupon he wrote *Dawn*. He finished the novel at his wife's home, Ditchingham, whither they removed in the winter of 1883. Their first daughter was named Angela after the heroine of the novel. He named his second daughter Dorothy after the heroine of his next novel, *The Witch's Head*, which contained an account of the British defeat at Isandhlwana. They had three daughters in all.

His law studies completed, Haggard was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1884, and at the beginning of 1885 he removed to London and entered the chambers of Bargrave Deane. He scarcely practiced the profession. He employed his "somewhat ample leisure in chambers" in writing the novel *King Solomon's Mines*, which was suggested to him by the Zimbabwe ruins. This book, he said, "metaphorically, settled my legal hash," its success leading him to adopt authorship for his career. He wrote prolifically, producing more than a book a year the rest of his life.

Haggard's most popular books were the African stories which immediately followed *King Solomon's Mines*. *She*, which drew its title from a rag doll of his nursery days, was a big success in 1886. Following a trip to Egypt in 1887, he wrote *Cleopatra* in less than three months and sold the book for a large sum. *Allan Quatermain* was a general favorite in 1887 and the book introduced a character which reappeared in many sequels. Haggard dedicated this book to his only son, who died shortly afterward at the age of ten years.



SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD

A trip to Iceland in the summer of 1888 resulted in the writing of *Eric Brighteyes*, which Haggard dedicated to the Empress Frederick. In 1891 he visited his friend J. Gladwyn Jebb in Mexico and wrote a novel of the Mexican conquest called *Montezuma's Daughter*. On his return to England his health became poor and he employed a secretary, Ida Hector, to take the dictation of his books. She remained with him the rest of his life (thirty-four years). He lived thenceforth at Ditchingham, doing farming and gardening for recreation, and traveling a great deal.

He considered *Nada the Lily*, a Zulu story which appeared in 1892, one of his best books, if not the best.

Politics held absorbing interest for Haggard and he was a strong Imperialist. On one occasion he stood for Parliament and was defeated. In 1893 he was elected chairman of his local bench of magistrates, a post which he held for twenty years or more. He was chairman of committee of the Society of Authors for 1896-98.

In 1898 Haggard began to devote himself to the problems of agriculture. He wrote a book called *A Farmer's Year* "with the twofold purpose of setting down the struggles of those who were engaged in agriculture during that trying time, and of preserving . . . a record of

the circumstances of their lives and the condition of their industry in England in the year 1898." He traveled to Florence and later visited Cyprus and the Holy Land, recording the trip in *A Winter Pilgrimage*.

During the years 1901-02 Haggard journeyed thru twenty-seven counties of England investigating the condition of agriculture and of the rural population. In his spare time he wrote articles for the *Daily Express* and the *Yorkshire Post*. He spent the greater part of a year preparing, from these articles, a two-volume record of his investigation, *Rural England*, which he regarded as "the heaviest labor of all my laborious life." He sent copies of the book to officials who might make the reforms he urged, and he traveled up and down the country addressing meetings, explaining his views.

In 1904 Haggard took his daughter Angela on a trip to Egypt, writing a series of articles for the *Daily Mail*. After his return he wrote *The War of the Spirit*, an Anglo-Egyptian book dedicated to his friend Kipling, who helped him hunt out the title in the Bible. Later on, he and Kipling compounded the plot of *The Ghost Kings* together, "writing down our ideas in alternate sentences upon the same sheet of foolscap." Haggard wrote the book alone. Another close friend of Haggard was Andrew Lang, with whom he published a joint novel.

Sir Rider visited the United States in 1905 as special commissioner of the British government to report on the Salvation Army labor colonies. His report, entitled *The Poor and the Land*, which contained suggestions for a scheme of national land settlement in Great Britain, "came to nothing," he said.

Between 1906 and 1911 Haggard was a member of the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion and Afforestation, serving as chairman of the reclamation and unemployed labor committee. He spent three months of 1910 writing *Regeneration*, a report upon the social efforts and institutions of the Salvation Army in Great Britain.

During this time he continued to write novels, turning them out quickly, usually in less than six months each. "The way

to write a good romance," he said, "is to sit down and write it almost without stopping." But fiction was laborious for Haggard, and he did not really enjoy it. He said that he wrote fiction only because "unhappily those subjects which attract me, such as agricultural and social research, are quite unremunerative." He expressed the hope that should his novels be forgotten, his books on agriculture would live.

Sir Rider was knighted in 1912. In that same year he revisited Egypt and wrote his autobiography which by his wish was locked up in his publisher's safe to remain until he died. Between 1912 and 1917 he traveled around the world as a member of the Dominions Royal Commission. In 1916 he visited all the oversea dominions as honorary representative of the Royal Colonial Institute in connection with the after-war settlement of ex-service men. He was recognized as an authority on empire migration. In 1919 he was made Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire. He was a member of the East Africa Committee in 1924.

He died in London on May 14, 1925, at the age of sixty-eight. Several posthumous books appeared, and in 1928 five of his best-known novels were collected into one volume entitled *Works*.

Sir H. Rider Haggard's works:

FICTION: Cetywayo and His White Neighbours, 1882; Dawn, 1884; The Witch's Head, 1885; King Solomon's Mines, 1885; She, 1887; Jess, 1887; Allan Quatermain, 1887; Maiwa's Revenge, 1888; Mr. Meeson's Will, 1888; Colonel Quaritch, V. C., 1888; Cleopatra, 1889; Allan's Wife, 1889; Beatrice, 1890; The World's Desire (with Andrew Lang) 1891; Eric Brighteyes, 1891; Nada the Lily, 1892; Montezuma's Daughter, 1894; The People of the Mist, 1894; Joan Hasic, 1895; Heart of the World, 1896; Dr. Thorne, 1898; Swallow: A Story of the Great Trek, 1899; Black Heart and White Heart, 1900; Lysbeth: A Tale of the Dutch, 1901; Pearl Maiden, 1903; Stella Fregelius, 1903; The Brethren, 1904; Ayesha: The Return of She, 1905; The Way of the Spirit, 1906; Benita, 1906; Fair Margaret, 1907; The Ghost Kings, 1908; The Yellow God, 1909; Morning Star, 1910; Queen Sheba's Ring, 1910; The Mahatma and the Hare, 1911; Red Eye, 1911; Marie, 1912; Child of Storm, 1913; The Wanderer's Necklace, 1914; Allan and the Holy Flower, 1915; The Ivory Child, 1916; Finished, 1916; Love Eternal, 1918; Moon of Israel, 1918; When the World Shook, 1919; The Ancient Allan, 1920; Smith and the Pharaohs and Other Stories, 1920;

The Missionary and the Witch-Doctor, 1920; She and Allan, 1921; The Virgin of the Sun, 1922; Wisdom's Daughter, 1923; Hen-Hen; or The Monster, 1924; Queen of the Dawn, 1925; Treasure of the Lake, 1926; The Works of H. Rider Haggard (Cleopatra, She, King Solomon's Mines, Allan Quatermain, and Marwa's Revenge in one volume) 1928; Mary of Marion Isle (American title: Marion Isle) 1929; Belshazzar, 1930.

Non-Fiction: A History of the Transvaal, 1899; A Farmer's Year, 1899; A Winter Pilgrimage, 1901; Rural England (two volumes) 1902; A Gardener's Year, 1905; The Poor and the Land, 1905; Regeneration, 1910; Rural Denmark and Its Lessons, 1911; Report to the Royal Colonial Institute, 1916; The Days of My Life (two volumes) 1926.

About Sir H. Rider Haggard:

Haggard, H. R. *The Days of My Life* (autobiography); Mansfield, K. *Noxels and Noxels*; Shanks, E. *Second Essays on Literature*.

Bookman (London) 71:108 November 1926; *Century* 106:62 May 1923; *Edinburgh Review* 244:343 October 1926; *English Review* 30:45 January 1920; *Living Age* 304:508 March 6, 1920; *London Mercury* 11:71 November 1924.

James Norman Hall 1887-

JAMES NORMAN HALL, American author, was born at Colfax, Iowa, April 22, 1887. His parents were Arthur Wright Hall and Ella Annette Young Hall. He was educated at the local schools and at Grinnell College, Iowa, from which he was graduated in 1910. For several years after leaving college he lived in Boston, working as a special agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and making attempts at poetry-writing.

In the spring of 1914 Hall went to England on a summer's holiday, and, late in July of that summer, while returning from an ascent of Mount Snowden, in Wales, he learned that England was on the brink of war. Hurrying to London, he enlisted at the outbreak in one of the regiments of Lord Kitchener's First Hundred Thousand. In May 1915 he went to France with his regiment and served as a machine-gunner on various parts of the British front. He wrote an account of his experiences in a series of articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*, collecting the series in 1916 to make his first book, *Kitchener's Mob*.

After two years with the British forces, Hall joined the Lafayette Escadrille, a squadron of American volunteers

in the French army. His adventures as pursuit pilot in this organization for more than a year filled a book called *High Adventure*, published in 1918.

In January 1918 Hall was transferred to the United States army with the rank of captain in the air service. Four months later, in May, he was shot down back of the German lines in combat with some hostile aircraft, and for six weeks "lay in a whitewashed room, gazing dully at the fly-specked ceiling. . . ." When he was again able to walk, he was taken to the town of Landshtut in Bavaria, where he remained a prisoner until the Armistice, with quarters in a farm building adjacent to an old castle. He received his discharge from the army in March 1919.

In 1920 Hall collaborated with his friend Charles Nordhoff, who had served with him in the Lafayette Escadrille, in editing a history of the Lafayette Flying Corps, the purpose of which, as stated in the preface, was "to furnish a record as complete and authentic as possible, and to reconstruct an atmosphere." [See sketch of Nordhoff in this volume.] The history included biographical sketches of the members of the corps and personal reminiscences. It was published in two volumes.

Fulfilling an ambition to escape from "civilization," Hall went with Nordhoff in January 1920 to the island of Tahiti, in French Oceania, and settled there. He lived for a time at the house of an old Polynesian village chief. Nordhoff and Hall spent a year visiting, between them, the Pacific islands in the Paumotu, Society, and Hervey groups, living the native life and gathering native lore. They kept in touch with each other by letters and meeting when they could, to compare notes. The composite result of their experiences was *Fairy Lands of the South Seas*, published in 1921.

"It has long seemed to me," says Hall, "a fitting thing that men of nomadic habits should give, from time to time, some account of their wanderings to the Spartan souls who carry on the world's work." When he went to Iceland in the autumn of 1923 and spent the winter there, he wrote a series of articles about the country for *Harper's Magazine*. "I have always," he says, "been a lover of



JAMES NORMAN HALL

lonely lands, whether arctic or tropical, which is the reason why I went to Iceland." He was married in Tahiti in 1925 to Sarah Winchester.

A collection of Hall's nomadic sketches, *On the Stream of Travel*, appeared in 1926. The fifteen sketches contained in the volume had been written in many places besides Tahiti—in Bavaria during the War, aboard ship, in a little town in Iowa where he visited an aunt, and in Iceland. They included recollections of his boyhood and youthful days. In the closing essay, entitled "Why I Live in Tahiti," Hall says he likes Tahiti for an abode because "one has ample leisure, not only to talk, but to think between periods of talk"; neither things nor events are dominant—but ideas.

Mid-Pacific, a similar group of fourteen travel essays, was published two years later, recording the unsensational adventures of Hall, the itinerant journalist and philosopher, chiefly in the Society Islands of the mid-Pacific.

Hall resumed collaboration with his neighbor Nordhoff in 1929 with the writing of a novel embodying their flying experiences of the War, called *Falcons of France*. It was subtitled "a tale of youth and the air." In a slender volume named *Flying With Chaucer*, Hall recalled, with his own pen, how a battered

copy of the *Canterbury Tales* had given him relief from boredom while he was a prisoner of war.

The collaborators entered a new phase in 1932, turning from personal reminiscence to historical fiction. In a joint novel, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, they narrated, in the words of a midshipman, the story of the mutiny on board the English vessel, *Bounty*, on her return voyage from the South Seas in 1789. Midsummer of 1933 found the authors at work on two sequels to this tale, to be called *Men Against the Sea* and *Pitcairn's Island*.

For a long time the houses of Hall and Nordhoff stood side by side, but now the authors live in different parts of the island and meet daily at a point half way between for work.

Hall calls himself a journalist and most of his works have appeared first in magazine form. He says he has "a high respect for the authentic followers of the art of literature," but his attitude toward "the great army of professed followers" is unsympathetic and humorous, as indicated in his essay, "Cacoethes Scribendi," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

He keeps a "journal of sorts" in a large tin-lined biscuit box, using the box as a "receptacle for the weekly accumulation of odds and ends from my pockets: memorandum books, theatre programs, cards, book catalogs, old letters with envelopes covered with miscellaneous jottings, and the like." He likes to quote the poetry of Francis Thompson.

Of his two children, Conrad and Nancy Ella, Hall says: "I am much prouder of these children than I am of the others, between the covers of books." He enjoys discussing sea-shells with them on the beach at his home at Arué, Tahiti.

James Norman Hall's works:

Kitchener's Mob, 1916; High Adventure, 1918; On the Stream of Travel, 1926; *Mid-Pacific*, 1928; *Flying With Chaucer*, 1930; *Mother Goose Land* (story for children) 1930.

Works by James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff:

The Lafayette Flying Corps (two volumes) 1920; *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, 1921;

Falcons of France, 1929; Mutiny on the Bounty (English title: Mutiny!) 1932; Men Against the Sea, 1933.

About James Norman Hall:

See *Flying With Chancer* and the author's books before 1930, all of which are autobiographical.

Atlantic Monthly 159:305 September 1932; *Saturday Review of Literature* 10:101 September 9, 1933

Richard Halliburton 1900-

Autobiographical sketch of Richard Halliburton, American author and adventurer:

BORN January 9, 1900, in Brownsville, west Tennessee. Moved to Memphis in infancy, and tho rarely there have called that "home" ever since. Went to Memphis University School till fifteen—interested even then in literature and the arts. In 1915 was sent to Lawrenceville Preparatory School at Lawrenceville, New Jersey. Finished there in class of 1917.

War having been declared that April, I made valiant efforts to get into it. Got only as far as Princeton summer military camp. Entered Princeton in fall of 1917, taking mostly military courses. More student encampments the following summer. Then, weary of army life, I switched to Princeton Naval Unit. The War ended before I got to sea. So, the following summer vacation, overcome with restlessness, I skipped off to New Orleans, signed on a freighter, sailed up and down the Atlantic, vagabonded about Europe, and missed my junior year completely from Princeton. The dean, hearing of my adventures, let me carry on with my class. I did nothing distinguished at Princeton, except to be very solitary, and to tramp the New Jersey hills restlessly, hungry for the liberated and colorful life lived the year before.

Promptly after graduation (B.A. class of 1921) with a room mate I went back to sea, and sailed and tramped for two years here and there around the world. My adventures were sufficiently unusual to suggest a book. I wrote one, called it *The Royal Road to Romance*. Nine publishers turned it down. The tenth took it only because he had heard me

tell the stories professionally at the Princeton Club. This was not until 1925, when I was twenty-five.

Before the book was launched I went to Greece, to follow the travels of Ulysses, climb Mount Olympus, explore the Marathon race course, and swim the Hellespont. *The Glorious Adventure*, my story of Greece, appeared in 1927.

Never having had any special instruction in writing, and having read no more than my Princeton classes required, I was surprised when both books, appearing close together, went into twenty editions. But it was not until they were published in a couple of dozen foreign languages that I felt convinced they must be unusual books.

Encouraged, I struck out for Latin America, visited Yucatan, Mexico, swam the Panama Canal from ocean to ocean, and spent the summer on Devil's Island. These stories ran in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The book was called *New Worlds to Conquer*.

The wanderlust still possessed me. A year later, 1930, I bought an airplane and took off with a pilot companion to fly from Hollywood to Timbuctoo. Arriving there we flew next to Persia, Mount Everest, Borneo, and the Philippines, spending eighteen months, and



RICHARD HALLIBURTON

seeking everything that might amuse us. The record of these air adventures appeared in 1932 under the title *The Flying Carpet*.

New York, at brief and irregular intervals, has been my address since Princeton. My great ambition in life is to keep myself free enough from possessions and responsibilities to be able to obey the moment's impulse. I like swimming and history and beer. I've spoken at most of the colleges and private schools in the country and greatly enjoyed these contacts. I've played the leading rôle in one moving picture—but this was rather painful both to the audience and to myself.

* * *

During his first two years of wandering, Halliburton, according to his account, climbed the Matterhorn, was imprisoned at Gibraltar, crossed the Himalayas, lived as a beachcomber in the East Indies, encountered Chinese pirates, was stranded in Vladivostock, and celebrated his twenty-third birthday by scaling ice-bound Fujiyama—a feat that had never been done before in the winter time.

The Royal Road to Romance held a record for continuous appearance in the *Bookman's* list of books most in demand at libraries, a record which was exceeded in five years only by *The Americanization of Edward Bok* and H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*.

The Glorious Adventure made front page news when a certain group of people in Seattle decided it was "immoral" and unfit for school children to read, supposedly on the ground that it excited wanderlust.

In the course of his third travel adventure, Halliburton followed the tracks of the early explorers. In Yucatan he dived seventy feet into the famous sacrificial Well of Death from which no human ever emerged alive, and then, to satisfy the doubters, did it a second time. At Buenos Aires he bought a monkey and a hand organ and earned his way two thousand miles overland to Rio de Janeiro. His fifty-mile swim of the Panama Canal attracted wide newspaper notice. He took a week to do it, and for the first time in the history of the canal the locks were opened

to lift and lower a single individual. He was charged on a tonnage basis and paid thirty-five cents.

The comment of the *Bookman* on *The Flying Carpet* in 1932 is typical of the critical reaction to all of Halliburton's works. "Altho the book in spots is characteristically romantic and adolescent it offers nevertheless a panorama of enchanting experiences; and once in the spirit of it one can easily forgive its unthinking exuberance." All of the books have a wealth of illustration.

Between books and travels, Halliburton makes a successful business of lecturing. In 1933 he made personal stage appearances in connection with the showing of the film in which he played the leading rôle, *India Speaks*.

Richard Halliburton's works:

The Royal Road to Romance, 1925; *The Glorious Adventure*, 1928; *New Worlds to Conquer*, 1929; *The Flying Carpet*, 1932.

About Richard Halliburton:

See all his books.

American Magazine 102:26 October 1926; *World Review* 6:86 March 5, 1928; 6:105 March 12, 1928.

J. O. Hannay

See "*Birmingham, George A.*"

Harry Hansen 1884-

HARRY HANSEN, American author and literary editor, likes to say that he began his newspaper career on the day Admiral Schley defeated Admiral Cervera at Santiago de Cuba; at least he got the opportunity to help carry papers on that day and he has never been very far from the smell of printer's ink since.

Born in Davenport, Iowa, December 26, 1884, he began writing for the local newspapers while in high school and when he was with the *Davenport Times* Floyd Dell was also a member of the staff. Writing was in the air in Davenport; Octave Thanet was the city's established author, while George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, and Arthur Davidson Ficke were trying their wings.

At the University of Chicago Hansen majored in English, reading plays under Robert Morss Lovett and novels under Robert Herrick; graduating in 1909 he



HARRY HANSEN

became alumni secretary and an editor of the *University Magazine*, a sleepy publication issued six times a year. He then wrote blurbs for the University of Chicago Press, and when he attempted to describe in exciting prose the serious documents issuing from the institution the director warned: "You should try to sell these books, Hansen, without giving the appearance that we want to sell them."

Then he became a reporter for the *Chicago Daily News*. He says he was rotten on murders but good on interviews, and this, together with his knowledge of languages, led the editor to choose him in the spring of 1914 for the nice, quiet post of correspondent in Berlin. The war scare, at that moment, was in Mexico where all the great correspondents of the world gathered.

In Berlin Hansen found himself sitting on a volcano. The top blew off, and he went with it, writing continuously. He hurried into Belgium, described the Belgian retreat, and joined the Germans when they entered Brussels. With Irvin S. Cobb, John T. McCutcheon, James O'Donnell Bennett, and Arno Dosch-Fleuret he followed the Germans uninvited into France and was one of the men who signed the round robin saying they had seen no atrocities during a 100 mile march. Later he covered Flanders

and the siege of Antwerp and the Scandinavian countries. In 1919 he attended the peace conference. He compiled *A Peace Congress of Intrigue*, describing the Vienna Congress of 1815, and *Adventures of the Fourteen Points*, a reporter's account of the Versailles conference, in 1918 and 1919, respectively.

Returning to Chicago Hansen became literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News* in time to participate in the Middle Western movement in which Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson and a score of others had been busy, and became an ardent champion of the newcomers who were breaking with traditional writing. In 1923 he wrote *Midwest Portraits* to describe his contemporaries. In 1926 he succeeded Laurence Stallings as literary editor of the *New York World* and writer of "The First Reader" comment on books. This column had been running three days a week; he soon expanded it into a daily column and stressed the timely side of books; this feature has been widely followed and practically every New York newspaper now has a daily book column. When the *World* was purchased by Scripps-Howard interests in 1931 and merged with the *Telegram* Hansen took the "First Reader" into the new *World-Telegram*.

He calls himself a constructive liberal because he believes government should progress by recurrent adjustment rather than radical upheavals, and in writing believes that the best work, no matter whether of collective, religious, ethical or other inspiration, is an individual reaction to life and cannot be made subservient to a social, political or religious program.

He writes fiction in his spare time or digs up documents in American history at the public library. He hopes some time to "leave all this" and write novels.

Hansen has translated *Faber* by Jacob Wassermann, written *Carl Sandburg: The Man and His Poetry* for the Little Blue Books, and numerous monographs for books and magazine articles. He writes about books for *Harper's Magazine*, has taught reviewing in Columbia University, and lectured widely. He is chairman of the O. Henry Memorial

Short Story award. His daily articles are syndicated from Providence to San Francisco. He holds to the point of view that the review has no place in a newspaper unless it is not only generally comprehensible, but interesting, and he believes the public is eager for news about books if it is properly presented.

Harry Hansen is frequently credited with the establishment and popularity of the daily newspaper "book column" and has been called the first book-reviewer not only to admit but to emphasize the difference between reviewing and criticism—a distinction he is fond of making. In addition to his views above, he has said on the topic: "A critic may do anything he wishes; but a reviewer possesses no charter to be anything more than an interpreter or announcer of books. A critic may write purely to entertain himself, or to impress other critics with his learning, or, in the spirit of the evangelist, to announce the truth and to elevate the lowly to his level. But a reviewer wastes good white space unless he remembers that he must be understood equally well in Central Park West and the wilds of Flatbush, on Halstead Street and the Lake Shore Drive. . . The reviewer must read as he runs, shouting his opinions, among the din of ponderous presses. . ."

R. H. ("Bob") Davis has described Harry Hansen as "a literary Viking who beat the World War to the Belgian border by two days. Wears a dreamy eye but a firm mouth, and has scuttled many a ship in the Publishers' Grand Canal; a lighthouse to some, a sunken reef to others. The cry of a drowning author means nothing in particular to 'The First Reader.'"

He is married and has two daughters.

Harry Hansen's books:

A Peace Conference Intrigue, 1918; *The Adventures of the Fourteen Points*, 1919; *Midwest Portraits*, 1923; *Carl Sandburg: The Man and His Poetry*, 1924; a translation of *Faber*, by Jacob Wassermann, 1925; *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories* (editor) 1933.

About Harry Hansen:

Rankin, T. E. and others. *Further Adventures in Essay Reading*.

Bookman 60:640 August 1920; *Nation* 118:646 June 4, 1924; *Publishers' Weekly* 123:185 January 21, 1933.

Thomas Hardy 1840-1928

THOMAS HARDY, English novelist and poet, was born on Tuesday, June 2, 1840, at eight o'clock in the morning, in Upper Bockhampton, three miles from Dorchester, in the heart of the Wessex country that he made famous by his novels. Behind the Hardy house stretched Egdon Heath, "the vast tract of unenclosed wild" which was to become the principal character of his most famous novel, *The Return of the Native*. He was the first of four children, and the only one who married. He had two sisters, Mary (who died November 24, 1915) and Katherine, and a brother, Henry, who survived him less than eleven months, dying on December 9, 1928.

At his birth, he was, like his friend, Edmund Gosse, believed to be dead, and his life was saved only by the quickness of an attending nurse, who cried out "Dead! Stop a minute: he's alive enough, sure." The infant did not, however, inherit his father's physical strength, and, until he was six years old, his parents did not expect him to grow up to manhood.

His father, also Thomas Hardy, 1811-1892, was a stone-mason. A favorite with the ladies, he was handsome, courteous in his manners, a competent violinist, exceedingly fond of dancing (a trait that his son *did* inherit) a great walker, and a strong believer in open-air life. He was tall, with dark-brown hair and beard, and blue eyes; and, until a few years before his death, his teeth were white and regular.

The mother, Jemima Swetman Hardy, 1814-1904, came from a family that had owned land in Dorchester for several generations. Hardy's second wife, and biographer, describes her as possessed of "unusual ability and judgment, and an energy that might have carried her to incalculable issues." She was small, with light-brown hair, gray eyes, and a Roman nose. A youthful step, that she never lost, even at seventy, deceived people approaching her from the rear, into the belief that she was a young woman, until they met her face to face.

His earliest education he received from his mother, and, in 1848, when she

felt that she had reached her limits, Hardy was sent to the new village primary school at Bockhampton. He excelled in arithmetic and geography, but was deficient in handwriting. That he was precocious—he was able to read before he could talk—is indicated by the fact that his mother presented him, in his eighth year, with gift copies of Dryden's translation of Virgil, *Rasselas*, and *Paul and Virginia*. Another suggestion that he was intellectually older than his age is the tradition that he was employed, as a boy, like Richardson, in writing love letters for the love-sick but illiterate maidens of the parish.

During 1849-50, he attended a Non-conformist day-school at Dorchester, which was kept by Isaac Glandfield Last, a teacher of superior ability. In 1853-54, he was a student at a more advanced school, an academy, established by the superior teacher who had been Head Master of the Dorchester Grammar School; here he stayed until he was sixteen, studying Latin (Last's specialty) mathematics, and drawing. For a year, he also studied the French language, privately, with a native governess.

In 1856, his formal education completed, Hardy's parents were confronted by the problem of what to do with their son. The economic position of the family made a social or a university career impossible. It was finally decided that Hardy should be articled to a local ecclesiastical architect, John Hicks, of 39 South Street, Dorchester, with whom Hardy senior had occasional business transactions. Hicks allowed his youthful apprentice to spend considerable time in reading the Greek classics—time that should have been occupied in professional tasks. With this lenient master, who himself was a scholar in a small way, Hardy remained until 1862, when he went to London to secure more advanced training in the office of Sir Arthur William Blomfield, of 8 Adelphi Terrace—next door to the famous number 10 that later became celebrated as the home of G. B. S.

Here, also, he does not seem to have devoted all his time to his duties, preferring instead, at least when business was slack, to lecture informally on poets and poetry to his employer's pupils and

assistants. Mrs. Hardy admits that there is no "tradition of what Blomfield thought of this method of passing office hours instead of making architectural plans." One of the assistants who had the privilege of listening to these discourses has left his impressions of the young Hardy: "He was very regular at the office; he was a quiet sort of fellow, gentle in his way of speaking and moving about, rather dreamy in manner. I do not think he was much interested in an architect's work, but he used to talk a good deal about literature and the writers of that time. He was fond of music and the theatre. I do not think he was given to writing stories in the office; certainly, I never saw anything in that way." While in London, Hardy took the occasion, for a term or two, to improve himself in French, by attending the evening classes of Professor Stièvenard ("the most charming Frenchman" he ever knew), at King's College, University of London.

Altho he does not seem to have been much more interested in architecture than Keats was in surgery, Hardy must have made some application, however unwilling, to his studies. At any rate, in 1863, he won two prizes in a national competition: the Sir William Tite prize of the Architectural Association, and a medal, for an essay, offered by the Royal Institute of British Architects. The latter award, which was presented to him by Sir George Gilbert Scott, made Hardy think of becoming an art-critic, but he soon changed his mind.

Hardy began his literary career, in a very modest way, with the publication of a semi-humorous article, "How I Built Myself a House," which appeared in the March 18, 1865, issue of *Chambers' Journal*. It was written in a playful spirit chiefly to amuse his associates in Blomfield's office. The sole value of the piece now is its rarity as a collector's item. At the same time, more seriously, he began to write poetry, and to send it to various magazines. All the poems of this period were rejected, and they were not published until 1898—three years after his career as a novelist had been closed by the storm that greeted *Jude the Obscure*.

Two years later, in 1867, he wrote—and destroyed—his first attempt in fiction, *The Poor Man and the Lady*. The manuscript was read by John (afterwards Lord) Morley, and by George Meredith, who read it, professionally, as reader for Chapman and Hall. His criticism of it, on the ground that it had *too little* plot, is rather interesting when one remembers that Hardy's next novel, *Desperate Remedies* (written to please Meredith) was criticized because it had *too much* plot.

In March 1870, Hardy was sent to Cornwall, on a commission to restore the church of St. Juliot, near Boscastle. There, he met Emma Lavinia Gifford, the youngest daughter of a Plymouth solicitor, J. Attersoll Gifford, and a niece of Dr. Edwin Hamilton Gifford, Canon of Worcester, and, later, Archdeacon of London. He married her on September 17, 1874, at St. Peter's Elgin Avenue Church, Paddington, London, the ceremony being performed by the bride's uncle. Emma Hardy (who died unexpectedly on November 27, 1912, after a very short illness) wrote a detailed account of her first meeting with Hardy and of her impressions; it is included in *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy*. She bears some resemblance to Elfride Swancourt, the heroine of *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, but there is no basis for the common belief that there is a similar resemblance between Hardy and Stephen Smith, the hero.

In 1872 Frederick Greenwood, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, saw a copy of *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Attracted to the novel—a favorite with Tennyson and Browning—because his own name formed part of the title, he asked Hardy to write a serial story for him for the readers of the *Cornhill*. Hardy gladly accepted the proposal, and responded with *Far From the Madding Crowd*, which delighted Greenwood, and which was at first thought to be the work of George Eliot. It is rather curious that this mistaken ascription, certainly a compliment to both authors, seems to have caused Hardy some annoyance. The novel was published in November 1874, two months after his marriage, and Hardy had his first taste of real success.



THOMAS HARDY

From then on, until 1895, he continued to write a series of novels, most of them masterpieces, and all of them of a quality to make sensible enough the statement of so fine a stylist as Stevenson that he "would give his hand to write like Hardy." And then, for motives that have never been completely revealed—the unfavorable reception of *Jude the Obscure* is only a partial explanation—Hardy brought his activity as a novelist to an end with what has been called "the most painful story ever written." He, himself, declared that the attacks on *Jude* "cured" him of his interest in novel-writing, but other factors must have influenced his unfortunate decision. Literary history offers no example of a major writer being thus affected by adverse criticism, and there is little reason to suspect Hardy of any weakness in this direction. He was too strong, mentally, to allow himself to be turned from a deliberately chosen path, and had he not been able to "take it," he would have stopped long before *Jude*.

From 1898 until his death, he devoted himself to poetry—which is probably what he had wanted to do for a long time—producing several volumes of remarkable verse, and *The Dynasts*, a drama of epic proportions, that startled the critics who were condescendingly

asserting that he was "thru" as a creative artist. In other words, Hardy began—and ended—as a poet. His first reputation has tended to overshadow his second, but indications are not wanting to suggest that a truer balance is already in process of making. His great lyric genius is now more fully recognized, and appreciation of its value and its significance for the twentieth century is constantly growing among those qualified to pass judgment. Archer, Gosse, and Clement Shorter, it may be stated, deserve honorable mention for early seeing Hardy's poetic gift and for calling it to public attention.

On February 11, 1914, Hardy married his secretary, Florence Emily Dugdale, a journalist, newspaper writer, and author of several juvenile books. She made the last fourteen years of his life comfortable; she protected him from unwelcome publicity that interfered with his work, and she has placed all Hardy students in her debt by a two-volume life of her husband.

His eightieth birthday was made happy by the honors that he received. The Society of Authors sent a delegation to greet him, consisting of Galsworthy, Augustine Birrell, and Sir Anthony Hope. Another group of writers, headed by Robert Bridges, presented him with an address and a volume of poems written in his honor. The year before, Siegfried Sassoon arranged a similar tribute in the form of a book of fifty poems by as many poets, and he delivered the gift to Hardy personally, who sent a letter to each contributor, declaring that if they could take the trouble to write verses in his honor, he could take the time to express his gratitude.

Hardy died on Wednesday, January 11, 1928, at 9:05 p. m. at his Dorchester home, Max Gate, built in 1885 from his own plans. He had been ill for a month, having caught cold on December 12, and up until an hour of his death it was reported that he was continuing to improve. After a restless night on Monday, the 9th, he awoke, very weak, on the following morning, but signs seemed to indicate that he was getting better. Indeed, on that day, he was at least strong enough to think of, and to sign

a check for, the Royal Literary Pension Fund. It was the last time he put pen to paper. On the evening of the 10th, he asked Mrs. Hardy to read *Rabbi Ben Ezra* to him, listening to it with a look of "wistful intentness."

On Wednesday, the last day of his life, the seeming improvement still deceived those around him, and it was not apparent until the evening that there was no hope. A few hours before he passed away, he requested Mrs. Hardy to read him the eighty-first stanza of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. He was conscious almost to the very end, and died, peacefully, resting on his wife's arm. From her, and from his sister, a professional nurse, he received competent and affectionate care. He was attended by one of his dearest friends, a local physician, Dr. Mann, and by Sir Henry Head; Barrie, who loved him, was a constant visitor.

Hardy wished to be buried in the family vault at Stinsford, a small village outside Dorchester (the Mellstock of *Under the Greenwood Tree*) but England wished to honor him with burial in Westminster Abbey. A situation that threatened to become painful to all concerned was finally relieved by a compromise. On January 14, Hardy's body was taken to the public crematory at Woking, Surrey, where the heart was removed and placed in the grave of his first wife. Cremation followed, and Barrie had the sad task of carrying his friend's ashes from Woking to the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, where they were buried—the highest honor that England can pay to its famous dead.

At the memorial service, held at the Abbey on the afternoon of Monday, January 16, the pall-bearers were Prime Minister Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Kipling, Shaw, Galsworthy, Gosse, Barrie, A. E. Housman, E. M. Walker, Pro-Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and A. B. Ramsay, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. The public was admitted to the service, and thousands gathered at the north door, hours before the time set, and waited in a heavy downpour of rain. All classes and grades of society were represented in the line: people of evident wealth

and distinction, small businessmen, clerks, students, artists, actors, workers, farmers, and—from their appearance—tramps. It was interesting to listen to the eager discussions of the crowd: what was his greatest novel, who would take his place as England's leading man of letters, and would he be remembered as a novelist or as a poet?

One who came to the house at Max Gate a few weeks before his death saw Hardy as "a little man, with wisps of faded sandy hair on the back of the collar of his tweed jacket, blue-eyed, with a masterful nose that turned slightly from the straight, whose reared and questioning eyebrows pushed furrows up his forehead to his bald and globular cranium." In his twenties, Hardy wore a thin black moustache, and his thirties and forties a full moustache, with side-whiskers and beard, rounded in the earlier period, and trimmed to a point in the later. As he grew older, he discarded his beard, and all the more familiar portraits show him as clean-shaven. Hardy sat for the principal artists and sculptors, both English and Continental: Sir Hubert Herkomer, William Strang (Windsor Castle), Fuller Maitland (Magdalene College), Oulless and Thornycroft (both in the National Portrait Gallery), Augustus John, Jacques Blanche, and Serge Youriévitsh.

Hardy was an honorary fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and of Queen's College, Oxford. He also held honorary doctorates in literature from Cambridge and Oxford, and in laws from Aberdeen, Bristol, and St. Andrews. Of his Cambridge doctor's gown, he was especially proud. From 1909 to 1926, he was governor of the Dorchester Grammar School, founded by an Elizabethan Thomas Hardy, one of his ancestors.

In June 1910, he received the Order of Merit, which literary men value more highly than a knighthood, and, in the same year, on November 16, he was presented with the freedom of the city of Dorchester, which probably meant more to him, personally, than any of the academic or governmental honors that he received. To his own people, who were slightly puzzled by his fame, he was always, as he wished to be, "plain

Tom" Hardy. Not very fond of public speaking, on this occasion, Mrs. Hardy tells us, he gave one of the most successful speeches that he ever delivered.

On his birthday, in 1912, he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, the presentation being made at Max Gate by Sir Henry Newbolt and William Butler Yeats. Only four people were present at the ceremony, but all the formalities were observed, as tho a large audience were present. Hardy's characteristic modesty comes out in an interesting note: "Newbolt wasted on the nearly empty room the best speech he ever made in his life, and Yeats wasted a very good one; mine in returning thanks was as usual a bad one, and the audience was quite properly limited." In March 1920, he was elected an honorary fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. At his death, he was the third president of the Incorporated Society of Authors, a position in which he succeeded Tennyson and Meredith, and in which he was followed by Barrie.

He was also a justice of the peace for his native district, a member of the Athenaeum Club, the Savile Club, and of the Society of Dorset Men in London. That his love of, and sympathy for, animals, prominent both in his novels and in his verse, was not merely artistic, is evidenced by his active membership on the Council of Justice to Animals. A fine human side of the ^{age} appears in a statement—with a touch of Swift in it—with which not many Englishmen would agree: "I am not sufficiently acquainted with the many varieties of sport to pronounce which is, quantitatively, the most cruel. I can only say generally that the prevalence of those sports which consist in the pleasure of watching a fellow-creature, weaker or less favored than ourselves, in its struggles, by Nature's poor resources only, to escape the death-agony we mean to inflict by the treacherous contrivances of science, seems one of the many convincing proofs that we have not yet emerged from barbarism. In the present state of affairs there would appear to be no logical reason why the smaller children, say, of overcrowded families, should not be used for sporting pur-

poses. Darwin has revealed that there would be no difference in principle; moreover, these children would often escape lives intrinsically less happy than those of wild birds and other animals."

On June 14, 1928, Hardy's association with Adelphi Terrace was commemorated by a panel in the library of the British Drama League. It reads: "Thomas Hardy, O. M. The first floor of 8, Adelphi Terrace, was formerly the office of Mr. (afterwards Sir) A. Blomfield, and here Thomas Hardy, aged 22-27, was in his employment as an architect in the years 1862-67. Here he saw the Embankment being built and wrote some of the poems that were to be published many years afterwards. His seat was by the easternmost window of the front room." The panel, fixed in the wall behind Hardy's old seat, was placed in position by Mrs. Hardy, who was accompanied by Barrie. On May 4, 1931, American admirers of Hardy's work paid him their tribute by the erection of a monument near the house in which he was born, and also near the house in which he died. It was unveiled by John Livingston Lowes.

H. S. R.

Thomas Hardy's works:

NOVELS: *The Poor Man and the Lady* (destroyed); *Desperate Remedies*, 1871; *Under the Greenwood Tree*, 1872; *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, 1873; *Far From the Madding Crowd*, 1874; *The Hand of Ethelberta*, 1876; *A Return of the Native*, 1878; *The Impet-Major*, 1880; *A Laodicean*, 1882; *Of Two on a Tower*, 1882; *The Mayor of Casterbridge: The Life and Death of a Man of Character*, 1886; *The Woodlanders*, 1887; *Tess of the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented*, 1891; *The Well-Beloved: A Sketch of a Temperament*, 1892; *Jude the Obscure*, 1895.

SHORT STORIES: *Wessex Tales*, 1888; *A Group of Noble Dames*, 1891; *Life's Little Ironies*, 1894; *A Changed Man, The Waiting Supper and Other Tales*, 1913.

POETRY: *Wessex Poems*, 1898; *Poems of the Past and Present*, 1901; *Time's Laughing-Stocks*, 1909; *Satires of Circumstance: Lyrics and Reveries With Miscellaneous Pieces*, 1914; *Moments of Vision*, 1917; *Collected Poems*, 1919; *Late Lyrics and Earlier*, 1922; *Collected Poems*, 1923; *Human Shows: Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles*, 1925; *Christmas in the Elgin Room*, 1927; *Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres*, 1928 (posthumous).

DRAMA: *The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars: Part I*, 1904; *Part II*,

1906; *Part III*, 1908 (one-volume edition, 1910); *The Famous Tragedy of the Queen in Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonesse*, 1923.

About Thomas Hardy:

Abererombie, L. *Thomas Hardy: A Critical Study*; Beach, J. W. *The Technique of Thomas Hardy*; Braybrooke, P. *Thomas Hardy and his Philosophy*; Brennecke, E. *Thomas Hardy's Universe: A Study of a Poet's Mind: The Life of Thomas Hardy*; Child, H. *Thomas Hardy*; Duffin, H. C. *Thomas Hardy: A Study of the Wessex Novels*; Grimsditch, H. B. *Character and Environment in the Novels of Thomas Hardy*; Hardy, F. E. (Mrs. Thomas) *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy: The Later Years of Thomas Hardy*; Hedgecock, F. A. *Thomas Hardy: Penseur et Artiste*; Johnson, L. *The Art of Thomas Hardy*; Lea, H. *Thomas Hardy's Wessex*; Williams, R. *The Wessex Novels of Thomas Hardy*.

Bookman (London) 194:96 July 1911; *Edinburgh Review* 207:421 April 1908; *Fortnightly Review* 107:464 March 1, 1917; 629 April 2, 1917; *Freeman* 8:490 January 30, 1924; 8:515 February 6, 1924; *London Mercury* 5:396 February 1922; 15:157 December 1926; 17:532 March 1928; *New Republic* 23: 22 June 2, 1920; *North American Review* 194:96 July 1911; *Poetry* 16:13 January 1920; *Pale Review* 15:515 April 1926.

Charles Boardman Hawes 1889-1923

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES, American writer of tales of the sea, was born in Clifton Springs, New York, January 24, 1889. He grew up in Bangor, Maine, living the life of an outdoor boy.

The school he attended put great stress on the classics. Hawes did not care for them at first, but when he was told that he must "stay up" in Latin or stay out of football, he became an above-the-average Latin student. This interest increased at Bowdoin, which he entered at eighteen. At one time he found a chum with whom he took long walks during which no word of English would be spoken; only Latin.

At Bowdoin he was a passable student, doing well in the subjects he liked and not badly in the others, was editor of the undergraduate magazine, received several prizes and scholarships—literary rather than scholastic—and was class poet in his senior year. At graduation in 1911 he was awarded the Nathaniel Hawthorne Fellowship of a year at the Harvard Graduate School, where he



CHARLES B. HAWES

studied under Professor Baker and other leading members of the literary faculties.

During college years he had spent his summers with surveying parties in the Maine woods, and after leaving Harvard he put in a year at this work, followed by a year of teaching at Harrisburg Academy, Pennsylvania. Further teaching was cut short by an opportunity to join the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion* in Boston, to which he had contributed short stories (his talent as a talespinner went back to childhood days, when even at the age of five he would hold groups of playmates in fascinated attention).

While working on the *Companion* Hawes began the research work which gives his books the authentic flavor which has won so much favorable comment for them. In the words of Clayton Ernst, "He haunted the wharves, talked with the sailors, took photographs, and collected logs. New Bedford and Salem, the Peabody Marine Museum, and the Essex Institute knew him well. And not content with studying the books which he found in the libraries he began the establishment of a technical library of his own. No one could be more persistent than he in running down an elusive volume. He searched the second hand stores on Cornhill, he followed every clew patiently—and gradually his

library grew by additions from here and there across the water until he had the logs and the charts, the books on seamanship, the land maps, and the narratives that he wanted."

The first book-length product of all this effort was *The Mutineers*, an adventure story which appeared as a serial in *The Open Road*, a boys' magazine just then being launched under Ernst's editorship. The following year the story appeared as a book and Hawes transferred from the *Companion* to the *Open Road* staff. His two other long stories, *The Great Quest* and *The Dark Frigate*, were both published serially in the *Open Road* before appearing as books.

Hawes died suddenly after a brief illness in 1923. In the same year, but after his death, *The Dark Frigate* was awarded the American Library Association's Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children."

At the time of his death Hawes had plans for a number of stories and was working on a draft of a history of whaling. Following his death this was completed by his wife (Dorothea Cable Hawes, the daughter of George W. Cable, whom he had married in 1916) and was published under the title *Whaling*.

Hawes was always active and interested in sports and games of all kinds. He particularly liked fencing (he was a member of the fencing team in college) and chess. Hearing of the Japanese game of *shogi*, similar to chess, he would not rest until he had made Japanese friends who taught him to play it.

"No one who talked with Charles Boardman Hawes even for a few minutes could fail to notice an exceptional balance of physical, mental, and moral fibre," says Ernst. "... Fear did not seem to enter his makeup."

Of Hawes' work Ernst says: "He refused to do anything less thoroly and less perfectly than lay within his utmost power. In yellowed volumes he traced the histories of ships long since gone from the seas, he hunted down log books and charts and models and familiarized himself with the actual life on land and sea in those earlier days. Finally he wrote—imagination hand in hand with

truth—and revised, and re-revised, in sentence, paragraph, and chapter. Much has been said about Hawes' mastery of style. The secret of it is in prose rhythms, that sure sense of the audible word which makes Stevenson such easy reading."

Charles Boardman Hawes' works:

The Mutineers, 1920; The Great Quest, 1921; Gloucester: By Land and Sea, 1923; The Dark Frigate, 1923; Whaling, 1924.

About Charles Boardman Hawes:

Ernst, C. *Charles Boardman Hawes and His Swinging Yarns of High Adventure and the Sea.*

Anthony Hope Hawkins

See "*Hope, Anthony*"

Henry Hazlitt 1894-

HENRY HAZLITT, American critic and editor, was born in Philadelphia on November 28, 1894. His maternal grandfather and grandmother came from Germany; two of his ancestors on his father's side fought as colonels in the American revolution, and he is a collateral descendant of William Hazlitt, the essayist and critic.

His father died when Henry was five months old, and he attended Girard College in Philadelphia, an institution for fatherless boys, from the age of six to nine. At that time his mother re-married, and Henry was moved to Brooklyn, where he attended the public schools and Boys High School. He entered the College of the City of New York for a few months, and his ambition at that time was to become a psychologist, but the reduced economic circumstances of his family compelled him to leave and take a job.

This was in 1913. He wanted newspaper work, and the only opening he could find of that nature was on the *Wall Street Journal*. He was not in the least interested in finance, but he began to read books on economics, and his interest in economic questions increased gradually but steadily. Meanwhile he began work on a book with the rather ambitious title *Thinking as a Science*, which appeared in his twenty-first year. In 1916 he left the *Wall Street Journal* to write the "Wall Street Paragraphs" column in the *New York Evening Post*.

He continued this until shortly after the United States entered the World War, when he enlisted in the aviation. All that happened to him was that he became a cadet, went thru Princeton ground school, and flew around Ellington Field in Texas until the Armistice.

Shortly after that he took a position with the Mechanics and Metals National Bank (one of the ten largest banks of the country until it was later absorbed by the Chase) as the writer of their monthly letter analyzing business and financial conditions. He continued this thru 1919 and 1920, and became also the American correspondent of *La Revue Economique Internationale* of Belgium. In 1921 he left to become financial editor of the *New York Evening Mail*, a position in which he again remained for about two years, acting also for a few months as Washington correspondent during the Harding régime.

In May 1923 he resigned from the *Mail* to become an editorial writer on the *New York Herald*, and transferred to the *Sun* when Frank Munsey sold the *Herald* to the *Tribune*. He continued as editorial writer on the *Sun* until 1925 when Frank Ernest Hill, the literary editor, left to join a publishing firm. Hazlitt was asked whether he would conduct the book department for a few weeks until a permanent literary editor was appointed. Nothing was said to him for a few months about his successor, and when he casually mentioned the matter it was as casually suggested to him that he continue as literary editor himself. He did this for about four years, when he left to become literary editor of the *Nation* on January 1, 1930. He married Valeria DeBlois Earle of New York in 1929.

Late in 1933 Hazlitt was appointed editor of the *American Mercury*, effective January 1, 1934, to succeed H. L. Mencken, who had resigned. Hazlitt remained with the *Mercury*, however, for only a few months, resigning to devote himself to his own writing.

Hazlitt's three major interests have been in the fields of literature, philosophy, and economics. At the age of twenty-five, after having devoured all of Arnold Bennett's little books on self

improvement, he amused himself by writing a volume more or less in imitation of them called *The Way to Will-Power*. He regretted the book almost as soon as he saw it in its final form, his only consolation being that he had given only one hour a day to it before he left the house each morning and that it was completed in two months. Altho he wrote numerous magazine articles in the meanwhile and made several abortive starts on projected volumes, he did not publish any new volume for ten years. In 1932 he edited a symposium called *A Practical Program for America*, composed of essays by Leo Wolman, E. R. A. Seligman, Walton H. Hamilton, H. Parker Willis and others on some major economic and political problems. In 1933 he wrote a pamphlet in the John Day series called *Instead of Dictatorship*, urging a simplified democracy involving a small unicameral legislative body elected by proportional representation and operating under a simplified parliamentary rather than a presidential system. His most important book, however, was *The Anatomy of Criticism*, published in the fall of 1933, which developed his critical opinions thru a series of "dialogues."

Hazlitt believes that criticism is as necessary as it is inevitable; that the

critic's existence is justified not only by one function, but by an almost indefinite number—that if his final rôle is perhaps to appraise and to judge, he must be incidentally a merit-finder as well as a fault-finder, a discoverer of talent as well as an exposé of charlatanism, and that he may be also a reporter, a psychographer, an interpreter, catalyzer, and an artist. He believes that the doctrine neither of pure impressionism nor pure objectivism is tenable; the final arbiter of literary values, he holds, is the "social mind," and the individual critic should strive for universality in his judgments even while he recognizes that his limitations of knowledge and of temperament must forever prevent him from completely achieving it. He does not believe that either complete conventionalism or complete rebellion in literary forms is either possible or desirable, and holds that the great writer must be at once traditionalist and experimentalist. He believes that the immemorial argument between the realists and the romanticists has been based largely on lack of understanding, that what is important in a novel is its psychological penetration and internal coherence rather than its literal "truth-to-life," that all art involves some interpretation or idealization of experience, and that what should concern us is not the fact of this idealization, but the nature of it. He agrees with the new "Marxist" critics that it is often illuminating to discuss a writer's economic roots and milieu, his class prejudices and limitations, but he holds that the greatest writers have always been able to surmount these in the same way that they have been able to surmount the limitations of their nationality, historic era, personal age, and sex, and that a criticism that harps constantly on the "class-struggle" note must soon become infinitely boring.

Finally, he holds that the application of all standards, principles and rules of criticism must be cautious and indirect, that we must judge a work of literature, as we judge a man, with the whole of our experience and knowledge, and that nothing can take the place of personal discernment.

Hazlitt has been characterized as "notoriously hard-minded" as a critic.



HENRY HAZLITT

Pinchot

Henry Hazlitt's works:

Thinking as a Science, 1916; The Way to Will-Power, 1922; Instead of Dictatorship, 1933; The Anatomy of Criticism, 1933.

About Henry Hazlitt:

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section October 21, 1933; *Literary Digest* October 28, 1933.

Verner von Heidenstam 1859-

VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM, Swedish poet and novelist, Nobel Prize winner in 1916, was born on July 6, 1859, on his father's estate at Olshammar, Örebro, Sweden. His father, Nils Gustaf von Heidenstam, was a Captain in the Swedish army and in private life an engineer. The family was ancient and of noble lineage and many of the Heidenstams had served in Swedish diplomatic and military service. Young Verner was a child of precarious health and much given to the reading of poetry and heroic tales. At an early date he familiarized himself with the works of Bellman and Tegnér, Vitalis and Topelius, and took much delight in the tales of the common people.

After preliminary preparations at home, Verner entered a school at Stockholm, but after a few years of study had to give it up because of failing health. In 1876 he was sent abroad to recuperate and for eight years remained away from Sweden, traveling and studying in Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, and the Orient. The winter of 1879-80 he spent in Rome, and the following year studied art under Gérôme at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris. About this time he met a certain Emilia Uggla, a Swiss girl, with whom he fell madly in love and whom he married in 1880. This brought about an estrangement with his people at home, and Heidenstam did not return to Sweden until 1887, when he was summoned to the death-bed of his father. The summer of 1882 the Heidenstams spent traveling in Norway and the following year they returned to Switzerland where they rented the ancient castle of Brunegg. This and the succeeding two years were spent in almost hermit-like seclusion and study, the only persons around Heidenstam being his wife and August Strindberg. Heidenstam's studies

embraced belles lettres, both ancient and modern, philosophy and history, studies which he used to advantage in his later literary work.

In the year 1887, as was noted above, Heidenstam was recalled to Sweden. The following year he published his first volume of poetry entitled *Pilgrimage and Wanderyears*, a notable first book wherein he used to advantage the Oriental experiences and Italian and Swiss landscapes which he had had an opportunity of observing during his many years of *Wanderjahre*. At about the same time two other notable Swedish poets made their appearance, Gustaf Fröding, "at once the Burns and the Heine of Swedish poetry," and Oscar Levertin (of Jewish extraction), a poet of "a more mystical and esthetic bent." With the latter Heidenstam collaborated, in 1890, on a novel entitled *Peppa's Wedding* in which the two poets urged a return to idealism and a search for inner truth as against the fashionable naturalism represented by Strindberg. In 1889, a year before the collaboration, Heidenstam published a novel of travel reminiscences and Oriental experiences which he called *Endymion* and which more than any other of his early works entitled him to the honor of an "imaginative realist." It deals with the old theme of the Orient doomed to death when encountering the civilization of the Western world, but with this difference that the young author found much in the declining Orient which he preferred to the victorious West.

In 1893 Heidenstam's wife died. Three years later he married Olga Wiberg, but a divorce soon followed. Then, in 1899, as his fame as a literary man had been augmented by a volume of essays and another of travel sketches, the Götting Academy of Science and Letters elected him to its membership. The following year he moved to a country estate at Naddö, near Vadstena, where he has lived, when not traveling, ever since. Here he married for a third time. His wife, Greta Sjöberg, almost twenty years his junior, a charming hostess, helped him to entertain his many friends and admirers, among whom he could count several Scandinavian and German schol-



VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

ars, Sven Hedin the explorer, and the painter Prince Eugène of Sweden.

As the years advanced, Heidenstam's fame increased. In 1909 he was made honorary Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Stockholm; a year later he was elected honorary member of the Swedish Literary Society of Finland; and in 1912 he was made one of the eighteen immortals of the Swedish Academy which already included Selma Lagerlöf. In 1916 Heidenstam was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Since this last great honor, Heidenstam has practically ceased writing. He has worked for many years on popular readers for the young, but his creative life of a larger order stopped with the publication of his *Nya Dikter* in 1915.

Verner von Heidenstam may be grouped with the realists, but there is much in his writings which expresses a protest against that form of realism and naturalism which aims at merely describing life as it is. He is an idealist, a national idealist, comparable to Kipling and to Carducci, and the pessimism of the naturalists and the poverty of fantasy of the realists find in his eyes nothing but scorn. He began as a poet, a disciple of Runeberg and Topelius, and was "inspired to renew the tradition begun by Count Karl Snoölsky, who had

come out as an epicurean lover of Italian beauty in 1869."

While most of his poems deal with subjects of folk lore and Oriental mythology, his prose works are even more truly the products of a ripe imagination. *Hans Alienus*, his first important novel, "is a monument on the grave of his carefree youth. He discovered that beauty cannot satisfy the hunger of the soul; his hero, a pilgrim in the storied lands of the East, is a brooding Faust, who even in the pleasure gardens of Sardanapalus cannot cease from his painful search after the meaning of life." A later variation on the same theme may be found in the *Tree of Folkungs*, published in 1905-07. This consists of two novels, *Folke Filbyter* and *The Bellbo Heritage*, which together form "... a romance, mingling history, sagas, fantasy, pageantry, action, and modern interpretation of some of the deeds and ideals of the Vikings." They are both like *Faust* and like *Peer Gynt* in their search for life's meaning, but unlike either in their purely national atmosphere. *St. Birgitta's Pilgrimage* is a tale of the spiritual seeking of a great Swedish religious personality in the Middle Ages; and *St. George and the Dragon* and *The Forest Murmurs* are two volumes of sagas and tales retold in a manner which has endeared them especially to the younger readers of Sweden. *The Swedes and their Chieftains* is another collection of tales for the young, and was especially devised as a school reader. It takes up one by one the lives of the great Swedish heroes of ancient times, both mythological and historical, and passes them before us in a vivid connected review.

A much earlier work, tho also in the same deeply national genre, are the tales collected under the title *Karolinerna* or *The Charles Men*. In this volume Heidenstam proves himself to be "a prose-writer whose monumental simplicity and classic beauty of style leaves him without a rival among his contemporaries." It is a volume of prose-poems depicting heroism of the Swedes in the disastrous wars of Charles XII where it is their manly facing of defeat that calls for our admiration. *The Charles*

Men, in the words of Fredrik Böök, "is not only a monument over the fall of the Swedish empire, but also a hymn on the beauty in its destruction, the hopeless magnanimity of obedience to duty, the poetry of sacrifice. It expresses Heidenstam's deeply tragic philosophy of life. The highest that a man can attain is to fall with honor, and such is the fate of the best. Happiness is common and superficial; suffering is holy and great."

Heidenstam. . . "is a great artist in presenting vivid scenes from the human drama, both subjective and objective. He boldly represents life as he knows it in the light of a militant, optimistic imagination." As he himself has expressed it in one of his poems:

There is a spark dwells deep within
my soul.
To get it out into the daylight's glow
Is my life's aim both first and last,
the whole.

A. B.

Principal works of Verner von Heidenstam:

POEMS: *Valfart och Vandringsår*, 1888; *Dikter*, 1895; *Et Folk*, 1902; *Nya Dikter*, 1915.

ESSAYS: *Renässans*, 1889; *Om Svenskarnes Lynne*, 1896; *Klassicitet och Germanism*, 1898; *Tankar och Teckningar*, 1899; *Dagar och Händelser*, 1909; *Proletärfilosofiens Upplösning och Fall*, 1911; *Stridskrifter*, 1912; *Kad Vilja Vi?* 1914..

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: *Från Col di Tenda til Blocksberg*, 1888; *Endymion*, 1889; *Hans Alienus*, 1892; *Pepitas Bröllop* (with O. Levertin) 1890; *Karolinerna*, 1897-98; *Sankt Göran och Draken*, 1900; *Heliga Birgittas Pilgrimsfärd*, 1901; *Skogen Susar*, 1904; *Folke Filbyter*, 1905; *Bjällboarvet*, 1907; *Svenskarna och deras Hövdingar*, 1908-10.

English translations of Heidenstam:

POEMS: *Sweden's Laureate: Selected Poems by Verner von Heidenstam*, 1919.

PLAYS: *The Soothsayer*, 1919; *The Birth of God*, 1920.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: *A King and his Campaigners*, 1902; *The Charles Men*, 1920; *The Tree of the Folkungs*, 1925; *The Swedes and Their Chieftains*, 1925.

About Heidenstam:

Landquist, J. *Verner von Heidenstam*; Marble, A. R. *Nobel Prize Winners in Literature*; see also introductions to *Sweden's Laureate* and *The Charles Men*.

Bookman 44:589 February 1917; *Nation* 103: 509 November 30, 1916; *Poetry* 10:35 April 1917; *Review of Reviews* 55:97 January 1917.

Louis HÉMON 1880-1913

LOUIS HÉMON, French novelist, was born in Brest on October 12, 1880, the son of Felix Hémon, inspector-general of the University of Brest. In obedience to his father's wishes, he took up law and secured a diploma from the *Ecole Coloniale*.

Instead of entering the diplomatic career for which he was destined, Hémon wrote sports articles and fiction for newspapers. In 1906 he won first prize in a literary contest conducted by the French sport paper, *L'Auto*, and continued as a contributor to that publication until his death. He was awarded a prize for his story, "Truth Fair," which was published in *Le Journal* of Paris.

Hémon showed little interest in the work of the younger literary groups of his own country and he soon migrated to London and married there. Six of the eight stories which later made up the volume, *My Fair Lady*, were written in London and dealt with London life. One of them, "Lizzie Blakeston," ran as a brief serial in *Le Temps*. The tales had little plot. The title story of the manuscript collection was a sketch of two old men meeting after long separation and recalling memories of their boyhood and of the girl whom they both loved.

Two novels of London life, each with an immigrant foreigner for its central figure, also came from Hémon's pen at this time. *Blind Man's Buff* was a novel of an Irish laborer on the London docks who reached out in all directions in an effort to grasp life in his hands only to have it elude him. In *Monsieur Ripois and Nemesis* Hémon related the story of a French cad pursuing his amorous adventures in London.

Left a widower at thirty-one, Hémon, grief-stricken, went to Canada in 1911. In a fragmentary manuscript, which was later published as *The Journal of Louis Hémon*, he described the ocean voyage from Liverpool to Quebec and gave his impressions of Quebec and of the journey to Montreal.

At the village of Péribonka, near St. John's Lake, in the northern section of Quebec province, Hémon hired out as an eight-dollar-a-month laborer to a French-

Canadian farmer named Samuel Bédard. He lived on the Bédard farm for six months in 1912, arriving in June. Since the work in the fields proved too hard for him, he worked inside. When the family was away he watched the house and the two adopted children. He slept in a large closet near the kitchen in a little camp bed.

On the adjoining farm lived Eva Bouchard, sister of Madame Bédard. Occasionally the two families dined together. Eva recalled Hémon sixteen years later: "He came to the table with a military step. He ate very fast. Some of his front teeth were lacking. He had a moustache which became him very well. He wore his hair brushed back, with a part in the middle, and it fell in little curls behind his ears. . . . Monsieur Hémon did not like to go out visiting. He never went to our evening parties. He was present only at those which occurred in my brother-in-law's house." He was known as a shy and self-contained person whose frailty was the reason for his seeking health on the farm. His sister once described him as a silent man who "fled from the world and loved solitude and meditation." On the farm he received many magazines in the mail. They learned that he was a master of Oriental languages.

Hémon quitted the Bédard farm at the close of the year 1912 and went to the little village of Saint Gédéon nearby. There he wrote a novel about the people he had known at Péribonka, a novel of French-Canadian farm life called *Maria Chapdelaine*. The heroine was modeled after Eva Bouchard, and Samuel Bédard and his wife were the originals for Monsieur and Madame Chapdelaine, the parents of Maria. The book was a story of Maria and her three suitors. Hémon finished the novel in the spring of 1913 and posted it to the editor of *Le Temps* in Paris. From April 9 to June 26 he was employed in a Montreal business office as translator. His employer recalled that "Hémon used to typewrite his manuscripts at our office after the day's work. He was so honest that he brought his own paper to do it with."

Hémon wrote a letter to his mother in Paris in June, telling her to send his mail to Fort William, Ontario, until the



LOUIS HÉMON

middle of July and to Winnipeg until the first of September. He was going to experience the life of the western prairies and write about it as he had done the life of Old Provence. Then he set out on foot along the tracks of the Canadian Pacific Railroad with a few pennies in his pocket.

On July 8, 1913, Hémon and his vagabond companion were killed by a train at a curve a mile west of Chapleau in Ontario. He was thirty-two years old. He was buried in the cemetery of Chapleau by Father Gascon, the village priest, who had found a notebook in his pocket and guessed from the name he was a Catholic. Months later the French Consul at Montreal, acting on the request of Hémon's mother that he find her son, learned of the fatal accident and located the grave at Chapleau.

Soon afterward Hémon's last novel, *Maria Chapdelaine*, was published serially in *Le Temps*, attracting little attention. In 1916 it was published in a limited edition in Montreal, illustrated with woodcuts, his first work to appear in book form. It was not until 1920 that the book came into popularity. Madame Ludovic Halévy, who had preserved the sheets of *Le Temps* which contained the novel, gave them to her son Daniel Halévy and he published it as the first of his series, the "Cahiers Verts." The

book had astounding success. It was re-issued 650 times, had two English translations, and sold more than a million copies in English and French. This led to a search for further material among Hémon's papers and the manuscripts of his four other books were discovered and published in 1923, 1924, and 1925.

There is little action in Hémon's books. Stuart Lowell Rich said that he had the "power of presenting a beautiful scene, vividly and simply drawn, and of evoking by means of it the deeper, quieter emotions of the mind." According to Edouard Rod, "he is the historian of the people without a history, whether they lived beside the Thames or the Péribonka."

A white marble slab was placed over Hémon's grave and a commemorative stone was erected at Péribonka. The Geographical Society of Quebec renamed two lakes Lake Hémon and Lake Chapdelaine in his honor. In 1928 Eva Bouchard, made famous by Hémon's novel, stood before the Historical Society of Montreal and told what she remembered of him. The farm of Samuel Bédard became a popular tourist shrine. Eva Bouchard built a little cottage nearby in which to receive the strangers who made pilgrimages to her.

The works of Louis Hémon available in English translation:

NOVELS: *Maria Chapdelaine*, 1921; *Blind Man's Buff*, 1925; *Monsieur Ripois and Nemesis*, 1925.

SHORT STORIES: *My Fair Lady*, 1923.

TRAVEL: *The Journal of Louis Hémon*, 1924.

About Louis Hémon:

Boyd, E. *Studies From Ten Literatures*. *Catholic World* 125:179 May 1927; *Living Age* 336:131 April 1929.

"O. Henry" 1862-1910

O. HENRY, American short story writer, was born William Sydney Porter at Greensboro, N.C., on September 11, 1862, and died of tuberculosis in New York on June 5, 1910, at the age of forty-seven. His parents were Dr. Algernon Sydney Porter, whose father had migrated to North Carolina from Connecticut in 1823, and Mary Virginia Swaim Porter, whose family had come from Holland to North Caro-

lina before the Revolutionary War. Her father was a newspaper editor and she was fond of writing verses. She died when O. Henry was three years old, a victim of tuberculosis. The same malady was later to claim O. Henry's first wife and his daughter Margaret (in the latter case some years after his death, however) as well as himself.

O. Henry was "raised" by a maiden aunt, Miss Evelina Porter, and attended her small private school in Greensboro, the only education he ever had. His schooling ended at fifteen. His father had always been interested in mechanics and, as the years went by, had let his lucrative practice slip while he spent more and more time in his workshop, inventing fantastic machines. Young O. Henry, to help the family finances, went to work in his Uncle Clarke Porter's drugstore. Tho he disliked the work he did it well, and even became a registered pharmacist. There he began to draw caricatures and cartoons, practicing on the drugstore's customers, and there also he acquired his distaste, from observing the habitués of the back room, for the "professional Southerner"; noticeable in many of his later stories.

In 1882 O. Henry went to Texas for his health. He remained there for fifteen years. At first he made his home with the Hall family in LaSalle County, former Greensboro neighbors who had become leading citizens of the wild ranch country. Their experiences and O. Henry's own furnished the background for his several books of Western stories. During his ranch days he learned to become a "bronco-buster" and studied French and German. He was popular among his "stirrup brothers," the cowboys, but more for his skill as a cartoonist and a singer than as a storyteller.

After two years of ranch life he moved to Austin, where he at first returned to his old profession of drug clerk, later working for a real estate firm. In 1887 he entered the state Land Office for four years. He became popular in the social life of the capital, and was considered something of a Beau Brummell. He sang in choirs and quartets and became a captain in the "Austin Grays." In

July 1887 he married Athol Estes, an Austin belle, who was to prove a most loyal wife and who figured in his later stories, notably as Della in "The Gift of the Magi," which has been called his tribute to her devotion. It was a run-away marriage, because of her parents' belief that O. Henry would not make a provident husband, but the young couple were forgiven and blessed almost immediately after the ceremony. In about a year a first child was born, but died. Sometime afterwards a girl, Margaret, was born.

It was these events which really began O. Henry's career as a writer. The young couple soon found that the hundred-dollar-a-month salary of a Land Office clerk did not go far, even in the 'Eighties, in maintaining a household in the state capital, and O. Henry, to augment his income, began sending "string" material—a weekly column of Austin news items—to leading papers thruout the country. A Detroit paper took a liking to his style, and soon small checks began to come in. Then a New York magazine, *Truth*, bought two short stories for the sum of six dollars.

In 1891 there was a change of political administrations in Texas, and O. Henry's job at the Land Office came to an end. Without delay he found a new position, as teller in the First National Bank of Austin. He remained there for four years and during the time attempted to run a newspaper, known as the *Rolling Stone*, which, however, never attained any substantial success.

Out of the bank position grew the tragedy of his life. The bank was operated with almost unbelievable laxity and had long been in disfavor with Federal banking officials. O. Henry's predecessor as teller resigned and his successor attempted suicide. So bad were the bank's methods that he scarcely dared to leave it during the business day for fear of the confusion which would result in his accounts from the carelessness of the bank officers. Then, one day, a United States inspector walked into the bank and did find irregularity in his accounts. According to the best evidence, tho the matter has never been entirely cleared up, he was not guilty of any wrong-doing; but

the Federal department was determined to make an example of someone and chose to have him prosecuted.

His bank position came to an end, of course, but he was not to come to trial for four years. For the first year he ran his *Rolling Stone*, which ceased publication in the spring of 1895. He then accepted a reporter's job on the *Houston Post*. He remained there only nine months, but in that time established a "column" and became the featured writer of the staff.

In 1896 the summons came to return to Austin to stand trial for embezzlement. O. Henry left Houston for Austin on a night train with apparently no intention but of facing the situation. Fifty miles out of Houston, however, at a junction named Hempstead, he inexplicably left the train and boarded one going the other direction, to New Orleans, where, penniless, he went to work as a stevedore unloading bananas. His stay there was short, for he was constantly in danger of arrest. Since he had fled from a Federal rather than a Texas court.

His next appearance was in Honduras, where he fell in with Al Jennings, famous (and later reformed) outlaw. He stayed in Honduras an indefinite number of months. At one time he sent for his



"O. HENRY"

wife to join him, but she was by that time dying of tuberculosis, tho she did not let him know it, and was too weak to travel. Finally O. Henry and Al Jennings and the latter's brother Frank were forced to leave the country as the result of a prank which had offended the local government.

From Honduras the trio went to South America and then to Mexico, traveling on \$30,000, the proceeds of the robbery which had forced the Jennings brothers to leave the United States. In Mexico City another indiscreet episode occurred which made it necessary for them to ship to San Diego. By that time the \$30,000 was gone and the Jennings brothers asked O. Henry to join them in a robbery, which he refused to do. He returned to Honduras. There he received a Christmas box from his wife. In it her mother had slipped a note: "Will, you should come home. Athol packed this box running a temperature of 105." He started at once and reached Austin in February of 1897.

So great was Athol Porter's bravery been thru the trials of her husband's indictment and flight, together with her growing illness, that the officials shut their eyes to O. Henry's return. For a time it seemed that her health would be restored. Her prayer during the months of his absence had been: "Please, God, let me live o see Will once more," and now she had new hope that another prayer would also be successful: "Please, God, let me live to see his name cleared." But this was not to be. In July, O. Henry's "dimity sweetheart" died, and in the following February he went on trial, was speedily convicted, and sentenced to Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, which he entered April 25, 1898.

There is little doubt that his flight cost him his conviction, for the evidence on the embezzlement charges was admittedly not strong. He made little effort, however, to present a defense, and the story has grown up that he accepted conviction to shield someone else. He always maintained his innocence. His biographers Robert ("Bob") Davis and Arthur B. Maurice say in their book *The Call of Bagdad*: "The presumption is that when he passed thru

the prison gates, an innocent man went to punishment."

Entering prison he found his old profession of pharmacist of unexpected aid. He was placed immediately in the dispensary and at no time was treated as an ordinary convict. Before long, he obtained a promotion as secretary to the outside steward. This meant that he was free to move about outside the prison walls. He slept in the office and even, near the end of his term, took night walks about the Columbus streets when he wished. Too, he found his old friend Al Jennings in the same penitentiary and there seems to have been, as a matter of fact, somewhat of a social life among a group of the prisoners. The prison officials of the time, it is said, were political appointees who knew little about running the penitentiary, and much of the actual administration was handled by the "gentler grafters" (many of them men of education serving terms for financial misdeeds) who were, in return, granted special privileges, including much more freedom than would generally be supposed.

O. Henry, by all accounts, became somewhat resigned to his situation after a few months, and turned the leisure time which his prison duties gave him to the writing of short stories. His first important published story, "The Miracle of Lava Canyon," which he had written previously, appeared in *McClure's* shortly after the prison doors had shut on him, and while there he actually wrote many stories which were published currently and later. It was then that he adopted, for obvious reasons, his pen-name. But tho there have been many theories, the origin of the name "O. Henry" has never been satisfactorily decided.

One of the touching episodes of his life was his relationship with his little daughter, Margaret, at this period. She had been taken away from Austin by her grandparents to Nashville and later to Pittsburgh. All thru his prison years he kept up correspondence with her, writing a series of whimsical letters, carrying no suggestion of his own condition or state of mind. She later said

that she was thirty before she learned of his conviction and imprisonment.

His sentence had been for five years, but after three years and three months, on July 24, 1901, he was released for good behavior and went to Pittsburgh where Margaret and her grandparents were.

He remained in Pittsburgh little more than a year, writing stories and freelancing for the newspapers, and then went to New York upon the suggestion of the editors of *Ainslee's*, Gilman Hall and Richard Duffy, who had published a number of his stories. They agreed to publish enough of his work to support him at first. Soon other editors were seeking him out. One of these was "Bob" Davis, who came to induce the young author to write introductions to feature articles for the *Sunday World*. When Davis later became editor of *Munsey's*, he gave O. Henry a five-year contract. Thereafter until O. Henry's death their relationship, tho they became close friends, was one of demands—demands by O. Henry for money (no one ever knew what he did with it—tho there are many legends of his generosity to "down-and-outers") and demands by Davis for stories.

O. Henry's procrastination was notorious. Davis characterizes his working life as one of "promises and evasions." Alexander Black, who handled his material for the *World* describes as "propitiatory fragments" the bits of manuscript which customarily reached the newspaper office in answer to demands for "copy." Isaac F. Marcossou said, "O. Henry was never known to get a piece of work into the hands of an editor except at the last possible moment." He never hesitated, however, to ask for financial advances, and consequently most of his career was occupied in writing stories the proceeds of which he had already spent. At the beginning of his career he was accustomed to receive twenty and thirty dollars a story; at the end he was paid as much as \$1,000 apiece.

O. Henry's New York life centered around Madison Square, which appears in many of his stories. He resided at several addresses, principally on Irving Place, two blocks below Gramercy Park.

Indolent by nature, he seldom went farther from home than the nearby streets, but these he explored thoroly in search of material and ideas. Most of his New York stories were based upon his nocturnal wanderings in his immediate neighborhood.

Of his life and habits, about which much has been written and disputed, "Bob" Davis has this to say: "The world's outstanding short story tellers, Poe, De Maupassant, Stevenson, and O. Henry, all dying young, are reputed to have been addicted to excess in some form or other. O. Henry drank and drank hard. He was a two-bottle man; that is, his daily average consumption in the years of his caliphing in New York was two quarts of whiskey. . . Certainly the abnormal amount of liquor that he consumed between 1903 and 1907 seriously affected his health. But he "carried" his liquor. Unlike Poe, who despite the legend drank comparatively little, being lashed to irritable excitement by a glass of wine, Porter could consume a vast amount of strong spirits and not show it. His bibulous habits rarely affected his deportment, swayed his gait, or altered the tenor of his low even voice. In view of the fact that during his writing career he turned out more than six hundred pieces of original fiction, it is reasonable to assume that his mentality was not to any great extent impaired by the use of alcohol.

". . . He had his light affairs, many of them, and his conquests were more or less easy. Yet many of the affairs were presumably entirely innocent. Many of his heroines were drawn direct from life, being white-washed and polished up for the purposes of fiction."

In 1907 O. Henry was married for the second time, to Sara Lindsay Coleman of Asheville, N.C., friend of his boyhood days. They made their home on Long Island for a brief time, his daughter Margaret coming to live with them. In a short time, however, his health began to fail, and they went to Asheville. He grew steadily worse and returned to New York only for brief visits. On one of these, in June of 1910, he collapsed and was rushed to a hospital. He survived for two days and was conscious

practically until the end, which came just at sunrise on June 5. "Pull up the shades," he told those about him, and added with a smile the words of a current popular song, "I don't want to go home in the dark." Two minutes later he was dead. An "O. Henryesque" incident occurred when his funeral, at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York, was inadvertently set for the same hour as a wedding. The wedding party waited until the services were over, wandering about the church garden unaware of what was occurring inside. He was buried at Asheville.

O. Henry is one of the most widely published of modern authors. He has been called "the American De Maupassant." His works have been translated into nearly all languages, and have run into innumerable editions in his own country. Of his stories, the volumes devoted to New York—his "Bagdad-on-the-Subway"—have had the widest appeal. All his life he wished to write a novel, but, so far as is known, he never began it. He had one unsuccessful venture into the drama with Franklin P. Adams ("F.P.A."); the several of his stories were successfully dramatized by others.

Perhaps the best description of O. Henry in his writing prime is given by "Bob" Davis: "I don't believe anyone enjoyed absolute intimacy with him. He was not especially communicative in conversation, altho to his readers he gave himself utterly. . . Stout, heavy chested, florid in tone and slow in movement. His shoulders were wide, his carriage erect. His head was massive, the brow broad, and the eyes open. Blue as the sky at times. When he laughed his whole face lit up. The voice was pitched in a low key. . . He spoke with a pronounced Southern accent, combining deliberate gestures with his speech. . . A better listener than a talker, but a marvelous audience under all circumstances. Where did he learn so much of life? By living it, I suppose. He had considerable of that thing called experience."

A large and extensive literature has grown up around O. Henry's life and career.

O. Henry's works:

Cabbages and Kings, 1905; The Four Million, 1906; Waifs and Strays, 1906; Hearts of the West, 1907; The Trimmed Lamp and Other Stories, 1907; The Gentle Grafter, 1908; The Voice of the City, 1908; Options, 1909; Roads of Destiny, 1909; Strictly Business, 1910; Whirligigs, 1910; Sixes and Sevens, 1911; Rolling Stones, 1913; Collected Works (twelve volumes) 1913.

About O. Henry:

Black, A. *American Husbands and Other Alternatives*; Chubb, E. A. *Stories of Authors*; Cooper, F. T. *Some American Story Tellers*; Davis, R. H. and Maurice, A. B. *The Caliph of Bagdad*; O. Henry. *Collected Works* (see index for biographical material); *O. Henry Papers*; Holliday, R. C. *Broome Street Straws*; Jennings, A. *Beating Back*; Jennings, A. *Thru the Shadows With O. Henry*; Mais, S. P. B. *From Shakespeare to O. Henry*; Marcossou, I. F. *Adventures in Interviewing*; Maurice, A. B. *O. Henry*; Sinclair, U. *Bill Porter: A Drama of O. Henry in Prison*; Smith, C. A. *O. Henry Biography*.

Bookman 61:436 June 1925; 73:593 August 1931; *Golden Book* 11:44 April 1930; *Literary Digest* 95:52 March 10, 1928; 99:63 November 3, 1928; *Outlook* 148:408 March 14, 1928; *Review of Reviews* 78:217 August 1928; *Saturday Review of Literature* 7:922 June 27, 1931.

Josephine Herbst 1897-

Autobiographical sketch of Josephine Herbst, American novelist:

BORN Sioux City, Iowa, 1897, of Pennsylvania-German stock. Parents were second cousins and came of a line who had lived in Pennsylvania since the early 1700's. My mother never adjusted herself to Iowa and fed her children on stories of her people and their roving. All of her family of her own generation had spread thru the country, penetrating the South, West and Far West. Perhaps because of my father's lack of business success I too wanted to move around and leave my home town.

As a child I kept notebooks and diaries because there were bags full of stuff like that hanging in our attic written by forefathers from a way back. My mother's method of narrating a story seemed to me the most telling I ever heard and I early tried to reproduce it in school themes. The terrible hot summers in Iowa made reading a good antidote; I spent all my vacations doped with any books I could get my hands on.

We had a very intelligent librarian who got the *Little Review* and the *Masses* and let me read them.

After the public schools I went to Morningside College and then the University of Iowa. I was disappointed in college and thought the trouble might be with Iowa. So I next went to Seattle. But first I had to earn money and taught school, worked in a printing shop, did typing. I took a few courses at the University of Washington at Seattle and worked a mimeograph on the side.

At that time I had great luck with jobs and I got the idea I could go anywhere I pleased and always get work. I came East again, worked in the Middle West for a few months, then the War was on. Everything in the world seemed moving and tho I was reading the *Masses* and against the War, could not and would not knit, I wanted to move. I went to California and without much belief in what I might get from a university, went to the University of California at Berkeley. I graduated from there in 1919, held down several parasitic jobs around the Bay until I had money saved to light out again.

This time I went back to Seattle but soldiers were coming home, jobs were not so easy to get, I decided the West was no good and went East. In New York I clerked at Gimbel's, worked as charity case worker, and became a reader for a group of magazines supervised by Mencken and Nathan. Money was hard to get, jobs were scarce, it no longer looked so easy to move around.

But in 1921 I took a few hundred dollars, all I had, and went abroad. The mark was falling in Germany, I lived there for more than a year, stayed abroad three years. In 1924 in Paris I met Robert McAlmon, Nathan Asch, Ernest Hemingway, John Herrmann, and others who afterwards formed the *transition* group.

In 1925 John Herrmann and I married and lived for a year in a farmhouse in Connecticut. We have moved around a good deal, spent a summer in a twenty foot ketch on the coast of Maine, several winters in Key West, have gone to the Soviet Union and returned to Germany and Paris, spent a winter in Mexico, and have an old stone Pennsylvania-German

house in Erwinna, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, to come back to.

In 1928 my first novel, *Nothing Is Sacred*, was published. It had to do with the breakup of modern society, particularly, the family. *Money for Love* appeared in 1929, again dealing with a disintegration motive, this time that of romantic love in a bourgeois society. Stories were published in the *American Caravan*, *American Mercury*, *Scribner's*, *transition*, *Pagan*, and O'Brien's *Best Short Stories*.

Pity Is Not Enough, published in 1933, is the first of a trilogy to cover not only the decay of a capitalistic society but the upthrust of a new group society. In *Pity Is Not Enough* an historical period following the Civil War is covered in the light of the present. The light by which that generation lived, individual initiative and "more capital," is shown to be no light at all. All the fine qualities of the characters blur and dim, trapped in a scheme they cannot encompass but which encompasses them. In their trap they fall back upon pity but pity cannot save them. The old standbys of their generation, religion, respectability, are so many straw bridges. Yet they have covered the country, sending members to South and West, giving energy and faith. Alone and iso-



JOSEPHINE HERBST

Lola Stone

lated they are lost against the union of greater strength of the class pitted against them. The prospector sells out to the capitalist from the East, the vain hope for capital leads each member of this generation by the nose.

The book is written on two levels, the one covering the main narrative from 1865 to 1896 and the second, composed of interpretative inserts which give the reaction of that generation upon the generation now living. This younger generation will dominate the second volume, their reactions from the illusions of their parents plunging them into pitfalls equally deadly until history moves faster than they, awakening them to new rôles and reviving old virtues (book three).

To write this historical stuff not in the romantic method nor as history but as living breathing language and life has been my job. In the beginning I thought the duty of a writer was to write accurately and honestly what he sees and feels; time has merely exposed wider views to be covered. Politics, history, everything that nourishes human beings is part of such a job. History is a continuity, not chance.

I am interested not only in crumbling society but in the gradual emergence of a new society. If this new society is being built by those recruited from those forced down the ladder of the old society, it may explain my preoccupation with poor people, fumlbers, and those who do not quite hit the mark. In other words, the vast majority, in our American scheme.

Josephine Herbst's novels:

Nothing Is Sacred, 1928; Money for Love, 1929; Pity Is Not Enough, 1933.

Robert Herrick 1868-

Autobiographical sketch of Robert Herrick, American novelist:

I WAS born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, April 26, 1868. My father, William Augustus Herrick, who was a lawyer, was descended from an unbroken line of New England farmers, settled in Boxford, Massachusetts, since about 1800, whose original ancestor arrived in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1636. There are many Herricks scattered thru Maine

and Massachusetts and a few that have wandered westward.

My mother was Harriet Emery, whose father and uncles were Congregational ministers, her father having served the orthodox church at Weymouth, Massachusetts, for over fifty years. Other family names were Peabody, Manning, Killam, Hale. Thus so far as I know all my blood inheritance is of New England.

I went to the Cambridge Latin School, then to Harvard College where I received the A.B. (the only degree I have) in 1890. My sophomore year (1887) was spent in travel to the West Indies, Mexico, California, Alaska, and the West, all of which places were in those days lands of romance.

I began to have my stories published in my sophomore year at Harvard, first in the *Harvard Advocate* (of which for a short time I was editor) and then in the *Harvard Monthly*, for which I wrote many stories and articles. I was editor of the *Monthly* for several years and editor-in-chief for a half year, sharing this honor with Norman Hapgood. It is to the associations formed in connection with this literary magazine that I attribute my training and enthusiasm for the writer's life, and it was in the effort to establish the Harvard system of teaching undergraduates to write that I gave many years of my life.

After graduation I was an instructor in English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1890 to 1893, and then instructor, assistant professor, and professor of English in the University of Chicago until 1923 when I resigned my professorship. Much of that time I had been on part time service, the rest of my time being spent in travel and authorship.

Since 1913 I have had a home in York Village, Maine, my present address [1933]. During the World War I was in Europe, writing signed articles for the *Chicago Tribune* and other periodicals.

Thus I have been both teacher and writer for most of my mature life, and the center of my activity during those years was Chicago, the characteristic American metropolis, but my ties to my birthplace of New England have been



ROBERT HERRICK

maintained and I have also lived for considerable periods in Europe, the West Indies, Mexico, and have at one time or another visited almost every state of the Union, notably Arizona, California, and Florida. My two occupations and my varied background have afforded me a considerable panorama of contemporary life.

One of my firmest convictions being that creative artists should be known thru their works (into which presumably they have put all that is significant or vital in them) rather than thru gossip or "personalities" I have little more to say about myself.

I hope that my novels are in some way a contribution to the understanding of contemporary American life, about which for the most part they are concerned. From reading them anybody can infer easily my attitudes towards America and modern life and its issues. Specifically I do not believe in "propaganda" writing, or so-called "problem fiction," altho most of my fiction has been concerned with problems of one kind or another. But I have endeavored to deal with these problems less in an argumentative or controversial manner than as crises in human lives. Some of the titles of my books that will reveal to those interested my point of view and workmanship as artist are the following:

The Common Lot, *Memoirs of an American Citizen*, *Together*, *The Healer*, *Clark's Field*, *Waste*, and *The End of Desire*. My most recent volume, *Sometime*, is an allegorical utopia or ironical criticism of American civilization.

Altho by education, training, and conviction I belong to the realistic school of novelists, nevertheless I recognize the futility of critical labels, and realize that in my fiction there are romantic and idealistic elements that do not conform to strict realism. Life presents itself to me as a dream, often sordid, sometimes tragic, rarely insignificant. It has been my constant effort as an artist to render its significances, which in the bustle of actual living are so often ignored or blurred.

* * *

In 1895, after his second year at Chicago, Herrick wrote in Paris and Florence, producing his first book, a novelette entitled *The Man Who Wins*.

Three years later he brought out his first full-length novel, *The Gospel of Freedom*, which introduced the two themes which have run thru most of his subsequent works: the conflict in society between the desire for success and the maintenance of personal integrity, and the place of women in American life. He became known as an interpreter of contemporary America.

The Memoirs of an American Citizen, which was published in 1905, is a portrait of a successful business man, a frequently reappearing character type in Herrick's novels. Reformers and radicals are other types.

Herrick's novel, *Together*, a story "of married lives as lived in America," was a best seller in 1908. Critics pointed out that he had made no effort to meet the public taste, being a writer who always wrote to please himself and who was uncompromising in his convictions. In 1924 he published *Waste*, which he believes is his most important work of fiction. It was imaginatively the record of the previous twenty years of his life.

According to Carl Van Doren, Herrick's "is the voice which, in fiction, has best represented the scholar's conscience disturbed by the spectacle of a tumultuous generation of which most of the members are too much undisturbed. . ."

Harry Hansen, who knew Herrick in Chicago, called him in *Midwest Portraits* "a calm, unemotional analyst, a representative of New England culture transplanted into the heart of the West. . . His scholarship was well-balanced, he had his literary backgrounds well in hand: he was always dignified, technically correct, and reserved in his work."

"Robert Herrick in his early forties would walk across the grounds of the University of Chicago with that detached, ruminating air that was characteristic of the sexagenarian Ibsen. . . He was the picture of health then, with a boyish face, blond hair, and ruddy cheeks; today he is much the same, save that his face is a bit more full, his lips are more firmly compressed and a glint of silver has touched his hair. His manner was always deliberate. . . In the classroom he was never emotional in speech or in gesture, but we were always startled into attention by his crisp comment on men and affairs, his irony, his unerring judgment." He stood aloof from social affairs of the university during his thirty years on the campus, and never mingled with the students.

In ten years after his retirement, Herrick produced seven books, most of them novels.

Robert Herrick's works:

NOVELS: *The Gospel of Freedom*, 1888; *The Web of Life*, 1900; *The Real World*, 1901; *The Common Lot*, 1904; *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, 1905; *The Master of the Inn*, 1908; *Together*, 1908; *A Life for a Life*, 1910; *The Healer*, 1911; *One Woman's Life*, 1913; *His Great Adventure*, 1913; *Clark's Field*, 1914; *Homely Lilla*, 1923; *Waste*, 1924; *Chimes*, 1926; *The End of Desire*, 1932; *Sometime*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *The Man Who Wins*, 1895; *Literary Love Letters and Other Stories*, 1896; *Love's Dilemmas*, 1898; *Their Child*, 1903; *The Conscript Mother*, 1916; *Wanderings*, 1925.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Composition and Rhetoric* (with Professor L. T. Damon) 1899; *The World Decision*, 1916; *Little Black Dog*, 1931.

About Robert Herrick:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Cooper, F. T. *Some American Story Tellers*; Hansen, H. *Midwest Portraits*; Van Doren, C. C. *Contemporary American Novelists*.

Bookman 38:274 November 1913; *Dial* 40:87 August 16, 1910; *Nation* 121:388 October 7, 1925; *New Republic* 67:129 June 17, 1931; *Review of Reviews* 43:380 March 1911.

Hermann Hesse 1877-

HERMANN HESSE, German poet and novelist, was born in Claw, Württemberg, on July 2, 1877. His father, Johannes Hesse, was of Estonian descent and had been for some years a missionary in India. His mother, Maria Gundert, came of an old Swabian family and had been born in Stuttgart. Young Hermann was thus born in a family of pronouncedly religious views, but it must be also remarked that, apart from this, it was as well a family of a scientific and philosophical turn. Grandfather Gundert was by way of being a scholar. He was the author of a Malayalam dictionary, one of the numerous Hindu dialects, and had also published a song book selected from that people. Hesse's father, on his part, had used his time in India to such good purpose that when returning to Germany, he was constantly writing articles and brochures on Hindu philosophy and life, and the exploits of the more notable missionaries.

At home the Hesses had a fine collection of Hindu writings and Hindu music was so popular among them that the children learned to sing Malayalam songs before they could sing in German. Then too they kept up a lively contact with the Hindu mission students at Basle and altogether were brought up more in the spirit of the East than of the West. As the son of a clergyman, young Hesse received a careful education. He was a pupil at the celebrated school of Maulbronn at Basle where his father was then an official in the Office of Foreign Missions. Later on he attended a gymnasium. Hesse's semi-autobiographical novels indicate that his school life was not of the happiest. The régime required too much application and left little time for the contemplative life and observation of nature of which Hesse was so fond.

After the years at the gymnasium, Hesse tried his luck in a clock factory. But eighteen months of that life sufficed to show him that destiny had shaped him for other things. From 1895 to 1903 he was a bookseller and antiquarian at Basle and later at Tübingen, the university town. Here he had more leisure and he began to write. The first

published result of this new activity was the volume of verse *Romantische Lieder*, which was published in 1898. In the meantime he became a student at the University of Tübingen, familiarizing himself for the most part with Goethe, the philosophy of Nietzsche, and the German Romantic school in general. At Basle he wrote for the newspapers and became acquainted in literary circles. He traveled extensively, living in Paris and Italy, and crossing and recrossing Switzerland from one end to the other. This period of travel, passionate friendships, and literary discoveries is described in the novel *Peter Camenzind* which was published in 1904.

In August 1904 Hesse married Maria Bernoulli of Basle. The following year, in the month of December, their son Bruno was born. Some years later Hesse's mother died. The result was that the young author was now even more closely drawn to his father than formerly, and it is worthy of note to observe the close relationship that now transpired in their literary careers. What the father dealt with in his articles, the son enlarged upon in his novels, and vice versa. In 1911 Hesse himself undertook a rather extensive tour of India, the immediate results of which were embodied in the travel sketches *Aus Indien*,

1913. There is much evidence of a close cooperation between father and son in their studies of Indian and Chinese civilizations, and the Eastern spirit of quiet contemplation and love of nature became a dominant characteristic of Hesse's work. The father is pictured in the guise of the teacher Lohse in *Gertrud* where he is made to plead for the Hindu virtues of self-abnegation and the universality of the law of Karma.

The father died in 1916 at Kornthal. The World War and the subsequent defeat of Germany only intensified Hesse's horror of the "dangerous life." In 1918 he wrote his *Return of Zarathustra* and had it published anonymously the following year. But this returned Zarathustra is not the Zarathustra of Nietzsche. Much of the stormy arrogance is gone and in place of it we have a sage of constructive wisdom, of a wisdom designed to light the way for the young in paths which their elders were too foolish to follow. In 1922 Hesse published his epic of India, the *Siddhartha*, on which he had worked for many years and which he now dedicated to a fellow-spirit, Romain Rolland. It is a final tribute to his father, and full of allusion to the problem of son and father, all interwoven with the music of India which he learned to love in his childhood and to worship in maturity. Now, that the years are beginning to tell, Hesse does not travel much. He prefers to live a quiet life on his estate at Montagnola, Switzerland, near the lake of Lugano. The winters he spends at Zürich.

Hermann Hesse is an exponent, primarily of what the Germans call *Heimatkunst*, or the preoccupation with regional scenery and local themes. He writes almost exclusively with a Swabian or a Swiss background. His manner is Romantic, but with a strong admixture of respect for actuality and contact with nature. He is also a stylist and in this he derives from Italy. It is interesting to note that of the two biographies he wrote, one deals with "the friend of all men" Francis of Assisi, and the other with the Italian master-stylist Boccaccio. Twice he tells us of the lives of lonely



HERMANN HESSE

artists: in *Gertrud* it is a musician, in *Rosshalde* it is a painter.

As a youth Hesse was trustful and openhearted; as a man, with the World War behind him, he drew back within himself. In 1920 he published *Blick ins Chaos*, and he finds that it is foolish to talk of madness in the world while one's own inner life is in discord. And in *Demian* he writes: "If we were nothing more than individuals, we could actually be put out of the world entirely with a musket-ball, and in that case there would be no more sense in relating stories. But each man is not only himself, he is also the unique, quite special, and in every case the important and remarkable point where the world's phenomena converge, in a certain manner, never again to be replaced. For that reason the history of everyone is important, eternal, divine. For that reason every man, so long as he lives at all and carries out the will of nature, is wonderful and worthy of every attention. In everyone has the spirit taken shape, in everyone creation suffers, in everyone is a redeemer crucified. . . We can understand one another; but each one is able to explain only himself."

As an artistic creed, this statement explains much of Hesse's own creative work. According to this, even his most objective writings are nothing but confessions of himself. There are the three novels of childhood and early youth (*Hermann Lauscher*, *Peter Camenzind*, and *Unter dem Rad*) all written before he was twenty-nine, and *Demian*, written in the early forties; and each of these is but a reflection of his own experiences, of his own quickly maturing youth in relation to the external world. The short stories which he wrote in the intervals between longer novels, only round out the picture. Loneliness and death are the recurring themes which we meet again and again in his works. It is always for youth that he pleads, always for the believing, as he himself has been a believer.

This same preoccupation with youth is also the motive of *Death and the Lover*, a tale of medieval cloister life, of Parsifalian wanderings full of the odor of the earth, of love and adventure, against a background of ancient monasteries and episcopal towns, and the easy companionship of craftsmen, porters, and

traveling scholars. It is the tale of the youth Goldmund and his master Narziss, a teacher at the cloister. The theme is "the significance of a mother in a destiny."

Steppenwolf is a confession of Hesse's mature years. Here he recognizes in himself two forces: the one leading him on to a martyrdom of the spirit, to a dissolving in God, the other, no less powerful, constantly urging him to a martyrdom of passions and desires. And he recognizes that "there is no way of retreat at all, neither to the beast-like nor to the child-like. In the beginning of things there was not innocence and purity; all that is created, even the simplest, is already guilty and contaminated and complex, because it has been thrown in the dirty waters of a becoming, and cannot hope to extricate itself from the encompassing slime." With such premises as a starting point, some have reasoned that life is perhaps nothing but a mad prank played on unsuspecting humanity, a terrible miscarriage of creation. Others, again, contend that this apparently senseless destiny of humanity may have behind it a purpose as yet undetected, that "man is not perhaps a mere halfway animal, but a child of God destined for immortality." To this latter view Hesse subscribes: his novels and poems are the profound and eloquent expression of a now unfashionable faith.

A. B.

Principal works of Hermann Hesse:

POETRY: *Romantische Lieder*, 1898; *Gedichte*, 1902; *Unterwegs*, 1911; *Musik der Einsamkeit*, 1915; *Ausgewählte Gedichte*, 1922; *Siddhartha*, 1922; *Italian*, 1923; *Trost der Nacht*, 1929.

ESSAYS AND BIOGRAPHY: *Boccaccio*, 1904; *Franz von Assisi*, 1904; *Zarathustras Wiederkehr*, 1919; *Blick ins Chaos*, 1920; *Sinclair's Notizbuch*, 1923.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: *Hermann Lauscher*, 1901; *Peter Camenzind*, 1904; *Unter dem Rad*, 1906; *Dießseits*, 1907; *Nachbarn*, 1909; *Gertrud*, 1910; *Umwege*, 1912; *Aus Indien*, 1913; *Rosshalde*, 1914; *Knulp*, 1915; *Am Weg*, 1916; *Märchen*, 1919; *Klingsors Letzter Sommer*, 1920; *Wanderung*, 1920; *Demian*, 1922; *Mordprozesse*, 1922; *Die Verlobung*, 1924; *Geschichten aus dem Mittelalter*, 1925; *Kurgast*, 1925; *Der Steppenwolf*, 1927; *Krisis*, 1928; *Der Zyklon*, 1929; *Narziss und Goldmund*, 1930; *Der Weg Nach Innen*, 1931; *Morgenlandsfahrt*, 1932; *Die Kleine Welt*, 1933.

English translations of Hermann Hesse:

In *the Old Sun*, 1913; *Gertrude and I*, 1915; In *Sight of Chaos*, 1923; *Demian*, 1923;

Steppenwolf, 1929; *Death and the Lover*, 1932.

About Hermann Hesse:

Introductions to *Demian* and *Death and the Lover*; Eloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*; Soergel, A. *Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit*.

Bookman 76:91 January 1933; *Dial* 74:619 June 1923; *Neue Rundschau* 38:483 May 1927; *New York Times Book Review* December 4, 1932; *Revue d'Allemagne* 3:517 June 1929; *Spectator* 142:70 May 18, 1929.

Maurice Hewlett 1861-1923

Maurice Henry Hewlett, English novelist, essayist, and poet, was born on January 22, 1861, the eldest son of Henry Gay Hewlett of Shaw Hill, Addington, Kent. The Hewletts had lived in Somerset and Dorset for many centuries. A precocious child, he did not mix with boys his own age, always tried to do things "too big" for him, and was unhappy. He read many books in English and in French, knew *Morte d'Arthur* by heart, and took a great interest in the magazine articles written by his father, who was a life-long student, critic, and verse-maker. "I was never a boy," he said in later life, "except possibly the time when I should have been a man." He was educated in private schools and at London International College, Spring Grove, Isleworth, but he cared little for scholastic routine, "wasted" his time in dreaming, and never took a university degree.

At eighteen Hewlett began the study of law, continued it by fits and starts for twelve years, and was finally called to the bar in 1891, when he was thirty. Meanwhile, he thoroly acquainted himself with English and French literature, absorbed Dante, Shelley, and Keats. He became known as an authority on heraldry and the history of chivalry. To recover his health, he made numerous short visits to Italy, and fell under the spell of that country and its history. After he was married to Hilda Beatrice Herbert, second daughter of Rev. George William Herbert, vicar of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, in 1888, he and his wife wandered thru Italy, camped out in the New Forest, England, settling at length in the village of Broad-Chalke, near Salisbury, Wiltshire. For nineteen years they lived

in the rectory of the village church, which dated from 1350. His wife, a skillful aviatrix, built airplanes for the government during the World War, made a fortune, and gave it away.

Hewlett's first book was an expression of his adoration for Italy and for Botticelli, *Earthwork Out of Tuscany* (1895). Many think it his finest work. He never stayed in Italy longer than two months at a time because he thought it an advantage to see a country briefly. He lectured for a while on medieval thought and art at the South Kensington University and wrote reviews for the critical journals. From 1898 to 1900 Hewlett was Keeper of the Land Revenue Records and Enrollments in the Record Office in London. His work was inspecting and revising legal papers, but he had ample opportunity to pore over old documents, delve into the *Doomsday Book*, and become familiar with the Scandinavian and Icelandic Sagas.

One day in 1898 Hewlett took the manuscript of a novel, *The Forest Lovers*, to his neighbor in Wiltshire, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, with a shy request that she give her opinion of it. Her enthusiasm led to its publication and his ascension to fame, at the age of thirty-seven, as a writer of medieval romance. *The Forest Lover*, in the opinion of John Drinkwater, is the work for which Maurice Hewlett will be longest remembered. He resigned his job in the Record Office to devote all his time to literature, and produced two popular historical novels, *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, based on the life of Richard Coeur de Lion; and *The Queen's Quair*, a fictionized story of Mary, Queen of Scots. The latter he rewrote four times. His method in writing these romances was to saturate himself with historical facts, then give his imagination free play. "The perennial wonder of Mr. Hewlett's art," says Frederic Taber Cooper, "centers in his power of reincarnation, his ability to show us knights and ladies of olden times, who have so obviously just trooped forth from dim and crumbling hangings, suddenly flushing into the warmth of life and youth and riotous passion." The term "tapestry novel" was applied to these books. In spite of the success of *The Queen's Quair*, Hewlett expressed

disappointment because it was accepted as fiction rather than history. He said: "I rank myself with the historian in this business of tale-telling, and consider that my whole affair is to hunt the argument dispassionately. Your romancer must neither be a lover of his heroine nor (as the fashion now sets) of his chief rascal. He must affect a genial height, that of a jigger of strings."

In 1905 Hewlett bade goodbye to the times of Renaissance and launched upon a series of novels of eighteenth and nineteenth century life, beginning with *The Fool Errant*, including a trilogy—*Half-way House*, *Open Country*, and *Rest Harrow*—and concluding with *Mainwaring*. There was a sharp division among critics: some thought Hewlett at his best only when dealing with historical persons, others insisted he was more genuine in his later tales of contemporary life. Nevertheless, he did not stay long with either occupation, but passed on to other phases of his career. After 1916 he wrote poems, and after 1920 he wrote essays on divers subjects, especially social themes. He became preoccupied with a great sympathy for laborers and the poor, moving from his house into a workman's cottage, and striving for the improvement of conditions. His *Song of the Plow* is a narrative poem, describ-

ing the fortunes of the English farm laborers from the earliest time to his day.

Hewlett thought of himself as a poet, and published books of verse on and off during his career. "I may be a good poet," he said, "or a bad one—that's not for me to say; but I am a poet of sorts." His first book of poetry was *Songs and Meditations*, and his last, *Flowers in the Grass*. His poetic play, *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, was produced at the Court Theatre, London, in March 1905, and was followed by the *Youngest of the Angels*, a dramatization from a chapter in *The Fool Errant*.

In his varied career, Hewlett turned from one form of expression to another, writing novels, short stories, essays, poetry, and plays. J. B. Priestley says, "I do not think he ever completely found himself." He got all his material from books and admittedly all his life "used other men's art and wisdom as a spring-board." His chief "springboards" were Malory and Meredith, the first for the medieval novels, the second for the contemporary novels. He not only used Meredith's manner, but followed his practice of basing many characters on real persons. He was known for his entrancing feminine characters, was praised for his descriptive powers and charm, but was criticized for his over-decorative style, his lack of verisimilitude and central plot. A New York librarian said he was "too fine" to be popular. He was also called precious, exclusive, and "high-brow." He was generally best liked when he wrote about Italy.

Hewlett was known as a man of moods. When he was in the country, according to William Dana Orcutt, he "was a dreamer, the bohemian, wholly detached from the world outside; in the city he was confident and determined in approaching any subject, his voice became crisp and decisive, his bearing that of the man of the world." He hated the city, and seldom went to London. C. Lewis Hind's impression of him was: "An intense man, thin, sturdy, and wiry; energetic; with a face finely trained and somewhat battered, eyes that watch, lips that utter quick incisive comments." He was a good talker but society bored him. He had a military moustache and late in



MAURICE HEWLETT

life the top of his head was bald. He was a bookish person, a literary diletante, erudite, fond of fine phrases. He had no prejudices, no "axes to grind," cared nothing for politics. "I have my pet nostrums, of course. I believe in Poverty, Love, and England, and am convinced that only thru the first will the other two thrive." He kept a garden, rode a bicycle about the countryside, was acknowledged a poor letter-writer. In 1914 he traveled to Greece with his daughter and wrote a diary which was published in the *London Mercury*. He was a justice of the peace in Wiltshire, a member of the Athenaeum Club, and, in 1910, a member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature.

Hewlett died of pneumonia on June 15, 1923, at his home in Broad-Chalke. He was sixty-two years old. His *Last Essays* were published in 1924 and his *Letters* in 1926.

Maurice Hewlett's works:

NOVELS: *The Forest Lovers*, 1898; *Richard Yea-and Nay*, 1900; *The Queen's Quair*, 1904; *The Fool Errant*, 1905; *The Stooping Lady*, 1907; *Half-Way House*, 1908; *Open Country*, 1909; *Rest Harrow*, 1910; *Brazenhead the Great*, 1911; *The Song of Renny*, 1911; *Mrs. Lancelot*, 1912; *Gendish*, 1913; *A Lover's Tale*, 1915; *The Little Iliad*, 1915; *Frey and His Wife*, 1916; *Love and Lucy*, 1916; *Thorgils*, 1917; *Gudrid the Fair*, 1918; *Light Heart*, 1920; *Outlaw*, 1920; *Mainwaring*, 1920.

SHORT STORIES: *Little Novels of Italy*, 1899; *The New Canterbury Tales*, 1901; *Fond Adventures*, 1905; *Lore of Proserpine*, 1913.

ESSAYS: *Earthwork Out of Tuscany*, 1895; *The Road in Tuscany*, 1904; *In a Green Shade*, 1920; *Wiltshire Essays*, 1921; *Extemporary Essays*, 1922; *Last Essays*, 1924.

POEMS: *Songs and Meditations*, 1897; *Artemision: Idylls and Songs*, 1909; *Helen Redeemed and Other Poems*, 1913; *Gai Saber: Tales and Songs*, 1916; *The Song of the Plow*, 1916; *The Village Wife's Lament*, 1918; *Flowers in the Grass*, 1920.

PLAYS: *The Masque of Dead Florentines*, 1895; *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, 1898; *The Agonists*, 1911.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *Letters to Sanchia Upon Things As They Are*, 1910; *Letters*, 1926.

About Maurice Hewlett:

Bronner, M. *Maurice Hewlett*; Freeman, J. *English Portraits and Essays*; Hewlett, M. *Letters* (edited by Laurence Binyon, with introductory memoir by Edward Hewlett); Priestley, J. B. *Figures in Modern Literature*; Squire, J. C. *Sunday Mornings*.

Fortnightly Review 124:47 July 1925; *Saturday Review of Literature* 4:481 December 31, 1927.

Robert Hichens 1864-

Autobiographical sketch of Robert Smythe Hichens, English novelist:

I WAS born at Speldhurst, in Kent, England, on November 14, 1864. My education took place at Tunbridge Wells, at Clifton College, and at the Royal College of Music in London. I also spent one year at David Anderson's School of Journalism in London, and studied the piano and organ for a considerable time at Bristol under the Cathedral organist and conductor, George Riseley. My father wished to send me to Oxford, but I preferred to study music and was allowed to.

On leaving David Anderson's School of Journalism I began to write. At first I wrote for papers. Then I wrote some short stories, which were published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, etc. A winter in Egypt gave me an idea for a short book, and I wrote *The Green Carnation*, which was published in England and America and was successful.

Soon after the publication of this book I joined the staff of the *London World* as music critic, succeeding George Bernard Shaw. After holding the post for about three years I resigned, left London, and began to travel and to live abroad during a great part of the year, returning to England in the summer months. I devoted myself to the writing of books and short stories, and also did some work for the state. I wrote *Becky Sharpe*, founded on Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, in collaboration with Cosmo Gordon-Lennox and it was produced with success in London, with Miss Marie Tempest in the principal part. From time to time I did other work for the stage, but most of my attention was given to the writing of books. Of these I have published between forty and fifty, among them *Flames*, *The Garden of Allah*, *The Call of the Blood*, *Bella Donna*, *The Woman With the Fan*, and in more recent years *The First Lady Brendon*, *Doctor Arts*, *After the Verdict*, and *The Paradine Case*. I have also written a great many stories for various magazines, including *Cosmopolitan*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Liberty*, *Nash's Magazine*, etc.

I have lived a great deal in North Africa: Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco; and in Sicily and Italy and Switzerland. At present [1933] I am living in Egypt not far from Cairo.

I have never married.

Travel has, I think, influenced my career a good deal. A visit to Northern Africa induced me to write *The Garden of Allah*, of which over seven hundred thousand copies had been sold some years ago. This book has been turned into a successful play, done all over America and in England. It has also been twice filmed, and is going to be filmed again as a "talkie."

My acquaintance with Egypt led to my writing *Bella Donna*, which has also been adapted with success to the stage, and has been filmed three times. Many of my other books have been filmed, including *Barbary Sheep*, *After the Verdict*, *The Bracelet*, *Snake-Bite*, etc.

My most recent book to be published is *The Paradine Case*. Since I finished it I have written *The Power to Rule* and *The Gardenia*, not yet published. I am working now on a book called *The Singing Child*.

I usually write in the mornings and again between six and eight o'clock in the evenings.

I play lawn tennis and golf, and here in Egypt I ride a great deal in the desert which is close to my house, generally starting out at 6 A.M.

My father and mother are dead. The former was a clergyman, Canon F. H. Hichens of Canterbury.

I think that my chief pleasures in life have been traveling, reading good literature, listening to fine music, riding on horseback, and games. But not card games, which I never play.

I prefer hot climates to cold and living in the country to living in any town.

I have paid one visit to America [in connection with the production of *The Garden of Allah* at the New Century Theatre in New York] and enjoyed it. I am now sixty-eight but can't help feeling still rather young. For this I hope to be forgiven. The languages I speak besides my own are French and Italian. My Arabic is confined to a few



ROBERT HICHENS

words altho I have been so much in North Africa.

* * *

While Robert Hichens was studying music in Bristol, he published lyrics, recitations, and short stories. One of the first lyrics he sold, "If at Your Window," was set to music by Ethel Harraden, sister of Beatrice Harraden, the novelist. Another, "A Kiss and Good-Bye," was set by Tito Mattei and sung by Madame Patti at the Albert Hall, London.

At seventeen he wrote a novel called *The Coastguard's Secret*, which he now says is a very bad one. It was published in 1885. *The Green Carnation*, written when he was twenty-nine, was a satire on Oscar Wilde.

Hichens conceived the idea for *The Garden of Allah*, the story of a monk who goes to the desert and forgets his vows for the love of a woman, when he visited the Sahara Desert after living for three weeks in a Trappist monastery. Five years later, after his seventh sojourn in the desert, he began writing the novel, and spent two years writing it. The most popular of his works, *The Garden of Allah* ran thru five editions within three months when published in 1905. For the London production of his dramatization of the story at the Drury

Laue Theatre in 1920, Hichens brought a number of natives and camels from Biskra, in Algeria. The new Drury Lane Theatre was built out of the profits of the play.

Much of *The Garden of Allah* was written in Sicily in a peasant's house on a mountain above Taormina.

Hichens spends his winters in Switzerland, on the shore of Lac Lemman not far from Vevy, where he shares a house with John Knittel, the Swiss novelist.

Robert Hichens' works:

NOVELS: *The Coastguard's Secret*, 1885; *The Green Carnation*, 1894; *An Imaginative Man*, 1895; *Flames*, 1897; *Byeways*, 1897; *The Londoners*, 1898; *The Slave*, 1899; *Tongues of Conscience*, 1900; *The Prophet of Berkeley Square*, 1901; *Felix*, 1902; *The Woman With the Fan*, 1904; *The Garden of Allah*, 1904; *The Call of the Blood*, 1906; *Barbary Sheep*, 1907; *A Spirit in Prison*, 1908; *Bella Donna*, 1909; *The Dweller on the Threshold*, 1911; *The Fruitful Vine*, 1911; *The Way of Ambition*, 1913; *In the Wilderness*, 1917; *Mrs. Marden*, 1919; *The Spirit of the Time*, 1921; *December Love*, 1923; *After the Verdict*, 1924; *The God Within Him* (American title: *The Unearthly*), 1926; *The Bacchante*, 1927; *Doctor Artz*, 1929; *On the Screen*, 1929; *The Bracelet*, 1930; *My Desert Friend*, 1931; *The First Lady*, 1931; *Mortimer Brice*, 1932; *The Paradise Case*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *The Folly of Eustace*, 1896; *The Black Spaniel*, 1905; *Snake-bite*, 1919; *The Last Time*, 1922; *The Gates of Paradise*, 1930.

TRAVEL: *Egypt and Its Monuments*, 1908; *The Holy Land*, 1910; *The Near East*, 1913.

About Robert Hichens:

Adcock, A. St. J. *The Glory That Was Grub Street*; Chevalley, A. *The Modern English Novel*; Lacon, pseud. *Lectures to Living Authors*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Robert Hillyer 1895-

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER, American poet, was born June 3, 1895, in East Orange, New Jersey. His parents were James Rankin Hillyer and Lillian Stanley Smith Hillyer. He is the tenth in direct descent from John Hillyer, one of the founders of the town of Windsor, Connecticut, in 1639. After a preparatory education at Kent School, Connecticut, he went to Harvard where he took an A.B. in 1917.

In the year of graduation from Harvard, when he was twenty-two, he published his first book of poetry, *Sonnets*

and *Other Lyrics*, reprinted in part from various periodicals. It was a slender gray volume containing thirty-four love sonnets and fifteen lyrics. One poem was the Harvard Garrison Prize poem for 1916.

From 1917 to 1919 Hillyer was an ambulance driver and lieutenant with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. After the War, in 1919, he joined the faculty of Harvard as instructor in English. In 1920 he brought out two poetic volumes, *The Five Books of Youth*, and *Alchemy: A Symphonic Poem*. The latter was divided into four movements, like a symphony. "The musical structure goes much deeper than this," explained the *Dial*; "there are main themes and secondary themes, skilful restatements in a different key."

Hillyer studied in Copenhagen as a fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation in 1920-21.

In 1923 he compiled *The Coming Forth by Day*, an anthology of poems from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, together with an essay on the Egyptian religion. His fourth volume of verse, *The Hills Give Promise*, appeared in the same year, containing chiefly lyrics and sonnets dealing with the emotions attendant upon romantic love and its passing. The closing symphonic poem called "Carmus" is a parable of man's spiritual adventure in quest of union with an envisioned perfection.

The poet was married in 1926 to Dorothy Hancock Tilton, of Haverhill, Massachusetts. They have one son, Stanley Hancock Hillyer. In 1926 Hillyer went from Harvard to Trinity College, Connecticut, as assistant professor of English for two years, receiving an honorary A.M. degree at the close of the second year. He returned to Harvard as associate professor of English in 1928, and he was Phi Beta Kappa poet in the following year.

With what Louis Untermeyer calls "an appropriateness suspiciously like a pun," Hillyer named his seventh book of verse *The Seventh Hill*. It came out in 1928. Untermeyer thought the book by all means his best up to that time, and said: "On the surface the verse seems to lack that sense of discovery which distinguishes poetry from versifi-



Photograph by Bachrach

ROBERT HILLYER

cation. But this is only because Hillyer's technique and idiom are transitional. His experiences, if not unique, are significant and his utterance, tho full of foreign and unmistakable accents, has unmistakable authority. . . Tho the contours of this poetry are delicate to the point of elegance, the spirit upholding them has a sustaining strength.

The Gates of the Compass, a poem in four parts, together with twenty-two shorter pieces, appeared in 1930. Odell Shepard said this book of Hillyer "has both youth and maturity, grace and strength, wonder and wisdom." Shepard has been a collaborator of Hillyer in the preparation of two prose anthologies.

Hillyer's poetry has found more favor in England than in America, possibly, says Untermeyer, because there is nothing local in his subject-matter or treatment. Arthur Machen wrote a foreword to his fifth work, *The Halt in the Garden*, the same volume which won the praise of Middleton Murry, who notes that Hillyer's work does not bear the marks of American origin, but is rather in the tradition of the poetry of England. The *Bookman* says: "He is a good Georgian, with a voice as authentic as our voices can be when we choose to speak with a British accent. He is subtle, mature, and a little world-weary. . . His poetry

is concentrated and well-cut, with some profundity and much sentiment. . ."

Critics speak of Hillyer's quietness, reserve, simplicity, and his command of cadence. Alfred Kreyenborg wrote in *Our Singing Strength*: "Most of his poetry lies in the field of romantic meditation, and is almost flawless technically. In this respect, it echoes the richer muse of Conrad Aiken, an older Harvardian. It may be my fault that I cannot read more than a few of these poems at a sitting. One admires the self-discipline of the poet, in the lamplight of Classical verse, but cannot help hoping that a gust will shatter the lamp and drive the poet outdoors."

Venturing into a new field, Hillyer brought out a novel, *Riverhead*, in 1932. It is a combination of realism and symbolism, which, on the surface, is the story of a youth's canoe trip up a small Connecticut river and back, and how, on the return trip, he fights the battles he had evaded on the upward journey.

Hillyer wrote about himself to the editors of this book in 1933: "His verse, classic in form and contemplative in quality, commands a small but faithful audience in America and England and has elicited from critics some abuse, some respect, occasionally enthusiasm. He has little regard for most of the names in contemporary poetry, with the exception of Robert Frost and Robert Bridges. The latter he considers incomparably the greatest poet of modern times and one of the great masters of English poetry. Having himself led an active life amid the hurly-burlys of his age, he notes with some scorn that most of the poets who are petulant about the waste land of these years have been happily sheltered from the confusions they deplore."

Altho he continues to teach at Harvard, he spends as much time as he can at his country home in Pomfret, Connecticut.

His *Collected Verse* appeared in 1933 and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1934.

Robert Hillyer's works:

POEMS: Sonnets and Other Lyrics, 1917; The Five Books of Youth, 1920; Alchemy: A Symphonic Poem, 1920; The Hills Give Promise, 1923; The Halt in the Garden, 1925; The Happy Episode, 1927; The Seventh Hill,

1928; *The Gates of the Compass*, 1930; *The Collected Verse of Robert Hillyer*, 1933.

NOVEL: *Riverhead*, 1932.

EDITOR: *Eight Harvard Poets* (with others) 1917; *Eight More Harvard Poets* (with S. Foster Damon) 1923; *The Coming Forth by Day*, 1923; *Essays of Today*: 1926-27 (with Odell Shepard) 1928; *Prose Masterpieces of English and American Literature* (with K. B. Murdock and Odell Shepard) 1931.

TRANSLATOR: *A Book of Danish Verse* (with S. Foster Damon from a volume compiled in Danish by Oluf Friis) 1922.

About Robert Hillyer:

Hillyer, R. *The Halt in the Garden* (see foreword by Arthur Machen), Kreymsborg, A. *Our Singing Strength*; Untermyer, L. *Modern American Poetry*.

Ralph Hodgson 1871-

RALPH HODGSON, poet, recluse, Shelley enthusiast, and authority on bull-terriers, was born in 1871, in Northumberland, Yorkshire. A firm believer in the doctrine that "the poet should live in his poetry," he is not at all anxious to parade the facts of his life, in which he resembles another Yorkshire poet, Gordon Bottomley, who has also shown a tendency to hide himself from the public gaze.

In spite of his reticence, however, a few facts are definitely known; and they may be briefly stated: he lived in America for a short time, he was engaged as a pressman in Fleet Street, he was on the pictorial staff of an evening newspaper as a draughtsman, and he edited *Fry's Magazine* for a short period. His name is to be found in *Who's Who* (1933) but he probably holds the record for the shortest account in that volume: three lines.

Hodgson published his first volume of verse, *The Last Blackbird and Other Lines*, in 1907. During the next ten years, he brought out a few volumes of poetry—all slim ones. His conception of poetry is so high that he refuses to think of it in terms of making a living. The result is that altho he has not written a great deal he has published even less.

In 1913 Hodgson entered into partnership with Lovat Fraser and Holbrook Jackson in the establishment of a press, "The Sign of the Flying Fame," devoted to the publication of broadsides and chapbooks. Most of Hodgson's own

poems have come from this press, in the form of dainty booklets, with decorated covers by Fraser.

In 1914 he was the fourth (and last) winner of the Polignac Prize of a hundred pounds, founded in September 1911 by Princess Edmond de Polignac in memory of her husband. The prize was awarded for *The Bull* and *The Song of Honor*. The previous winners were Walter de la Mare, John Masefield, and James Stephens.

Hodgson's collected poetry was published in 1917, in a book of sixty-four pages, and on this slight output his reputation rests. William Lyon Phelps, who calls him an "intellectual aristocrat," compares Hodgson to Gray in his "fastidiousness," his "hatred of publicity," and his "lambent humor," and declares that "this thin volume, weighing only a few ounces, is a real addition to English poetry." Of the same opinion is John Drinkwater, in his statement that these pages "will remain one of the chief claims of the early twentieth century to high poetic distinction."

Sir William Rothenstein, who regards Hodgson as "one of the most remarkable minds" that he has ever known, thus describes him in a fine study in his *Twenty-Four Portraits: Second Series*: "Here was a man; with a powerful head,



From a drawing by William Rothenstein
RALPH HODGSON

held rather high; his face irregular, and deeply lined, with wide, sensitive nostrils and an ample, rather loose mouth,"—the latter, according to Professor Walter Raleigh, a "feature of an imaginative man."

Two elements are prominently reflected in Hodgson's poetry: an intense love of out-of-doors life, and an equally intense love of all animals, especially birds and dogs. As in the case of Hardy, this feeling for animals is not a mere literary device. His devotion to Mooster, his brown bull-terrier, with whom he has had many amusing (and some embarrassing) experiences, has been described by his friend and fellow-poet, W. H. Davies. Hodgson was largely responsible for a campaign that resulted in the abolition of the cruel custom of docking the tails and clipping the ears of these dogs. In England, he is recognized as the leading authority on bull-terriers—his favorite breed—and his knowledge in judging their good points is constantly in demand at Cruft's and other important dog shows held thruout the Empire. George Landor says that he is happiest when talking about Shelley or bull-terriers.

A picture of Hodgson the man and an indication of his tastes are furnished by E. V. Lucas: "He is not much to be met, being something of a recluse, but when you do meet him, he is usually in the company of a bull-terrier. He says little, but says that little with enthusiasm. Shelley and Wordsworth are his favorites, and he thinks Henry Kingsley's ballad of the Magdalen one of the most beautiful of English lyrics, and carries it in his pocket to display to the uninitiated. He is a passionate lover of birds, and plays billiards with grim earnestness. Incidentally, he has written a few of the truest poems of our time." Among these poems, Lucas makes special mention of the universally-praised "Eve" declaring that "to have written 'Eve' in this our twentieth century is almost to have done enough."

In 1924 Hodgson received an appointment as lecturer in English literature at Sendai University, in Japan. In commenting on the appointment, which was renewed in 1928, Drinkwater says, "It is difficult to imagine a guide more illuminating or less bound by pedantry."

Hodgson's themes are not startling or original. They are the themes that poets have used since poetry began: animals, flowers, natural objects, and people. His passionate love for animals, which does not become condescension, is shown in "Lines" ("No pitted toad behind a stone") "Stupidity Street," "The Bells of Heaven," and "The Bull." "The Rose" is a tribute to the flower, or rather an attempt to convey its beauty in words. "How praise the rose?" the poet asks. He does not speculate about nature or, like Wordsworth, seek to draw ethical lessons from it. "The Mystery" illustrates how Hodgson differs from Tennyson and other Victorian poets. In "Flower in the Crannied Wall," Tennyson wishes to understand the flower, "root and all." Hodgson, accepting a rose, asks not for its "meaning" or its "mystery." For him, it is "enough the rose to smell."

H. S. R.

Ralph Hodgson's works:

The Last Blackbird and Other Lines, 1907; The Bull, 1913; Eve and Other Poems, 1913; The Mystery and Other Poems, 1913; The Song of Honor, 1913; Poems, 1917.

About Ralph Hodgson:

Aiken, C. *Scepticisms*; Davies, W. H. *Later Days*; Maynard, T. *Our Best Poets*; Monroe, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Newbolt, H. J. *New Paths on Helicon*; Phelps, W. L. *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century*; Rothenstein, W. *Men and Memories*; Squire, J. C. *Books in General*; Sturgeon, M. C. *Studies of Contemporary Poets*.

Bookman 46:568 January 1918; *Bookman* (London) 52:108 July 1917; *Dial* 63:50 July 19, 1917; 63:150 August 30, 1917; *Literary Digest* 55:32 August 11, 1917; *Nation* 99:341 September 17, 1914; 107:202 August 24, 1918; *New York Times Book Review* February 19, 1923; *Nineteenth Century* 88:54 July 1920; *Saturday Review* 103:654 May 25, 1907.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal 1874-1929

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL. Austrian poet and playwright, was born February 1, 1874, in Vienna, of a wealthy Jewish family. He studied law and romance philology at the University of Vienna, eventually receiving a Ph.D.

While an undergraduate at the university, Hofmannsthal wrote a dramatic poem called *Yesterday* and published it under the name of Theophil Morren. He was seventeen years old. In the

Hugo von Hofmannsthal: hōō'gō fōn
hōf'mānz-tāl

succeeding two years, 1892 and 1893, he brought out, under the pseudonym of Loris, two more verse dramas, *The Death of Titian*, which was acted in Munich in memory of Arnold Böcklin, and *Death and the Fool*, which aroused considerable controversy.

Many guesses were made as to the identity of the author. Hermann Bahr, the Viennese critic and playwright, thought at first that he must be a Frenchman writing in the German language; when assured that Loris was an Austrian, Bahr imagined him to be a diplomat-nobleman at the Austrian legation in Paris, probably about fifty years of age. One day in a café, Hofmannsthal, who was nineteen, introduced himself, and immediately he was famous, lionized by society; a unique future was predicted for him.

While still an undergraduate, Hofmannsthal was credited with originating the romantic school in Austria. His masters were Stefan Georg and Hermann Bahr. He helped to introduce the works of Oscar Wilde in his country and the influence of Wilde was seen in his own *Dialogues on Literary Subjects*. D'Annunzio was another early enthusiasm.

Between 1895 and 1899 Hofmannsthal wrote a number of short dramatic poems, and in 1902 published *The Marriage of Sobeide* and *The Adventurer and the Singer*, all inspired by Italy.

Hofmannsthal began the most successful period of his career, a twenty-year collaboration with Richard Strauss, the composer, in 1903 with the production of *Elektra*, a tragedy in one act adapted from Sophocles. It was well received thruout Europe. Two years later he adapted *Venice Preserved* from a seventeenth century work of Thomas Otway, which was produced with only passing success by Otto Brahm, with settings by Gordon Craig. He collected his prose in 1907 and his poetry in 1909 and again in 1911.

As librettist for Strauss, Hofmannsthal wrote *The Rose Cavalier*, a musical comedy which had its première in 1911 and enjoyed great European success.

Hofmannsthal gained international fame in 1912 with his adaptation of *Everyman* from the old English morality



HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

play. Produced by Max Reinhardt, it was played thruout Europe and abroad, principally in America. Annually it drew crowds from all parts of the globe to the theatre in Salzburg.

The Hofmannsthal-Strauss collaboration continued with *Ariadne at Naxos*, produced in 1912, and a ballet called *The Legend of Joseph*, staged in England in 1914. The *Elektra*, translated into English by Arthur Symons, was played in New York in 1917 by the Greek actress Marika Kotopuli. The Strauss libretti concluded with *The Lady Without a Shadow* and *Helen*.

Hofmannsthal called Strauss his "alter ego," regarded him as the principal partner, and thought their collaboration ordained "by destiny itself." Much of their collaborating was done by correspondence, Hofmannsthal dictating lyrics to his secretary at Rodaun or Aussee and Strauss composing music at Garmisch. Occasionally they visited each other or met in Munich. Their letters, collected by Strauss' son, Dr. Franz Strauss, contained frank mutual criticism, with the object, as Hofmannsthal stated it, "to raise each other to a higher plane of artistry." Hofmannsthal wanted their work to have lasting success.

One time he wrote to Strauss: "I can only say that it is both a real pleasure and a labor of love to work with and

for you, and I try with all my might to put myself in sympathy with the requirements, possibilities, and stylistic canons of comic opera. . . . If I succeed, as I confidently hope to do, the result will be something which, in its blending of the grotesque with the lyrical, will to a certain extent correspond with your artistic individuality—something which will be strong enough to keep its place in the repertory for years, perhaps for decades."

Strauss wrote to him: "You are a born librettist which is, in my opinion, the greatest compliment, for I consider it far more difficult to write a good operatic text than a fine drama."

Critics thought of Hofmannsthal less as a dramatist than as a poet and philologist. He believed in "art for art's sake." His poetic plays, tho many were dramatically successful, all had slight plots, were written in decorative language, and attempted new verse-forms. He was known for his skill in simplifying the expression of complicated moods, and for the rhythm of his style. He believed that "a new and bold combination of words is the most wondrous of gifts for the soul."

He had no evolution as an artist. All his work was a variation on the same theme: a soul's adventure. In 1927 he said to an old friend: "You find me unaltered in my outlook on art. I am still the student of 1896, with the same strong digestion for everything interesting, only my menu has become more restricted! This is Dr. Strauss' fault, he keeps me busy!"

In his collection of *Speeches and Essays*, Hofmannsthal said: "Two features seem to me to express modernity: the analysis of life and the flight from it." He never dealt with problems of the day; his dramas are fantasies, set in unreal worlds. A French critic said: "He should have been born in Greece at the time of Pericles."

It was said that external events influenced Hofmannsthal's life little or not at all. The World War was never mentioned in his letters. He thought a great deal about death. In appearance, he was rather heavy-set, with dark hair and moustache. Arnold Bennett met him in

1925 and wrote in his *Journal*: "He is a very jolly fellow, about forty-five I should say, and looking younger. Three children practically grown up, I understood. Just bought his first car, of which he was most naively and charmingly proud. He said that. . . he, being a dramatist, *worked only in the autumn.*"

Hofmannsthal dropped dead of heart failure on July 15, 1929, while dressing for the funeral of his eldest son Franz who had committed suicide the day before. He was fifty-five years old. His own funeral was attended notably by the mayor of Vienna, numerous diplomatic officials, and Max Reinhardt and Dr. Franz Strauss. *The Book of Friends* was published posthumously, reprinted from an old work with additional papers found after his death.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal's works:

Gestern, 1891; Der Tod des Tizian, 1892; Der Tor und der Tod, 1893; Der Kaiser und die Hexe, 1895; Das Bergwerk in Falun, 1897; Das Kleine Welttheater, 1897; Der Weiss Fächer, 1898; Die Frau im Fenster, 1899; Die Hochzeit der Sobeide, 1902; Der Abenteuerer und die Sägerin, 1902; Elektra, 1903; Gerettete Venedig, 1903; Oedipus und die Sphinx, 1906; Cristinas Heimreise, 1910; Der Rosenkavalier, 1911; Alkestis, 1911; Jedermann, 1912; Ariadne auf Naxos, 1912; Josephslegende, 1914; Die Frau ohne Schatten, 1919; Der Schwierige, 1921; Florindo, 1923; Der Turm, 1923; Der Unbestechliche, 1923; Früheste Prosastücke, 1926; Buch der Freunde, 1929.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal's works available in English translation:

Elektra, 1908; The White Fan, 1909; Ariadne auf Naxos, 1912; Everyman, 1912; The Rose Cavalier, 1912; Death and the Fool, 1913; Venice Preserved, 1915; Madonna Dianora (The Lady at the Window) 1916; Prologue for a Marionette Theatre, 1916; Cristina's Homecoming, 1917; Lyrical Poems, 1918; Death of Titian, 1920; The Adventurer and the Singer, 1920; The Marriage of Sobeide, 1924.

About Hugo von Hofmannsthal:

Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Columbia University Course in Literature, volume IX; Dukes, A. *Modern Dramatists*; Bloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*; Hofmannsthal, H. von. *Lyrical Poems* (see introduction by Charles Wharton Stork); Strauss, F. (editor) *Correspondence Between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal*.

Contemporary Review 136:632 November 1929; *Literary Digest* 102:29 September 21, 1929; 108:15 January 17, 1931; *Saturday Review of Literature* 7:108 September 6, 1930.

"Anthony Hope" 1863-1933

SIR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, English romantic novelist, was born at Hackney, London, the second son of the Reverend Edward C. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, on February 9, 1863. The first nine years of his life he spent at Clapton House, a dignified old mansion, opposite St. James' Church, and the seat of St. John's Foundation School for the Sons of Poor Clergy, of which institution his father was head master.

Hope was educated at Marlborough, one of the newer "public schools," and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he won several academic honors, among them a "classical first" in 1885. Besides excelling in his studies, he was a first-class football and tennis player. While at the university, he was popular enough to be elected president of the Oxford Union.

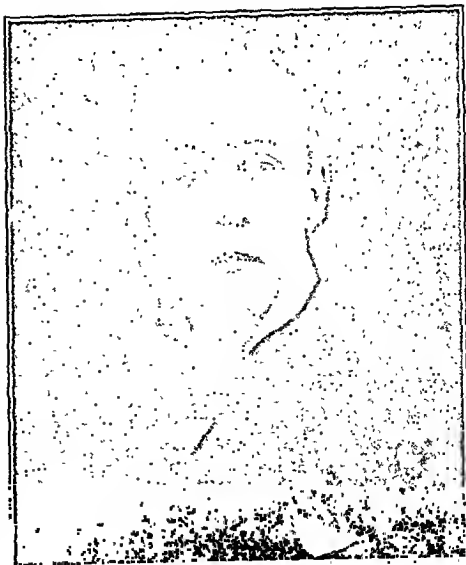
After receiving his A. M. degree, he began his legal studies, with a very mild degree of interest, and in 1887, he was admitted as a barrister of the Middle Temple. An attempt to enter politics, as Liberal member for South Bucks, resulted in his being badly defeated by Lord Curzon. The defeat was not a great surprise to Hope, and he assures us, in his memoirs, that he thoroly enjoyed making the contest. His practice was always very slight, and, in 1894, encouraged by the reception given to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, he gave up even the pretence of being a solicitor, to devote himself entirely to writing novels with imaginary backgrounds, handsome heroes, and beautiful heroines.

When he began his literary career, he dropped the Hawkins part of his name, as being, altho perfectly proper for a butler, or the head master of a school for the sons of poor clergy, unsuitable for an author of romances of love and adventure. His first novel, *A Man of Mark*, published in 1889, was not a financial or an artistic success. Unable to secure a publisher for it, Hope brought it out at his own expense—as a lawyer, he should have known better—and gained nothing, except experience, by the undertaking. Several other novels followed, all of them now long forgotten,

and it began to seem that Hope was not intended for a fiction writer's career. But in May 1894 appeared *The Prisoner of Zenda*, a romantic love story, with an imaginary kingdom, Ruritania, as the setting, and Hope became immediately famous. The work was a complete success, in America, as well as in England, and was translated into the principal European languages. It has been a "best-seller" for over two decades, and still enjoys a good sale on both sides of the Atlantic, reaching its sixtieth edition in 1914. Hope had struck his stride, and he was not slow to respond to the public demand for more. Other stories of the same type followed in rapid succession, all of them adding to Hope's fame and fortune. His "Ruritania" novels, as they came to be called, found an even wider audience when they were made into stories for the screen, a form to which they easily lend themselves.

In 1897, he visited America and Canada to deliver a series of lectures. These tours proved highly profitable, and were often repeated. On one of them, in 1903, Hope met and married, Elizabeth Somerville Sheldon, daughter of Charles H. Sheldon, of New York. Two sons and a daughter were born of the union.

In 1918, Hope was knighted by King



"ANTHONY HOPE"

George. The honor may have stimulated him to attempt more serious work. At any rate, in 1920, and again in 1925, he tried a new vein in *Lucinda* and in *Little Tiger*, but without marked success. In 1927, he brought his literary life to an end with *Memories and Notes*, an entertaining volume of biography and reminiscence.

The proceeds of his novels enabled Hope to purchase Heath Farm at Walton-on-the-Hill, Tadworth, Surrey. There he died, after a long illness, on July 8, 1933. The proving of his will, in September, revealed that he had left a fortune of almost thirty thousand pounds; to the Pension Fund of the Society of Authors he bequeathed the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds.

In appearance, Hope was as typically English as he was in his outlook on life. He was smooth-shaven, with a strong firm mouth, and large features, especially his ears. He looked the successful man that he was, radiating a sense of power and control. His manner was polished, courteous, and genial. The portrait of him, by E. O. Hoppé, bears a striking resemblance to the conventional conception of the great detective of Conan Doyle.

Describing his literary methods (in terms that recall those of Anthony Trollope, from whom he may have derived them) Hope said: "They are very simple. I don't wait for moods, but I try to do a regular day's work six days out of the seven, just as I should do if I were still in the law. I sit down at my desk at about 10 o'clock and I stay there until luncheon. After luncheon, I go to my task again and I keep at it until about 4."

As a writer of fiction, Hope belongs to what has been called the "sword-and-cloak" or the "cut-and-thrust" school.

His taste, as a critic, was infinitely higher than any possibility of his accomplishment. Writing from the viewpoint of a craftsman, passing judgment on fellow-workers, he admired Le Sage, Jane Austen, Dumas, Thackeray, George Eliot, Meredith, Stevenson, Maupassant, and—his favorite—Sterne.

For the type of writing that made him famous, and which he was naturally qualified to do, Hope did not need the

qualities of those who were his masters. True, he later attempted more ambitious work, in a group of realistic studies dealing with marriage and other unsolved problems, but, in doing so, he entered a world in which he was not at home, and these efforts must, like his plays, be counted as comparative failures. His readers, who loved the dashing Rudolph and the dazzling Flavia, refused to accept them.

H. S. R.

Anthony Hope's works:

The Prisoner of Zenda, 1894; The Dolly Dialogues, 1894; The God in the Car, 1894; Rupert of Hentzau, 1898; Quisante, 1900; Tristram of Blent, 1901; The Intrusions of Peggy, 1902; The Indiscretion of the Duchess, 1904; Double Harness, 1904; A Servant of the Public, 1905; Sophy of Kravonia, 1906; Tales of Two People, 1907; The Great Miss Driver, 1908; Second String, 1910; Mrs. Maxon Protests, 1911; A Young Man's Year, 1915; Captain Dieppe, 1918; Beaumaroys Home From the Wars, 1919; *Lucinda*, 1920; *Little Tiger*, 1925; *Memories and Notes*, 1927.

About Anthony Hope:

Adecock, A. St. J. *Gods of Modern Grub Street*; Hope, A. *Memories and Notes* (autobiography); Weygandt, C. *A Century of the English Novel*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Contemporary Review 144:161 August 1933.

Emerson Hough 1857-1923

EMERSON HOUGH, American journalist and author of popular fiction, was born June 28, 1857, at Newton, Iowa. His parents were Joseph Bond Hough, a former schoolmaster who had emigrated to Iowa from Virginia, and Elizabeth Hough. He was a descendant of John Hough of Chester, England, who landed near the mouth of the Delaware River in 1683.

He was educated in the public schools, graduated in a class of three from Newton High School, and taught country school for a time, leaving the teaching profession to enter the University of Iowa to study law in accordance with his father's wishes.

Before he passed his bar examinations, however, he had begun selling stories to magazines, and his legal practice was never more than a pretence. He opened his first law office in Whitecoats, in central New Mexico, about midway between the Rio Grande and the Pecos, "half

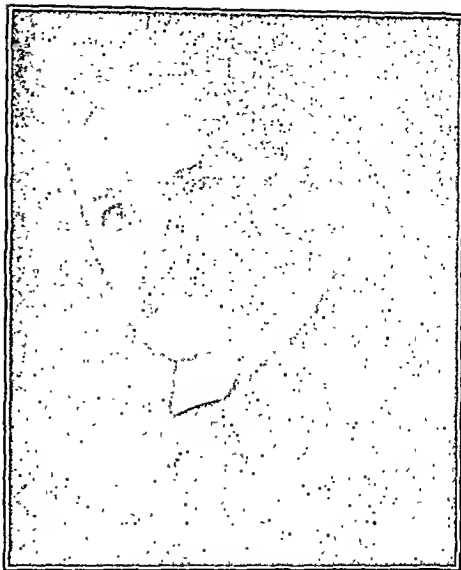
mining camp and half cow town, the capital of an inland empire of wild life such as cannot be found anywhere on the surface of the earth today," as he wrote in later life. Alvin F. Harlow, in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, comments: "A better atmosphere for the nourishment of his own peculiar gifts could scarcely have been found."

For several years his life was occupied principally with roving from place to place—indeed, he estimated that he had traveled in virtually every state in the Union and most of the provinces of Canada, hunting, fishing, and sleeping out-of-doors. He once declared that he had never spent thirty consecutive nights beneath a roof.

During this time he continued to write and sell short stories and sketches on the subjects that interested him, and finally decided to give up the attempt to practice law and devote himself entirely to writing. This began what he later described as "fifteen years of professional out of door journalism." Returning East, he worked briefly on newspapers in Des Moines, Iowa, and Sandusky, Ohio, and in 1889 obtained a job looking after the Chicago office of *Forest and Stream* magazine for fifteen dollars a week, an income which he supplemented by freelance writing.

His books, which began with a collection of "Western" stories and sketches under the title *The Singing Mouse Stories*, published in 1895, were largely the products of his roving, out-of-door life. His second book was an historical work, named *The Story of the Cowboy*, which found high favor with Theodore Roosevelt. In 1900 his first novel was published. It was *The Girl at the Half-Way House*. His first substantial success in the fiction field was *The Mississippi Bubble*, issued in 1902. At the time that he wrote the book he was holding four jobs and turned it out partly by dictation in office hours and partly at home between ten o'clock in the evening and four in the morning. Its financial success, however, enabled him to become less dependent on salary and to devote more time to his own writing.

Historical "Westerns" remained his forte thruout his writing career. Be-



EMERSON HOUGH

Dickson

sides *The Mississippi Bubble* his best known novels are *Fifty-Four Forty or Fight*, *The Covered Wagon*, and *North of Thirty-Six*. The last named was published after his death. *The Covered Wagon* has come to be considered his most famous story, tho less in its magazine and book form than thru the moving picture version of the same name, which, with Ernest Torrence in the leading rôle, was a tremendous success, second only to the early epic, *The Birth of a Nation*, as the greatest money-maker of the silent picture era. The picturization of *North of Thirty-Six* was less successful.

In addition to his novels, Hough wrote a juvenile series, depicting the adventures of *The Young Alaskans* in various parts of the world; contributed several hundred stories and articles to magazines and newspapers; and edited a regular department, entitled "Out-of-Doors," in the *Saturday Evening Post* for some years. All his life he agitated for conservation of forests and wild life. In the winter of 1895 he explored Yellowstone Park, traveling on skis. This experience and his report of it were largely responsible for the congressional act protecting buffalo in the park. He was at all times an intense nationalist.

In appearance and habits he was a typical "out-door American," with griz-

zled hair and moustache, powerful and rugged physique, and blunt manners and speech. He typified force and action.

Tho not a bookish or scholarly person, the historical accuracy of his novels was a large point of pride with him. He considered himself a great romancer, a view not generally shared by literary critics, most of whom credited him with a certain awkward dramatic strength, but found his work hampered by trite situations, characters, and sentiments, and lacking in style. "His prose is ordinary, the prose of a reporter," wrote one.

In 1897 he was married to Charlotte A. Cheeseboro of Chicago. They made their home in Chicago, tho Hough was an almost constant traveler to the end of his life. In 1917-18 he was president of the Society of Midland Authors.

Hough died on April 30, 1923. In an editorial the *Saturday Evening Post*, of which he had been a staff member and which had run many of his successful stories serially, called him "a great patriotic American."

Alvin F. Harlow says of him: "He was a good story teller and drew some clever pictures of Western characters, being particularly apt at catching the dialect and point of view of those numerous cowboys and ranchmen who were of Southern origin."

Charles C. Baldwin wrote of Hough and his work: "He ran away from life, from his fellows; he hid in the forests; he played at being back in the days of the great explorers. I do not blame him—indeed, I sympathize with him—he was too unacquisitive to make a go of things in our metallic marts of trade. He was not a schemer, but a boy with a boy's love for beckoning roads and the hunter's trail."

Emerson Hough's works:

The Singing Mouse Stories, 1895; The Story of the Cowboy, 1897; The Girl at the Half-Way House, 1900; The Mississippi Bubble, 1902; The Way of the West, 1903; The Law of the Land, 1905; The King of Gee Whiz, 1906; The Story of the Outlaw, 1906; The Way of a Man, 1907; Fifty-Four Forty or Fight, 1909; The Sowing, 1909; The Young Alaskans, 1910; The Purchase Price, 1911; John Rawn—Prominent Citizen, 1912; The Lady and the Pirate, 1913; Young Alaskans on the Trail, 1914; Let Us Go Afeld, 1916; The Magnificent Adventure, 1916; The

Man Next Door, 1917; The Broken Gate, 1917; Young Alaskans in the Far North, 1918; The Way Out, 1918; The Sagebrusher, 1919; The Web, 1919; The Covered Wagon, 1922; North of Thirty-Six, 1923; Mother of Gold, 1924; The Ship of Souls, 1925; Young Alaskans on the Missonri, 1929.

About Emerson Hough:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; *Dictionary of American Biography*; Stone, L. A. *Emerson Hough: His Place in American Letters*.

Literary Digest 78:25 July 21, 1923; *Outlook* 133:832 May 9, 1923; *Saturday Evening Post* 196:34 June 7, 1924.

Laurence Housman 1865-

Autobiographical sketch of Laurence Housman, English playwright, novelist, and illustrator:

THE man who bears my name, and who claims to be me, was born on July 18, 1865, the sixth of a family of seven. He was an ugly child—at least, so he thought—and remained ugly till his eighteenth year when his looks gradually improved. He was told this by one of his sisters as a rather surprising fact; he did not discover it for himself. He was also, in those early years, rather a weakling, bad at athletics, slow at running, not fond of exercise, a continuous but a slow reader, lazy at work which did not interest him—and, at his school, very little did: in solitary leisure a persistent day-dreamer; in company a victim of what is now called "the inferiority complex," from which he has never got free, and is still, in consequence, defensively pugnacious. Thus he provides himself with more enemies than he need do: but has probably fewer than he imagines.

His father was a lawyer, and a clever one; but was unfortunately obsessed with the belief that his real gift was for mechanical invention, on which he spent more money than he could afford, and never gained a penny by it. He also cooked, gardened, and composed poetry; living persistently above his income, he landed his family in dire straits just at the time when their education was at its finishing and most expensive stage.

The mother of the family—a charming and clever woman—died in the author's fifth year: two years later her place was taken by a valiant step-mother, to whom,

in its years of financial strain, the family owed much.

At the age of eighteen Laurence left school and went with an elder sister to London to train as an art student; and it was not till five or six years later that he returned definitely to authorship, beginning with fairy tales, legends, and poems, illustrated by himself. His first—almost his only—popular success came by accident. He wrote and published anonymously *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, which, after being refused before publication by two American publishers, was afterwards "pirated" by fifteen of them; and it is probable that for every copy of the book sold in England, ten were sold in America without the author getting a penny. The success of this book—so easy to write, and so little valued by the author in after years—was due to the fact that the public insisted on believing the letters to be genuine, and attributed them to forty different people from Queen Victoria downwards. As a result the book did harm rather than good to the author's attempts to be recognized as a serious writer. He followed up the *Letters* by two decent novels which both failed to attract the public. His *Bethlehem*, censored for the English stage, but produced "privately," at the author's own expense, by Gordon Craig to whose genius for stage production he wished to provide an opportunity—did him more good (in spite of the financial loss it entailed) than the flashy success of the *Love Letters*.

Five years later he was dragged into playwriting by the insistence of Granville-Barker, in collaboration with whom he wrote *Prunella*, and at whose encouragement he has continued writing for the uncommercial stage ever since: long plays and short plays, about a hundred in all. *Pains and Penalties*, an historical play of the days and doings of George IV, fell under the censor's ban as *Bethlehem* had done—royalty being regarded in England as sacred characters, as little suitable for public representation as the "holy family." It may be noted, however, that in both cases, the censorship has since been withdrawn; tho it still persists over the author's latest set of

Palace Plays dealing with the life and character of Queen Victoria.

Between 1912 and 1918 the author published three novels, *John of Jingalo*, *The Royal Runaway*, and *The Sheepfold*, of all of which he thinks much more highly than does the general public. But of the first of these a retired cabinet minister sent him word that he continued to read it regularly once a year: while the private secretary of another cabinet minister was very angry that the author should have written it at all. "How did he manage to find these things out?" was his exclamation over its revelations. The answer is that he *didn't*: he merely guessed—and guessed right.

Political satire in the form of fiction now definitely attracted him and has continued to do so. *Trimblerrigg* and *The Life of H. R. H., the Duke of Flamborough* led on to *Palace Plays*, to the writing of which the author found himself drawn largely by the success of his *Angels and Ministers*, a set of plays which dealt with incidents in the lives of Queen Victoria and her two great ministers, Disraeli and Gladstone. Now, having completed his largest series of plays, *Little Plays of St. Francis*—thirty-six in all—he is engaged on what amounts to *Little Plays of Queen Victoria*, tho these are appearing under other



LAURENCE HOUSMAN

titles—a series of almost equal length. But tho these attract, scandalize, or annoy—according to the taste of different readers—by their unconventional truthfulness and uncanny intuition as to facts whose proofs will never be revealed—he knows for certain that his best work, and that which is most likely to live after him—is his play cycle of the life of St. Francis. Not by calculation, but in very genuine devotion and affection, he has taken hold of one of the most attractive characters in world history, one who, tho belonging to the middle ages, lives still by virtue of a form of saintliness which remains as vital as ever in its appeal to modern minds. And by appropriating this most lovable character and giving to it a setting of "Little Plays," each complete, yet all forming part of a whole, he has done himself the best possible turn for the establishment of his claim to have done a worth while thing in a worth while way.

He is unmarried, a rabid pacifist and internationalist, and a great admirer of the work of his brother, A. E. Housman, the writer of *A Shropshire Lad*; who, however, does not return the compliment. He lives with a group of Quaker Friends in a village two miles from Glastonbury. His main activity, outside his literary work, is the local production of plays—sometimes his own, but more often other people's.

For the University College London Dramatic Society he wrote, a year ago, as an epilogue to *The Little Plays of St. Francis*, a scene representing his own death bed under the title of *Nunc Dimittis*. In this scene he himself took the part of the dying author with such success that it threatens to become an annual event, until the representation becomes a reality.

Laurence Housman's works:

PLAYS: Bethlehem, 1902; Primella (with H. Granville-Barker) 1906; The Chinese Lantern, 1908; Lysistrata, 1910; Pains and Penalties, 1911; Lord of the Harvest, 1916; As Good as Gold, 1916; Nazareth, 1916; The Return of Alcestis, 1916; Bird in Hand, 1916; The Wheel, 1919; The Death of Orpheus, 1921; Angels and Ministers, 1921; Possession, 1921; Little Plays of St. Francis, 1922 (second series, 1931); Dethronements, 1922; False Premises, 1922; Followers of St. Francis, 1923; The Comments of Juniper, 1926; Ways and Means, 1927; Cornered Poets, 1929; Palace Plays, 1930; The New Hangman, 1930;

The Queen's Progress, 1932; Ye Fearful Saints! 1932; The Queen, God Bless Her! 1933.

NOVELS: An Englishwoman's Love Letters, 1900; A Modern Antaeus, 1901; Sabrina Warham, 1904; John of Jingalo, 1912; The Royal Runaway, 1914; The Sheepfold, 1918; Trimble-rigg, 1924; Uncle Tom Pudd, 1927.

SHORT STORIES: A Farm in Fairland, 1894; The House of Joy, 1895; All Fellows, 1896; The Field of Clover, 1898; The Blue Moon, 1904; The Cloak of Friendship, 1905; Moonshine and Clover, 1922; A Doorway in Fairland, 1922; Odd Pairs, 1925; Ironical Tales, 1926; What O'Clock Tales, 1932; Turn Again Tales, 1930.

POEMS: Spikenard, 1898; Rue, 1899; Selected Poems, 1909; The Heart of Peace, 1919; The Love Concealed, 1928.

MISCELLANEOUS: The New Child's Guide to Knowledge, 1911; St. Francis Poverello, 1918; Ploughshare and Pruning-Hook, 1919; Histories (four books, with C.H.K. Marten) 1931-32.

EDITOR: The Writings of William Blake, 1893; The Works of Arthur Boyd Houghton, 1896; The Life of H.R.H., the Duke of Flamborough, 1928; War Letters of Fallen Englishmen, 1930.

About Laurence Housman:

Balmforth, R. *The Problem Play*; Blunden, E. C. *Poetic Tablets*; Hind, C. L. *Authors and I*; Housman, L. *Little Plays of St. Francis* (see preface by H. Granville-Barker).

Saturday Review 150:172 August 9, 1930

E. W. Howe 1853-

EDGAR WATSON HOWE, American editor and author, was born May 3, 1853, on a farm in a heavily timbered section of Indiana, where the small town of Treaty later was built. He did not know the date of his birth until fifty years later, when he saw the family Bible with the inscription on the flyleaf. His parents were Henry Howe, preacher and farmer, and Elizabeth Irwin, a second wife. All his ancestors, he says, were "plain people."

When he was three years old, Howe's parents traveled in a covered wagon to Harrison County, Missouri, where they established a prairie settlement called Fairview. He attended the combination school and church built by his father, quitting at an early age. He learned to read at home, his literature being made up of the *Christian Advocate*, religious books, and McGuffey's readers. At the age of seven he was put to work on his father's farm. He accompanied his father on weekend trips to the homes

of neighbors, helping him sing and conduct religious services, tho he did not believe in religion. His father whipped him nearly every day.

The family moved into the town of Bethany, the county seat, and Howe, aged eleven, went to work in a printing office. Under threats of whipping, he learned to set type quickly, to spell, and construct sentences.

Howe left home when he was fifteen, and worked during the next four years as type-setter in various towns of Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, and Utah. His first attempt at writing was made at Maysville, Missouri, where he set up items in type without bothering to pen them out. For two years he worked on the *Herald* at Falls City, Nebraska, and was a member of the church choir, the band, and the dramatic club. At nineteen he was publisher of the *Golden Eagle* in Golden, Colorado. In 1875 he was married to Clara L. Frank, of Falls City. They had five children, two of whom died of pneumonia in the same week in 1878.

In 1877, when he was twenty-four, Howe removed to Atchison, Kansas, and started the *Atchison Daily Globe*, which he built up from an obscure single sheet to one of the most influential small town newspapers in the country. At first he and his half-brother, Jim, did all the work, from editing to printing. After two or three years, he started a weekly edition, for which he wrote short, pithy paragraphs commenting on such topics as women, politics, religion, man, the poor, business, etc. In these paragraphs Howe found his "natural form of expression." He had his first taste of fame one day when the *Boston Globe* clipped thirty-seven paragraphs from one issue and reprinted them. They continued this practice for years, and other papers copied his paragraphs until the *Atchison Globe* became known as the most extensively quoted paper in the United States, and Howe was famous for his village wisdom. Dr. Frank Crane called him "the Sage of Potato Hill" (his home three miles from Atchison was named Potato Hill). He claims to have composed the aphorism, "Better be safe than sorry."

Howe wrote a novel called *The Story of a Country Town* in 1882. It was based on life in Fairview. It was written evenings, after work, in the kitchen of his home, shut off from the noise of the little children. He never showed the manuscript to friends. When seven or eight New York publishers rejected it, he printed it himself, four pages at a time, on a medium Gordon job press in his newspaper plant. A thousand copies were run off and bound in a local bindery. He gave a copy to an actor playing in the local theatre, and eventually it reached the hands of a *New York World* reporter who favored it with a notice. Other papers reviewed the book; W. D. Howells and Mark Twain expressed their enthusiasm; finally the favorable reception caused all the publishers who had rejected the book to seek it. Two firms discharged readers for turning it down, Howe says.

During the next fifty years, *The Story of a Country Town* was printed in a hundred editions by six different publishers, selling steadily, if modestly. In 1927 a memorial edition was issued, with pictures by Wilfred Jones. Meanwhile, a continuation of the story was made into a booklet called *An Ante-Mortem Statement*, which attracted little attention, but twenty years later ran serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Howe wrote more novels after *The Story of a Country Town*, but none so successful. The novel, he says, is not his métier.

Howe was divorced from his wife soon after 1900, and never married again. "No scandal," he says; "the usual American 'incompatibility.'" He continued to live in his home, hiring housekeepers to manage it, and in 1910 his brother Bruce's daughter, Adelaide, came to take charge of the household.

In 1911, after thirty-four years' editorship of the *Atchison Globe*, Howe retired and turned the paper over to his two sons. But later in the same year, he started publishing *E. W. Howe's Monthly*, which was an outlet for his paragraphs of comment on the phenomena about him. His aphorisms from the *Monthly* were collected in *Ventures in Common Sense* in 1919, with an introduction by H. L. Mencken. He re-



E. W. HOWE

ceived the degree of Litt.D. from Rollins College in 1926 and from Washburn College in 1927.

Howe was honored in 1927, on the fiftieth anniversary of his journalistic career, at a dinner in New York of which Irvin Cobb was toastmaster. In the same year the Commercial Club of Atchison, aided by all the civic clubs, gave him a testimonial dinner, addressed by William Allen White. He has requested that the notices of these two dinners, together with a copy of the editorial printed when he left the *Atchison Globe*, be placed in his grave "as evidence to my future judge, if I have one, that I lived among my fellow men with reasonable uprightness."

Several travel books have come out of Howe's extensive voyages; he has been twice around the world. Expositions everywhere interest him. He has a great passion for music, makes long journeys to hear unusual concerts, often hires professional bands to give free public concerts. He has hunted big game in the Northwest. Drinking is obnoxious to him; he doesn't like salads; he is sensitive when a joke is "on" him; audiences frighten him, and he suffers when introduced as "the famous Ed. Howe." He always works rapidly. He lives in Atchison in summer and in Miami, Florida, in winter.

Howe's three children have all followed in his footsteps. James P. Howe, whom he calls "the most traveled and active newspaper man I know," has been with the Associated Press since 1918; Mateel Howe Farnham (whose name he invented from the French pronunciation of "Mathilde") won the \$10,000 *Pictorial Review* contest in 1927 with her novel, *Rebellion*, and is the author of three other novels; Eugene A. Howe is owner and editor of half a dozen newspapers, including the *Atchison Globe*.

In 1933 Howe wrote this about himself: "I am now trying to write an honest book; in my eightieth year trying to tell honestly, candidly, decently, and reverently what the world has made me believe. I believe both Cellini and Rousseau were liars, and am suspicious of Bernard Shaw (I believe he possesses more clear intelligence than any other living man). I like best books on the order of Wells' *Outline of History*, Durant's *Story of Philosophy*, and the simpler and better books about real things; care little for fiction. Have never taken much care of myself, but somewhere, somehow, I drew a spark that renders me rather comfortable in old age. . . Am, naturally, weary of many things interesting to the young, but do not believe I am a crank about anything; dislike Bishop Cannon no more than I do Tom Paine."

E. W. Howe's works:

NOVELS: *The Story of a Country Town*, 1882; *A Moonlight Boy*, 1886; *A Man Story*, 1888; *The Mystery of the Locks*, 1889; *An Ante-Mortem Statement*, 1891; *The Confession of John Whitlock*, 1891.

ESSAYS AND PARAGRAPHS: *Lay Sermons*; *Country Town Sayings*, 1911; *Preaching of a Poor Pagan*; *Success Easier than Failure*, 1917; *The Blessing of Business*, 1918; *Ventures in Common Sense*, 1919; *Sinner Sermons*; *Final Conclusions*; *Preaching From the Audience*; *Dying Like a Gentleman*; *The Wagon and the West*; *Her Fifth Marriage*; *When a Woman Enjoys Herself*; *The Indignations of E. W. Howe*.

TRAVEL: *Paris and the Exposition*; *Daily Notes on a Trip Around the World* (two volumes) 1907; *Trip to the West Indies*, 1910; *Travel Letters from New Zealand, Australia and Africa*, 1913.

SHORT STORIES: *The Hundred Stories of a Country Town*; *The Anthology of Another Town*, 1920.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *Notes for My Biographer*; *Plain People*, 1929.

About E. W. Howe:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Howe, E. W. *Ventures in Common Sense* (introduction by H. L. Mencken); Schelling, F. E. *Appraisements and Asperities*; Van Doren, C. C. *Many Minds*.
Scribner's Magazine 84:733 December 1928.

Ricarda Octavia Huch 1867-

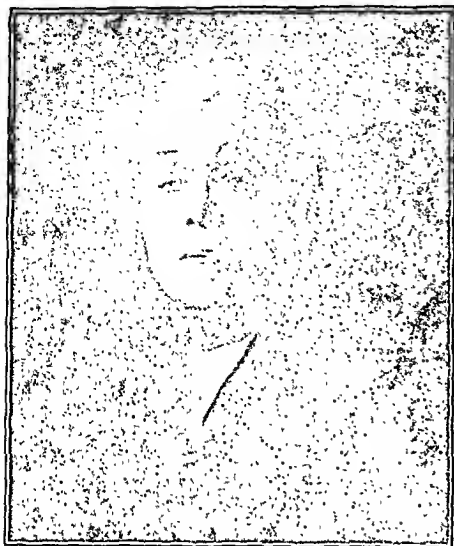
RICARDA HUCH, German novelist, was born at Braunschweig, Switzerland, on July 18, 1867. Her father was a merchant in the city. Her brother, Rudolf, who is two years younger than she, also became a novelist, and a cousin by the name of Friedrich belongs to the German literati. Ricarda's early education consisted of private instruction and several years at the fashionable Sophien-schule, a school for young ladies. After finishing at this school, she entered the faculty of literature and history of the University of Zurich whence she was graduated with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, in 1892. Her thesis dealt with *The Neutrality of Switzerland during the Spanish Wars of Succession*. This was not, however, her first appearance in print. In 1891 she had issued, under the pseudonym of Richard Hugo, her first volume of *Gedichte* and won for herself the enthusiastic admiration of some of her fellow-students.

Immediately after taking her degree, Ricarda Huch was appointed secretary at the Zurich city library which position she retained until 1896. Then she accepted a teaching position in Bremen. In the meantime her second volume of *Gedichte* had appeared and the novel *Erinnerungen von Ludolf Ursleu dem Jüngerer*, a tale of a somewhat worldly person seeking forgetfulness and consolation in the garb of a monk. These literary attainments made it clear that teaching was not her proper sphere of activity, and she soon gave it up and went to Vienna. It is here that she met Dr. Ermano Ceconi, whom she married in 1898. They went to live at Trieste, then an Austrian city, and there a daughter was born to them the following year. It is at Trieste that Ricarda Huch came to know the conditions of the poor, "the insulted and the injured," and she conceived the idea of her series of life-pic-

tures *Aus der Triumphgasse*. Several other novels and short stories followed, dealing mainly with characters and scenes of the Middle Ages, and then in 1906 came her divorce. A year later Ricarda remarried. This time it was a German and a cousin, the lawyer Richard Huch. They lived in Munich for a while, but since 1929 they have made their home at Berlin.

Ricarda Octavia Huch is a romanticist, tho not quite of the orthodox kind. Her passion is for ideals that might contribute towards a bettering of life. In her youth she wrote poems and tales that were full of love and sacrifice and longing, but even in this she shows some of the objectivity of a realist. In her own words: "I have always found that observation is the finest occupation in the world. He who takes part in a great and glorious procession, often swallows much dust and sneezes disagreeably behind his mask. . . But the observer looking from the balcony has it all passing before his eyes, just as if he were God Almighty himself and everything had been especially prepared for his enjoyment."

One discerns three distinct phases in her development as a writer. There is, first, the purely romantic phase. This phase embraces her novels of the present, her love lyrics and the short stories dealing with the Middle Ages. There is *Ludolf Ursleu* and the strange spectacle of a man preserving under the monk's cowl an attitude towards life and death which is pagan and Greek rather than Christian. And then there are the motley characters of *Aus der Triumphgasse*, a murderer, a rake, a prostitute, and a woman-hater, and to all of these Ricarda Huch imparts a humanity more philosophical than real. "Why should I decay, when I am beautiful; and why am I, if I am so hateful?" they ask. But this questioning of the mysteries of the why and wherefore of life does not make them despair. They grumble, they complain, but live on. To this same phase belong also Ricarda's studies of romanticism, studies not particularly deep or far-reaching, but sufficient to indicate her strong sympathy with the movement.



RICARDA OCTAVIA HUCH

The second phase is historical in outlook. Now her interest turns to the great times of Garibaldi, of the Italian Risorgimento. There are the two novels of the uncompleted Garibaldi trilogy, *Die Verteidigung Roms*, and *Der Kampf um Rom*, and the historical study *Aus dem Zeitalter der Risorgimento*. The two novels have appeared in English as *Defeat and Victory*, and have been reviewed favorably in our press. *Defeat* begins the tale, states the problem, and paints a picture of Italy breaking away from Austrian domination. The style is somewhat heavy, and lacking in humor, but the historical insight places it on a comparatively high level. *Victory* is a much finer performance. Here Garibaldi's commanding personality becomes the undivided center of the stage and we perceive a patriotic mind in the exalted moments of victory as calm and unmoved as in moments of defeat and shame. It begins with Garibaldi's victory at Solferino and closes with his defeat at Aspromonte. The final volume was to picture the last days of the hero, but has not yet been written. Instead, Frau Huch has given us her *Leben des Grafen Federico Confalonieri*, a novel dealing with the same period of Italian history.

The third and last phase may be characterized as a search for the eternal verities. It opens with the novel, *Der*

Grosse Krieg in Deutschland, a panorama of the German people in the Thirty Years' War and includes, with almost no exceptions, all of Ricarda Huch's later writings. The novel entitled *Der Wiedererstandene Christus* gives this new phase its most significant expression. Says the hero, Lucius, from behind the iron bars of his prison-cell: "No, I am not an ascetic. I love life, but I also love death; for is not death merely a higher form of life? I fear the pain of dying, but the power to face death will surely be given me, when the time comes." Death is not something to be feared. It is the gateway to a new life, a new existence, a new activity. We must have faith in change, in an eternal transmutation, in an everlasting becoming. And we must cultivate this power not only as individuals, but also as a people.

Ricarda Huch is thus not like her sister novelists of present-day Germany. Her outlook is not purely that of an artist, but also of a philosopher. Even in the *Deruga Trial*, which is the nearest approach to a detective story that she has written, her concern is not so much with the plot as with the philosophic development of the character. And where the novels cease, she takes up her quest in the essay and the biography.

In her earlier tales she is the disciple of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer and of Gottfried Keller. She emulates them in their preoccupation with priests and medieval themes and their love of nature. But as the years advance, Ricarda Huch sets out to study life for herself and the problems of life, and what results is an independent life-conception, a life-conception equally concerned with the problems of life and death. Feelings give place to ideas and individuals to peoples. And the highest realities are things of the spirit instead of the flesh.

A. B.

Principal works of Ricarda Huch:

POEMS: *Gedichte*, 1891; *Gedichte*, 1894; *Neue Gedichte*, 1907.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: *Erinnerungen von Ludolf Ursleu dem Jüngeren*, 1893; *Der Mondreigen von Schlaraffen*, 1896; *Teufeleien*, 1897; *Fra Celeste*, 1899; *Aus der Triumphgasse*, 1901; *Vita Somnium Breve*, 1902; *Von den Königen und der Krone*, 1904; *Die Verteidigung Roms*, 1906; *Der Kampf um*

Rom, 1907; Leben des Grafen Federigo Confalonieri, 1910; Der Letzte Sommer, 1910; Der Grosse Krieg in Deutschland, 1912-1914; Der Fall Deruga, 1917; Der Wiedererstandene Christus, 1926.

STUDIES AND BIOGRAPHIES: Blütezeit der Romantik, 1899; Ausbreitung und Verfall der Romantik, 1902; Aus dem Zeitalter der Risorgimento, 1908; Natur und Geist, 1914; Wallenstein, 1915; Luthers Galube, 1916; Der Sinn der Heiligen Schrift, 1919; Entpersönlichung, 1921; Michael Bakunin und die Anarchie, 1923; Freiherr vom Stein, 1925; Alte und Neue Götter: Die Revolution des XIX. Jahrhunderts in Deutschland, 1930.

English translations of Ricarda Huch:

Defeat, 1928; The Deruga Trial, 1929; Victory, 1929; Eros Invincible, 1931.

About Ricarda Huch:

Gottlieb, E. *Ricarda Huch*; Hewett-Thayer, H. W. *The Modern German Novel*; Eloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*; Soergel, A. *Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit*; Walzel, O. *Ricarda Huch*.

W. H. Hudson 1841-1922

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON, English nature writer, was born at Quilnes near Buenos Aires in the Argentine on August 4, 1841, and died in London on August 18, 1922, shortly after his 81st birthday. (Another English writer of the same name, Professor William Henry Hudson, critic and essayist, lived from 1862 to 1918 and wrote and lectured prolifically on literary subjects on both sides of the Atlantic.)

Hudson's parents were Americans. His father, Daniel Hudson, was born in Marblehead, Mass., in 1804. His mother, Katherine Kimball before her marriage, was a native of Maine. Both were of English descent. Hudson's paternal grandfather emigrated to Massachusetts from Exeter, England, and his mother was descended directly from one of the original "Mayflower" Pilgrim families.

Daniel Hudson was married at an early age and shortly after his wedding was injured, in some way that is not entirely clear, while working at a brewery. The injury itself does not seem to have been serious but left him in a weakened state of health. It was to find a more favorable climate for this frailty, apparently, that he and his wife soon emigrated from the rigorous New England winters to Argentina, where Daniel Hudson "farmed sheep" until his death

at sixty-four. Seven children were born to them: five boys, of whom William Henry was the next-to-youngest; and two girls, one younger than the author.

There are few more revealing accounts of a childhood in the English language than Hudson's story of his early life in *Far Away and Long Ago*. This book, one of the last that he wrote, was largely composed in bed during a long convalescence from an illness. It gives a complete and detailed picture of life on the barely inhabited pampas, as seen thru a small boy's eyes. The era was the dictatorship of the notorious Argentine tyrant, Rosas, whose fall Hudson witnessed and chronicled. There was little law among the wild gauchos and the word "murder" was a commonplace one in the vocabulary of the day. The few visitors the Hudsons had and their relatively few neighbors made a deep impression on the boy. So did the exotic plant and animal life surrounding him. His interest in nature was fostered largely by his mother.

Hudson left South America for England in 1869 at twenty-nine. *Far Away and Long Ago* takes him up to his fifteenth year. Just what he did in the intervening years and his reasons for leaving the pampas, never to return, will apparently remain largely a mystery, because of two of his many prejudices. He had an intense dislike of dated events, for the reason (it is said) that he connected them with age and death. (In later years he once stormed, "I'm as young as you are!" at a friend who deferred to him as an older man; and he habitually lied about his age.) And he stubbornly refused at all times to recall anything in his life of unhappy or unpleasant nature if he could possibly avoid doing so. His philosophy was to live for the present hour.

This much is definitely known—that his life was darkened in his youth by a severe attack of rheumatic fever from which he was predicted he would never recover, and which, as a matter of fact, did leave his heart in a weakened condition that was to keep him in intermittent ill-health the rest of his life; and by the death of his mother in 1860. He was also deeply affected by his father's pass-

ing eight years later. From his mother's death until the year he sailed for England he apparently did little but rove widely over the pampas. These, it seems, were the years which furnished the background for his later South American writings, notably his ornithologies.

Similarly, there is surprisingly little detailed knowledge of his early years in England. He himself said that his life ended when he left the shores of South America—tho he had always considered England "home" and was to be reasonably content there in his later life. (He was naturalized a British subject in 1900.) But there is no doubt that the early years were bitter ones. Recognition was long in arriving, and Hudson spent the length of an ordinary lifetime in poverty and illness, awaiting the fame so slow to come. His friend R. B. Cunninghame Graham has written of this period: "He was a bird in London, caged in ill-health [the old heart trouble] and poverty, for the most part unable to escape but at rare intervals into his own world of light and air. . . As cruel fools put out birds' eyes to make them, as they say (and perhaps think), to sing more sweetly, so had a cruel world imprisoned Hudson in his London cage. Luckily, in spite of its neglect of a spirit so rare, it could not stop its singing."

It is known that Hudson held some kind of position in his first years in London with a semi-swindling archeologist whose business was the discovery of genealogies for those in search—or need—of them, and who was always in hiding from his creditors. Hudson was seldom paid, and finally in a dispute over wages threw a mass of papers in his employer's face and strode out.

For the rest of his life, until the income from his writings became somewhat adequate, Hudson and his wife (he was married to Emily Wingleave, an Englishwoman, not long after his arrival in England) supported themselves in some measure by operating a series of boarding houses in the Bayswater section of London. The enterprises were not successful, however, and after one of the failures the Hudsons were so poverty-stricken that they lived for an entire week on a tin of cocoa and milk,

by Hudson's own grim and reluctant admission to a friend. They finally took refuge in a dismal tower dwelling on Cornwall Road near Westbourne Park Station, which Mrs. Hudson opportunely inherited from a sister. By mortgaging it heavily and renting out the lower floors as flats they were able to exist in some degree of comfort, tho both were frequently ill.

Emily Hudson was many years her husband's senior; a heavy, patient, plodding sort of woman, of virtually no intellectual perception. In many respects it was not a fortunate mating. (Sir William Rothenstein relates that he knew Hudson for many years before he learned of his marriage. Then, one day, Hudson casually referred to his wife, Lady Rothenstein, who happened to be present, expressed great astonishment and asked how long he had been married.—"As long as I can remember!" was Hudson's significant reply.) Yet she was utterly devoted to him and sacrificed everything for his comfort and interests; and he, in his way, was appreciative of her qualities. They had one definite bond of sympathy. She was a friend of Adeline Patti, had received an excellent musical education (including some years on the light opera stage) and sang and played beautifully—almost divinely, a friend has written—while Hudson, tho untrained, was a great lover of music. When she lost her voice and could sing no more in her last years it was a bitter disappointment to him.

Emily Hudson preceded her husband in death by ten years. After her passing he made his home much of the time at Penzance on the Cornwall Coast, coming up to Westbourne Park only a few times a year. His later life was almost without incident.

During all the years Hudson was writing constantly. But tho his first book, *The Purple Land*, appeared in 1885, he did not receive general recognition for almost a quarter of a century. It was the publication in 1904 of *Green Mansions*, a romance, by all odds his most popular book, which gradually drew attention to his other writings. By 1915 *Green Mansions* was regarded as a classic and John Galsworthy was but

voicing the general opinion when he introduced a new edition by saying: "Of all living authors—now that Tolstoy is gone—I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson." (Galsworthy also contributed the preface to the definitive 24-volume edition of Hudson's *Collected Works* which was published the year after his death.)

Hudson wrote to the very last. *A Hind in Richmond Park*, completed in his eighty-first year, was published posthumously. He wrote as much in the last ten years as in any other decade of his life, and some of his most important work falls within the period.

Critics have said that he is at his best when writing of nature and least successful when drawing fictional human characters. He himself said repeatedly that he was a naturalist rather than a writer. His style, however, is considered one of the simplest and purest in modern English literature and is frequently used as a study-model in college and school rhetoric classes. Joseph Conrad once said, "Hudson writes as the grass grows. The good God makes it be there. And that is all there is to it."

His friendship with Conrad was one of the outstanding relationships of Hudson's life. Each had great respect and admiration for the other's work and they saw much of each other at the houses of mutual friends thruout both their lives. Among Hudson's other intimates, as nearly as he could be said to have any, so independent was his nature, were R. B. Cunningham Graham, Morley Roberts, Ford Madox Ford, Edward Thomas, Edward Garnett, George Gissing, Sir William Rothenstein, Sir Edward Grey, and the Ranee of Sarawak.

In appearance Hudson was so remarkable that people turned on the street to look at him. Great of stature and broad shouldered (he was six-foot-three in height) with his massive head, shaggy hair, close cropped beard, and eagle eyes, he dominated every assemblage. His gait was somewhat ungainly, because of his massive frame, and many of his movements were awkward (he had no manual dexterity whatever). One contemporary has written of his "strange and rather crab-like walk." He never



W. H. HUDSON

looked as old as his years. His hair and whiskers remained brown until late in life, and then became but slightly grizzled. His hands were large, beautifully formed, and expressive. His eyes, brooding at times, were dark brown and deep-set under heavy eyebrows. His complexion always retained some of the deep hues of the pampas sun. His features were prominent and large, the high cheekbones lending some color to his claim (of which, however, there was never any definite proof) that he had Indian blood in his veins. His expression, according to his friend and biographer Morley Roberts, was that of "a half-tamed hawk" and reflected his keen interest and curiosity in all life.

Tho basically tolerant, he was full of honest prejudices and given to mildly eccentric forms of behavior. He was particularly bitter against "sportsmen" and any who killed in the name of sport. He hated all forms of conceit. His opinion on a given subject could never be gauged in advance. In conversation he would sometimes break unexpectedly (and unconsciously) into savage laughter. He was so reserved that he concealed his genuine affection for his friends under a mask of brusqueness which often seemed ungracious and ungrateful to strangers. Yet he was incapable of giving intentional hurt. There

are many stories of his kindness to wounded birds and animals and his generous actions, which he always disclaimed, with respect to humans. In business matters he had little of what the world calls "practical sense." At one time, before his writing began to bring him something of a competence, he was hard-put to find the money to take his wife to the seashore as the doctors had ordered after an illness. A number of his friends quietly made up a purse and had a substantial sum deposited to his banking account. Hudson was delighted to find the unexpectedly large balance when he went to consult with his banker regarding a possible loan, but so poor was his accounting that he never suspected the kindly trick that had been played on him.

The constant uncertainty of his health was ascribed by his friends as the cause of a certain tendency to irritability and unreasonableness; but despite his many illnesses he was of great natural physical strength. Even in his last years he would run and swing onto a bus traveling at full speed, much to the distress of those who knew of his weak heart. He also rode a bicycle until an advanced age. He lived simply and was, of course, exceedingly fond of outdoor life. He tramped or cycled at one time or another over most of southern England.

In the summer of 1922, shortly after the completion of *A Hind in Richmond Park* and at the beginning of his 82nd year, Hudson began to suffer increasingly severe heart attacks and came up from Penzance to Westbourne Park partly in connection with the book and partly (tho he would not openly admit it) for medical attention. The attacks became so bad that he was forced to go to bed on the 12th of August. On the 17th he seemed better and discussed, from his sickbed, revisions of the last chapter of *A Hind*, then in press, and other literary matters with Morley Roberts. He would not admit the seriousness of his illness to the extent of allowing anyone to stay with him, tho he had no nurse, and sent Roberts away at nightfall. Sometime in the night he died peacefully in his sleep and was

found the next morning by his housekeeper.

He was buried at Broadwater in his favorite Sussex downs. In 1925 a bird sanctuary was erected as a memorial to him in Hyde Park, London, with a sculptured decoration by Jacob Epstein that aroused prolonged controversy.

W. H. Hudson's books:

The Purple Land, 1885; Argentine Ornithology, 1888-89; The Naturalist in La Plata, 1892; Fan (published under the pseudonym "Henry Harford"), 1892; Birds in a Village, 1893; Idle Days in Patagonia, 1893; British Birds, 1895; Birds in London, 1898; Nature in Downland, 1900; Birds and Man, 1901; El Ombu, 1902; Hampshire Days, 1903; Green Mansions, 1904; A Little Boy Lost, 1905; A Crystal Age, 1906; The Land's End, 1908; South American Sketches, 1909; Afoot in England, 1909; A Shepherd's Life, 1910; Adventures Among Birds, 1913; Far Away and Long Ago: History of My Early Life, 1918; Birds in Town and Village, 1919; The Book of a Naturalist, 1919; Dead Man's Plack, 1920; A Traveler in Little Things, 1921; A Hind in Richmond Park, 1922; Collected Works, 1923.

About W. H. Hudson:

Bennett, A. *Books and Persons*; Ford, F. M. *Thus to Revisit*; Garnett, E. *Friday Nights*; Garnett, E. (editor) *Letters From W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett*; Galsworthy, J. *Castles in Spain and Other Screeds*; Harper, G. McL. *Spirit of Delight*; Hewlett, M. *Extemporaneous Essays*; Massingham, H. J. *Untroubled Ways*; Roberts, M. *W. H. Hudson: A Portrait*; Squire, J. C. *Life and Letters*; Wilson, G. F. *A Bibliography of the Writings of W. H. Hudson*.

Bookman 69:490 July 1929; *Fortnightly Review* 125:214 February 1926; *Outlook* 132:54 September 13, 1922.

Helen Hull

Autobiographical sketch of Helen Rose Hull, American novelist:

I WAS born in the small college town, Albion, Michigan, first child and only daughter of Warren C. and Louise McGill Hull. My father was superintendent of schools; my mother had taught for a year before her marriage. All my early life was spent in Michigan, first in Albion, then Flint, and then Lansing. As a child I read omnivorously, and I suppose my first original work in creating fiction came in the stories I told to the three younger brothers who presently

offered an audience. My Grandfather Hull was editor and owner of the Constantine *Advertiser-Mercury*; my first smell of print came during summer holidays when we visited in Constantine, and I watched the old presses at work. I made my first appearance in print at the age of nine, when my grandfather made my first short story, "Four Wishes," into a little book for family consumption.

I attended public schools, Michigan State College, the University of Michigan for a summer session, and finally took a Ph.B. at the University of Chicago. I wished to write, but in the meantime it was necessary to earn an immediate living, and so I began to teach. Teaching and writing have been the two parallel lines which I have followed. I taught English, because that was my chief interest, and I began to write short stories.

Meantime in 1915 I left Wellesley College for Columbia University, where I still am a professor in the department of English, with classes in fiction writing and poetry. A few years later a friend and I bought an old Maine farmhouse on Blue Hill Bay where we have spent our summers, except for a few months abroad.

It was in this farmhouse that I started writing one summer. I had two walls of the living room, one for rejections and one for acceptances. At the end of the summer the rejection wall was well papered, but there were several exciting letters on the acceptance wall, among them a first acceptance from *Harper's*. For several years I wrote occasional stories which appeared in *Harper's*, *Seven Arts*, *Century*, *Touchstone*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, and in English periodicals.

My first novel, *Quest*, appeared in 1922.

In 1926 the University gave me a half year leave of absence, and with a friend I traveled in Sicily, Greece, Turkey, back thru Italy, up to Cortina in the Dolomites, where we settled down for work, and *Islanders* had its start. Then a few years later the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation awarded me a fellowship, and I spent a half year in

England, working on *Heat Lightning*. The Book-of-the-Month Club made that book its choice for April 1932.

I do most of my novel writing during the summers in Maine. I work in the morning in the Work-House, a reclaimed poultry building, and then stretch out in gardening after luncheon. A motor boat, none of your new-fangled crafts, but a regular staunch lobster fisherman's boat, is another of my hobbies.

As for my likes and dislikes. I enjoy living in New York in the winter. I like teaching writing. I like to drive a car, especially when I can take a wire hair terrier somewhere outside of town for a good run along the Sound, or in a Westchester meadow. In the summer months I like gardening. We have a large vegetable garden, a new project of a rock garden, and a lovely garden of old fashioned flowers that belong in New England. The ocean is an important part of the summer, both for swimming and for motor-boating.

For several years I have written no short stories. This spring (1933) I turned back to that form of writing, and the *Saturday Evening Post* has just bought the first story.

* * *

According to Roberts Tapley in the *Bookman*, Miss Hull "is deeply distrust-



HELEN HULL

ful of modern industry and finance. The modern world seems to her complex and puzzling, chaotic and undirected, unfavorable, above all, to good understanding between men and women."

Miss Hull, who has had much contact with young people ambitious for literary careers, finds that the two questions most frequently addressed to her are: "Should I give up my job and try writing?" and "Should I come to New York and make literary contacts?" Her answer to both questions is an emphatic negative. "Writing," she says, "should be considered an avocation until it sprouts a few leaves of professional success. And as for the second question—I have seen people rushing about so furiously in their attempts to meet critics, columnists, editors, and famous authors that they have no time left for writing. The literary racket may be pleasant for those extroverted personalities who like it, but writing is after all a solitary occupation, not carried on at teas and banquets."

Helen Hull's novels:

Quest, 1922; *Labyrinth*, 1923; *The Surry Family*, 1925; *Islanders*, 1927; *The Asking Price*, 1930; *Heat Lightning*, 1932; *Hardy Perennial*, 1933.

About Helen Hull:

Bookman 75:124 May 1932.

T. E. Hulme 1883-1917

THOMAS ERNEST HULME, English philosopher, was born September 16, 1883, at Gratton Hall, Endon, North Staffordshire. After attending high school at Newcastle-under-Lyme, he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, but in March 1904 he was "sent down" from Cambridge for taking part in some escapade.

During the next two years Hulme was in London, studying independently. In 1906 he spent three months in Canada, and in 1907 he taught English in Brussels for seven months, learning French and German. Returning to London, he began an intensive study of philosophy, a subject which had interested him for some time.

From 1908 to 1912 Hulme was the center of a group of writers and philosophers and artists over whom he exercised a considerable influence. He earned

the title of the "father of imagism." In 1908 he founded the Poets' Club and at its meetings were read the first experimental imagist poems, among them Hulme's own short verses. Early in 1909, with F.W. Flint, he assembled an unnamed dining-and-talking society afterwards referred to as the School of Images. The group met Thursday evenings at a Soho restaurant, with Hulme as the ringleader in the writing of unrhymed poems. Ezra Pound joined the group in its second month and after it disbanded two years later he brought forth its descendant, Les Imagistes. Hulme attended the Philosophical Congress at Bologna in April 1911 and he traveled in Italy for the next three months.

Early in 1912 Hulme was readmitted to Cambridge, partly thru the efforts of Henri Bergson, the French philosopher, who predicted a bright future for him in the field of philosophy, but he left Cambridge in a short time, unable to submit to the academic routine. He spent nine months in Berlin, acquiring a thorough knowledge of German philosophy and psychology.

Hulme's first published work, which appeared in 1912, was a translation of Bergson's *Introduction to Metaphysics*. In the same year Ezra Pound published as an appendix to his volume, *Ripostes*, "The Complete Poetical Works of T. E. Hulme," being five short verses which Hulme had written as exercises. This was the only original work of Hulme published in his lifetime, other than magazine articles, most of which appeared in the *New Age*.

In London in 1913 Hulme delivered a series of four lectures on the philosophy of Bergson, which formed the basis for a proposed book on Bergson, never written. In 1914 he published a translation of Georges Sorel's *Reflections on Violence*, with a critical introduction.

During these years Hulme wrote a great deal, but mostly in the form of notes. He always carried a daybook in which he entered his thoughts and observations. His plan, never carried out, was to put the cream of these observations into a "corpus" which was to be indexed and from which were to be fil-



From a bronze by Jacob Epstein
T. E. HULME

tered all the notes on one general idea into still another notebook. From that notebook he would write his final work. He intended to write six works: a book on Modern Theories of Art, a General Introduction to the Philosophy of Bergson, a book on Jacob Epstein and the Esthetics of Sculpture, a series of pamphlets on anti-humanism, anti-romanticism, and pre-Renaissance philosophy, and finally a philosophical allegory the hero of which was to be a character named Aphra, who "sees each word with an image sticking on to it, never as a flat word passed over a board like a counter."

Hulme was known as a vigorous and aggressive leader. People were attracted by his forceful personality and witty conversation. His friend Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, who did a bust of him in bronze, said: "He was capable of kicking a theory as well as a man downstairs. . . . He was a man who had no regard for personal fame or notoriety, and he considered that his work lay entirely in the future. His whole life was a preparation for the task of interpretation which he set himself. He would make reckless sacrifices to possess works of art which he could not really afford; he bought not only my own works, but also those of Gaudier-Brzeska—and this long before Gaudier was well known. Hulme was

a terror to the 'fumistes' and charlatans of all kinds. His passion for the truth was uncontrolled. . . . Abstract art had an extraordinary attraction for him: his own brain worked in that way."

In appearance Hulme was slender, with high cheekbones and a strong nose and chin. He wore a small moustache. He had an independent income, which made it possible to devote all his time to study and writing and controversy. He was influenced by Rémy de Gourmont.

When the World War broke out in 1914 Hulme enlisted in the Honourable Artillery Company and was sent to France the first of the year 1915. He was wounded in the spring of 1915, was invalided home, and upon recovery late in 1915 he returned to the front in the Royal Marine Artillery. He was enthusiastic about war and took a serious interest in the technical problems of artillery practice and of strategy in general. In 1915 and 1916 he contributed articles to the *New Age* and the *Cambridge Magazine*, giving an intellectual defence of militarism.

Hulme was killed on September 28, 1917, near Nieuport, on the coast of Belgium. He was thirty-four years old. He left behind him a mass of notebooks and manuscripts and hundreds of loose notes varying in size from tiny scraps of paper no larger than a postage stamp to complete folios. These fragments, pieced together by Herbert Read, formed the essays in the volume called *Speculations*, published in 1924. The volume includes essays on humanism, modern art, romanticism and classicism, Bergson's esthetics, a series of apothegms entitled "Cinders," the introduction to Sorel's *Reflections on Violence*, the plan for the book on Modern Theories of Art, and the five poems.

Another collection of Hulme's fragments, edited by Read under the title of "Notes on Language and Style," appeared in the July 1925 number of T. S. Eliot's quarterly review, the *Criterion*, and was published in 1929 as No. 25 of the University of Washington *Chapbooks*.

T. E. Hulme's works:

Essays: *Speculations*, 1921; *Notes on Language and Style*, 1929.

Translations: Henri Bergson's *Introduction to Metaphysics*, 1912; Georges Sorel's *Reflections on Violence*, 1914.

About T. E. Hulme:

Hughes, G. *Imagism and the Imagists*; Hulme, T. E. *Speculations* (see foreword by Jacob Epstein and introduction by Herbert Read); Hulme, T. E. *Notes on Language and Style* (see introduction by Herbert Read). *Saturday Review of Literature* 4:154 October 1, 1927; *Sewanee Review* 38:332 July 1930.

Cyril Hume 1900-

CYRIL HUME, American novelist, was born March 16, 1900, in New Rochelle, New York, the son of Thomas J. Hume and Harriet Kean Hume. He was graduated from Canterbury School, a Catholic institution in New Milford, Connecticut, in 1918, and immediately enlisted in the 219th Engineers of the United States army, serving from July to December 1918. Then he went to Yale University.

When he was out of Yale but a short while, Hume resigned his job on the *New York World* one day, retired to the country, and wrote what was called one of the most amazing first novels of the time, *The Wife of the Centaur*. The story was of the younger generation in its adolescent, collegiate, and early married period. The centaur was a Yale poet whom the author developed from boyhood to maturity, thru sex slavery to self mastery. When the book was published in 1923 the critics applauded it and the sales mounted.

Joseph Collins said: "Out of the fullness of his mind his pen writes. It is difficult to believe it is not from experience as well, but the publishers protest that this novel is not autobiographical. Jeffrey is described so intimately and convincingly that Mr. Hume must have lived with him and learned about women from him. How else could he know that women are less sensitive, more practical, less romantic, and less remorseful than men? That is not taught at Catholic preparatory schools or at Yale University."

Two years later Hume brought out his second novel, *Cruel Fellowship*, a character study of a man who never

amounted to anything. G. D. Meadows wrote in the *Saturday Review of Literature*: "The novel reeks of sex. It is the emotional Odyssey of a mediocre and unattractive character, written with so much attention to one aspect of life that, duly condensed, it might serve as an *histoire sexuelle* for the appendix to Havelock Ellis or Kraft-Ebbing." Morris Markey criticized the author's "wanton shoveling of words onto paper in clouds of metaphors and breathless rhetoric." But the book received general praise.

The Golden Dancer, published in 1926, was altogether different from the author's earlier books. It was the light and happy story of a confirmed romantic, a factory hand who turns his back on his machines and takes the road in search of beauty. There was only one "daring" passage, toward the end. His first collection of short stories, *Street of the Malcontents and Other Stories*, appeared in 1927.

Hume was married on May 19, 1926, to Charlotte Dickinson of Grand Rapids, Michigan. They had two children, Barbara and Patricia. His second wife is Helen Chandler, the stage and screen actress.

When Hume published *A Dish for the Gods* in 1929, N. L. Rothman wrote in the *New York Sun*: "Mr. Hume is a novelist who has taken pains in the im-



CYRIL HUME

journalism by writing criticisms of the Charles H. Jarvis Classical Sunday Soirées for the *Evening Bulletin*. Without salary, he served as a general reporter for the *Bulletin* for a time, and when Theodore Presser started the *Etude*, he contributed paragraphs.

In 1878, when he was eighteen, Huneker abandoned the study of law, which he had continued half-heartedly for five years, and went to Paris on a small allowance. He was "music-mad." After he studied piano under Georges Mathias for about a year, practicing from six to ten hours daily, he realized that he could never be a great musician, and decided to devote his energies to writing. He returned to Philadelphia and studied and read "enormously" for the next two years.

Huneker went to New York in 1881, when he was twenty-one, and plunged into critical journalism, continuing his piano studies under Rafael Joseffy and acting as Joseffy's assistant in the National Conservatory for ten years. He began writing criticism for the *Musical Courier*, at first "only for the fun of the thing," receiving no salary until 1888. He continued this connection for fifteen years. Meanwhile, from 1891 to 1895, he was music and dramatic critic of the *New York Recorder*, and from 1895-97 of the *Morning Advertiser*, both short-lived journals. In his own words, he lived luxuriously and worked like a dog, finding time to contribute to *Town Topics* and other publications. "I was working double-tides, driving two or three horses abreast." In 1899 he published his first book, *Messotints in Modern Music*. In the next year followed *Chopin—The Man and His Music*, which established him as a writer and has been called his most important work. "Scribbling came easy" to him and he wrote prolifically for the next twenty years.

In 1902 Huneker joined the staff of the *New York Sun* and for fifteen years served that paper variously as critic of drama, art, music, and literature. Much of the time he traveled in Europe, visiting the theatrical centers and art shrines, and writing articles. He spent five months in Spain writing about the

Velasquez pictures. Travel was a mania with him, and he loved Holland and Belgium above all other countries. Bruges was his favored city. In Paris he contributed to the *Weekly Critical Review* and in London to the *Saturday Review*. He interviewed Pope Pius X in 1905, and he visited Calabria after the earthquake for the *New York Herald*.

Huneker's *Sun* essays were expanded periodically into books, the most successful of which was *Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists*. His own favorites, he said, were *McLomaniacs*, *Visionaries*, and *Egoists*, "because they were despised and rejected."

A genial critic, Huneker never wrote destructively, had no zeal for reform. "Neither praise nor blame," he said, "should be the goal of the critic. To spill his own soul; that should be his aim. It is his prejudices that make vital a critic's work." Huneker had a great passion for the music of Chopin and the prose of Flaubert. His idols in painting were Vermeer, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. He specialized in introducing foreign artists to America, was among the first to "boom" in this country for Ibsen, Nietzsche, Shaw, Huysmans, Rimbaud, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Strindberg, Stirner, Richard Strauss, William McFee, and many others. Of the contemporary Americans, Edgar Saltus was his pet.

Huneker's criticisms were aimed at the artist's technique, his style, and idcas. He ignored moral attitudes. But his chief interest was in the artist as a person, and every criticism he wrote contained a bit of gossip or biographical information. "There are no 'schools' in art or literature," he said, "only good writers and artists; there are not types, only individuals." He worked by no set of rules, but made his doctrines to suit the occasion, paying no attention to inconsistencies.

An impressionist, Huneker strove to sum up an artist's unique quality in one neat phrase. He enjoyed doing tricks with words and writing clever sentences. Whether one agreed with him or not, he compelled interest with his breakneck style, his staccato sentences, and his

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James Gibbons Huneker's works:

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY: Old Fogy, 1913; Steeplejack, 1919; Letters, 1922; Intimate Letters, 1925.

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About James Gibbons Huneker:

Boynton, P. H. *Some Contemporary Americans*; De Casseres, B. *James Gibbons Huneker*; De Mille, G. E. *Literary Criticism in America*; Hind, C. L. *More Authors and I*; Holliday, R. C. *Bookman Anthology of Essays*; Mencken, H. L. *Book of Prefaces*; Mencken, H. L. *Prejudices: Third Series*.

Saturday Review of Literature 10:49 August 19, 1933; *Scribner's Magazine* 71:300 March 1922.

Violet Hunt 1866-

VIOLET HUNT, English author, was born in 1866 in the cathedral city of Durham, England. She was one of three daughters of Alfred William Hunt, the artist, and Margaret Raine Hunt, a novelist. Her father was a landscape painter of the pre-Raphaelite group and an intimate friend of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the others of his circle.

Miss Hunt spent her childhood and early girlhood in the company of these famous artists and writers, as she recalls in her book *The Wife of Rossetti*, "wandering o'mornings in and out of their houses with messages and, older, with a good book in my hand which I did not read, hearkening as a servant waiting at table might to winged words I only half understood."

She recalls seeing Rossetti "in the street, but his head was muffled up, as it were in a monk's cowl. But I remember well his sister Christina and her broad bosom, in dove-colored silk wreathed in black lace. And his brother William, with his bald head and red lips. I remember Morris' Viking eyes, and Mrs. Morris' hair, her ghostly beauty like a blasted tree or a sprig of mistletoe; and George Jones like a little brown bird, and

Effie Millais, a handsome Scotch lassie in her *criarde* crocus gowns. I remember Brown's flowing beard, Hunt's darling snub nose, and Browning like a German princeling, his guttural voice and Millais' hoarse one a year before he died. And Mr. Scott's wigs, that he changed monthly to simulate growth, and Theodore Watts with his walrus moustache and gypsy eyes. He never let me see his Swinburne."

Miss Hunt was educated in England at one of the first high schools for girls, in the company of the daughters of William Morris and Burne-Jones. She wrote poetry and published it, first submitting it to Christina Rossetti. But she was brought up to be an artist and only deserted that profession at the age of twenty-eight, when she published her first book. This book, which made its appearance in 1894, was *The Maiden's Progress*, a novel in dialogue. Ten more volumes followed in the next eighteen years, notable among the novels being *White Rose of Wexley Leaf* and among the short story collections *Tales of the Uncasy*.

Robert Lynd called her "one of the most brilliant novelists of her time," and May Sinclair said of her novels: "They will appeal by their sincerity, their unhesitating courage, their incorruptible reality."

During what Miss Hunt calls her "years of usefulness" as a literary woman, she did, beside her books, a great deal of journalistic work, including a "Wares of Antolycus" column once a week for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Alice Meynell and Mrs. Joseph Pennell being among the other six contributors to that feature.

She was a celebrated hostess, entertaining in her London house most of the famous authors and artists of the time—and even prime ministers. Grant Richards in his *Memories of a Misspent Youth* recalls her in the 'Nineties as "one of the cleverest, best-looking, and kindest people" in London and opines that "if she had not given so much of her time to the arts of conversation and hospitality she would have done much greater things than stand to her name. . . . When she found time to write, I know not. . . ."

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Holbrook Jackson 1874-

Autobiographical sketch of Holbrook Jackson, English essayist, literary historian, and editor:

HOLBROOK JACKSON was born in Liverpool in 1874 and was self-educated.

He began earning his living at the age of fifteen and hoped ultimately to make enough money to subsidize himself as a writer, in which ambition he never succeeded, altho he contrived to become a writer.

Published his first articles when he was sixteen. Contributed to the press as an amateur, and in 1899 published *Edward FitzGerald and Omar Khayyam*, an essay and a bibliography, bound in brown paper wrappers, price sixpence. It went into a second edition and is still sought after by Omarians as the first separately published essay on FitzGerald. Tried his hand at verse, published results in *The Eternal Now* (1900) which he has since almost succeeded in exterminating. In 1903 he published an anthology of verse for children entitled *Every-child*.

Abandoned business for journalism in 1907. Became joint-editor of the *New Age* with A. W. Orage. Practised in Fleet Street as a free lance, 1908-1910. Published his study of *Bernard Shaw* (1907) the first book on the playwright philosopher; this was followed by a study of *William Morris* (1908). The former went into three editions, the latter was rewritten and republished in 1926.

During his free-lance period he became one of the most versatile of English journalists turning his pen to almost

every branch of the craft and contributing to many of the leading London daily and weekly periodicals. Succeeded T. P. O'Connor as a writer of "The Book of the Week" on the *Sunday Sun* (1908). Joined the staff of *Black and White* (1909) and was successively and sometimes simultaneously literary, art, musical critic and special correspondent, and even found time to do a little editing by taking over the control of the *Idler* for several months whilst its proprietor, Robert Barr, wrote short stories to pay the printing bills.

His real career as an editor began with his association with T. P. O'Connor in 1910, of whose publications he became Managing Director and eventually edited both *T.P.'s Magazine* and *T.P.'s Weekly*. He was a regular contributor to the journals under his control and other journals, and his essays were collected and published in *Romance and Reality* (1911) and *All Manner of Folk* (1912); in that year he also wrote *Great English Novelists*.

In 1910 he published *Platitudes in the Making*, a volume of aphorisms, and in 1913 *The Eighteen Nineties*, a review of art and letters in England at the close of the nineteenth century, made its appearance. This work was the first complete review of the remarkable movement whose chief figures were Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, and Francis Thompson on one hand, and Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, George Moore, and Rudyard Kipling on the other. It was instantly recognized as a valuable contribution to literary history. Eight editions of the work have been issued and in 1931 it was added to Mr. Jonathan Cape's popular *Life and Letters* series in which it has been reprinted twice. Collections of his essays have also been republished in Dent's *Wayfarers Library* and Harrap's *Essays of To-day and Yesterday*.

At the beginning of 1917 he published the literary pocket journal *To-Day* of which he was owner as well as editor. This journal lived for seven years with no other object than the presentation of the literary tastes of its editor. Among its contributors were Richard Aldington, W. H. Davies, John Drinkwater, John Freeman, Walter De La Mare, T. S.

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About Holbrook Jackson:

More, P. E. *Decadent Wit*.

Publishers' Weekly 119:333 January 17, 1931; *Saturday Review of Literature* 10:155 September 30, 1933.

W. W. Jacobs 1863-

WILLIAM WYMARK JACOBS was born September 8, 1863, in Wapping, the dock section of London to which his stories later gave humorous renown, close to the Tower Bridge. His father was a wharf manager. He was educated in private schools and in 1893 became a clerk in the Savings Bank Department of the Civil Service, holding the position until 1899, well after he had begun to write and publish.

He first entered the literary field with a number of short stories, written in his spare time and published in such magazines as the *Idler* and *To-Day*, both under the editorship of Jerome K. Jerome, his "discoverer." These magazines did not pay the highest rates, but they brought the young author a following, and it was not many years before he was receiving top prices or near them from the *Strand Magazine*, under George Newnes' editorship. In the meantime he had published, in 1896, his first book, a collection of short stories of life in the shore and dock towns and coast-wise ports, entitled *Many Cargoes*. It had immediate and widespread popular success and more than thirty-five years later was reported still in steady demand in the circulation department of the New York Public Library. Other volumes of similar stories followed in rapid succession, at the rate of one every year or two, up to war-time. Since then he has written little, altho scarcely a year passes without republication of one or more of his earlier works. In 1931, an omnibus collection of stories selected from his previous writings and entitled *Snug Harbor* was issued.

In 1900, the year after he gave up his Civil Service post to make his living by writing, Jacobs married Agnes Eleanor Williams. They have two sons and three daughters. Mrs. Jacobs has been a

socialist and a feminist and once spent thirty-one days in jail for alleged participation in a window-smashing escapade, the outgrowth of a political disturbance.

Jacobs characterizes his own life as "humdrum." He lives part of each year in London and part on a "home-made" farm near Epping Forest in Essex. At one time Arthur Morrison, the author of *Tales of Mean Streets*, was a near neighbor. Morrison raised poultry and Jacobs vegetables, which they exchanged. For a number of years it was the custom of Jacobs and Will Owen, the artist, who illustrated many of the Jacobs stories, to spend a season wandering together along the southern seacoast, sitting much of the time in out-of-the-way inns picking up sailors' yarns and "atmosphere." Once, sitting in an inn at Sandwich, Jacobs heard a retired sea captain relate as his own experience one of the tales from *Many Cargoes*.

In his writing prime Jacobs was described as a fair, slight, and silent little man with a "humorist's tell-tale mouth" and "observant eyes" who hovered shyly on the outskirts of the literary personalities of London in the late 'Nineties and never had much to say. Commenting on his self-effacing modesty, one observer has written, "Where Jacobs got his intricate nautical knowledge from I



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Jacobs characterizes his own life as "humdrum." He lives part of each year in London and part on a "home-made" farm near Epping Forest in Essex. At one time Arthur Morrison, the author of *Tales of Mean Streets*, was a near neighbor. Morrison raised poultry and Jacobs vegetables, which they exchanged. For a number of years it was the custom of Jacobs and Will Owen, the artist, who illustrated many of the Jacobs stories, to spend a season wandering together along the southern seacoast, sitting much of the time in out-of-the-way inns picking up sailors' yarns and "atmosphere." Once, sitting in an inn at Sandwich, Jacobs heard a retired sea captain relate as his own experience one of the tales from *Many Cargoes*.

In his writing prime Jacobs was described as a fair, slight, and silent little man with a "humorist's tell-tale mouth" and "observant eyes" who hovered shyly on the outskirts of the literary personalities of London in the late 'Nineties and never had much to say. Commenting on his self-effacing modesty, one observer has written, "Where Jacobs got his intricate nautical knowledge from I



W. W. JACOBS

James senior was a firm believer in culture and he was thoroly convinced that it was more readily to be found in Europe than in America; as a result, he saw to it that his sons received a European education. In 1855, the entire family, consisting of William (1842-1910), Henry, Garth Wilkinson (1845-1883), Robertson (1846-1910), and Alice (1848-1892), moved to Europe, remaining for three years. During this period, young Henry James received his first—and lasting—impressions of Geneva, Boulogne, London, and Paris.

In 1858, the family returned to the United States, living for a year in Newport, Rhode Island, and returning in the following year to Geneva. In 1860, Henry James was studying at the University of Bonn, and in 1862 he entered the Harvard Law School, altho he did not have any serious intention of entering the legal profession. The Civil War was in progress during James' Harvard days, and he would have enlisted, as did his brothers, Garth and Robertson, had he not been prevented from doing so by a physical infirmity. William, while the War was going on, was engaged in study at the Lawrence Scientific School and in a research expedition under Louis Agassiz. As a student, James came under the influence of Charles Eliot Norton and William Dean Howells. At this time, his chief interests were drawing, mathematics, and literature.

James began his literary career in 1865, with a short story, "The Story of a Year," which appeared in the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was based on an event in the Civil War, in which he was not allowed to take part. His first serial story, *Poor Richard*, ran thru three numbers of the *Atlantic*, and was followed, three years later, by *Gabrielle Bergerac*. During 1865-1869 he was also writing critical short stories for the *Nation*, the *North American Review*, and the *Galaxy*, then the chief rival of the *Atlantic*. In this early work he showed the influence of Balzac, George Eliot, and Hawthorne.

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manent home. His thoughts first turned to Paris, where he met Turgenev in 1875, but in the following year he settled in London for good. James later admitted that his boyhood introduction to Europe had given him what he called a "European virus," which made it absolutely necessary for him, if he were to be happy, to live in the Old World. In Europe, always, he was more at home than in America. Van Wyck Brooks, in *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, puts forth the theory that his final choice of England as a home was the result of a nostalgia for Europe that was "born" in him.

From 1876 to 1898, he resided in London, in rooms near Piccadilly, and in a small flat in Kensington. From 1898 to 1913, he lived in Rye, Sussex, in an old eighteenth century building known as Lamb House, but, as he made many visits to London, he always retained a room in the Reform Club, of which he was the only American member.

Between 1881-1883, James made two visits to the United States. The year 1882 was a sad one for him, as both his parents died, the mother on January 29, and the father on December 18. After losing them, he did not visit America again until 1904.

During the 'Eighties, he lived at 3 Bolton Street, just off Piccadilly, where he did much of his best work. A newspaper writer of the period thus describes James' mode of living and working: "On rising, he takes the continental breakfast of coffee and rolls in his rooms, and immediately sits down to his literary work, generally writing by the light of two candles, the London mornings being so dark. He composes slowly and painfully, rewriting and retouching his work continually, his strikingly artistic style being gained only at the expense of real toil. But by his system of working a regular length of time each day he turns out a great amount of MS in the course of a year—much more than most authors who compose readily, but only at irregular intervals, when 'in the mood,' and then producing a goodly amount at white heat. He writes until noon and then goes to his club for luncheon, the Reform Club, a very ex-

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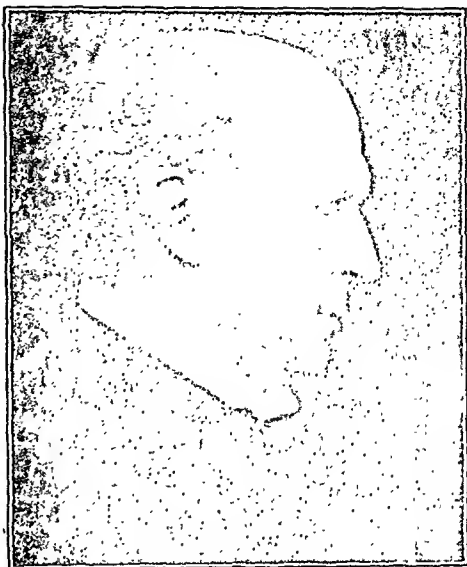
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clusive body, composed of the leading British liberals."

From 1890 to 1895, James devoted his energies to the drama, a field in which he was not successful. *The American*, a dramatization of his novel of the same name, produced in London in 1891, ran for two months. *Guy Douville*, a complete failure, ran for one month in 1895. It was never revived, or even published. James then gave up writing plays, altho he published some, not intended to be acted, in two volumes, in 1894-95. A final attempt was made when *The High Bid* was produced at the Lyceum in Edinburgh, in March 1908, and at His Majesty's Theatre in London, in February 1909, with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in the rôle of Captain Yule. In both cases, the play had a very short run. His experience at the London opening gave a convincing illustration of his well-known dislike of publicity and of the effect it had upon him. After much urging by his friends, he was finally persuaded, against his will, to be present at the first performance. During an intermission, the cry of "Author, Author," rang thru the house. All eyes were turned in the direction of James' box in the expectancy of seeing him rise for a bow, but the only acknowledgment was a dull thud: the author had fainted!

In view of his failure as a writer for the stage, it is interesting to note that *Berkeley Square*, by John L. Balderston, and J. C. Squire, based on James' unfinished *The Sense of the Past*, was a tremendous success on the London stage during the season of 1926-1927, and in New York later, and has been revived several times since, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Leslie Howard in the leading rôles. On the screen, also with Howard as Peter Standish, it was successful.

In 1915, on July 26, James became a British subject, his sponsors being Lord Asquith, G. H. Prothero, Edmund Gosse, and J. B. Pinker. He took this step, which, so far as is known, he had never contemplated before, to make plain to the world his thoro sympathy with the cause of the Allies and to indicate his regret that America had not entered the war. Gosse's letter to him, written



HENRY JAMES

a month earlier, shows how he felt: "I read your letter with the liveliest emotion. It is splendid of you, and beautifully like yourself, to make this sacrifice for us. You give us the most intimate thing you possess. It is most moving, and most cheering, a *grand geste* indeed. . . How I rejoice to think of you as about to be *of* us in this anxious time, as you have been *with* us without fail ever since the trouble began! I think it even an augury of good news which, Heaven knows! we have waited long for."

James' action in becoming a British citizen by law, altho he had long been one in sympathy, aroused considerable discussion. In the United States there was some disposition to criticize him adversely, but the *New York Times* editorially declared that as "a patriotic American he was never more loyal to American traditions and principles than when he became a British subject," and William Lyon Phelps called it "one of the noblest acts of his life."

In 1916, on January 1, Henry James was awarded the Order of Merit, the highest honor that England, thru the King, can give its distinguished men of letters. James, at the time, was too ill to be present at the ceremony, but Lord Bryce personally came to his bedside to place the honor in his hands. Three

weeks later, the London papers reported that he had been seriously ill for several months, and that his physicians held out no hope for his recovery. The chronic disease of which he was a victim was complicated by several apoplectic strokes which had begun in November 1915. On the afternoon of Friday, February 25, he became unconscious, and remained so until his death on the afternoon of February 28. He died at his residence (purchased in 1913) 21 Carlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, in the Chelsea district of London—the district of George Eliot, Thomas Carlyle, Rossetti, and Whistler. Those with him when he died were Alice (Mrs. William) James, his sister-in-law, who came from Boston to nurse him, and a niece, Margaret James. A nephew, Henry James, who had been with him earlier in the month, had sailed for America on February 26, not knowing that death was so near. Funeral services, according to the rites of the Church of England, without sermon or address, were held on March 3 at the Chelsea Old Church, near his home, after cremation at the Golders Green Crematorium. Among those present were Walter Hines Page, United States Ambassador, Lord Bryce, Lord Morley, Lord Curzon, Augustine Birrell, Moreton Frewen, John Sargent, and Kipling. A bronze tablet in the Chelsea church commemorates him.

The depth of English feeling for him may be gathered from the suggestion that services be held in Westminster Abbey—a suggestion agreeable to the Prime Minister and to the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey, altho Mrs. William James disapproved of it.

Between 1865 and 1916, Henry James published over fifty volumes of prose; of the forms he attempted—fiction, criticism (art and literary), drama, travel sketches, and biography, he is best known for his novels. *A Passionate Pilgrim*, his first serious work (*The Story of a Year* and the other early efforts may be disregarded, as James himself did not include them in the collected New York edition of his novels and tales) is also his first treatment of a theme that later became one of his favorites: an American placed in English setting. The passion indicated in

the title is the American's feeling for his original ancestral home, to claim which he has come to England. *The Madonna of the Future* shows an interest in art that later resulted in the critical studies of *Picture and Text*. The hero of the story is an artist who, for twenty years, dreams of painting an ideal Madonna, only to find, when he comes to his task, that his hand has lost the skill of his youth.

In *Roderick Hudson*, which was begun in Florence in the spring of 1874, and designed as a serial for the *Atlantic Monthly*, James again presents an American in foreign surroundings, with a variation in the background: Italy and Switzerland, instead of England. The story ends in tragedy because the hero is unable, with the best intentions, to meet the strange conditions in which he finds himself. *The American*, begun in Paris early in the winter of 1875-76, made its first appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June 1876, and ran until the following May. While it was appearing in this form, a great part of the story was still unwritten. James often wondered, he said, as Dickens and Thackeray must have wondered, "what would happen if anything should happen to me."

The Portrait of a Lady again deals with the American-in-England theme, and Isabel Archer, the lady of the story, has been regarded as one of his most attractive heroines. Of the style of this novel, Harold Williams says that it often approaches "the cautiously well-bred maiden-lady manner of writing."

The Lesson of the Master is another story with an "art" interest, the theme or lesson being that art, satisfied with nothing less than the best, demands everything of those who would follow it. The lesson may be taken as one that James always attempted to live up to.

The Tragic Muse, a novel of theatrical interest, *The Spoils of Poynton*, and *The Awkward Age*, are examples of what are called James' "English novels," that is, stories with English characters in their own background, as opposed to those with Americans in England or on the Continent. In *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Ambassadors*—his own favorite—and *The Golden Bowl*, James once

more returns to the theme of the effect of European life on American characters. The latter novel is frequently referred to as one of the "great" novels; in refusing to accept this view, Phelps records the interesting information that he does so "despite the fact that a Boston policeman told James that *The Golden Bowl* was his masterpiece."

James is not and never has been a "popular" novelist in any sense of the term; certainly not as it is applied, for example, to W. J. Locke or Anthony Hope, or, to name more ambitious writers, to Galsworthy and Bennett. He has always had an enthusiastic following, but it has been a limited one.

Howells' estimates of his genius have been often expressed and are too well-known to require repetition; Conrad, who was influenced by him, wrote that "the critical faculty hesitates before the magnitude of Henry James' works." In answer to a question as to what he thought of him, Coventry Patmore, shortly before his death in 1896, replied in such a way as to indicate that there was only one answer: "Think of him? Why, of course, I think that he is incomparably the greatest living writer of fiction." Writing seventeen years later, Ford Madox Ford, in almost the same words, declared: "James is the greatest of living writers and in consequence, for me, the greatest of living men." With Howells, Ford is confident that James' works will confer immortality upon him. On the other hand, Turgenev could not get thru a James novel, a disability shared by St. John Ervine, who exclaimed with feeling: "I cannot read the works of Henry James. He seems to me to spend half a lifetime in saying 'Boo!' to a goose."

In only two novels—they are really long short stories—has James achieved popularity, or his nearest approach to it: *Daisy Miller* and *The Turn of the Screw*, separated from each other by a space of twenty years. The first presents the familiar theme of the American girl in Switzerland and Italy. When it appeared, it was attacked viciously as a "libel" on American womanhood; today, *Daisy Miller* is accepted as a delightful, harmless creature, almost as

much the victim of social customs that she does not understand, as of the Roman fever from which she dies. James kills her in less than half a sentence, for which he has been severely taken to task. Since the first wave of indignation, the story has become so popular that it is the only one many people link with him, somewhat unjustly, as Howells points out: "It is the fate of most novelists to be associated in the minds of readers with a certain type of heroine, or with a single heroine . . . if it is a single character, it seems not so just, for every novelist has invented many characters. James, for instance, has given us more, and more finely, yet strongly, differentiated heroines than any novelist of his time, but at the mention of his name a single creation will come so prominently to mind that *Daisy Miller* will make us forget all her sisters."

In calling *The Turn of the Screw* "the most powerful, the most nerve-shattering ghost story I have ever read," Phelps is merely giving expression to a universal verdict. It seems that no one has ever written about this story without frankly confessing to the fear and horror it aroused in him. When Phelps told James that it "made my blood chill, my spine curl, and every individual hair to stand on end," James declared that he was very happy to learn that it had affected him in this way, because, he said, "I meant to scare the whole world with that story, and you had precisely the emotion that I hoped to arouse in everybody. When I wrote it, I was too ill to hold the pen; I therefore dictated the whole thing to a Scot stenographer. I was glad to try this experiment, for I believed that I should be able to judge of its effect on the whole world by its effect on the man who should hear it first. Judge of my dismay, when from first to last page, this iron Scot betrayed not the slightest shade of feeling! I dictated to him sentences that I thought would make him leap from his chair; he short-handed them as tho they had been geometry, and whenever I paused to see him collapse, he would enquire in a dry voice, 'What next?'"

Two long novels—both unfinished—were published after his death. *The*

Ivory Tower, begun early in the summer of 1914, was soon put aside at the outbreak of the World War in August, never to be taken up again. Of the ten contemplated divisions, only three, and one chapter of the fourth, were completed. *The Sense of the Past* has two finished sections, and part of the third. They are published in the twenty-six volume New York edition, with James' full notes and outlines. These are exceedingly valuable for those who wish to study his methods, to see how he approached a story, how the incidents and characters grew in his mind, and how the final story departs from the outline. For most of his stories, James prepared a rather elaborate outline, which, unfortunately, for students of problems of technique and construction, he destroyed after the publication of the novel.

Several reasons have been advanced to account for James' comparative unpopularity, of which the following seem to be most often mentioned: a difficult style, reticence, a seeming lack of sympathy with his characters, and an excessive interest in trivialities. These criticisms, and others, have been answered; some, by his admirers, some, by James himself. The difficult style, it is claimed, belongs only to his later dictated works, and to the earlier ones that he revised long after their original publication. His first style is described as clear, graceful, and brief; the wordy, involved style is a later growth. For the New York edition, James carefully and conscientiously revised his early novels. His intentions were good, but critics are unanimously agreed that the result is not happy, and that he has too often substituted awkwardness for simplicity. Many writers shrink from the task of revision after the mood or moment that gave birth to the work has passed, but to this task James seems almost to have brought the enthusiasm of original creation. Closely related to this is a statement of Edith Wharton: "One of his tricks," she writes, "was to seize upon a chance phrase and juggle with it for hours and days."

Reticence might seem, at first glance, to be a quality, or a defect, not consistent with the wordiness and lengthi-

ness with which James has been charged. In an analysis of this point, Phelps invents the term "verbose reticence" to describe the type peculiar to James. It is not that he lacks detail, Phelps says—he has too much in the opinion of most readers—but it is a detail that deals largely with "acts of the intellect and of the volition, completely overlaid with wrappers and wrappers of language." When, finally, James is thru, the reader must "guess for himself," with little assurance that he has "guessed accurately." Phelps even claims that this holds for his autobiographical works: "In an honest attempt to tell us about the early days of his life, Henry James filled two fat volumes, out of which we get only a residuum of reliable information." While in London, he visited James, and during the conversation, which drifted to the subject of difficult style, Phelps remarked that many passages in Browning that seem difficult and obscure to the eye, become "perfectly clear when read aloud." James' reply, "whispered in my ear with intense earnestness," was: "I have never in my life written a sentence that I did not mean to be read aloud, that I did not specifically intend to meet that test; you try it and see."

James' lack of sympathy for his fictional characters is more apparent than real. The offhand manner in which he does away with Daisy Miller—"a week after this, the poor girl died"—has weighed heavily against him, and has frequently been contrasted with Thackeray's heart-broken cry, "I have just killed Colonel Newcome." James is really interested in and devoted to his characters. He shows it, however, not in the usual way, an explosive affection, but in a deep concern with their response to situation and environment.

To the charge that he was overly interested in trifles, James gave at least two answers; one may or may not be convincing, the other is unanswerable. In the first place, he maintained that his subjects only seemed to be trivial to those who did not look under the surface; in the second place, he quietly reminded his critics that "my subjects are not trivial to me." To another accusation—if it may be regarded as one—

that "nobody reads Henry James," he made no answer. When it was new, he admitted it with a grim sense of humor; later, when he became accustomed to the statement, he admitted it with indifference, having determined to write to please himself, and in accordance with his own ideals. Gamaliel Bradford knew this when he wrote in his *American Portraits*: "He had no wife, he had no children, he had no country—his whole life was in art; life and art were inextricably one. He lived and thought and felt to write great novels."

There are several portraits of James, by Anna Lee Merritt, Sir William Rothenstein, and others. The one by Miss Merritt is remarkable for the hypnotic effect it produces on the spectator; like Rothenstein's portrait, it shows James with the full black beard and moustache that he wore from 1886 to 1900. From 1900 on, he was smooth-shaven. On his seventieth birthday two hundred and fifty English friends, the painter among them, invited him to sit for his portrait to be made by John S. Sargent. It was later presented to the nation and is now in the National Portrait Gallery in London. James' "portly presence, massively modeled head, watchful eye, and mobile expression" are finely exhibited in the bust made in 1914 by the English sculptor, Derwent Wood.

H. S. R.

Henry James' works:

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Greville Fane, 1893; *The Private Life*, 1893; *Owen Wingrave*, 1893; *The Altar of the Dead*, 1895; *The Death of the Lion*, 1895; *The Coxon Fund*, 1895; *The Middle Years*, 1895; *Terminations*, 1896; *The Next Time*, 1896; *The Figure in the Carpet*, 1896; *The Friends of the Friends*, 1896; *The Spoils of Poynton*, 1897; *What Maisie Knew*, 1897; *In the Cage*, 1898; *The Pupil*, 1898; *The Two Magics*, 1898; *The Turn of the Screw*, 1898; *The Awkward Age*, 1899; *The Soft Side*, 1900; *The Tree of Knowledge*, 1900; *The Abasement of the Northmoors*, 1900; *The Great Good Place*, 1900; *Paste*, 1900; *Europe*, 1900; *Miss Guntton of Poughkeepsie*, 1900; *The Real Right Thing*, 1900; *The Sacred Fount*, 1901; *The Wings of the Dove*, 1902; *The Better Sort*, 1903; *The Ambassadors*, 1903; *The Two Faces*, 1903; *Broken Wings*, 1903; *The Beast in the Jungle*, 1903; *The Birthplace*, 1903; *The Beldonald Holbein*, 1903; *The Story in It*, 1903; *Flickerbridge*, 1903; *Mrs. Medwin*, 1903; *The Golden Bowl*, 1904; *The Finer Grain*, 1910; *The Outcry*, 1911; *The Ivory Tower* (unfinished) 1917; *The Sense of the Past* (unfinished) 1917.

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TRAVEL SKETCHES: *Portraits of Places*, 1883; *A Little Tour in France*, 1884; *English Hours*, 1905; *The American Scene*, 1906; *Italian Hours*, 1909.

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Johannes V. Jensen 1873-

JOHANNES VILHELM JENSEN, Danish author, was born January 20, 1873, at Farsø in the Himmerland district of northern Jutland, Denmark. His father was a veterinary surgeon, his grandfather a weaver, and his ancestors were peasants. His mother came from Møen and had Wendic blood in her veins. He grew up in the village, playing with the farmers' children on the expansive moors.

After attending school at Viborg, he studied medicine at the University of Copenhagen until the middle of the 'Nineties, when he ceased his studies to commence writing and traveling. His first book, *Danes*, a novel written under the influence of Johannes Jørgensen, was published in 1896 when he was twenty-three. His first long journey took him in the next year to America, a country in which he developed a great interest and which he revisited many times.

Tho he produced a second youthful novel, his literary success really began in 1898 with a volume of *Himmerland Stories*, picturing the peasant life in Jutland, as he remembered it from his childhood. Two further collections of these stories appeared at later intervals.

Jensen was one of the leaders of the "new school" of Danish literature which sprang into being at the beginning of the twentieth century and repudiated Georg Brandes. He is generally referred

to as the chief literary figure in Denmark since 1900. He broke once and for all with the literary traditions of his time with *The Fall of the King*, a tragic historical novel about King Christian II of Denmark, which was published in 1900-01.

Impressions of extensive travels in America and the Far East in the early 1900's were recorded in a series of three books. The author also used New York and Chicago as the settings for two novels published in 1904-05, *Madam D'Or* and *The Wheel*.

In 1908 Jensen began what is called his principle work, a six-volume epic of the Gothic race entitled, in English, *The Long Journey*. The successive volumes were, by historical chronology: *The Lost Land*, *The Glacier*, *Norne-Gaest*, *The Trek of the Cimbri*, *The Ship*, and *Christopher Columbus*. The first to appear was *The Glacier* in 1909 and the last was *The Trek of the Cimbri* in 1922. The cycle traced the evolution of mankind from the ice age thru the Cimbrian migrations down to the discovery of America. Jensen explained the hypotheses of his work in an epilogue entitled *Esthetics and Evolution*.

The Long Journey made Jensen famous abroad. The work was translated into English in 1923-24 in three volumes which had titles *Fire and Ice*, *The Cimbrians*, and *Christopher Columbus*. The trilogy was reissued in an omnibus volume in 1933.

Between 1907 and 1924 Jensen made five collections of short prose works which he designates as myths. "They are not," he explains, "short stories in the ordinary sense of the word, nor fairy tales; they have something of the essay and something of the quality of a musical theme, an attempt to focus the essence of life in a dream." His *Erotic Tales*, collected during the same period, are a special form of the myths, more similar to the short story.

Simultaneously with the myths he wrote lyrical poems, many of which have been set to music by Danish composers and are sung at festivals. One of his chief poems was written in Memphis, Tennessee.



JOHANNES V. JENSEN

In these two forms, the myth and the lyrical poem, Jensen attains his greatest heights, in the opinion of H. G. Topsøe-Jensen, author of *Scandinavian Literature*. His style, both in prose and poetry, is often imitated. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* calls him "the greatest language reformer since Oehenschläger."

The American critic Paul Rosenfeld says: "All Jensen's ideas are instantaneous flashing pictures seen from the bridges of ships and platforms of moving trains. Even in Denmark, at his worktable, he is globe-trotting. Hence, scarcely a one of them possesses the solidity born of patient, well-sustained scrutiny. It is entirely in their suggestiveness that their charm and value lie. The man himself has not quite the metaphysical, penetrative power of the artist and scientist of the premier water. His background of anthropological study is not wide, and certain of his impressions reveal themselves a little superficial and sensational. . .

"It may be that absence of profundity is merely the inevitable shadow of Jensen's positive gift, and that his particular quality of impressionability and imaginative quickness could not have existed in a system capable of slower, steadier penetration. In any case, the man has turned his superficiality to best account . . . he stands eminent for his

descriptions of exotic and prehistoric landscapes; chapters in *Fire and Ice* are very poems in prose."

Jensen has written numerous treatises on the doctrine of evolution and he has collaborated on an edition of the Icelandic sagas. He has worked for the recognition of Thorvaldsen and Oehenschläger. He introduced Walt Whitman, Jack London, and Frank Norris to Scandinavian readers, and, more recently, Ernest Hemingway. He delivers lectures at home and abroad and contributes to periodicals.

His crusading reaches beyond literary realms. He has worked in behalf of the National Museum, the movement to provide housing for university students, the safeguarding of Danish relics of the past, the preservation of national scenery, the recognition of a group of artists from Fyen, and students' sport clubs.

He is an enthusiastic sportsman himself and has hunted game in every part of the world. He continues to travel extensively, returning periodically to his Copenhagen home. He also has a house in Zealand, at Tibirke, near the sea, which he built himself with the aid of his three sons, the elder two of whom are physicians. He is an accomplished smith, mason, and woodcarver, having made violins, and he is adept at sculpture.

Jensen is a pure Nordic type, with blond hair. His face is deeply lined about the mouth, there are two deep vertical furrows in his brow, and his head is streaked with gray; yet he looks younger than his years.

Robert Hillyer says: "There is a wiry nervousness, almost jerkiness, about his every word and gesture, but the discerning will sense at once the great calm of the man's spirit and the clear decisiveness of his mind."

His early novel, *The Fall of the King*, was brought out in the United States in 1933.

Johannes V. Jensen's works (with Danish titles given in English):

NOVELS: Danes, 1896; Einar Elkaer, 1898; *The Fall of the King*, 1900-01; *Madame D'Or*, 1904; *The Wheel*, 1905; *The Glacier*, 1909; *The Ship*, 1912; *The Lost Land*, 1919; *Norne-Gaest*, 1919; *Christopher Columbus*,

1921; *The Trek of the Cimbri*, 1922; *Jorgine*, 1926.

SHORT STORIES AND MYTHS: *Himmerland Stories*, 1898, 1904, 1910; *Intermezzi*, 1899; *Exotic Tales*, 1907-15; *Myths*, 1907-24.

TRAVEL: *The Gothic Renaissance*, 1900; *The Forests*, 1904; *Singapore Stories*, 1907; *Little Ahasuerus*, 1909.

ESSAYS AND TREATISES: *The New World*, 1907; *The Northern Mind*, 1912; *Introduction to Our Age*, 1915; *Esthetics and Evolution*, 1922; *Evolution and Morality*, 1925; *The Metamorphosis of the Animals*, 1927; *The Stages of the Mind*.

POEMS: *Poems*, 1906; *The Seasons*, 1923; *The Light of the World*, 1926.

Johannes V. Jensen's works available in English translation (with dates of publication in America):

The Long Journey (Fire and Ice, *The Cimbrians*, Christopher Columbus) 1923-24; *The Fall of the King*, 1933.

About Johannes V. Jensen:

Gelsted, O. *Johannes V. Jensen*; Rosenfield, P. *Men See*; Topsøe-Jensen, H. G. *Scandinavian Literature*.

American Scandinavian Review 17:619 October 1929; 20:339 June 1932; *Bookman* 58: 165 October 1923.

Jerome K. Jerome 1859-1927

JEROME KLAPKA JEROME, English author, playwright, and editor, was born at Walsall, Staffordshire, England, May 2, 1859. As a child he was called "Luther" to distinguish him from his father, the Rev. Jerome Clapp Jerome, a nonconformist preacher of some powers who also dabbled unsuccessfully in business. At about the time of the author's birth, the Reverend Jerome started a coal mine, largely with his wife's money (she was Welsh, devout), and the daughter of a well-to-do solicitor). A year later he had lost all but a few hundred pounds. With this slim capital he put his family in a small house in Stourbridge and went off to London and started a wholesale ironmongery in Limehouse, and in the nearby Poplar district took a house so dismal that for some years he could not bring himself to send for his family. Finally the mother took matters into her own hands and moved the family, consisting of little Jerome, who was four at the time, and two older sisters, to the city.

There, among the docks of London's East End, Jerome grew up. Like Dick-

ens, he knew the seamy side of life. (He always believed that as a boy he had talked with Dickens on the street one day.) Added to the family's poverty were his own nervous sufferings, as an overly-sensitive child, over the teachings of old-fashioned "hell-fire" religion. Aside from this the family relations were happy enough, but of his school career—he attended Marlybone Grammar School for a few years—he had only bitter memories, and said that his real education came in later years from libraries and the British Museum.

When he was fourteen his father died and he left school and became a clerk in the London & North-Western Railway at Euston. Shortly afterward his mother died and he was left practically alone in the world, moving from one boarding house to another. Eventually, thru a boarding house acquaintanceship, he left his clerkship and went on the stage, playing small parts in provincial companies for little or no salary, with occasional short London engagements.

"I played every part in *Hamlet* except Ophelia," he said, "and doubled in the parts of Sairey Gamp and Martin Chuzzlewit in the same evening."

His theatrical career came to an end when a company with which he was touring disbanded in the north of England. He was left penniless and returned to London by foot where for some months he slept in his clothes in alley ways and in the "doss-houses." In one of these he found a boyhood friend who was scraping out an existence as a "penny-a-liner" (free-lance contributor) for the newspapers. Thru him Jerome adopted the same profession, and, by teaching himself shorthand and inserting humor in his accounts, attained a certain popularity with the editors and gradually achieved a fairly respectable living.

Wearying of the monotony of the profession, however, he next turned to school-mastering and then, drawing on his knowledge of shorthand from reporting days, to the field of private-secretaryship. He refused an opportunity to become secretary to Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, because of his sisters' objections. They had protested

bitterly when he went on the stage and into journalism, and felt that for him to be associated with the agnostic Spencer would be a final blow to the family name. So instead, he became secretary to a builder in the north of London who could neither read nor write. Several years of such service followed, including employment by importers and solicitors.

All this time he had been attempting to write; often (he related in his autobiography) scribbling sketches and stories under the gas light of street-lamps, to save buying oil, and testing the results by reading them aloud to the policemen on the beat. In the early 'Eighties he began to have some moderate success in the cheaper magazines and in 1885 a venturesome publisher issued his first book, a volume of reminiscences of his acting life called *On the Stage and Off: The Brief Career of a Would-Be Actor*, which had previously appeared serially in a short-lived theatrical magazine.

Encouraged, tho the volume had but fair success financially, he followed it in 1889 with the two best known books of his long career, *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* and *Three Men in a Boat*, both of humorous nature and both published first in F. W. Robinson's magazine, *Home Chimes*. The latter he wrote as a serious, descriptive work about the Thames, inserting humorous interludes taken from his own boating experiences with two friends, the original "three men." Robinson showed his editorial wisdom by promptly eliminating all the intended "main" portions and printing only the interludes, which form the story as it has been known to countless thousands ever since.

Both books were sensationally successful. In Germany "Jerome clubs" were formed to combine outings with readings and discussions of the author's works. In America a million copies of *Three Men* were sold (tho the author never received a cent in royalties—the book was published just before the international copyright agreements, and all the American editions were "pirated" ones). Jerome was hailed by the populace as the founder of "The New Humor."—But not by the critics, who (it is said)

jealous of the sudden success of an unheard-of author, found in his mild essays cause for great alarm, and adopted "New Humor" as a term of reprobation. The intelligentsia of the day referred to him as "'Arry K. 'Arry."

"I think I may claim to have been, for the first twenty years of my career, the best abused author in England," Jerome wrote in his autobiography.

"For years, 'New Humorist' was shouted after me whatever I wrote. *Punch* would . . . proceed to solemnly lecture me on the sin of mistaking vulgarity for humor and impertinence for wit. As for the *National Observer*, the Jackdaw of Rheims himself was not more cursed than was I, week in and week out, by W. E. Henley and his superior young men. Max Beerholm was always angry with me. The *Standard* spoke of me as a menace to English letters; and the *Morning Post* as an example of the sad results to be expected from the over-education of the lower orders. I ought, of course, to have felt complimented; but at the time I took it all quite seriously, and it hurt." Of all his books his autobiographical novel, *Paul Kelver*, published in 1902, was most favorably received by the critics, but it had little popular success and has long been out of print.



JEROME K. JEROME

Tho Jerome stayed in business for some time after his first successes, the returns from them enabled him to marry and to move in the Bohemian world of that Victorian day. He rapidly became a well known figure of the period. Among his friends and acquaintances, a circle which widened greatly with his later editorship and activities as a playwright, were J. M. Barrie, Eden Phillpotts, Israel Zangwill, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, Conan Doyle, George Moore, Dora Sigerson, George Gissing, Forbes-Robertson, Beerholm Tree, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Bernard Shaw, and many others; most of them also just entering upon their careers at that time in the romantic, gas-lit London of the 'Nineties.

In 1892 Jerome left business and with Robert Barr founded the *Idler*, a humorous magazine, of which he became editor. In 1893 he founded and edited *To-Day*, a weekly combining the magazine and journal styles. As an editor he "discovered" W. W. Jacobs, Anthony Hope, and Gilbert Parker, among others.

The days of editorship came to an abrupt end in 1897 when a politician's libel suit against *To-Day* put Jerome to expenses of nine thousand pounds. To meet them it was necessary for him to sell his interests in both the *Idler* and *To-Day*.

Of his experiences as an editor he wrote wistfully many years later: "In those days there was often a fine friendship between an editor and his contributors. There was a feeling that all were members one of another, sharing a common loyalty. I tried when I became an editor myself to revive this tradition; and I think that to a great extent I succeeded. But the trusts and the syndicates have now killed it." He also condemned the latter-day editorial practice of paying for contributions by the word, as not conducive to conscientious writing.

From the close of his editorial days to his death, Jerome's life was made up of literature, traveling, occasional journalism, and congenial associations, with only a few outstanding events. He wrote a number of plays, several of them more than ordinarily successful. The best

known was the sentimental *Passing of Third Floor Back*, based on the theme of an imaginary visit of the Messiah to a London lodging house. It was first produced in 1907 and with Forbes-Robertson in the leading rôle had great success on the London stage, was equally popular in America, and was played in many parts of the world. It was widely praised in the pulpit and gave Jerome—who had always previously been considered a humorist and a bit "low," no matter what he wrote—an entirely new literary personality, almost over night. Wits of the day referred with mock piety to "The Gospel According to St. Jerome."

When the War came, Jerome was sent on a propaganda mission to the United States, where he had previously lectured several times with great success. Later, after his return, he risked unpopularity by criticizing the use of untrue atrocity stories for propaganda purposes, and after the first few months became a bitter opponent of the conflict. Despite this and his age (he was nearing sixty) he joined the French Red Cross, after he had been refused by the British service, and served for a year at the front as an ambulance driver, where he was forced to see intimately the horrors of war. Friends said that he was "never the same" after the experience. After the Armistice he joined a fruitless speaking tour with Ramsay MacDonald, John Drinkwater, and other liberals, on behalf of a "fair peace."

From the time of the War he wrote little, in comparison with his earlier prolific output of one to two books and plays a year. His final work was his autobiography, *My Life and Times*, an informal book of anecdote and reminiscence devoted largely to the early part of his career, which he completed the year before his death. He died of an attack of apoplexy on June 14, 1927.

Jerome was of stocky build and had broad English features, their width accentuated by his long, straight hair, parted in the middle and combed down on either side of his face. His eyes were black and beady in appearance. To the end of his life he clung to the styles of the 'Nineties in his dress. Louis

J. McQuilland wrote of him in the *London Bookman* the year before his death: "With silver-white hair, clean shaven, rubicund face and an expression shrewd, benevolent, and humorous, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome looks like a good kind of eighteenth century bishop. He is splendid company and there are no dull moments in his conversation, for he possesses the same gusto for life he had when a very young man. With all his experience and achievements he is simplicity itself in his relations with his fellow-men, having no pomp or pride of circumstance. He is a man whom the world has not spoiled." Alfred Moss, his biographer, says that Jerome bore a striking resemblance to the late Lord Asquith and relates an amusing instance of his being "guarded" during a women's suffrage riot by two London policemen, who mistook the bewildered author for the man who was then prime minister.

Tho Jerome remarked in his autobiography that the struggles and hardships of his early years had made his natural outlook somewhat pessimistic and melancholy, he gave little evidence of it in his relations with others. He was a lover of good living and of companionship and geniality. He had an avid interest in the theatre and was one of the founders of the Playgoers' Club, an organization of "first-nighters." He enjoyed a good joke and told anecdotes well. His humor was broad in style but he always made a great point of cleanliness of speech and subject matter both in himself and others. His writing brought him a large fortune, most of which he spent or gave away. He took little part in politics but sympathized with the objectives of the Socialists.

Of Jerome's literary output A. St. John Adcock says: "Next to its abounding humor, the constant note in his work is a broad sympathy with all sorts and conditions of humanity, a sensitive understanding of the wrongs and disadvantages under which the less fortunate of us have to live and labor." Only a few of his better known books are now in print.

Jerome K. Jerome's works:

On the Stage and Off, 1885; Barbara, 1886; Fennell, 1888; Sunset, 1888; Idle Thoughts

of an Idle Fellow, 1889; Three Men in a Boat, 1889; New Lamps for Old, 1890; Ruth, 1890; Woodbarrow Farm, 1891; Diary of a Pilgrimage, 1891; Novel Notes, 1893; John Ingerfield, 1894; Prude's Progress, 1895; Rise of Dick Halward, 1896; Sketches in Lavendar, 1897; Letters to Clarinda, 1898; The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, 1898; Three Men on the Bummell (American title: Three Men on Wheels) 1900; Miss Hobbs, 1900; Paul Kelver, 1902; Tea Table Talk, 1903; Tommy & Co., 1904; Idle Ideas, 1905; Susan in Search of a Husband, 1906; The Passing of Third Floor Back, 1907; The Angel and the Author, 1908; Fanny and the Servant Problem, 1908; They and I, 1909; The Master of Mrs. Chilvers, 1911; Esther Castways, 1913; The Great Gamble, 1914; Malvina of Brittany, 1917; Cook, 1917; All Roads Lead to Calvary, 1919; Anthony John, 1923; My Life and Times, 1926.

About Jerome K. Jerome:

Adcock, A. St. J. *The Glory That Was Grub Street*; Chevalley, A. *The Modern English Novel*; Jerome, J. K. *My Life and Times* (autobiography); Kernahan, C. *Celebrities*; Moss, A. *Jerome K. Jerome*.

Bookman (London) 70:282 September 1926; *Golden Book* 18:1a August 1933; *London Mercury* 16:229 July 1927; *Outlook* 146:288 June 29, 1927; *Saturday Review of Literature* 3:924 June 25, 1927.

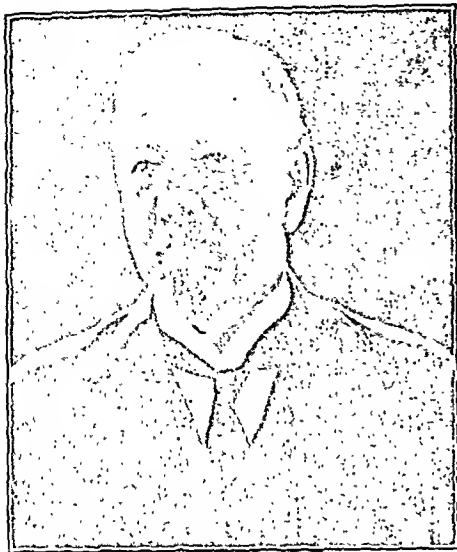
Henry Arthur Jones 1851-1929

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, English dramatist, was born September 20, 1851, in the village of Grandborough, Buckinghamshire, the eldest of five boys. His father was Silvanus Jones, a farmer of Welsh ancestry. His brother William became a theatrical manager under the name of Silvanus Dauncey.

When Jones was a few years old the family moved to Winslow where he attended first a small girls' school, then John Grace's Commercial Academy. He was brought up to believe that the theatre was an evil.

At the age of twelve Jones quit school and began to earn his living. Three and a half years he worked fourteen hours a day for his uncle, a draper at Rams-gate, and "had a very bad time of it." At sixteen while employed in a draper's shop in Gravesend, he wrote a play.

He saw his first play at the age of eighteen in London and at once decided on his vocation. In imitation of Bulwer Lytton's *Money*, he wrote a long play, *The Golden Calf*, which was never produced. He was then working in a ware-

HENRY ARTHUR JONES Paramount

house in Bradford. He sent numerous stories to magazines but they were all rejected. He made his début in amateur theatricals in 1871 as the Second Grave Digger in *Hamlet*.

On September 2, 1875, Jones was married to Jane Eliza Seeley. They had seven children, of whom two daughters eventually married members of Parliament. For six years after his marriage Jones lived in Exeter, working until 1879 as a commercial traveler. He wrote two novels, *The Devil and I*, and an unnamed three-volume novel, neither of which was published.

A one-act play, *It's Only Round the Corner*, was Jones' initial production, staged in Exeter in 1879 when he was twenty-seven years old. He wrote twelve plays in the next three years, six of which were produced. *A Clerical Error* marked Jones' London début in 1879 and began a long association between Jones and Wilson Barrett, the actor-manager.

Jones had his first real success in 1882 with *The Silver King*, a melodrama in seventeen scenes, written in collaboration with H. A. Herman. Produced in New York in 1883, it introduced him to American audiences. The play made him financially independent and it enjoyed continuous popularity for more than forty years. It was selected by the King

for the Actors' Benefit Performance in 1914 and was broadcast in 1931.

In the eight years following *The Silver King*, Jones wrote seventeen plays, twelve of which were produced. The most successful was *Saints and Sinners*, an attack on religious hypocrisy, which played in London two hundred nights and produced a violent controversy in the press. It went to New York the next year. A long line of melodramas culminated with *The Middleman* in 1889.

The last decade of the nineteenth century was the period of Jones' greatest popularity. He averaged nearly two plays a year, a uniform edition of his plays being started in 1891. *The Dancing Girl* ran nearly a year in London in 1891, played by Beerbohm Tree. E. H. Sothern was the star in New York. Jones wrote *The Bauble Shop* to order in 1893 for the actor Sir Charles Wyndham, who appeared in many of his subsequent plays. Other successes were *Judah*, *The Masqueraders*, *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, and *The Liars*, the last two being comedies. Two notable failures of the period were *The Crusaders*, which was Jones' initial venture as a producer and had settings and furnishings by William Morris, and *Michael and His Lost Angel*, which Jones considered his masterpiece. The latter, played by J. Forbes-Robertson, was withdrawn after eleven performances in 1896. Jones collected his essays and addresses of this decade under the title of *The Renaissance of the English Drama*.

Jones wrote thirty-three plays between 1900 and the termination of his career in 1922, only six of which were successfully produced. *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, which he termed a "drawing room melodrama," had a good run in 1900, and *Whitewashing Julia*, a comedy, was produced in 1903. *The Hypocrites*, a serious play, was performed first in New York by Richard Bennett in 1907 and went to London a year later. The comedy success *Dolly Reforming Herself* followed in 1908. *Mary Goes First*, a rollicking comedy, was played by Marie Tempest in London and New York in 1913 and 1914. A few months before the outbreak of the World War Jones wrote *The Lie*, his final success, pro-

duced in New York in 1914 and in London nine years later.

Jones' lectures and articles of the years 1895 to 1912 were collected in 1913 under the title of *The Foundations of a National Drama*. He was a tireless pamphleteer and propagandist for the modern drama and he felt that he was better received in America than in England. He was given an honorary A.M. degree by Harvard University. In 1915 he published *The Theatre of Ideas*, a satirical allegory together with three one-act plays, "Grace Mary" (in Cornish dialect) "Her Tongue," and "The Goal."

The last play Jones wrote was *The Lifted Veil* a romance in eight scenes. It was not produced. In 1920 he turned out four film scenarios, none of which ever reached the screen. *My Dear Wells*, written in 1921, was a violent assault on Bolshevism and Communism. In 1922 Jones began a play, "The Woman I Loved," but never finished it. His wife died in 1924 in Monte Carlo.

George Bernard Shaw, once his friend, was bitterly attacked by Jones as an enemy of England in a book called *What Is Capital?* Jones' commercial successes together with his pet failures, seventeen plays in all, were collected in 1925 in *The Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones*, a four-volume library edition prepared by Clayton Hamilton. The collection included one play which had never been produced but which had been published in 1913 with a preface addressed to Gilbert Murray, *The Divine Gift*. Jones rated this his best play next to *Michael and His Lost Angel*.

In fifty-three years Jones wrote every kind of drama from farce to tragedy, turning out a total of eighty-three plays, fifty-eight of which were staged. Most successful were the comedies of manners of the *Mary Goes First* type. He said: "It is the kind of work I do most easily. Mary gives me splendid chances of satire—titles, politics, lawyers, middle-class snobbery and pretensions. . . But on several occasions, when I have felt encouraged to offer the public my best work, regardless of popular success, I have been so unfortunate as to meet condemnation alike by the press and the public." His "best work" was the seri-

ous type of play like *The Tempter*, which was written with difficulty and consumed more than a year's labor.

William Lyon Phelps said that Jones lacked genius but added: "I do not know of any man, either in literature or in the theatre, who went so far on inherited endowment." Jones described his mental process in writing a play as being "spontaneous and automatic, like dreaming awake."

In *Who's Who* Jones stated that his recreation was "hunting sedition." He was a Tory and a militant patriot in wartime. He supported the double standard of morality, and opposed women's suffrage, popular education, Irish independence, experimental social legislation. He was hostile to Ibsen. He clashed with William Archer. He was severely criticized because he fought for a literary drama of perfection which he himself could not attain. He is credited, however, with persuading English playgoers to read and study modern plays before they went to the theatre, thus popularizing the publishing of current dramas.

Jones had a high forehead, squinty eyes and a small neatly-trimmed beard. He was fond of horses and did a great deal of riding until 1913 when he had a serious operation. Up to 1924 he walked several miles daily. He wrote letters in a bold hand which Phelps said was "legible twenty feet away."

In his declining years, Jones was unproductive and he suffered from ill health and faded popularity. He died at Hampstead on January 7, 1929, at the age of seventy-seven. His daughter Doris wrote his biography in 1930. A posthumous work, *The Shadow of Henry Irving*, appeared in 1931.

The works of Henry Arthur Jones:

PLAYS (with dates of production): *It's Only Round the Corner*, 1878; *Hearts of Oak*, 1879; *Honour Bright*, 1879; *Elopement*, 1879; *A Clerical Error*, 1879; *An Old Master*, 1880; *His Wife*, 1881; *Home Again*, 1881; *A Bed of Roses*, 1882; *The Silver King*, 1882; *Breaking a Butterfly*, 1884; *Chatterton*, 1884; *Saints and Sinners*, 1884; *Hoodman Blind*, 1885; *Welcome Little Stranger*, 1885; *The Lord Harry*, 1886; *A Noble Vagabond*, 1886; *Hard Hit*, 1887; *Heart of Hearts*, 1887; *Sweet Will*, 1887; *Wealth*, 1889; *The Middleman*, 1889; *Judah*, 1890; *The Deacon*,

1890; The Dancing Girl, 1891; The Crusaders, 1891; The Mad Cook, 1891; The Bauble Shop, 1893; The Tempter (in verse) 1893; The Masqueraders, 1894; The Case of Rebellious Susan, 1894; The Triumph of the Philistines, 1895; Michael and His Lost Angel, 1896; The Rogue's Comedy, 1896; The Physician, 1897; The Liars, 1897; The Manœuvres of Jane, 1898; Carnac Sahib, 1899; The Lackey's Carnival, 1900; Mrs. Dane's Defence, 1900; The Princess's Nose, 1902; Chance the Idol, 1902; Whitewashing Julia, 1903; Joseph Entangled, 1904; The Chevalier, 1904; The Heroic Stubbs, 1906; The Hypocrites, 1906; The Evangelist (printed under title The Galilean's Victory) 1907; Dolly Reforming Herself, 1908; The Knife, 1909; Fall in Rookies, 1910; We Can't Be as Bad as All That, 1910; The Ogre, 1911; Lygia Gilmore, 1912; Mary Goes First, 1913; The Goal, 1914; The Lie, 1914; Cock o' the Walk, 1915; The Pacifists, 1917.

Books (exclusive of individual published plays): The Renaissance of the English Drama, 1895; The Foundations of a National Drama, 1913; The Theatre of Ideas, 1915; Patriotism and Popular Education, 1919; My Dear Wells, 1921; What is Capital? 1925; Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones, 1925; The Shadow of Henry Irving, 1931.

About Henry Arthur Jones:

Archer, W. *The Old Drama and the New*; Beerbohm, M. *Around Theatres*; Clark, B. H. *A Study of the Modern Drama*; Cordell, R. A. *Henry Arthur Jones and the Modern Drama*; Cunliffe, J. W. *Modern English Playwrights*; Dickinson, T. H. *Contemporary Drama of England*; Dukes, A. *The Youngest Drama*; Eaton, W. P. *The Drama in English*; Jones, D. A. *Taking the Curtain Call*; Jones, H. A. *Representative Plays* (see introduction by Clayton Hamilton); Morgan, A. E. *Tendencies of Modern English Drama*; Nicoll, A. *British Drama*.

Fortnightly Review 131:692 May 1929; *Outlook* 151:184 January 30, 1929; *Saturday Review of Literature* 7:303 November 8, 1930

S. G. C. Colette de Jouvenel

See "Colette"

Franz Kafka 1883-1924

FRANZ KAFKA, German novelist, was born at Prague on July 3, 1883. He came of a wealthy Jewish family and received a fine education. After years of private instruction and the gymnasium, he entered the School of Law at the University of Prague. In due time he took his doctorate and entered the service of an accident insurance company. Somewhat retiring of nature, Kafka developed a great predilection for reading and meditation.

Curiously enough, it took a religious and mystic turn. Not only did he busy himself with the *Cabbala*, but also with the writings of the Christian philosophers of whom Kirkegaard became a particular favorite of his. The novelist Max Brod, whom he befriended at about this time, tells us that Kafka was immensely interested in Kirkegaard's *Fear and Trembling* which he read often and with enthusiasm and never tired of discussing it in letters to his friends, being especially attracted by Kirkegaard's thesis that "the categories of morality and religion are by no means identical."

Apart from books of a religious nature, Kafka had also spent much time in reading books on travel and biography. Of the latter kind, Franklin's *Autobiography* appears to have been a decided favorite of his and Max Brod even connects this with Kafka's enthusiasm for America, an enthusiasm which is somewhat obliquely demonstrated in the novel *America*. It may also be worthy of note that this interest in places and people was the result of a great, but for the most part unfulfilled, desire for travel. For both health and financial matters contrived to keep Kafka much at home. Except for a short visit to France and northern Italy, his life was spent in Austria and Germany.

It is recorded that while still employed at the insurance company, Kafka met a certain young lady for whom he conceived a deep passion. The feeling was not returned and, in consequence, the already poor health of Kafka took a turn for the worse and developed symptoms of consumption. He was obliged to give up his job and to spend the years immediately preceding the World War at various sanatoriums in the Tyrol and the Carpathian Mountains. Having somewhat regained his health and moreover found a sympathetic companion in the person of a young girl, Kafka removed to Berlin in the last year of the War. This was the happiest time of his life. But then came the years of inflation, unwholesome and insufficient food, and the symptoms of consumption reappeared with renewed vigor. Kafka was removed to a sanatorium near Vienna

1890; The Dancing Girl, 1891; The Crusaders, 1891; The Mad Cook, 1891; The Bauble Shop, 1893; The Tempter (in verse) 1893; The Masqueraders, 1894; The Case of Rebellious Susan, 1894; The Triumph of the Philistines, 1895; Michael and His Lost Angel, 1896; The Rogue's Comedy, 1896; The Physician, 1897; The Liars, 1897; The Manœuvres of Jane, 1898; Carnac Sahib, 1899; The Lackey's Carnival, 1900; Mrs. Dane's Defence, 1900; The Princess's Nose, 1902; Chance the Idol, 1902; Whitewashing Julia, 1903; Joseph Entangled, 1904; The Chevalier, 1904; The Heroic Stubbs, 1906; The Hypocrites, 1906; The Evangelist (printed under title The Galilean's Victory) 1907; Dolly Reforming Herself, 1908; The Knife, 1909; Fall in Rookies, 1910; We Can't Be as Bad as All That, 1910; The Ogre, 1911; Lygia Gilmore, 1912; Mary Goes First, 1913; The Goal, 1914; The Lie, 1914; Cock o' the Walk, 1915; The Pacifists, 1917.

Books (exclusive of individual published plays): The Renaissance of the English Drama, 1895; The Foundations of a National Drama, 1913; The Theatre of Ideas, 1915; Patriotism and Popular Education, 1919; My Dear Wells, 1921; What is Capital? 1925; Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones, 1925; The Shadow of Henry Irving, 1931.

About Henry Arthur Jones:

Archer, W. *The Old Drama and the New*; Beerbohm, M. *Around Theatres*; Clark, B. H. *A Study of the Modern Drama*; Cordell, R. A. *Henry Arthur Jones and the Modern Drama*; Cunliffe, J. W. *Modern English Playwrights*; Dickinson, T. H. *Contemporary Drama of England*; Dukes, A. *The Youngest Drama*; Eaton, W. P. *The Drama in English*; Jones, D. A. *Taking the Curtain Call*; Jones, H. A. *Representative Plays* (see introduction by Clayton Hamilton); Morgan, A. E. *Tendencies of Modern English Drama*; Nicoll, A. *British Drama*.

Fortnightly Review 131:692 May 1929; *Outlook* 151:184 January 30, 1929; *Saturday Review of Literature* 7:303 November 8, 1930

S. G. C. Colette de Jouvenel

See "Colette"

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most cheerful novel, deals with the helplessness and inexperience of a German youth among the noise and deceit of a strange country. These novels have been also compared to Dante's *Divine Comedy*. "The Trial," says Edwin Muir, "which is his *Inferno*, deals with a victim of divine justice who does not know even the offence for which he is summoned, and whose judge remains to the end concealed behind an armory of subordinate prosecutors and advocates with very questionable credentials. *America*, his *Purgatorio*, deals less directly with supernatural powers, and relates the adventures of a German boy who goes to the United States, is exploited by rogues, and falls from one misfortune into another. . . . *The Castle* is Kafka's curious version of *Paradiso*, a Paradise which is never reached."

None of the three novels was completed. One of them, *America*, had not even been named and Kafka was in the habit of referring to it as his "American novel." All the same, their worth is unique. They are the expression of a soul unceasingly groping for the verities of life, for a *Weltanschauung* that is too rare in our day to be passed over with a shrug of the shoulder. These novels, in their lucid and compressed style, "are like palpable additions to the intellectual world, and ones which cannot be comprehended at a single glance, for there is meaning behind meaning, form behind form, in them all."

A. H.

Principal works of Franz Kafka:

Der Heizer, 1913; Betrachting, 1913; Verwandlung, 1915; Das Urteil, 1916; Der Landarzt, 1919; Ein Hunger-Künstler, 1924; Der Prozess, 1924; Das Schloss, 1926; Amerika, 1927; Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer, 1931.

English translations of Kafka:

The Castle, 1930; The Great Wall of China, 1933.

About Kafka:

Eloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*; Soergel, A. *Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit*; see also introduction and additional note to *The Castle*.

Bookman 72:235 November 1930; *Neue Schweizer Rundschau* 24:565 August 1931.

Georg Kaiser 1878.

GEORG KAISER, German dramatist, was born at Magdeburg on November 25, 1878. His father Friedrich Kaiser was a merchant of the city, and Georg was the youngest of six brothers. After some years of elementary training, he entered the gymnasium at Magdeburg to devote himself to commercial studies. After the years at the gymnasium followed three years in his father's business at Magdeburg; then he was sent to represent a German concern of electrical appliances in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Always of a rather delicate health, this change from a temperate to a sub-tropical climate undermined his health to such an extent that, having barely completed three years in the South American republic, he was forced to return to Germany. This he did by way of Spain and Italy.

Now followed eight years of confinement to his rooms, a result of the malaria which he had contracted during a month's journey on horseback across the Argentine. While thus deprived of exercise, Kaiser's thoughts began to be occupied with the stage and he started to write his first play, *Rektor Kleist*, in the year 1905. This was not published, however, until 1918. After his recovery, in 1908, he married a Fräulein Margarete Habenicht of the city by whom he has had three children. They went to live in a small village called Seeheim.

Altho there are one or two plays of an earlier date, Kaiser did not actually join the ranks of German dramatists until 1911 when *Die Jüdische Witwe* appeared. It had a moderate success on the stage and the Kaisers were enabled to purchase a house at Weimar. In 1913 their first child was born and, as if to celebrate the occasion, Kaiser published his *König Hahnrei*, based on the legend of Tristan and Isolde. The years of war which followed brought Kaiser many financial troubles. The banks failed, the currency fell, and if it had not been for the success of his plays, especially *Von Morgens bis Mitternachts*, the family would have found itself on the verge of bankruptcy. Then followed the years of the Revolution, 1918 and 1919, and with their ad-

vent Kaiser's star rose remarkably. He not only began to be produced all over Germany, but there was also perceptible a growing interest in him abroad. The year 1919 saw the publication of an English version of *From Morn to Midnight*, which was enthusiastically reviewed. Since then most of his more important plays have been published in this country and Kaiser himself has come to be looked upon as the foremost representative of German expressionists.

"An idealist of fecund imagination, a Socialist exposing flaws in the present order, an innovator in technique," Georg Kaiser "creates a new, free drama, designed to make his audiences think. When he is most himself his plots are apologues; his *dramatis personae* are types; he is more concerned with general problems than with concrete psychology." In the *Citizens of Calais* he says: "I have seen the new man—in this very night was he born."

A thinking of thoughts to their inevitable end; no half-measures. . . that is the essence of Kaiser's dramatic art. And not only of his art, it seems, but also of his life. For did he not serve a sentence of a year's imprisonment in 1920 for daring to misappropriate the carpets and fine furniture of a sub-let villa merely because he had become used

to them? His object was not to possess them as property, but to enjoy their use, in keeping with his beliefs on common privileges.

Kaiser always uses the style best adapted to his purpose. When it is a matter of portraying life, he is a realist; when, as in his social trilogy of *Die Koralle* and the two parts of *Gas*, it becomes necessary for him to project an idea of the birth of the "new man," he employs the methods of expressionism. In the first play of the trilogy the son of a working man rises to wealth and importance, with ideas of benefiting mankind. In the second he is in a position to do so, but is thwarted by the greed and blindness of the very people he wishes to serve. In the third, his son, the "new man," comes to the fore with the same ideal, but is again on the point of being defeated. Then the idea comes to him that in order to build, to create, one must tear down the old edifice entirely. And then we have a glimpse of the "new man," a hateless, unrevengeful man, friend and brother to all.

It is not hard to perceive the ideological resemblance of Kaiser to Strindberg and Wedekind, to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Like them he cannot but view his fellow men with pessimism and doubt. But there is no hopeless bitterness in his plays, no fundamental disgust with humanity. For all his cynicism and bitter humor, Kaiser is essentially a believer, a voice summoning the "new man" in whom he implicitly believes. It is true that he thinks that "the best life is the strong life" but this strong life is not to be self-centered but rather one that would embrace the welfare of all. This is the idea underlying his *Hölle*, *Weg*, *Erde*, and is stated with equal force in the *Citizens of Calais*. Personal tolerance and mutual understanding, especially in marital relations, is urged in *Das Frauenopfer*, *Friedrich und Anna*, and *Juana*. In *Europa* he returns to the preaching of a Dionysian Superman; in *From Morn to Midnight* he assaults "the deadening effects of modern business and industrial routine." And in all his plays, social and purely cynical, we perceive the interplay of two forces, the "naked but shameless instinct" and the "sharp intel-



GEORG KAISER

lectual faculty that penetrates to the core of the subject without touching either the heart of emotional response or the deepest sense of poetry."

This may seem a weakness, but it is a weakness that Kaiser shares with the best dramatists of the day, with Shaw and Benavente and Pirandello. He is not perhaps so much of the philosopher as these; his sphere of action appears to lie rather in the field of practical reform, but his art is, on that account, no less effective. For he not only poses questions but also answers them, and in a manner to compel attention. He never tires in asserting his faith "in the spirit of man as opposed to faith in mere wealth and machinery." He has no use for the modern industrial order because it destroys his dream of social solidarity. Kaiser may be called the poet of "the universal flight of a nameless society from its nameless fears." Some of these fears he indicates clearly, others he only suggests. But it is always with the same motive, with the same deep concern for the future of mankind, for the coming of the Kingdom of the New Man.

With the advent of the Hitler régime in Germany, Kaiser has become *persona non grata*; his books have been suppressed and burned.

A. B.

Principal works of Georg Kaiser:

DRAMAS: Die Jüdische Witwe, 1911; König Hahurei, 1913; Die Bürger von Calais, 1914; Europa, 1915; Von Morgens bis Mitternachts, 1916; Der Zentaur (Constantin Strobel) 1916; Die Versuchung, 1917; Sorina, 1917; Die Koralle, 1917; Rektor Kleist, 1918; Das Frauenopfer, 1918; Gas I, 1918; Claudius, 1918; Friedrich und Anna, 1918; Juana, 1918; Der Brand im Opernhaus, 1919; Hölle-Weg-Erde, 1919; Der Gereitete Alkibiades, 1920; Gas II, 1920; Kanzlist Krehler, 1922; Noli me Tangere, 1922; Der Geist der Antike, 1923; Gilles und Jeanne, 1923; Die Flucht nach Venedig, 1923; Nebeneinander, 1923; Kolportage, 1924; Gats, 1925; Zweimal Oliver, 1926; Die Papiermühle, 1927; Der Präsident, 1927; Oktobertag, 1928; Die Lederköpfe, 1928; Zwei Krawatten, 1929; Mississippi, 1930.

NOVEL: Es ist Genug, 1932.

English translations of Kaiser:

From Morn to Midnight, 1919; The Flight to Venice, 1923; Gas I, 1923; Juana, 1926; The Fire in the Opera House, 1927; Melodrama, 1927; Double Oliver, 1928; The Phantom Lover, 1928; The Coral, 1929; Gas II, 1929.

About Kaiser:

Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Drake, W. A. *Contemporary European Writers*; Freyhan, M. *Georg Kaisers Werke*; Koenigsgarten, H. F. *Georg Kaiser*; Omankowski, W. *Georg Kaiser und Seine Besten Bühnenstücke*.

Drama 16:169 February 1926; *Theatre Arts Monthly* 15:813 October 1913.

Eleanor M. Kelly 1880-

ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY, American novelist, was born Eleanor Mercein August 30, 1880, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the daughter of Thomas Royce Mercein and Lucy Schley Mercein. On her father's side she is descended from an émigré Royalist family of southern France, whose earlier forebears came from the Pyrenees region which is her favorite romantic background, altho she employs many others. Her mother came of a family long established in Maryland which boasted Admiral Winfield Scott Schley of Spanish War fame as one of its members.

The author was graduated from Georgetown Convent of the Visitation in Washington, D. C., an academy where many daughters of European diplomats are educated, as valedictorian and medal winner of her class in 1898. On June 4, 1901, at the age of twenty, she was married to Robert Morrow Kelly, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky. They made their home in Louisville and converted an antebellum hillside barn into a studio house, surrounded by a large walled garden, in which Mrs. Kelly does most of her writing out of doors.

Her first book, published in 1913 when she was thirty-three, was *Toya the Unlike*, the story of a little Japanese-American girl who is sent upon the death of her parents to America to live with a rich grandfather who has never forgiven his son for marrying a Japanese. The *New York Sun* called it a romance "told rather entertainingly in spite of many improbabilities."

Three novels of Kentucky followed at intervals of three, two, and seven years, all of them said by the reviewers to be thoroly readable and to be particularly successful in the creation of atmosphere.

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Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Drake, W. A. *Contemporary European Writers*; Freyhan, M. *Georg Kaisers Werke*; Koenigsgarten, H. F. *Georg Kaiser*; Omankowski, W. *Georg Kaiser und Seine Besten Bühnenstücke*.

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in vaudeville as "The Virginia Judge" and was a featured player in Maxwell Anderson's political satire, *Both Your Houses*, which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1933. Another brother, Jack Kelly, won the singles rowing championship at the 1920 Olympics.

Kelly was brought up in Philadelphia and had a private education. Spurred by the success of his actor brother, he went on the stage at twenty-four, making his New York debut a year later in 1912. For five years he played juvenile rôles with theatrical companies touring the United States and for five more years was a vaudeville headliner in one-act sketches written by himself.

The first sketch Kelly wrote was called "Finders Keepers" and others that achieved popularity were "The Flattering Word" and "Poor Aubrey." It was "Poor Aubrey" which later was the basis for the author's first successful play, *The Show-Off*. Burns Mantle says that he built his sketches "with ruthless deliberation, allowing so many minutes to stab the auditors' interest, so many minutes to develop the first laugh, so many to approach the first dramatic climax."

Most of Kelly's vaudeville playlets were booked on the Keith circuit by a young woman named Rosalie Stewart. She induced him, after he had been ten years in the theatre, to write his first full-length play, a three-act farce entitled *The Torchbearers*. Miss Stewart produced it in New York in 1922 with Bert French, who was also her partner in the production of Kelly's second play; after that she staged his works alone. *The Torchbearers* was hardly a financial success for the producers, but the critical encouragement which it received led the author to give up vaudeville for playwriting at the age of thirty-five.

The Show-Off, with a blustering Babbitt for a hero, enjoyed a phenomenal run in New York in 1924 and made Kelly the season's most talked-of playwright. The play was recommended for the Pulitzer Prize by the sub-committee of Columbia College, but the awarding committee set aside the suggestion and gave the prize to Hatcher Hughes' *Hell-*



GEORGE KELLY

Murry

Bent for Heaven, a decision which drew loud protests.

A year later Kelly did win the Pulitzer Prize for *Craig's Wife*, a study of a hard woman. Produced in New York in October 1925, the play did not become a real box-office success until the announcement of the award the following spring.

These two plays, after eight more years of playwriting, are still Kelly's most successful productions. Joseph Wood Krutch the critic believes that their popularity was richly deserved. "Both were solidly constructed and both were based upon shrewd and honest observation, but each had, in addition, the advantage of belonging to a familiar and popular genre."

Kelly followed *Craig's Wife* in 1926 with another drama of family life, *Daisy Mayne*, which managed to run most of the season, but was labeled a failure. *Behold the Bridegroom* likewise held little interest for the public in 1927. This play in the opinion of Krutch has finer literary qualities than any other work of Kelly or most of his contemporaries. "There is a passionate sincerity in the conception and a beautiful clarity in the dialogue which raise it far above the level of merely successful dramatic writing."

Maggie the Magnificent, 1929, and *Philip Goes Forth*, 1931, were received with only mild enthusiasm, and Kelly became silent. He was still unheard from when the theatrical season of 1933-34 got under way.

Joseph Wood Krutch, summing up Kelly's work in the *Nation* in 1933, blamed the playwright's austerity for his failure to secure whole-hearted public approval. "There is a touch of coldness in his nature, a certain stubborn negativeness in his moral attitude, which lays a blight upon his plays. Essentially they are rather dour and frost-bitten, rather bleak at the very moments when a grave beauty ought to emerge. He wants, like Milton, to express the grandeur of puritanism, but is somehow earthbound and cannot entirely escape from a certain unlovely rigidity. There is too much realism, too much prose, where a kind of ecstasy is called for. When a puritan is also a poet, the result can be magnificent, but Mr. Kelly is not quite poet enough. He commands respect but he cannot quite inspire a genuine enthusiasm."

During his early days as a playwright Kelly could occasionally be prevailed upon to voice his opinions. In 1924 he discussed his own work with Frank Lee Short, an interviewer for the *Christian Science Monitor*: "I haven't any method. . . I don't know where my plots come from. . . I follow no particular formula. . . I don't know anything about play construction. . . I don't want to know anything about it. . . Whatever I know about the construction of one of my own plays I learned about it after the play was written. . . I did not crush it into some mold prescribed by someone else. . . I just started with some bit of truth as I saw it being lived around me and allowed it to grow in its own way. . . The truth is all that counts. . . If a thing is true it can be acted and audiences will go to see it. There's the whole proposition in a nutshell."

Kelly also stated on this occasion that he did not like hard work and that seeing his name in electric lights did not give him the thrill people would expect. In later years he was much less willing

to talk about himself or to say anything for publication.

He did write to Burns Mantle in 1929 in response to a questionnaire: "I had no early inclination toward the stage—have decidedly less now. I like bridge, golf, riding, and travel. The tragedy of my life is the winter. In fact, that is my one genuine distinction—that I have hated cold weather more than any other human being. And my ability to stay up longer than any one else has never been questioned." But Mantle could not tempt Kelly to talk about the theatre: "I'm probably tired; but I'm enormously uninterested."

Kelly is unmarried and still makes his home in Philadelphia. Much of his time is spent in California.

George Kelly's plays:

The Torchbearers, 1922; *The Show-Off*, 1924; *Craig's Wife*, 1925; *Daisy Mayme*, 1926; *Behold the Bridegroom*, 1927; *Maggie the Magnificent*, 1929; *Philip Goes Forth*, 1931.

About George Kelly:

Brown, J. M. *Upstage*; Mantle, B. *Playwrights of Today*

Christian Science Monitor September 23, 1924; *Commonweal* 17:187, 245 December 14, 28, 1932; *Freeman* 8 592 February 27, 1924; *Independent* 109:307 December 23, 1922; *Mentor* 14:36 June 1926; *Nation* 137:210 August 30, 1933; *New Republic* 48:375 November 17, 1926; *Saturday Review of Literature* 4:517 January 28, 1928; *Theatre Arts Magazine* 11 493 July 1927.

Count Hermann Keyserling 1880-

"I WAS born," writes Count Hermann Alexander Keyserling, German world-philosopher, "in the year 1880, on July 8, Russian style (July 20, Gregorian Calendar) on the feudal estate of Könno, in what was then Russian Livonia—a scion of a family interested in intellectual and spiritual matters for the last seven generations. A Keyserling, Caesarian, was the intellectual friend of Voltaire and of Frederick the Great. To another Keyserling, Johann Sebastian Bach dedicated one of his most beautiful works. In the house of still another Keyserling, Immanuel Kant spent several years as family tutor, and the two succeeding generations of my forbears were pupils of his. Of my grandfather, Alexander Keyserling, the

founder of Russian geology, the Councillor of Alexander II, the leader of the liberal wing of the Esthonian feudal nobility, and finally the all-honored sage of Rayküll—of him Bismarck, the friend of his youth, used to say that he was the only man whose intellect could have intimidated him. (The last expression of the old Keyserling type was the poet, Edward Keyserling, the son of one of Alexander's brothers.) My father was cast in another mould, but he too was gifted above the average as orator, politician, and leader of men. Of him my grandfather used to say: 'If Russia ever becomes parliamentary, Leo will be the first man in the state.' In my father it was the Slavic blood which dominated; it came thru his mother, née Countess Cancrin, daughter of the finance minister in the time of Nicholas I. My father was a typical Russian *grand seigneur*, reminiscent of both the old Rostov and Pierre Bezukhoi in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. But his nature, tho more problematic than that of his forbears, was still without extreme hereditary tensions.

"In me, however, there were such tensions taken over thru the blood of my mother, a Baroness Pilar von Pilchau, whose mother, again, was the last prominent representative of the baronial family Ungern-Sternberg of Grossenhof, a race of violent feudal chieftains and even buccaneers. I was on the one hand the most sensitive of beings, impressionable and suggestible beyond description, of feminine receptivity, trustful and adaptable, quick of perception; while on the other hand there was in me the man of volcanic violence, of primitive vitality, with the instincts of the conqueror and ruler."

Count Keyserling spent his youth, as a child of nature, on the Könno estate where he was born. He was educated by private tutors until his fifteenth year, when, on the death of his father, he entered the highest class of the Russian High School of Pernau. After graduation, he spent a year at the University of Geneva and a year and a half at the University of Dorpat. At this time he was "the gorging, guzzling, vociferous type of university student." Indeed, he says: "From 1898 to 1900 I was beyond

a doubt the most unspiritual, the most crudely animal among the Korpsstudenten of Dorpat . . . a paragon of primitive health and brute strength."

After receiving a severe, almost fatal, injury in a student duel, Count Keyserling left Dorpat for Heidelberg, where, following his grandfather's example, he studied geology. His doctor's thesis, submitted in the spring of 1902, was a study of the Forellenstein of Kloggnitz; in the same year he completed an investigation of the volcanic area of the southern Tyrol.

"It was then," he writes, "that I read Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*. The impression produced on me was tremendous. It suddenly became clear to me that if I could meet the man who had written this book, I should soon find out what my purpose in life was. It was really in order to become acquainted with Chamberlain that I went to complete my studies in Vienna."

The living impression of Chamberlain proved even profounder than he had hoped. The older man's friendship and guidance was an event of great importance in his career. Another deep influence in Vienna was Rudolph Kassner, the mystic, a friend nearer Keyserling's own age.



COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

In 1903 Keyserling left Vienna for Paris, and from there made several visits to England. In the next year, at twenty-four, he wrote his first philosophical work, *Das Gefüge der Welt*, a book which seemed to rise spontaneously in him as an instinctive reaction to an emotional shock. The writing of this book determined his vocation, altho he had never expected to become a philosopher in the Kantian sense. "It was precisely in systematic thinking that I was particularly weak," he comments. "The pigeon-holing of my thoughts was altogether alien to me; because of my nervous weakness I was unable until my thirty-second year, when I took up Indian Yogi exercises, to concentrate uninterruptedly on any subject for any length of time."

Overwork resulted in a period of illness. From 1906 to 1908 he traveled much, with London and Berlin as his centers. In Berlin he wrote his book on immortality, *Unsterblichkeit*, which he values most of his early work. An important change in his life occurred in 1908, when he took over the ancestral estate and settled in Rayküll as farmer and forester, continuing the irrigation works and improvements begun by his father and discovering new methods in forestry and cattle-breeding.

After the publication of *Prolegomena zur Naturphilosophie* in 1910, Keyserling became convinced that the time had come for him to realize and define his spiritual development. In October 1911 he embarked at Genoa on the world journey that led to *Das Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* (*The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*) the book that was to make him famous. A year later he was back at Rayküll. He says of his journey, "I have never had any particular interest in China and India as such. For me only one thing mattered, to have my own experience."

The writing of the *Travel Diary* covered the years between 1912 and 1918, altho by 1914 everything except parts of the section from Japan on was already completed. When the World War broke out, Keyserling was correcting the second proofs of the first volume. Publication was indefinitely postponed.

Officially Keyserling stood in the Russian camp. He felt the uselessness and horror of bloodshed and tried to ignore the conflict. Believing that Europe had run its course, he even thought of retiring to a monastery in the Korean Diamond Mountains.

At the close of the War, the Estonian people, in creating a new state, expropriated the land and possessions of Germanic families. Keyserling's entire fortune was swept away.

In Germany he was forced to create a new existence for himself. His marriage to Bismarck's granddaughter, Countess Goedela von Bismarck-Schönhausen, took place in 1919. (They have two sons, Manfred and Arnold, born in 1920 and 1922.) On November 23, 1920, Keyserling founded the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt. In a burst of creative energy he published in rapid succession *Philosophie als Kunst; Schöpferische Erkenntnis; Politik, Wirtschaft, Weisheit; Die Neuenstehende Welt; Menschen als Sinnbilder; Das Ehebuch; Wiedergeburt; Das Spektrum Europas*. Almost all these books have been translated into several modern languages, and thousands of reviews are filed in the archives of The School of Wisdom.

The basic concepts of Count Keyserling are fully revealed in the prospectus of The School of Wisdom, which is described as "a spiritual center and focus of spiritual life." The School deviates from other colleges and universities in that "it is not an institution for the transmission of information. It has no definite program. Nor is it the home of an exclusive community. Its symbol is not the closed circle, but the open angle." At this turning point of the world's history, according to Keyserling, regeneration will not result from a new faith, but from deeper insight. This insight means understanding as opposed to information. "The School of Wisdom wants to transform the man who merely knows into the man who understands." Its purpose is inspiration, rather than education; its interest, in the living individual man as opposed to the abstract man; its formula, inner adjustment, not dogma. Keyserling is convinced that the coming age will be an age not of the denial of the Spirit, but first an age of

the "earth-building Spirit" and then of the Holy Spirit.

In 1928, after a four months' lecture tour in the United States, Keyserling wrote in English *America Set Free*, his interpretation of American life and culture, in which he discusses the spiritual significance of the American "system."

Of the events of recent years, Count Keyserling regards as most important his trip to South America. "It has proved to be by far the most important event of my life," he writes to the editors of this work. "It has meant much more to me than the journey around the world which resulted in the creation of the *Travel Diary*. I was so overwhelmed by the inner experiences I had in that continent that from 1929 to 1932 I was almost constantly ill. In 1931 I could, at last, begin to write *Südamerikanischen Meditationen* (*South American Meditations*) which were first published, almost simultaneously in German and French, in the spring of 1932. The English and American editions followed in the fall of the same year. U.S. America has failed to appreciate this book, but there is no doubt to this: *South American Meditations* means most to me, to myself, of all my books. And it has also been considered to be my most important book, much more important than the *Travel Diary*, in all countries of the world, the United States excepted."

La Vie Intime, written in French and published in 1933, is an application of the general principles contained in *South American Meditations*. "This little book," writes Count Keyserling, "I have written with special attention to the Latin races (South America, Spain, France) among which I have been chiefly working since 1929. It is a popular work, intelligible to each and all, and meant to help each and all also."

Of himself Count Keyserling writes: "I have always been and remained a solitary, having very little social intercourse, and liking none. Until I lost my estates in Russia, I hardly saw more than two or three visitors a year. All that the papers have written in America about my idiosyncrasies is nonsense or libel. I enjoy only solitary or family life. I hardly ever go to theatres, concerts, etc. I love country life—not in

vain have I lived thirty-eight years among the forests of Russia. Town life is very hard to bear for me. The only recreations I like are solitary walks—or walks with my wife alone—in the country, and the music I make myself or listen to at home."

Of his future work: "People are chiefly interested in revolutions just now, and in such times philosophers do not easily find a wide hearing. So I shall probably rest and meditate and prepare inwardly for future work during the next years to come."

Count Keyserling's works:

Das Gefüge der Welt, 1904; Prolegomena zur Naturphilosophie, 1910; Unsterblichkeit, 1911; Das Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen, 1919-20; Philosophie als Kunst, 1920; Schöpferische Erkenntnis, 1922; Politik, Wirtschaft, Weisheit, 1922; Das Okkulte (with Carl Hapfeld and Kuno Hardenberg) 1923; Die Neuenstehende Welt, 1926; Menschen als Sinnbilder, 1926; Wiedergeburt, 1927; Das Spektrum Europa, 1928; America Set Free, 1929; Südamerikanischen Meditationen, 1932; La Vie Intime, 1933.

Editor: Das Ehebuch, 1925.

Count Keyserling's works available in English translation:

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher, 1925; The Book of Marriage, 1926; The World in the Making, 1927; Europe, 1928; Creative Understanding, 1929; The Recovery of Truth, 1929; America Set Free (written in English) 1929; South American Meditations, 1932.

About Count Keyserling:

Durant, W. *Adventures in Genius*; Keyserling, Count H. *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* and *South American Meditations*.

Living Age 339:265 November 1930; *New Republic* 59:201 July 31, 1929; *Outlook* 155:449 July 23, 1930; *Saturday Review of Literature* 6:309 October 26, 1929.

Joyce Kilmer 1886-1918

ALFRED JOYCE KILMER, American poet, was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, December 6, 1886, the son of Frederick Kilmer, a chemist, and Annie Ellene Kilburn Kilmer. He took his name from the rector of the parish, Rev. E. B. Joyce. He always said he was "half Irish" because of his Irish ancestry. As a child he visited England with his parents.

At Rutgers Preparatory School in New Brunswick he won a prize in public speaking, was editor of the school paper, and composed lyrics for some

school songs. He had his first two years of college at Rutgers College and finished up at Columbia University, taking active part in journalism and forensics.

Two weeks after receiving his A.B. degree in 1908, Kilmer was married to Aline Murray, of Metuchen, New Jersey, step-daughter of Henry Mills Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

Following one year as instructor in Latin at Morristown High School, New Jersey, Kilmer was for three years editorial assistant on a new edition of the *Standard Dictionary*. Meanwhile he did book reviews for the *New York Times* and the *Nation*, and contributed verses to magazines and newspapers, commencing with an appearance in *Moods* in 1909. His first book of collected verse was *A Summer of Love*, published in 1911.

After completion of the *Standard Dictionary* in 1912, Kilmer was for one year literary editor of the *Churchman*. He always had religious leanings, having intended as a youth to be an Episcopal minister; in 1913 he joined the Roman Catholic Church. Ever afterward he worked ardently for the church.

Kilmer made his literary reputation with a twelve-line poem, "Trees," which first appeared in *Poetry* in August 1913. It was widely quoted in newspapers throughout the country and was the title poem of a book of collected verse in 1915.

After lecturing briefly on English literature at the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, Kilmer joined the staff of the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* as a special writer in 1913. This connection he held for four years. Unable to typewrite or use shorthand, he devised a system of abbreviations to use in his interviews with celebrities. It was said that he had a knack for luring his subjects into provocative statements. On one occasion, after interviewing Bliss Carman in the Catskills, he was hit by a train on his way back to New York, and dictated his Sunday feature article while lying with three fractured ribs in a hospital at Suffern, New York.

When Kilmer went to England in 1914 to get his mother, who made annual visits to that country, he met Hilaire



JOYCE KILMER

Belloc, the Chestertons, and the Meynells.

Kilmer built up considerable popularity as a lecturer, and took several tours, one with Ellis Parker Butler. One of his co-workers on the *Times* recalls that the "editor analyzed him into three distinct manners: Kilmer, the literary man; Kilmer, the lecturer; and Kilmer, himself. His first appearance in the office would give you the cue to him for the day. If he came in grinning with his pipe drawing well, we would know that nothing was to be feared, he was himself. When he got his 'literary' manner on, the symptom was a tapping of his eye-glass, with his right hand, on the fingers of his left. When he appeared in his cutaway coat and a particularly pastoral necktie, we knew that on that day the elderly ladies of This Literary Club or the young ladies of That Academy were to be treated to a discourse on certain aspects of Victorian verse."

He was stockily built, of medium height, fairly plump. He had a high forehead and a pronounced bulge at the back of his head and his hair was thick, dark, and reddish-brown. His eyes were the unusual color of red, according to an observer. He was said to have gentlemanly manners and a charming smile, and to be impetuous. He ate prodigious dinners at noon and had a theory that

heartily eating was a compensation for loss of sleep. Some people criticized his pompous manner. He had a way of referring to his elders as "young so-and-so." He always called his mother "Infant" and addressed her in letters as "Brat." He liked responsibility, never was too busy to do one thing more. He often helped down-and-outers. He was always asking people to pray for him. He loved Walter Scott and enjoyed defending old-fashioned romance against the modern novel. He disliked cold climates.

Kilmer commuted daily to New York from his home in Mahwah, New Jersey. To his home came many week-end guests who had to take care not to stumble on the toys strewn about. There he worked late into the night, perhaps with a crying infant in his arms, dictating to his wife. His poem "Delicatessen" was written to win a bet that he could not compose a poem on such a commonplace theme, and "The White Ships and the Red" was a newspaper assignment following the Lusitania disaster.

Says Robert Cortes Holliday: "Writing at top-notch speed, never looking again at what he had written, intentionally producing a readily marketable commodity, from which profit must be realized quickly, Kilmer was an exceedingly rare bird in America; that is, a belletristic journalist."

Three weeks after America entered the War in 1917, Kilmer enlisted as a private in the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, New York, and during the summer went back and forth to his desk at the *Times* and to his home in Larchmont, New York, whither he had moved. That summer his eldest child, Rose, died of infantile paralysis a few days before his fifth child, Christopher, was born.

Under the name of "John Langdon," Kilmer won, with his poem "The Annunciation," first prize in the Marian Poetry contest conducted by the *Queen's Work* in July 1917.

In August he was transferred at his own request to the 165th Infantry, formerly the "Fighting Sixty-ninth," quartered at Camp Mills, in Mineola, Long Island. From there he continued to conduct the poetry department of the *Literary Di-*

gest, which he had conducted for nine years.

After going to France in the fall of 1917, Kilmer succeeded in being transferred from his "bullet-proof" job as statistician to active duty in the trenches. A fellow soldier wrote: "He would always be doing more than his orders called for—that is, getting much nearer to the enemy's positions than any officer would ever be inclined to send him. Night after night he would lie out in No Man's Land, crawling thru barbed wires, in an effort to locate enemy positions."

Kilmer wrote five poems in France, the first of which was "Rough Bouquet." The last poem he wrote was "The Peacemaker," printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* in October 1918.

Once the Marne advance began, Kilmer was constantly in the thick of fighting. As the regimental chaplain said, he had "a romantic love of death in battle." He was killed in action near the Ourcq on July 30, 1918, after volunteering his services to the major of the foremost battalion because his own was not in the lead. He was buried at the edge of the Wood of the Burned Bridge, and his body later was removed to Cemetery 608 at Seringes et Nesles in the Province of Aisne. He was thirty-one when he died.

Memorial services were given in his honor by St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the Poetry Society of America, the Dickens Fellowship, and Columbia. (He was at one time corresponding secretary of the Poetry Society and president of the Dickens Fellowship.) Posthumously he was awarded the Citation of Valor and the Croix de Guerre. A Joyce Kilmer Memorial Park was dedicated to him in New York City.

Kilmer's mother wrote two books about him after he died and his works were collected in two volumes in 1918. His mother set many of his poems including "Trees" to music. His widow, Aline Kilmer, is the author of four books of verse: *Candles That Burn*, 1919; *Vigils*, 1921; *The Poor King's Daughter*, 1925; *Selected Poems*, 1929.

Joyce Kilmer's works:

POEMS: *Summer of Love*, 1911; *Trees and Other Poems*, 1915; *Main Street and Other Poems*, 1917.

ESSAYS: *The Circus and Other Essays*, 1916; *Literature in the Making*, 1917.

COLLECTED WORKS: *Poems, Essays and Letters* (two volumes) 1918; *The Circus and Other Essays and Fugitive Pieces*, 1921.

EDITOR: *Dreams and Images: An Anthology of Catholic Poets*, 1917.

About Joyce Kilmer:

Kilmer, A. E. *Leaves from My Life*; Kilmer, A. E. *Memories of My Son, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer*; Kilmer, J. *Poems, Essays and Letters* (see memoir by R. C. Holliday); Morley, C. D. *Joyce Kilmer*; Schell, S. *Tributes to Joyce Kilmer*.

Bookman 48:133 October 1918; *Outlook* 122:467 July 23, 1919; *Poetry* 13:149 December 1918.

Paul De Kruif

See *De Kruif*, Paul

Alexandr Kuprin 1870-

ALEXANDR IVANOVICH KUPRIN, Russian novelist and short story writer, was born in August 1870 in the province of Pensa. On his mother's side he was descended from the family of the Tatar Count Kolonchak. In his youth he attended the Cadet School and the Alexander Military Academy of Moscow. He began to write while still a military *younker*.

In 1890 Kuprin left the Academy and entered the 46th infantry regiment as a lieutenant. Four years later he left the military service and began to devote himself entirely to literature. But before settling himself down to his future life-work, the Tatar restlessness which Kuprin appears to have inherited from his mother drove him to make a general survey of life. He traveled extensively all over Russia, particularly in the South. And, not content with merely observing his fellow men, Kuprin actually took part in their work and their troubles. He was a fisherman on the Black Sea, a printer's apprentice, took part in tobacco growing, worked on the barges of the Dnieper, turned hack-driver for the bathers in the Azov Sea, and even managed to become a dentist. Then, in 1901, he went to St. Petersburg (Lenin-grad) and joined the staff of the journal *Mir Bozhii* and became, at the same time, one of the group of authors associated with the publishing house Znanie.

Kuprin, as was remarked before, began to write while he was still a student at the Alexander Military Academy. His first tale, "*Poslednii Debut*," was published in the *Russkie Satiricheskie Listki* in 1889. His real literary debut, however, did not take place until 1896 when the *Russkaia Bogatstvo*, the leading literary review of the time, published his *Molokh*. This is a story of factory life, and Kuprin's sympathetic treatment of the workers immediately struck a responsive chord in the more liberal spheres of Russian society. The same year also saw the publication, in one volume, of most of Kuprin's earlier tales, followed a year later by a second volume. It is thus clear that the reading public was not altogether unprepared for a more serious work from the pen of the young author. And this first really notable bid for fame came in 1905 with the publication of *The Duel*.

No better time could have been chosen for the appearance of this novel. The Russian military and naval forces had just suffered the defeats of Mukden and Tsushima; the Cossacks had just been ordered on punitive expeditions against the revolutionary workers and intelligentsia; and at just this time Kuprin published his realistic study of the brutality of army life. *The Duel* became an immediate success. Tho not at all revolutionary, it was taken up by radicals and acclaimed a scathing indictment of militarism and the grossness of army life. No other novel of Kuprin's, not even *Yama*, ever brought such fame to the author.

Yama, perhaps the most important of Kuprin's works, was begun in 1909 and the third and last part appeared only in 1915. The years between the appearance of *The Duel* and the last part of *Yama* are crowded with many important tales. There are the exquisite story of Solomon's infatuation for a shepherdess in the *Sulamith*; the excursions into Bohemianism in *Captain Rybnikov*; *The Bracelet of Garnets* telling the woes of a poor clerk in love with a society beauty, and many others. Then came the World War and Kuprin again joined the army. The Revolution found Kuprin on the side of the Whites. And as the forces



ALEXANDR KUPRIN

of Denikin and Wrangel disintegrated and it became quite clear that the old Russia of Turgenev and Dostoevsky was never to be again, Kuprin saw no choice but to leave the country. He went to Paris in 1920, leaving the jolly company that usually gathered around him in the Vienna Restaurant of the old St. Petersburg.

Alexandr Kuprin, as was remarked above, was a member of the Znanie group of authors. Of the members of this school of fiction D. S. Mirsky writes that, besides being of a revolutionary tendency, "they were also more outspoken in their realism, richly availing themselves of that emancipation from conventions which had been inaugurated by Tolstoy and confirmed by Gorky." They were also somewhat under the influence of Chekhov, especially as regards the latter's emphasis on the Hamletesque in the depiction of contemporary intelligentsia. Kuprin, however, had too much of genius to remain for long under the influence of any school. It is indeed true that Kuprin never came to realize a definite point of view in his stories, but this failure must be ascribed to a sensitiveness that made him unable to exclude impressions undesired, rather than to an inability at concentration. Kuprin has been called a representative of the *bez-dorozhnyi epokh*, the "pathless era" of

Russian fiction, but this is true only as regards the wide sphere of his interest.

All of Kuprin's stories have this in common that they are intensely actual. He writes of an endless variety of things, of men and beasts and nature, and it is always the same, always with the same sympathy and understanding. Like Tolstoy he penetrates the psychology of a horse, like Flaubert he recreates for us the subtle beauty of the Orient, like Zola he uncovers to our eye the workings of a woman's mind. His soul, so Persky tells us, "is of such exquisitely fine texture that all human emotions vibrate there. The few times when he has expressed himself are enough to convince the reader. He has often pitied women with a discreet, fraternal compassion. He has also devoted many pages to the sufferings of animals, be it the story of circus horses hurt by the rolling of the ship, or the story of a kitten mutilated by wolves. Only a few words are needed to make us tender or to bring tears to our eyes, and it is with the eyes of a poet or a child that he has viewed nature."

The critic Mirsky, on the other hand, asserts that Kuprin "lacks style and taste," refers to *Yama* as "sensational, sentimental and vulgarly photographic," and classifies the author as "the least pretentious and most 'nineteenth century'" of the contemporaries of Gorky.

A. B.

Principal works of Alexandr Kuprin:

Molokh, 1896; *V Liesnoi Glushi*, 1898; *Nochnaia Smiena*, 1899; *Boloto*, 1902; *Konkrady*, 1903; *Kory*, 1904; *Pamiati Chekhova*, 1905; *Poednook*, 1905; *Ricka Zhizni*, 1906; *Shtabs-Kapitan Rybnikov*, 1906; *Gambrius*, 1907; *Kak ia byl Akterom*, 1908; *Sulamith*, 1908; *Granatovii Braslet*, 1911; *Yama*, 1909-15; *Imkera*, 1927; *Khrabrie Biegletsi*, 1928; *Koletso Vremeni*, 1930.

English translations of Kuprin:

In Honour's Name, 1907; *Olessia*, 1908; *Sulamite*, 1915; *The Duel*, 1916; *River of Life (including Captain Rybnikov)* 1916; *The Slav Soul*, 1916; *Bracelet of Garnets*, 1917; *Sasha*, 1920; *Yama*, 1922; *Gambrius*, 1925.

About Kuprin:

Mirsky, D. S. *Contemporary Russian Literature*; Olgin, M. J. *Guide to Russian Literature*; Persky, S. *Contemporary Russian Novelists*; Phelps, W. L. *Essays on Russian Novelists*; see also prefaces to *Bracelet of Garnets* and *Yama*.

Jacques de Lacretelle 1888-

JACQUES DE LACRETELLE, French novelist, was born at Mâcon the year 1888 into a Protestant family originally from Metz but resident in Burgundy since the middle of the nineteenth century. His grandfather, Henri de Lacretelle, friend of Lamartine, wrote poetry, and one of his ancestors, an historian, was a member of the French Academy. All signs would seem to indicate that the name will not much longer remain absent from the roster of the *Quarantes*. "The Academy likes family traditions," someone has said.

In an essay on anger ("La Colère," 1929), Lacretelle reveals that, "as a child, [his] greatest pleasure was to wander off into the country and to shout: 'Death! Death!' Death to what? Death to everyone and everything, to men, women, insects, to the blades of grass, to the lumps of mould."

This sanguinary trait, if it still exists, is well concealed, for he seems the mildest of men. "The first time that I saw Jacques de Lacretelle," writes André Billy, "was at the Academy reception for M. Abel Hermant. As he was seated, arms folded, wearing that thin smile which raises still more his already Chinese-slanted eyes and his lips, which retain a charming youthful fold despite his forty years, I did not notice that he was so tall. He has the stature of a cuirassier." He has been further described as "reticent, a trifle sententious, minutely observing his own thoughts as he speaks, doubtful of himself, discreet and frank at the same time." His voice is grave and metallic.

Notwithstanding his athletic build, Lacretelle is not an athlete. He is probably the only successful French novelist who does not own a car. The one outdoor sport he practices with any sort of assiduity consists in following with binoculars the thoroughbreds as they pound around the race track. He likes the races, not for what excitement they may have to offer, but rather for the brilliant spectacle they unfold. Some of his books were partly written in Maisons-Laffitte, that town where one hears only talk of horses, and the jockeys seem

harlequins at play among the trees of the shady walks.

Lacretelle suffers from deafness, a deafness which is perhaps somewhat responsible for his desire for solitude. He travels widely in search of this solitude, as he finds it impossible to do any work in Paris. "I haven't even a pen in Paris," he once said. His first book, *La Vie Inquiète de Jean Hermelin*, 1920, was written at Moret, Provins, and San-Salvador. Started in Tunisia, *Silbermann*, 1922, was continued at Maisons-Laffitte and finished at Montfort-l'Amaury. André Rousseaux calls him "the exiled intelligence."

Lacretelle studied in England, at Cambridge. He started writing soon after the War, and does not know what made him do so, nor why he did not start earlier. He had always been interested in things literary but never thought he could become a writer. It was Marcel Proust, his friend since 1915, who facilitated his entry into *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. His novel *Silbermann*, the biography of a young Jew, obtained the 1922 Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse, and in 1930 the French Academy awarded him the Grand Prix du Roman.

Interviewed by Frédéric Lefèvre, Lacretelle said:

"... I deny above all being a novelist, that is to say, an author who sees first and foremost images and adventures. In fiction, one thing furnishes me with the germ of creation and consequently excites my mind: the characters, or rather, not to betray psychology, the temperaments.

"A review has opened an inquiry: 'Why do you write?' My answer would have been, 'To understand and study a temperament.'

"By inventing him as I wish, by feeding him all my thoughts, I will get much nearer to this character than I could to one taken from life. And that is the reward which lures me on. Now, do you not agree that this invention will be more logical, more learned, more profound, if I apply myself to it in meditation and solitude?

"Call this an idiosyncrasy, if you wish, but I have always been attracted, even before I thought of writing, by works of introspection: Jean-Jacques Rous-



JACQUES DE LACRETELLE

seau's *Confessions*, the *Vie d'Henri Brulard*, the first part of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, in short, all that derives from psychological memoirs and researches. Am I mistaken? Is invention more difficult? I do not think so, and, in any case, what the reader believes to be invention is quite often merely the cleverly presented fruit of introspection.

"The best apprenticeship for understanding beings and arriving at a true observation is to seek, to look at, to know oneself. The real movements of passion can be found only in one's own heart. . .

"The man who has no remembrance of his sensations or who neglects to analyze them will give forth but cold thoughts and specious beauties.

"... A character to whom I have not given a little of my sentiments, whether by an exact adaptation or by an analogy or—understand me well—by an imaginary prolongation, such a character seems to me most often a mere puppet."

Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, the English novelists of the nineteenth century, Balzac, Proust, are the writers Lacretelle admires. Among the contemporaries, his preferences are for Montherlant, Mauriac, and Kessel. He bemoans the death of Radiguet, is curious of everything written by Giraudoux and Paul Morand,

and likes much of Cocteau's work, notably the poems of *Plain-Chant*.

There are four heavy volumes, however, which accompany him on all his travels: Littré's dictionary. As soon as he writes a line, wherever he may be, he must have this dictionary within reach. He believes that to know the exact value of words is the great secret of good writing. He works rather laboriously and sometimes a whole day's effort produces but a scant page. Before starting each chapter, he jots down on a few large sheets all sorts of notes, images, bits of dialogue and partial characterizations. When he has written four or five chapters, he recopies them and then resumes work on the book as a whole.

Besides Silbermann, Lacretelle's most famous novels are *La Bonifas*, 1925, the study of a woman alternately harmed and aided by the same virtues and weaknesses, and *Man's Life*, 1929, which treats of a man, not essentially wicked but who cannot endure contact of virtue. *Man's Life* as well as the earlier *La Vie Inquiète de Jean Hermelin* are said to be partly autobiographical. Lacretelle's latest work, *Les Hauts-Ponts*, of which two volumes, *Sabine*, 1932, and *Les Fiançailles*, 1933, have appeared, far exceeds in scope and importance anything that he has as yet undertaken. It is the history of a family, in the atmosphere of a period and a province, during the course of half a century. In the opinion of the critic Pierre Jeanneret: "Since *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, *Les Hauts-Ponts* by M. de Lacretelle . . . is truly the most solid work which one can imagine, that in which the characters are the most clearly drawn, and the tone most constant, in the sense that artists give to this word." A. S.

Works of Jacques de Lacretelle:

NOVELS: *La Vie Inquiète de Jean Hermelin*, 1920; *Silbermann*, 1922; *La Bonifas*, 1925; *Amour Nuptial*, 1929; *Le Retour de Silbermann*, 1930; *Les Hauts-Ponts*: I. *Sabine*, 1932, II. *Les Fiançailles*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *L'Âme Cachée*, 1928; *Quatre Nouvelles Italiennes*.

TRAVELS AND DESCRIPTIONS: *Deux Jours à Ermenonville*, 1925; *Lettres Espagnoles*, 1927; *Album Napolitain*, 1928; *Le Demi-Dieu, ou Le Voyage de Grèce*, 1931.

ESSAYS: *La Colère*, 1929; *A la Rencontre de France*, 1930.

TRANSLATOR: Anatole France *Vu par un Américain*, by Edward Wasserman, 1930; *Sarn*, by Mary Webb (in collaboration with Madeleine T. Guérille) 1930.

English translations of Jacques de Lacretelle:

Silbermann, 1923; Marie Bonifas, 1927; *Man's Life*, 1931.

About Jacques de Lacretelle:

Berge, A. *L'Esprit de la Littérature Moderne*; Billy, A. *Intimités Littéraires*; Dumas, F. R. *These Moderns*; Lefèvre, F. *Une Heure Avec... III*; Rousseaux, A. *Ames et Visages du XXe Siècle*; Sachs, M. *The Decade of Illusion*.

Annales Politiques et Littéraires 92:551 June 15, 1929; 94:197 February 15, 1930; *Revue des Deux Mondes* 28:698 August 1, 1925.

Valéry Larbaud 1881-

VALÉRY LARBAUD, French poet, novelist, critic, and translator, was born in 1881 in Vichy, the famous bathing resort. His father counted among his ancestors a Provençal landlord who, establishing himself in Paris during the eighteenth century, donated to the Jesuits part of the grounds for the Collège Louis-le-Grand; also a notable physician of the 19th century. On his mother's side, one ancestor was knighted by Charles VII and another occupied the position of postmaster between Bourges and Grenoble at the opening of the nineteenth century. Valéry Larbaud's great-grandfather played an important rôle in the revolution of 1848 and was exiled after Napoleon III's coup d'état. After traveling for a while in Italy, he finally settled in Geneva where he entertained his distinguished guests—among others, Barbès, and Eugène Sue, the novelist. (This period is recaptured in Valéry's story "Rachel Frutiger.") In his house Valéry's mother spent her childhood and adolescence. Her father, who did not get much of a patrimony, made his fortune when a thermal spring was discovered on his Vichy estate. The Établissement Larbaud (bathing-establishment Larbaud), located in the Boulevard des États Unis along the Nouveau Parc (not far from Madame de Sevig-

né's pavillion) still operates at a great profit.

Valéry Larbaud's family had an estate in Valbois, a villa in Vichy, and an apartment in Paris: his childhood and adolescence underwent, therefore, this triple influence of the country, the town, and the city. An only child, rather spoiled because of recurrent illnesses, he did not spend much time playing outdoors with other children. From the earliest he was fond of his books and solitude: his vocation and hobbies were soon defined—he became a writer and an incorrigible collector of books, flags, maps, and tin soldiers. His library contains more than twenty thousand volumes, bound after his own fashion: the Italian, white and green; the Spanish, red, yellow, and gold; the Argentinian, blue and white, etc.; his tin soldiers (the finest collection in Europe) represent every age and country; and his assortment of charts, maps, and flags is too long for enumeration and description.

At an early age Valéry was sent to the Sainte-Barbe-des-Champs school located in Fontenay-aux-Roses, a few miles from Paris. He proved to be an earnest, intelligent student, especially interested in Greek and French literatures, geology and philology, and his family rewarded his application with an extended tour of Europe in the company of one of his tutors. (One of his earliest ambitions had been to travel.) His itinerary (he was scarcely sixteen) included Berlin, Saint Petersburg, Moscow, Karkov, Sebastopol, Odessa, Constantinople, Belgrade, and Vienna. But his greatest passion was Spain, first met in the pages of Hugo, Musset, and Gautier, and first visited some time before his school-prize journey. Holy Week in Seville was a particularly fond memory.

At Sainte-Barbe there were many Spaniards and Latin-Americans: he learned their language and customs, heard with delight their exotic stories, and admired their sisters who frequently came to visit them. Valéry had started writing poetry at the age of twelve; his earliest effort in prose, a fairy tale with the school background, "El Duendecito" (1893-1894) evidenced his prejudice for Spanish life—so that his avowal: "The

Spanish world has been always my second fatherland," seems to be fully substantiated. Valéry never finished "El Duendecito"—which in a circuitous way finally developed into *Fermina Marquez* (1911)—but devoted his time to the composition of a drama, "Gordien III," based on his readings for a course in Roman history, and on a current sensational trial. He completed only a few scenes, which worked their way into *Fermina Marquez*.

Altho his family expected Valéry to become a diplomat or a high officer in the army, to humor him, and perhaps to flatter themselves, they printed in 1899 his collected poems under the title *Portiques*, juvenile exercises in imitation of Leconte de Lisle and the Parnassians. Between 1897 and 1900 Valéry wrote a short monograph, "Milou ou l'Petit Manuel d'Ideal Pratique." The rest of the time he devoted to his readings and travels: Madrid, Seville, Granada, Gibraltar, Tangiers, Cordova, Saragossa, Barcelona, Genoa, Florence, Rimini, San Marino, Venice, Milan, Turin, Pisa, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, Brussels, Ghent, Ostend, Bruges, Antwerp, Rotterdam, La Hague, Amsterdam, Marken, Hamburg, Lübeck, Kiel, Berlin; in 1902, London and discovery of England; in 1903 and 1904, Naples, Trieste, the Adriatic, Montenegro, southern Italy, Potenza, Taranto, Corfu, Athens, Patras; in 1904-1905, Algeria, Oudjda, Tunis, Denmark, Sweden, northern Germany; and in 1906-1914, Italy, England, and southern France. This long enumeration only purports to show the extent of Valéry's travels, for travels and books have been the most decisive influences on his work.

Valéry Larbaud's literary career opened on his twentieth birthday with *La Chanson du Vieux Marin* a translation of Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner*. The strange elements of sea and mystery, "snow, emerald, and silence," haunted him, and again and again he would come back to this poem, correcting and revising it with loving hand and finally reprinting it in 1911.

In 1906 he began contributing short stories and essays on foreign writers to *La Phalange*. The editor of this influential magazine, Jean Royère, de-

clared that after reading Larbaud's short story "Le Couperet," (later included in *Enfances*) he was quite certain of the emergence of a first rate writer.

In 1908 Larbaud had a book of poems printed in a limited edition: one hundred review copies bore the title *Poèmes d'un Riche Amateur*, and the other hundred, *A. C. Barnabooth: Le Pauvre Chemisier, Les Poésies*. Written between 1900 and 1907, these poems in prose reflected the technical influence of *Leaves of Grass*. In spirit, however, they were quite different: Larbaud's poems voiced his love for travel and depicted strange places and landscapes; their tone, ironical, sophisticated, but profound; their tempo, always impetuous.

Three years later, Larbaud's first novel appeared: *Fermina Marquez*, which, as noticed previously, had its genesis in "El Duendecito." Larbaud's creation requires long periods of incubation and then long periods for actual composition: it took him three years for the mere writing of *Fermina Marquez* (he devoted ten to *Barnabooth*, poems and diary, four to *Enfances*, and six to *Amants, Heureux Amants*). In *Fermina Marquez* Larbaud re-creates his school days, not only the atmosphere and color of Sainte-Barbe but also his fellow students—for instance, Fermina, the heroine, was none other than the



VALÉRY LARBAUD

sister of a student from Colombia. A thoroughly enjoyable work of fiction, the critics failed to appreciate it because it did not conform to established forms.

With *A. O. Barnabooth, Son Journal Intime* (translated into English by Gilbert Cannan as *A. O. Barnabooth, His Diary*) these gentlemen had to admit Larbaud among the important novelists of their generation. In fact, *Barnabooth* has been called the *Adolphe* of our times. Larbaud brought back to life in his somewhat autobiographical novel—and most of his fictions do contain a modicum of confession—the “rich amateur” of his poems. *Barnabooth's* diary portrays his shifting moods and his passion for travel. Rather than a millionaire, he seems to be a poet, a rebellious poet in search of exotic adventures and a more colorful existence. If the Colombian Fermina Marquez stood for the recalcitrant Catholicity of Spanish tradition, the Peruvian *Barnabooth*, saturated with a more cosmopolitan spirit, represented modern man, or, more precisely, the pre-War temperament and sensibility.

With the stories printed in *La Phalange* and in *La Nouvelle Revue Française* added to a later one, “Devoirs de Vacances,” Larbaud formed a volume which he entitled *Enfantines*. As in *Fermina Marquez*, he reverted once more to childhood and school day reminiscences. Few writers have surpassed Larbaud in the analysis of this stage of life. The fantasies, sentiments, and ideas of children have been recaptured with uncanny truth and convincing power.

Larbaud's fictional creation (in book form) stops with *Amants, Heureux Amants*. Since then he has devoted most of his time to translations (principally of Samuel Butler) and essays, and only at very rare instances some magazine brings out his narratives. *Amants, Heureux Amants* comprises three short stories: “Beauté, Mon Beau Souci,” with a London background, and the last two, “Amants, Heureux Amants” and “Mon Plus Secret Conseil,” written entirely as interior monologues. It is a very effective technique which he learned from his master, James Joyce. With his usual honesty, Joyce attributed the dis-

covery of the interior monologue to the Edouard Dujardin of *Les Lauriers Sont Coupés* (in English, *We'll to the Woods No More*) but it has recently been found to be the patrimony of a long family of writers which includes (as Larbaud admitted in *Technique*) the Mme. de Lafayette of the *Princesse de Clèves* and the Stendhal of *Lucien Leuwen*, not to mention Dostoevsky, Paul Bourget, Schnitzler, etc. As Crémieux pointed out, Larbaud succeeds in handling the interior monologue because he has known how to coordinate form with substance.

The need of geographical expansion noticed in Larbaud conforms to a need of ideological expansion. He is the cosmopolite *par excellence*. He has championed English and Spanish literature: he has shown predilection for Coleridge, Walter Savage Landor, Samuel Butler, Walt Whitman, Sir Thomas Browne, Joyce, Ramón Gómez de la Serna, and Gabriel Miró—all of whom he has either translated himself or helped to translate—and has written encomiastic essays on the Mexican Azuela, the Italian Svevo, the Argentinian Güiraldes . . . and Henley, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thomson, Hardy, Conrad, Edith Sitwell, and others. In his contributions to foreign magazines (especially to the *New Weekly* of London and *La Nación* of Buenos Aires) he has devoted pithy pages to Giraudoux, Léon-Paul Fargue, Saint-Leger Leger, etc. In his volume *Ce Vice Impuni, la Lecture*, which contains an essay by that title (available in English as “That Unpunished Vice”) he has collected some of his studies on English writers, and in *Jaune, Bleu, Blanc*, he has gathered a few of his travel impressions. His *Allen* is a tribute to his native province. *Technique* comprises notes on literary topics.

Valéry Larbaud will be remembered first and foremost for his significant novel, *A. O. Barnabooth, His Diary*, and for the energy and enthusiasm he has displayed in introducing foreign writers into France. He has helped, and succeeded to a very large extent, in broadcasting the worth of Samuel Butler, James Joyce, and Italo Svevo.

A. F.

Works of Valéry Larbaud:

POETRY: A. O. Barnabooth: *Le Pauvre* Chemisier, Les Poésies, 1908.

FICTION: Fermina Marquez, 1911; A. O. Barnabooth: *Son Journal Intime*, 1913; *Enfantines*, 1918; *Amants*, *Heureux Amants*, 1924.

ESSAY AND TRAVEL: *Ce Vice Impuni*, la Lecture, 1927; *Jaune, Bleu, Blanc*, 1927; Allen, 1929; *Technique*, 1932.

Works of Valéry Larbaud available in English translation:

A. O. Barnabooth: *His Diary*, 1924; "That Unpunished Vice: Reading," in *transition* 15:239, Paris, February 1929; "Rachel Frutiger," (from *Enfantines*) in *Twentieth Century Short Stories* edited by S. C. Bates, 1933.

About Valéry Larbaud:

Angioletti, G. B. *Scrittori d'Europa*; Clouard, H. *La Poésie Française Moderne*; Contreras, F. *Valéry Larbaud*; Crémieux, B. XXe. Siècle; Curtius, E. R. *Franzoesischer Geist im Neuen Europa*; Gilbert de Voisins. *Valéry Larbaud*; Jaloux, E. *L'Esprit des Livres*; Lefèvre, F. *Une Heure Avec Il*; Lièvre, P. *Esquisses Critiques*.

La Grande Revue 115:303 August 1924; *Das Literarische Echo* 14:245; *La Nouvelle Revue Française* 22:129 February 1, 1924; *La Revue de Paris* 6:822 December 15, 1932; *Symposium* 3:315 July 1932.

Johannes Anker Larsen

See *Anker Larsen, J.*

James Laver · 1899-

Autobiographical sketch of James Laver, English author:

I WAS born in Liverpool on March 14, 1899. On the paternal side my forbears were captains of coasting vessels trading between Liverpool and Bristol, and my great-grandfather came from Creech in Somerset. My great-grandmother was Welsh and my grandmother from the north of Ireland. My grandfather did not go to sea but founded, in Liverpool, a firm of mercantile printers and stationers which is still in existence. My mother had two children and died when I was barely four years old; my father married again a few years later but had no more children.

My sister and I—she was three years my senior—grew up in an old-fashioned house in the south end of Liverpool. We were Methodists, and the atmosphere of our home was one of puritan piety,

altho there was nothing harsh or intolerant in my father's religion. Still, we lived what, by modern standards, was a very secluded life. We went to "chapel" twice and, later, three times every Sunday; family prayers took place every evening, dances and theatres were regarded as quite unpermissible, and, if my memory serves me, it was not until the outbreak of the World War that we began to take in a daily paper. My father in politics was a Liberal Free-Trader, and by conviction and habit, a life-long teetotaler and non-smoker. There were a good many books in the house and reading was encouraged. Indeed, as we saw very few friends and card games, except "Counties of England" and "Snap" were forbidden, reading was our habitual mode of passing the evenings. Ungrammatical speech was always corrected, and the use of slang discouraged and this is one of the great debts I owe my father, as well as that familiarity with the splendid sonority of the Bible which has never left me.

My sister, who was of a nervous temperament, was sent to a small private school in the neighborhood. I went, in spite of our being Methodists, to a "Church School" where the scholars distinguished themselves from those of the ordinary elementary schools by contributing the sum of twopence a week to the cost of their education. It was intended at first that I should enter the family business, but at the age of twelve I won a scholarship to the Liverpool Institute, one of the largest of the city secondary schools.

Secondary schools, having a shorter tradition behind them—altho the Institute had been founded in 1823—are more dependent than public schools on the personality of the headmaster. I was fortunate. The school was presided over throuth my time by the son of a naturalized German, a man of the most forceful personality and wide culture. My literary bent soon declared itself—indeed I had already written verses and stories at the elementary school—and was encouraged by the master in charge of history and literature. Him and the headmaster, both Oxford men, I count among the most formative influences of my

life. Another was provided by a Liverpool shipowner, a great benefactor of the school, who got to know me, believed in my immature talents, and, with incredible generosity, not only provided the money to keep me at Oxford for three years, but lent me books, took me on strenuous walking holidays in Cumberland and Westmoreland and altogether introduced me to a wider life.

I went up to New College, Oxford, for the entrance examination in the summer of 1917, but more than two years elapsed before I could go into residence. After a few months' training I was gazetted second-lieutenant in the King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment, served for a while in the garrison of Harwich and joined the Expeditionary Force in France two days before the signing of the Armistice. I was bitterly disappointed, especially as I was kept in France for nearly a year before being demobilized.

At Oxford I consorted rather with the "hearties" than with the intellectuals, rowed for my college, played hockey, and ran with the beagles. Most of my friends were surprised, and a few were horrified, when I was awarded the Newdigate Prize in 1921 for a poem on *Cervantes*. This was so well received by the press—Mr. J. C. Squire in the *London Mercury* gave it a long and friendly notice—that I rushed into print with a volume of poems, *His Last Sebastian*, which sold about thirty copies. After taking my degree, I stayed at Oxford for another year, occupying myself—I am still wondering why—with the study of the eighteenth century English Evangelicals. It was during this year, however, that I found my feet at the University and was made a member of several intellectual societies. Having a violent distaste for politics, I rarely went to the debates at the Union, and never opened my mouth there.

In 1922 I was appointed assistant keeper of the print room at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, and took up permanent residence in London. I had very few literary acquaintances and my duties threw me rather among artists than writers. I wrote art criticism and thought of my-



JAMES LAVER

self as a poet. My early verses were not appreciated, and it was not until the publication of the satirical *Stitch in Time* in 1927 that I began to be known to the literary public.

My enthusiasms were, and have continued, eighteenth century and French. In painting I admired the "advanced" schools but in writing cultivated a precise, dry, humorous style and made no attempt to emulate Gertrude Stein or James Joyce. Possibly in reaction against my early upbringing, I was a little mad on the theatre, made a special study of stage décor and costume, and translated several plays from the French and German. I also produced plays for amateur societies and crowned the work by marrying the actress, Veronica Turleigh.

We lived for the first two years in a small flat in Piccadilly Circus and then moved into a house in Chelsea where there was room for a nursery and a study for me. Nearly all my writing is done in the evening after dinner, my working day being spent at the Museum, examining and cataloging prints. My official duties led me to make a special study of modern etchings, particularly those of British and American artists, and to the production of a bulky volume on the subject. I also became interested in biography, and spent a couple of years gathering the material for my life

of Whistler. This led to a considerable amount of lecturing in London and elsewhere, and to the study of other nineteenth century artists such as Watts.

About seven years ago I became connected with the Working Men's College in Camden Town, an institution founded by Frederick Maurice and the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. I had a voluntary evening class in English literature for matriculation students for some time, and was then asked to reorganize the art teaching. The post of director of art studies had been held in the past by Ruskin, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti, and I tried to carry on their traditions of sound craftsmanship while infusing the classes with something of the modern spirit by installing half-a-dozen young practicing artists as teachers and by arranging for a living model to be available every night of the week except Saturday and Sunday.

In spite of these serious occupations, however, and the production of the philosophic poem *Macrocosmos*, my natural attitude to life remained humorous and satirical, and my "naughtier" works have been the only ones to reach a wide public. My satirical poems were followed last year by the novel *Nymph Errant*, which outraged all the feminists by its apparent cynicism and frivolity, and was duly banned in the Irish Free State as a work prejudicial to public morals. It attracted, however, the attention of Charles B. Cochran who is at this writing proposing to produce it as a musical play with Gertrude Lawrence as the heroine. If this succeeds my reputation as a serious man will be gone forever, unless I can redeem it by the novel now in progress—a satirical study of artists and connoisseurs in London and New York. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nymph Errant* opened in London in October 1933 (after the preceding sketch was written). It was enthusiastically received and became one of the outstanding successes of the English theatrical season 1933-34.]

James Laver's works:

Cervantes (Newdigate Prize poem) 1921; His Last Sebastian, 1922; Portraits in Oil and Vinegar, 1925; The Young Man Danes, 1925; The Artist's London (in collaboration with John Drinkwater, Wilfred Whitten, and W. P.

Robbins) 1925; A Stitch in Time, 1927; Design in the Theatre (in collaboration with George Sheringham) 1927; The Robes of Thespis (contributor) 1927; Memoirs of Harriet Wilson (edited with an introduction) 1929; A History of British and American Etching, 1929; Love's Progress, 1929; Nineteenth Century Costume, 1929; Macrocosmos, 1929; Etchings of Arthur Briscoe, 1930; The Circle of Chalk (translated from the German of Klabund and produced by Basil Dean at the New Theatre, London, March 14, 1928) 1930; Whistler, 1930; Eighteenth Century Costume, 1931; Revelations (contributor) 1931; Nymph Errant, 1932; The Elegant Woman (translated with an introduction) 1932; Wesley, 1932; Little Innocents (contributor) 1932; Poetical Works of Charles Churchill (edited with an introduction) 1933; New Poems, 1933.

D. H. Lawrence 1885-1930

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE, English novelist, poet, essayist, short story writer, and playwright, was born on September 11, 1885, in the village of Eastwood in Nottinghamshire, England. He was the fourth of five children of Arthur Lawrence, a coal miner, and Lydia Lawrence, who came of Nottingham tradesfolk. He frankly hated his father, who is said to have been a drunkard and a wife-beater; but he was devoted to his mother.

A weakly child, mentally ahead of his years, "Bert" Lawrence preferred books to the games of his playmates. At twelve he entered the Nottingham High School, having won a scholarship. At sixteen he got a job as clerk in a manufacturer's office in Nottingham, but fell critically ill with pneumonia a year later, and upon recovery became a pupil teacher in Eastwood. He passed the uncertified teachers' examinations with top honors in the land.

In order to become a certified teacher, he spent two years at the Nottingham University College Day Training Section; then went in 1908 as assistant master to an elementary school at Croydon, outside of London.

Lawrence was encouraged in his writing during these early years by a girl ("Miriam" of *Sons and Lovers*) who lived on a farm near Eastwood. To "Miriam" he gave his manuscripts to read and correct. In the spring of 1909 she copied five of his poems and sent

them to the *English Review*. Ford Madox Hueffer, who was then editor, published the poems and got in touch with Lawrence, the outcome of which was that Lawrence sent him the manuscript of a novel, *The White Peacock*. It had been five years in the writing. Hueffer found a publisher for the novel, aided by the enthusiasm of the publisher's reader Edward Garnett, and *The White Peacock* appeared in January 1911, when the author was twenty-five. The financial reward was fifty pounds. Lawrence took little notice of the reviews, his mother having died just a month before.

A second attack of pneumonia at the close of 1911 ended his career as schoolmaster; he had been five years in Croydon.

Now that he was recognized as an author, Lawrence was invited to the home of Professor Ernest Weekley, who had befriended him several years before at Nottingham University College. Upon his first meeting with the professor's wife, Lawrence fell irrevocably in love with her. She was Frieda von Richthofen, the daughter of Baron von Richthofen, governor of Alsace-Lorraine after the Franco-Prussian War. Her brother, Baron Manfred von Richthofen, was subsequently a German war ace, shot down and killed in the Somme in 1918. At the time Lawrence met her, which was in the spring of 1912, she had three children, a boy and two girls.

A few weeks after the meeting, with the money from his second novel *The Trespasser* for fare, Lawrence went with Frieda von Richthofen to Germany, where she visited her kin; and by mid-summer, as Catherine Carswell puts it, "she had thrown in her lot with his." Together they set out on foot across the Tyrol into Italy. They were practically penniless. They spent the winter at Lake Garda in northern Italy, returning in the spring to their starting point in Bavaria.

Early in 1913 Lawrence's first book of poems, *Love Poems and Others*, was published, and soon afterward came his novel *Sons and Lovers*. The novel had been rejected by his first publisher as "one of the dirtiest books he had ever read." The first part of the book was,

by Lawrence's own admission, strictly autobiographical. *Sons and Lovers* was not very successful at the time, but was acknowledged among critics to be a remarkable novel.

After a visit to England in the summer of 1913, Lawrence spent the winter in Fiascherino, Italy, and returned to England the next summer to remain until after the World War. He and Frieda were married in a London registry office on July 13, 1914, after she had secured her divorce. They never had any children.

During the War Lawrence lived in extreme poverty, moving from place to place in the English countryside, going only occasionally to London (he hated big cities). Being married to a German wife, he was under constant suspicion as a pro-German. He was not a conscientious objector, however, and submitted himself for military examination three times, being rejected each time as consumptive.

The first year of the War was divided between a cottage in Buckinghamshire, near Gilbert Cannan's windmill, and a cottage on the Meynell estate at Great-ham, where Lawrence tutored one of the Meynell grandchildren. Here, in the spring of 1915, J. Middleton Murry came to live with him and they formed an intimate friendship, which was ruptured the following year. Lawrence spent the last half of 1915 in London.

The Rainbow appeared in September 1915. A frank statement of sex in its physical aspects, the novel was condemned as obscene and the entire edition destroyed by court order. Lawrence felt deeply the failure of those literary people who had expressed admiration for his work to come forward now in his behalf. Even his publisher, according to Murry, disowned him, stating that had he known the contents of the book he never would have allowed it to appear. Lawrence did not publish another novel for five years.

In the spring of 1916, after accepting the hospitality of J. D. Beresford for a time, Lawrence settled in a cottage at Higher Treggerthen in Cornwall. He lived here for a year and a half, working in the fields (he kept three gardens) and writing. In 1917 he brought out

the poems *Look! We Have Come Through*, which told the story of his life with Frieda.

He and Frieda often sang German songs together and their cottage overlooked the Bristol Channel. Suspected in October 1917 of signaling to German submarines, he was ordered by the police to leave Cornwall. He went to London.

During the next two years he lived chiefly in Berkshire and Derbyshire. On a visit to the Midlands at Christmas 1918 he nearly died of influenza. (The turn of the year, says Murry, was always a bad time for him.)

Lawrence left England in the autumn of 1919, and thereafter returned only for brief visits. He wandered about Italy for a time, stayed two months in Capri, and early in 1920 took a house at Taormina, Sicily, which was his home for two years. At frequent intervals he traveled in Italy and to Germany.

Women in Love was printed late in 1920 by private subscription in New York, after being turned down by the London publishers. It had been written five years before. Of this novel Lawrence said: "I do admire it, but I am not everybody." Among the numerous other volumes which appeared during 1920-21 was Lawrence's *Movements in European History*, a book written on order, and published under the thin disguise of "Lawrence H. Davison." Four years afterward it was issued in revised form under his own name.

Early in 1922 Lawrence left Italy and went to Ceylon, and thence to Australia for the summer. In the autumn he traveled to San Francisco by way of New Zealand and Tahiti. His goal was Taos, New Mexico, where Mabel Dodge Luhan was awaiting him. She had persuaded him by letter that Taos was an ideal place for his health and for the establishment of the intellectual community that he dreamed of all his life but never saw realized. (Let us all live together and create a new world," he would say to his friends; and in vain Katherine Mansfield tried to prove to him that it was impossible.) After three months in Taos, Lawrence moved to Del Monte ranch, seventeen miles higher up in the Rockies, and settled there.

To escape the cold weather, he spent the winter of 1923 in Mexico at Chapala, near Buadalajara. The next autumn he accompanied Frieda to New York by boat from New Orleans and saw her off for England. He followed her to England two months later.

In the spring of 1924, following a trip to the Continent, Lawrence and his wife returned to New Mexico, taking with them the Honorable Dorothy Brett, a painter, who had been a close friend of Katherine Mansfield. Mrs. Luhan made them a present of Del Monte ranch. With the aid of a Mexican carpenter and three Indians, Lawrence restored the log cabins. Brett says that he insisted on doing the same hard work that the Indians did, tho he suffered with bad headaches and neuralgia. Mornings he went off in the woods to write.

Wintering in Mexico at Oaxaca in 1924-25, Lawrence revised *The Plumed Serpent*. When the novel was finished he fell seriously ill. His treatment, with the assistance of Frieda, was to surround himself with bags of hot sand.

Lawrence left America in the autumn of 1925, never to return. Each succeeding spring he planned to go back to his ranch only to be prevented by ill health. After a short visit to England, he spent the winter of 1925-26 at Spotorno, Italy, where Frieda's two daughters and his own sister Ada Lawrence came to visit. (He always had visitors, and was kind to the young authors who made pilgrimages to him.)

For two years, beginning in the spring of 1926, his home was at Florence. During that time he had his first bronchial hemorrhage, paid his last visit to London, made the intimate friendship of Aldous Huxley, entertained the peasants at two Christmases, took the inhalation cure in Austria, and spent the winter of 1928 with Huxley at Les Diablerets, Switzerland.

Having rewritten *Lady Chatterley's Lover* for the third time, he gave the manuscript to a woman in Florence to type in the spring of 1918. She stopped after five chapters, saying it was too indecent. So Lawrence mailed the first half to Catherine Carswell in London to have typed, with the note: "... it's



D. H. LAWRENCE

very *verbally* improper—the last word in all its meanings!—but very truly moral.” The other half was typed by Maria Huxley, wife of Aldous. The novel being refused by two English publishers, Lawrence had it privately printed in Florence in the spring of 1928 by a printer who knew no English. The original title was *Tenderness*. Trouble with copyrights resulted in numerous pirated editions, most of them in America, where the book was banned, booksellers in Boston and Philadelphia being arrested and convicted.

Lawrence braved illness in Florence to see the book thru the press, then fled in June to the more agreeable climate of Switzerland. He stayed successively at Chexbres, Kesselwatte, and Le Lavandou, then settled for the winter of 1928-29 at Bandol, on the French Riviera, in the same hotel where Katherine Mansfield had stayed during the early part of her illness about ten years before. In February 1929 the London Home Office banned Lawrence's book of poems, *Pansies*. In March he went to Paris to arrange for the publication of *The Escaped Cock* (later entitled *The Man Who Died*) staying with the Huxleys. While there he dispelled as “silly” a rumor that he was dying. A month later he was in Palma de Mallorca, in

the Balearic Islands off the coast of Spain, and in July returned to Florence.

Since 1925 Lawrence had been diverting himself with painting, and his canvases were gathered together in the summer of 1929 for exhibition in London. The gallery was raided by the police, and several pictures confiscated as immoral. Eventually most of the paintings came into Frieda's possession.

During the winter of 1929-30 Lawrence was again at Bandol, this time in a villa. Unable to walk, he spent many hours sitting on the balcony of the villa watching the Mediterranean and the fishing boats. He was in bed much of the time. “For days at a stretch,” says Catherine Carswell, “he was sunk far into himself in a state of passivity such as he had never known before, not writing even letters, not reading nor even painting.”

His friends were more anxious about his health than he was. He believed that his strength would come back. (He never referred to his illness by its right name but called it a “cough” or a “cold.”) Tho he had little faith in doctors, he finally was persuaded to see a physician who came from England. The diagnosis was acute bronchitis aggravated by the lungs, and Lawrence was sent to the Sanatorium Ad Astra at Vence, near Nice, on February 3. Catherine Carswell says: “Of one thing we felt sure, Lawrence would not have consented to go if he had thought he was in real danger.” He was to take two months of treatment. At the end of three weeks he packed his things and walked unaided up the hill to the villa which Frieda had taken nearby.

Two days later, on March 2, 1930, he died of tuberculosis at the age of forty-four. His wife and Aldous Huxley were with him when he died. He had ordered that his funeral should be of the cheapest kind. The burial was at Vence and on the headstone was fashioned his emblem, the phoenix. He left £2,438, but no will.

Lawrence, in his grave, almost immediately became the subject of heated controversy, particularly among those who had known him intimately. Middleton Murry started it with a book called *Son of Woman*, in which he stated that

Lawrence had a mother-complex which prevented him from really loving any other woman. The book was attacked by Frieda Lawrence as "appalling and beastly to publish with me still alive." Catherine Carswell brought out *The Savage Pilgrimage*, accusing Murry of failing Lawrence as a friend. Murry had this book withdrawn from circulation as being libelous, and replied to Mrs. Carswell in *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence*, justifying his failure on the ground that Lawrence demanded more than any man could give.

By the close of 1933 more than fifteen other books about Lawrence had been published, including those written by Ada Lawrence, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Dorothy Brett, Richard Aldington, and Helen Corke (who was a fellow teacher of Lawrence at Croydon). Olive Moore said impatiently:

"So it goes, the fight above the literary remains. The angry social activity about the dead. Pleadings, justifications, counter-attacks, intimacies revealed, implications denied, until the creative artist is submerged in a Message; the life-work reduced to the man.

"It is to this bickering of the Apostles that we owe the belittling of their Lord. While John kicks Matthew and Luke floors Mark, each accusing each of having slept while told to watch, the impression left by the varying Gospels is of a shrill petulant little man harassed by a lady of spacious germanic form, given to breaking earthenware dishes on his head and scoffing at his marital supremacy."

Meanwhile, in Taos, Frieda Lawrence is engaged in writing *her* book on Lawrence (1933).

A girl who knew Lawrence in England described him, before he went to New Mexico, in a letter to Mrs. Luhan:

"Lawrence is tall, but so slightly built and so stooped that he gives the impression of a small man. His head seems too heavy for his very slim body and hangs forward. The whole expression of his figure is of extreme fragility. His movements are quick and sure. He has a very heavy crop of ash-colored hair that is cut round in a bang and falls in sort of Greek-like locks. In contrast to his

hair, is a very soft, silky beard of bright red. He has very large, wide-apart gray eyes, a long, slender face with a chin that is out of proportion long, a defect that is concealed by the aforesaid beard. His under lip protrudes from the dainty decoration of the beard in a violent red that makes his beard look pink. In the midst of all this is a very podgy, almost vulgar, certainly undistinguished nose."

Aldous Huxley, who edited *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* in 1932, wrote in the introduction: "One of the great charms of Lawrence as a companion was that he could never be bored and so could never be boring. He was able to absorb himself completely in what he was doing at the moment; and he regarded no task as too humble for him to undertake, nor so trivial that it was not worth his while to do it well. He could cook, he could sew, he could darn a stocking and milk a cow, he was an efficient wood-cutter and a good hand at embroidery, fires always burned when he had laid them, and a floor, after Lawrence had scrubbed it, was thoroughly clean."

He usually sang while he worked. In conversation, he bared himself frankly and admitted every passing mood, but could become violent on occasions. He quarreled with all his friends: with none more fiercely than with his wife. They would smash china in their fury; on at least one occasion he threw stones at her; yet he could not bear to be separated from her for long.

Norman Douglas says that the prevalent conception of Lawrence as a misanthrope is wrong. "He was a man of naturally blithe disposition, full of childlike curiosity. The core of his mind was unsophisticated. He touched upon the common things of earth with tenderness. . . Lawrence was no Bohemian; he was a provincial, an inspired provincial with marked puritan leanings. He had a shuddering horror of Casanova's *Memoirs*; he was furious with a friend for keeping two mistresses instead of one, and even with Florentine boys for showing an inch or so of bare flesh above the knee. . ."

According to Douglas, Lawrence envied other people their social rank, their health and their wealth. He gossiped;

he resented patronage and had a love of scoring off those to whom he was under obligation, like the man who gave Lawrence the hospitality of his home and later found himself disparagingly caricatured in *Aaron's Rod*.

Lawrence's creative genius was erratic and feverish. At the end of six months of traveling in which he had not written a word, he would sit down and finish a novel in six weeks. Usually he worked out of doors, writing eagerly and swiftly in a copybook on his knee. He rewrote every manuscript from end to end. He wrote about the people and the places around him, recording in his novels and poems his own spiritual biography. It was said that he never read one of his published works.

He considered *Sons and Lovers* the best novel of his "first phase," *Women in Love* the best of his "second phase," and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* the best of all his novels.

In appraisal, Norman Douglas says: "I think the writings of Lawrence have done good; his influence was needed by a large class of our fellow-creatures. He has done good negatively, as a warning to thinkers and on occasion to writers; positively, because his work is in the nature of a beneficent, tabu-shattering bomb. . . Lawrence opened a little window for the bourgeoisie. That is his life-work."

D. H. Lawrence's works:

NOVELS: *The White Peacock*, 1911; *The Trespasser*, 1912; *Sons and Lovers*, 1913; *The Rainbow*, 1915; *The Lost Girl*, 1920; *Women in Love*, 1920; *Aaron's Rod*, 1922; *Kangaroo*, 1923; *The Boy in the Bush* (with M. L. Skinner) 1924; *St. Mawr*, 1925; *The Plumed Serpent*, 1926; *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, 1928; *The Virgin and the Gipsy*, 1930.

POEMS: *Love Poems and Others*, 1913; *Amores*, 1916; *Look! We Have Come Through*, 1917; *New Poems*, 1918; *Tortoises*, 1921; *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, 1923; *Collected Poems*, 1928; *Pansies*, 1929; *Nettles*, 1930; *Last Poems*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *The Prussian Officer*, 1914; *England, My England*, 1922; *The Ladybird* (American title: *The Captain's Doll*) 1923; *Glad Ghosts*, 1926; *The Woman Who Rode Away*, 1928; *The Escaped Cock* (published 1931 as *The Man Who Died*) 1929; *The Lovely Lady*, 1933; *Love Among the Haystacks and Other Stories*, 1933; *Christ in the Tyrol*, 1933.

PLAYS: *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, 1914; *Touch and Go*, 1920; *David*, 1926; *Plays*, 1933.

TRAVEL SKETCHES: *Twilight in Italy*, 1916; *Sea and Sardinia*, 1921; *Mornings in Mexico*, 1927; *Etruscan Places*, 1932.

ESSAYS: *Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious*, 1921; *Movements in European History*, 1921; *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, 1922; *Studies in Classic American Literature*, 1923; *Pornography and Obscenity*, 1930; *Apocalypse*, 1931.

About D. H. Lawrence:

Aldington, R. D. *H. Lawrence*; Brett, D. *Lawrence and Brett*; Carswell, C. *The Savage Pilgrimage*; Carter, F. *Lawrence and the Body Mystical*; Corke, H. *Lawrence and Apocalypse*; Fables, G. H. D. H. *Lawrence: His First Editions*; Goodman, R. *Footnote to Lawrence*; Gregory, H. *Pilgrim of the Apocalypse*; Huxley, A. (editor) *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*; Lawrence, A. *Young Alonso*; Lawrence, A. and Gelder, G. S. *The Early Life of D. H. Lawrence*; Luhan, M. D. *Lorenzo in Taos*; MacDonald, E. D. *Bibliography of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence*; Mégroz, R. L. *Five Novelist Poets of Today*; Moore, O. *Further Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*; Murry, J. M. *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence*; Murry, J. M. *Son of Woman*; Nin, A. *D. H. Lawrence*; Potter, S. D. H. *Lawrence*; Rosenfeld, P. *Men Seen*; Seligmann, H. J. D. H. *Lawrence*; Waugh, A. *Tradition and Change*; West, R. D. H. *Lawrence*; Wickham, H. *The Impuritans*.

Bookman 46:644 February 1918; *London Mercury* 8:64 June 1923; 21:538 April 1930; 23:477 March 1931; *New York Times Book Review* April 26, 1931; February 28, 1932; September 25, 1932; *Nineteenth Century* 107: 568 April 1930; 112:631 November 1932; *Saturday Review of Literature* 9:633 June 24, 1933.

T. E. Lawrence 1888-

THOMAS EDWARD LAWRENCE, English soldier, author, archeologist, traveler, train-wrecker, and translator, was born at Tremadoc in North Wales, on August 15, 1888, the second son (of five brothers) of Thomas Lawrence, formerly a rich landowner in Ireland, and of a mother who declared, "We could never be bothered with girls in our house." Before the Great War was over, that is, before he was thirty, he had had one of the most amazing careers of any man of the nineteenth or twentieth centuries, and, perhaps, if all that has been said of him be true, of any century.

Lawrence was educated at the Oxford High School, and at the University of Oxford. There he established a unique

record that will undoubtedly stand for many years to come: he attended three colleges—Jesus, Magdalen, and All Souls—but he never attended a lecture, and he never dined in hall. He took a "first class" in modern history from the first college in 1910, received his bachelor's degree from the second in 1911, and was made a research fellow of the third in 1919. According to Robert Graves, Lawrence read every book of the 50,000 in the Oxford Union Library, but since it can be calculated that even if Lawrence skipped a word now and then and read with phenomenal haste, spending no more than two hours on each volume, and devoted no less than ten hours a day to this pursuit, he would still require 10,000 days, or over twenty-seven years, before arriving at the last title—it is probable, in the light of these calculations, that the story is apocryphal.

From 1910 to 1914, Lawrence was an assistant in the British Museum excavations at Carchemish on the Euphrates, with no suspicion that he was soon to engage in activities that would make him a world figure. In the latter year, after being rejected by army medical examiners on the ground that he was too small—he is five feet, three inches—he joined the Cairo branch of the British Secret Service, and was of immense value in gathering information about the military operations of the Turks, who were then threatening the Suez Canal and Egypt.

In the same year, he was made a second lieutenant in the Arabian Army (rising to major in 1917, and lieutenant-colonel in 1918). The outbreak of the Arab rebellion against the Turks, in 1915, gave him his great opportunity to realize a dream—born in his student-days—of a free and united Arabia. Having won the friendship of the Shereef Hussein, a powerful Arabian sheik, and having obtained the complete confidence of the people—whose language he spoke and whose costume he wore—he organized an army of two hundred thousand wild Bedouins. His victories, against forces superior numerically and in experience, and his strategies in utterly demoralizing the Turks, are so remarkable that they seem like the inventions of fiction. At-

tached, at first, to the staff of General Sir Francis Wingate, he was transferred to the staff of General E. H. Allenby, both of whom have testified to the extraordinary value of his daring and intelligent service.

One secret of Lawrence's success was that he never was where his enemies supposed him to be. His method, which never failed, was to surprise the foe by secret and unexpected attacks when he was believed to be some hundreds of miles away. On July 7, 1917, he captured Akaba, an important town, the approach to which is over the exceedingly difficult Solomon Mountains, because the Turks and the Germans, who were in control of the port, were so astonished at his getting thru the mountains, that they were unable—or unwilling—to offer resistance. Not satisfied with this defeat, the Turks then decided to concentrate on the ancient city of Petra, which is located in a deep valley. Lawrence's carefully planned strategy drew the Turkish forces into the valley—precisely the move for which Lawrence, on the hilltops, was waiting. At a signal from him—the firing of a rocket—his Bedouin army of men and women rushed down and attacked the entrapped Turks. The result was a complete victory for the Arabs, one of vital importance because it made possible the opening up of the road for the Arabian invasion of Syria. The Battle of Petra, fought in September 1917, has been described as the "most amazing battle in the history of our times."

Lawrence's last exploit was the capture of Deraa, a year later. With a small army of a thousand men, he killed over five thousand Turkish soldiers, and took eight thousand prisoners, not to mention thirty cannon and one hundred and fifty machine guns. The victory at Deraa meant that the Arabian struggle for freedom from Turkish rule was over: "the road to Damascus lay open." When Lawrence entered the city, in a Rolls-Royce, he was met by miles of wild cheering Arabians who sang his name and saluted him as a deliverer sent by Allah. At the age of thirty, Lawrence had carried out a stupendous plan, a plan that he had cherished since his first

visit to Arabia, when he went there, as an unknown Oxford student, in search of material for a thesis on the military architecture of the Crusades.

During his army career, he blew up seventy-nine Turkish railway bridges and trains, which explains why the Turks thought his capture, dead or alive, worth the sum of one hundred thousand pounds. It is stated that he did more harm to the enemy lines of communication, and took more prisoners, single-handed, than any other individual in the entire duration of the War.

Lawrence is an able linguist, speaking French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, Greek, Latin, and several of the Arabic dialects. In 1919 he was the chief Arab representative at the British Delegation Peace Conference. He was not satisfied with the conclusions reached by the conference, and so expressed himself in a 400,000 word manuscript, in which he also recounted his various adventures. He left the manuscript, with other notes and many valuable photographs, in a bag at a railway station. A few minutes later, the bag had disappeared, and attempts to find it were unsuccessful. With something of the spirit of Carlyle, Lawrence sat down and rewrote the book—from memory! Not originally intended for publication, *The*

Seven Pillars of Wisdom was brought out at an Oxford newspaper press in 1926 in what might be called a limited edition: only eight copies were printed—of which three were destroyed—for himself and for a few friends who wished to have a record of his adventures. It is one of the rarest, costliest, and most prized of modern books. An abridgment of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* was published in 1927 under the title of *Revolt in the Desert*. It had an enthusiastic critical reception and went thru many editions.

In 1921-22 Lawrence was adviser on Arab affairs for the Middle East Division, Colonial Office, a post that he accepted with the stipulation that he would serve only for a year. When his term came to an end, he is reported to have done three things: he took his hat from the rack, walked out of his Whitehall office, and disappeared.

Lawrence is described as being "very slight and quite short, with blue eyes, a high forehead, and a disproportionately high jaw." He is blond, and clean-shaven. Most of his portraits show him in the full Arabian costume of a Prince of Mecca, with a short, curved sword.

Official honors, titles, and decorations mean little to him, and he avoids them whenever he can do so. He was made a Commander of the Bath in 1917, and received the D. S. O. in 1918, but declined both the Victoria Cross and the offer of a knighthood.

Those who have written about Lawrence declare that he does not desire power, that he hates publicity, that he is afraid of being recognized, and that he prefers to lead an army or to do great deeds, rather than to work for financial reward, but they do not explain how it is possible for any one to perform the deeds that have been credited to him with the hope of remaining unknown. A superior translation of Homer is of interest only to students—a small and unimportant group—but train-wrecking is front-page news in any civilized community. The curious fact is that Lawrence has, apparently in good faith, made several efforts to avoid public attention, but he has not been very happy in his methods.



Harry Chase & Lowell Thomas
T. E. LAWRENCE

After the War, he enlisted in the Air Corps under the name of Private Ross, but (carefully-posed) photographs of him were so familiar, that he was, as he might have expected, soon recognized. He later joined the Royal Air Service as Private Shaw, and in 1927 he legally changed his name by deed-poll to T. E. Shaw. The story in connection with this change is also curious and interesting. It is related that he was mistaken for Shaw's son, by a lady whom he met while he was visiting the dramatist's home. "What an intelligent-looking son you have" exclaimed the lady, turning to her host as Lawrence entered the room. The mistake, which both Shaw and Lawrence enjoyed hugely, suggested to the latter that a new name might enable him to drop out of sight, and so he became Aircraftsman Shaw. Shaw gave his young friend a copy of *St. Joan* with the inscription, "From Public Shaw to Private Shaw."

A prose translation of Homer's *Odyssey* by T. E. Shaw appeared in 1932. It was the twenty-eighth rendering of the *Odyssey* into English. The *Saturday Review of Literature* noted that Lawrence's rendering was considerably different from any of the other twenty-seven: "It begins, for example, with a highly disrespectful preface, putting the author of the *Odyssey* in his place, and that a pretty low one. . . Mr. Shaw, conceiving of the *Odyssey* merely as a well-constructed primitive novel, has proceeded to try in his translation to make it read as such. He makes it clear. He uses ordinary newspaper language and does not mind the loss in beauty."

H. S. R.

T. E. Lawrence's works:

The Wilderness of Zin (with C. L. Woolley) 1918; Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities (with C. L. Woolley) 1914-21; The Seven Pillars of Wisdom, 1926; Revolt in the Desert, 1927; prose translation of the *Odyssey*, 1932.

About T. E. Lawrence:

Bridges, T. C. and Tiltman, H. H. *Heroes of Modern Adventure*; Graves, R. *Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure*; Hagedorn, H. *The Book of Courage*; Lawrence, T. E. *Revolt in the Desert*; Macphail, Sir A. *Three Persons*; Thomas, L. *Boys' Life of Colonel Lawrence*; Thomas, L. *With Lawrence in Arabia*.

Asia 20:259 April 1920; 20:400 May 1920; *Strand Magazine* 59:11 January 1920; 59:141 February 1920; 59:251 March 1920; 59:330 April 1920.

John Howard Lawson 1895-

Autobiographical sketch of John Howard Lawson, American playwright:

I WAS born in New York City in September 1895, and educated at the Hastings School, Yonkers, New York, the Cutler School, New York, and Williams College. Immediately upon graduation I entered newspaper work as a cable editor for Reuters' Press Cables. This was in the spring of 1914; I had already dabbled with playwriting in college, and had completed a ponderous drama in blank verse, entitled *A Hindoo Love Tragedy*, and containing five acts of rather sugary poetry. It wasn't as bad as it sounds, and was commented upon by several producers with sufficient interest to cause me to concentrate on further and more modestly planned dramatic work.

Before the end of 1914, I sold my first play, *Standards*, to the firm of George Cohan and Sam Harris. This sale so startled me that I optimistically decided I could make a living in the theatre, and left the cable desk forever; I feverishly began to concoct a large number of plays which were neither particularly good nor particularly worse than the Broadway average. Most of these were optioned by managers, discussed, rewritten, and finally discarded. Two of them reached production and promptly flopped before ever attaining a New York opening. These ill-fated productions took place in the winter of 1916-1917, and served to prove to me that I knew practically nothing about the craft of playwriting.

In the spring of 1917, I joined the Norton-Harjes volunteer ambulance service with the French army. I did not believe in the War, and went into the ambulance service largely to avoid active duty in the trenches, and to get a bird's-eye view of the proceedings. After the Armistice, I spent a year in Paris working on a new play, *Roger Bloomer*, which represents my first intelligent effort to



JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

use the theatre as a medium for the interpretation of the modern scene.

Roger Bloomer was produced by the Actors' Theatre, at the 48th Street Theatre, New York, in 1923. This was followed by *Processional*, done by the Theatre Guild in 1925.

I have consistently fought for a radical change in the character and content of the American stage. I am still fighting for such a change. I believe that Broadway is declining artistically as well as financially for the simple reason that the average playwright and the average producer are living in the past; they are content with the smooth, polished presentation of drawing room comedy and artificial melodrama. If the theatre is to *live*, if it is to fulfill its legitimate function, it must reflect the moral and physical changes of the current scene; it must achieve a technique which will suggest the kaleidoscopic tension, the uncertainty and harshness and hope of the world in which we live.

I am thoroly optimistic of the future of the theatre—because it is a community necessity. The only sort of stage art that can die is the sort that has never been alive.

My own plays have represented a slow, and sometimes uncertain, development toward this conception of a living theatrical art. *Nirvana*, a study of middle-class

mysticism and shifting spiritual values, was done in 1926. *Loudspeaker*, a political farce with a constructivist setting, was presented in 1927. *The International*, a forecast of the next world war and world revolution, in the form of a melodrama with jazz choruses, was, to my own way of thinking, the most interesting and significant experiment in form and content which I have attempted. It was produced by the 'New Playwrights' Theatre in 1928, and met with general critical scorn and immediate failure. My last play, *Success Story*, a character study of the Jew in relation to his environment was brilliantly produced by the Group Theatre in 1932.

In the period since 1928, I have done a great deal of moving picture writing. Under the present factory system of bulk production of motion pictures, the writer's position is of course simply that of a cog in a rather rusty machine. Any genuinely creative effort must be confined to the theatre. However, I have the utmost faith in the cinema as a creative form, and believe that the time is not far distant when the camera will be used as a medium for first-class original work.

John Howard Lawson's published plays:

Roger Bloomer, 1923; *Processional*, 1925; *Loud Speaker*, 1927; *The International*, 1928; *Success Story*, 1932.

About John Howard Lawson:

Lawson, J. H. *Loud Speaker* (see introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch); Lawson, J. H. *Roger Bloomer* (see foreword by John Dos Passos).

American Mercury 8:120 May 1926; *Drama* 15:129 March 1925; *Nation* 122:295 March 17, 1926; 124:324 March 23, 1927; *New Republic* 72:233 October 12, 1932.

Stephen Leacock 1869-

STEPHEN BUTLER LEACOCK, Canadian humorist, historian, essayist, economist, critic, and lecturer, was born at Swanmoor, in the county of Hampshire, England, on December 30, 1869, the son of Walter Peter Leacock, of Oak Hill, Isle of Wight, and Agnes Emma Butler Leacock, daughter of the Reverend Stephen Butler.

In 1876, his parents moved to Canada, settling on a farm in Ontario, near Lake

Simcoe, and Leacock tells us that he "decided to go with them."

Leacock was educated at Upper Canada College, in Toronto, where he was "head boy" in 1887, and at the University of Toronto, from which he was graduated in 1891 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. At the University, he spent all his time "in the acquisition of languages, living, dead, and half-dead," and knew nothing of the outside world. Altho he spent sixteen hours a day in this manner, he admits that he forgot the languages in a very short time and found himself "intellectually bankrupt."

After graduation, he went into teaching, because it was the "only trade that needed neither experience nor intellect." From 1891 to 1899, he taught at his alma mater, Upper Canada College. With a combination of humor and seriousness, he describes this experience as one that left him "with a profound sympathy for the many gifted men who are compelled to spend their lives in the most dreary, the most thankless, and the worst paid profession in the world."

In 1899 Leacock gave up teaching "in disgust," and went to the University of Chicago to study economics and political science—and to continue teaching! In August of the following year, he was married in New York at the famous "Little Church Around the Corner" to Beatrix Hamilton (who died in 1925) daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Hamilton, of Toronto. They had one son, Stephen Lushington, born August 19, 1915.

In 1903 he completed his graduate studies and received the Ph.D. "The meaning of this degree," he says in his short autobiographical account, "is that the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life, and is pronounced completely full. After this, no new ideas can be imparted to him."

In the same year, he joined the staff of McGill University, in Montreal, as a lecturer in political science. In 1907-08, he made a tour of the British Empire, delivering addresses on Imperial Organization, under the auspices of the Cecil Rhodes Trust. Leacock modestly declares that "the reader can form some idea of their importance when I state that these lectures were followed almost



STEPHEN LEACOCK

immediately by the Union of South Africa, the Banana Riots in Trinidad, and the Turco-Anglican War." In 1908, he was made head of the department of economics and political science at McGill University, and he has been there since.

Leacock began as a serious writer with *Elements of Political Science* and a critical and biographical study of Robert Baldwin, founder of the Canadian Reform Party. The first book is recognized as a standard text in its field and has gone into several editions. For the larger audience that he commands as a humorist he began with a sketch, "My Financial Career," originally published in *Life*. It was reprinted in papers and periodicals throught the country, and Thomas L. Masson declares that it "still remains one of the best bits of humor in the anthologies." His first humorous books, *Literary Lapses*, a series of sketches, and *Nonsense Novels*, a book of parodies, were published in 1910 and 1911. He has over forty volumes to his credit, his serious contributions almost equaling his humorous ones in number.

Apart from his writing, teaching, and lecturing, Leacock's recreations are gardening, fishing, and carpentry. His clubs and societies are the University Club, in Montreal, the Political Science Association of America, the Royal Colonial In-

stitute, and the Church of England. His membership in the latter he cites as a "proof of respectability." In Canadian politics, he belongs to the Conservative Party, but "national ingratitude in the Dominion" is so common that he has never "received a contract to build a bridge, or make a wharf, nor to construct even the smallest section of the Trans-continental Railway."

Writing under the pseudonym of "A Canadian Soldier," a former employe of the McGill University Library, whose task it was to have Leacock's books ready for him for his three o'clock seminar, tells how he was always impressed by "his fine grave face, that boy's mop of hair which always looks as it had just been washed the night before, and simply refused to be brushed, the deep vibrating tones of his voice, and his peculiar stride." The writer of this description also informs us that he knows three people whose signatures "absolutely defy interpretation." Two of them he does not name: the third is Leacock.

Under the pen-name of "An English Observer," another anonymous writer supplements the soldier's description: "His laughter quietly rocks a not entirely giant frame, for Leacock is not really a big man. In the shoulders he is built largely and strongly, these shoulders heaping up slightly behind into the student's back. There is a not easily forgettable face of large proportions. It is a live face, a kindly face. . . A mat of closely growing hair lies all over the head, and it has made its way, almost creeper-like, far down on his broad forehead. There is no curl, no wave—just what one may call useful hair over a large, well-shaped head. It is a head that reminds one of John Masefield, but the faces are entirely different."

H. S. R.

Stephen Leacock's works:

HUMOROUS: *Literary Lapses: A Book of Sketches*, 1910; *Nonsense Novels*, 1910; *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*, 1912; *Behind the Beyond and Other Contributions to Human Knowledge*, 1913; *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich*, 1914; *Moonbeams From the Larger Lunacy*, 1915; *Further Foolishness: Sketches and Satires on the Follies of the Day*, 1916; *Essays and Literary Studies*, 1916; *Frenzied Fiction*, 1918; *The Hohenzollerns in America*, the Bolsheviks in Berlin and Other

Impossibilities, 1919; *Winsome Winnie and Other New Nonsense Novels*, 1920; *My Discovery of England*, 1922; *Over the Footlights and Other Fancies*, 1923; *College Days*, 1923; *The Garden of Folly: A Picture of the World We Live In*, 1924; *Winnowed Wisdom*, 1926; *Afternoons in Utopia: Tales of the New Time*, 1932.

DRAMA: "Q," 1915.

HISTORY, ECONOMICS, POLITICAL SCIENCE, AND SOCIOLOGY: *Elements of Political Science*, 1906; Baldwin, Lafontaine, Hincks: *Responsible Government*, 1907; *The Dawn of Canadian History: A Chronicle of Aboriginal Canada and the Coming of the White Man*, 1914; *The Mariner of St. Malo: A Chronicle of the Voyages of Jacques Cartier*, 1914; *Adventurers of the Far North: A Chronicle of the Frozen Seas*, 1914; *The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice*, 1920; *Economic Prosperity in the British Empire*, 1930; *Back to Prosperity: The Great Opportunity of the Empire Conference*, 1932.

BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM: Mark Twain, 1932; Charles Dickens: *His Life and Work*, 1933.

About Stephen Leacock:

Adcock, A. St. J. *The Glory That Was Grub Street*; Allen, C. K. *Oh, Mr. Leacock*; Braybrooke, P. *Peeps at the Mighty*; MacArthur, P. *Stephen Leacock*; Marble, A. R. *A Study of the Modern Novel*; Masson, T. L. *Our American Humorists*.

American Magazine 77:5 June 1914; *Bookman* (London) 51:39 November 1916; *Canadian Magazine* 40:91 November 1912; 59:55 May 1922; 61:514 October 1923; *Collier's* 69:9 April 15, 1922; *Independent* 111:94 September 1, 1923; *Living Age* 291:798 December 30, 1916; 292:812 March 31, 1917; 311:452 November 5, 1921; *Nation* 115:171 August 15, 1922; *Nation and Athenaeum* 31:537 July 15, 1922; *New Republic* 9:299 January 13, 1917; *New Statesman* 21:528 August 11, 1923; *Saturday Review* 133:658 June 24, 1922; *Spectator* 129:146 July 29, 1922.

Richard Le Gallienne 1866-

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, English poet, critic, editor, essayist, and journalist, was born in Liverpool, England, on January 20, 1866, the eldest son of a Liverpool merchant, John Le Gallienne, and his wife, Jane. Of his parents and his home, he writes: "My mother loved poetry, my father loved theology. She had a romantic nature, he had a scholarly bent. Many books were in our household, but the majority were not to my youthful taste. At first sight, the great bookcase seemed a veritable fortress of theological commentary; but there was a secular corner high up at the top where a small collection of more human volumes crowded together as if for mutual

Le Gallienne: lē gāl'yēn

protection and to keep each other warm: some volumes of Carlyle, the *Waverley Novels*, and a set of Dickens. There was little poetry, but there was Burns, Byron, Wordsworth, Longfellow, George Herbert, and William Cowper. No Keats, no Shelley, no Coleridge! Never mind; the adventure of finding out those poets for one's self was to be all the more thrilling."

He received his education—an "indifferent" one—at Liverpool College. For seven years, he was in business as an apprentice to a firm of chartered accountants. He was, later, for a few months, private secretary to Wilson Barrett, then a well-known actor, dramatist, theatrical manager, and author of the once-popular *The Sign of the Cross*.

The first occupation was distasteful to Le Gallienne; the impression he produced on his employers may be gathered from a letter the senior member of the firm wrote to his father, in which he stated that they could make little of him, because "his head was so filled with literature and he was so idle that he was demoralizing the whole office."

The second occupation he enjoyed for the opportunities it gave him to meet artistic people. According to his own statement, his secretarial duties involved little more than "hanging around the wings, casting sheep's eyes on pretty young actresses waiting to go on"—a description that makes it difficult to understand why Le Gallienne so soon gave up such a delightful way of passing the time. It was thru Barrett, however, that he had an unforgettable experience: the honor of being a guest of Swinburne at lunch. So thrilled was he at sitting opposite one of his heroes that he pinched his leg under the table to make sure that he was not dreaming.

Le Gallienne began his literary career with some verses—"boyish doggerel" he called them—on an Elzevir edition of the *Colloquies* of Erasmus that was in his library. While reading *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, he was delighted by a reference to the same edition of Erasmus that was one of his treasures. He sent a copy of the poem, with a letter, to Oliver Wendell Holmes. The American author, who was seventy-seven at the time, answered with a four-page

letter, dated from Boston, March 5, 1886. A few months later, when Holmes came to England, where his writings were always in great demand, he invited Le Gallienne to visit him.

In 1887 he issued a thin volume of verse, *My Ladies' Sonnets*, which led to his introduction to John Lane, the London publisher, and to his becoming, in 1891, literary critic for the *London Star*. In this position, Le Gallienne wrote a column, "Books and Bookmen," that had formerly been under the charge of Clement Shorter, who had just resigned to accept the editorship of the *Illustrated London News*. While on the *Star*, Le Gallienne was associated with A. B. Walkley as dramatic critic, and Bernard Shaw as music critic.

When he came to London, Le Gallienne brought with him a manuscript of a book on George Meredith. This was published by John Lane, and was followed by an invitation, readily accepted, to become the reader for that house. The book also secured Le Gallienne the friendship of Meredith, whom he regarded as the "greatest intellectual and spiritual influence" of his day. In his capacity as reader, said Osbert Burdett in 1925, "he is still remembered as one of the best of his tribe. He did much to secure a public welcome for the works of young writers that might have missed due attention save for him. He was never afraid to praise."

In 1898, after having been connected with several English newspapers and magazines, Le Gallienne came to America. A period of traveling followed, before he settled in New York for many years. Later he lived in Woodstock, New York, and Rowayton, Connecticut. In 1933 he was in Mentone, France.

Le Gallienne was married in 1891, to Mildred Lee ("as delicate as she was beautiful") who died in 1894; in 1897, to Julie Norregaard, a contributor to the *Yellow Book*; and in 1911, to Irma Hinton Perry. By his second wife, he is the father of Eva Le Gallienne (born January 11, 1899) the founder of the New York Civic Repertory Theatre, and regarded by many as one of the finest and most intelligent actresses on the American stage.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE Vanderpool

In both literary forms, verse and prose, Le Gallienne has made distinct reputations. As a poet, his early work shows influences of Keats and Wilde.

Treating Le Gallienne as a characteristic poet of what he calls the Beardsley period, Osbert Burdett sums up his strength and weakness in the following estimate: "His verse is often dainty and graceful, but it is not strong, original, or free from the minor lapses of taste that make certain aspects of things intolerable if they are not touched with direct simplicity. It is a question whether any of his verse would have been written if he had not had a taste for reading. His inspiration seems to derive more from the printed volumes on his shelves than from inner necessity."

Le Gallienne's standing among his fellow-poets is indicated by another statement of Burdett: "The figure-head among the poets of the time, who embodied the public idea of the poetic personality, was Richard Le Gallienne. To the writers of the 'Nineties' he was what Rupert Brooke became afterwards to the Georgians. But, unlike Brooke, he failed to achieve the poetic act of dying young." His position is also suggested by some of the descriptive titles that have been applied to him:

Burdett calls him the "Prince of Belletrists" of his time, and Jackson, "a sort of *fin de siècle* Leigh Hunt."

In prose, *The Quest of the Golden Girl* and *The Romantic Nineties* are largely autobiographical works. The former has been called "a new sentimental journey" and a compound of Boccaccio, Sterne, Borrow, and Gautier. If the number of editions may be taken as an index, it is certainly Le Gallienne's most popular, as it is his most characteristic work: published in 1896, an eighteenth edition was called for in 1925.

Holbrook Jackson, who has made a special study of the period of the 'Nineties, describes *The Quest of the Golden Girl* as a "fancifully impossible romance which future generations will read for delight and for a truthful, tho not impartial, picture of a certain corner of the age."

In the first volume of *Men and Memories*, Sir William Rothenstein records his impressions of Le Gallienne: "His appearance was fascinating. He looked like Botticelli's head of Lorenzo. I at once itched to draw him, and spent a week-end with him and his young wife [the first one] at his house at Hanwell. A charming person he was, every inch a poet, with long hair, wide collar, and high ideals. He had recently published his *English Poems*, which helped to revive the fashion for reading poetry—a feather, truly, in his cap. He had attracted the notice of Oscar Wilde by his poetic appearance as well as by his verses; at the same time he had caught some of Oscar's mannerisms, too. I remember his showing me a photograph of Yeats, of whom I then knew nothing, of which he nervously asked me what I thought. He evidently thought much of Yeats; but he was not displeased at my ignorance of who he was. We parted swearing eternal friendship. I was to make a drawing to appear in his next book, and would soon return for the purpose. Each had flattered the other, as young men on the threshold of life are eager to do."

William Archer has an interesting passage on Le Gallienne in his *Poets of the Younger Generation*: "There is such

a thing as looking a part too well; and Mr. Le Gallienne's eminently poetical exterior, taken along with his liquid and exotic name, have done some injustice to his real talent. Such a name and such a physiognomy are hard to live up to. People instinctively, tho quite unjustly, look for pose and affectation in their possessor, and decline to take his work simply on its merits."

H. S. R.

Richard Le Gallienne's works:

POETRY: My Ladies' Sonnets, 1887; English Poems, 1892; Robert Louis Stevenson: An Elegy, and Other Poems, Mainly Personal, 1895; New Poems, 1910; October Vagabonds, 1910; The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems, 1913; The Silk-Hat Soldier and Other Poems, 1915; The Junkman and Other Poems, 1920; A Jongleur Strayed, 1922; A Book of English Verse (editor) 1922; A Book of American Verse (editor) 1925; The Magic Seas, 1930.

TRANSLATOR: Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, 1897; Odes from the Divan of Hafiz, 1903.

DRAMA: Orestes, 1910.

PROSE: Volumes in Folio, 1888; George Meredith: Some Characteristics, 1890; The Book-Bills of Narcissus, 1891; The Religion of a Literary Man, 1893; Prose Fancies, 1894; The Quest of the Golden Girl, 1896; Retrospective Reviews, 1896; If I Were God, 1897; The Romance of Zion Chapel, 1898; Walt Whitman, 1898; Young Lives, 1899; The Sleeping Beauty and Other Prose Fancies, 1900; Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism, 1900; Travels in England, 1900; The Beautiful Lie of Rome, 1900; The Worshipper of the Image, 1900; The Love Letters of the King, 1901; An Old Country House, 1902; Old Love Stories Retold, 1904; How to Get the Best Out of Books, 1904; Painted Shadows, 1904; Romances of Old France, 1905; Little Dinners with the Sphinx and Other Prose Fancies, 1907; Attitudes and Avowals, 1910; Loves of the Poets, 1911; Maker of Rainbows and Other Fairy Tales and Fables, 1912; Vanishing Roads and Other Essays, 1915; Pieces of Eight, 1918; Woodstock: An Essay, 1923; The Romantic Nineties, 1925; The Philosophy of Limited Editions, 1929; There Was A Ship, 1930.

About Richard Le Gallienne:

Archer, W. *Poets of the Younger Generation*; Burdett, O. *The Beardsley Period*; Burgess, G. (editor) *My Maiden Effort*; Jackson, H. *The Eighteen Nineties*; Johnson, L. P. *Reviews and Critical Papers*; Le Gallienne, R. *The Romantic Nineties*; Rothenstein, W. *Men and Memories*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Bookman (London) 46:37 April 1914.

Jules Lemaître 1853-1914

FRANÇOIS ÉLIE JULES LEMAÎTRE, French critic and dramatist, was born at Vennecy in the Loiret district of France on August 27, 1853. After attending religious school in Orléans and in Paris he spent three years at a normal school in Paris.

In 1875, at the age of twenty-two, Lemaître became professor of rhetoric at the lycée (high school) of Havre, remaining there four years. He sent a short essay to the *XIX^e Siècle*, which was published, followed by others. In his spare time he also wrote the verses which made up his first volume, *Les Médailles*, published in 1880.

Continuing his teaching career, Lemaître went to the Ecole des Lettres in Algiers for two years, followed by two years at Besançon and a year at Grenoble. He went occasionally to see Gustave Flaubert at Croisset, near Rouen, and there met Maupassant. His fame began with the appearance of an article attacking Renan in the *Revue Bleue*. Renan summoned Lemaître to him and won him over.

Lemaître gave up teaching in 1884, at the age of thirty-one, and began to devote himself to literature. *Sérénus*, his first book of short stories, appeared in 1887. Establishing his residence in Paris, he succeeded J. J. Weiss as dramatic critic of *Le Journal des Débats* and later served in the same capacity on *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. From time to time he collected his critical essays into book form, beginning in 1889 with the first volume of *Impressions de Théâtre*, a series which grew to ten volumes by 1901. Between 1897 and 1899 he published seven volumes of literary studies and portraits entitled *Les Contemporains*, to which was added an eighth volume after his death.

"Criticism," said Lemaître, "is the art of enjoying books." He was known for his informal, easy way of writing. Someone said there was no one who could make a printed page "talk" like Lemaître. He was also noted for his independence of thought. When Flaubert praised Maupassant to him, he was immediately on his guard against liking Maupassant

Lemaître: lē-mât'r.

until he could form his own opinion free from prejudice. He often changed his opinions. When the critic Ferdinand Brunetière took him to task for this, he replied that if he fixed his ideas he should not be sincere. "I should say things of which I am not sure; whereas, of my impressions, I am quite sure." A leader of impressionistic criticism, he was called by Stuart Henry "at once nonchalant and hard to suit like a fine, spoiled lady who is both generous and unsatisfied."

To his readers Lemaître said: "I do not ask you to follow me. I do not wish you to follow me. Certain things have moved me, touched me, helped me, delighted me. I will tell you of my delight, so far as I can, of the nature of it. It may be that the same delight will come to you also, or it may not. The result will be curious in either case."

In speaking of Lemaître as critic, Barrett H. Clark says: "Lemaître is as profound as Brunetière, the only difference between the two being that Lemaître amuses us with unexpected quips and turns, amusing anecdotes, and helps us to retain important points which might otherwise escape us. . ."

Lemaître began his career as dramatist in 1889, with the production of his first play, *Révoltée*. It showed many influ-

ences, particularly that of Ibsen. When the play failed, Lemaître said: "You see, the last act is very mediocre—now I have thought of a much better one, but it is too late." He went ahead and wrote more plays. His second, a political satire called *Le Député Leveau*, was produced in 1890. When Sarcey attacked it, saying, "This is no play," Lemaître replied: "I don't care a hang, so long as it is life." It was said that these early plays had little worth other than their characterization.

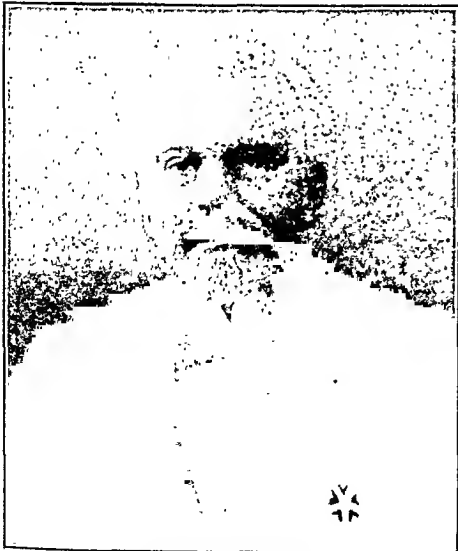
The only novel Lemaître ever wrote, *Les Rois*, was published in 1893 and became one of the most popular novels of the time. In the same year he made it into a play of the same title which was highly successful at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in Paris. It was a psychological study based on a newspaper account of the disappearance of an Austrian prince.

Developing his dramatic art rapidly, Lemaître reached the peak of his career in 1895 with the production of *Le Pardon*, said to be his masterpiece. It was a play with only three characters. He was elected to the French Academy on January 16, 1896.

After the production of *L'Aînée* in 1898, Lemaître turned his attention to politics, being dissatisfied with himself as playwright and critic. He made occasional speeches and wrote newspaper articles. According to Stuart Henry, "He was so little in touch with the bent of his race that his excursions into politics were like feeble fireworks winding up in a Versailles fountain." He served for a time as president of the Ligue de la Patrie Française, resigning in 1904.

Lemaître returned to the drama in 1905 with *La Massière*, a comedy which lacked the bitterness of some of his early plays. Two more plays followed, the last of which, *La Princesse de Clèves*, was never produced. His plays were collected into three volumes in 1906-08 under the title of *Le Théâtre de Jules Lemaître*.

According to Frank W. Chandler, Lemaître "read so much that he became a thoroelectic possessing no single aim or manner. His plays, accordingly, fall into no one category." He worked on



JULES LEMAITRE

canvases large and small and his plays ranged from burlesque to psychological study. With Maurice Donnay he wrote in verse a two-act parody, *La Bonne Hélène*, and a comic opera called *Le Mariage de Télémaque*, which had a long run at the Opéra Comique in Paris. Several of his plays were based on his short stories.

In his last years Lemaître wrote critical studies. His study of Racine, which was a collection of lectures, caused Maurice Baring to remark: "His style is the purest, the most limpid, the most perspicuous, and the most nimble that is to be found in modern French literature, and in these lectures it is conversational."

Much of the time Lemaître lived at Tavers in his native Loiret, and he professed a passionate love for the countryside. He had his clothes made by the village tailor and was at home among the farmers and peasants. He seldom traveled. He never married.

During his years as dramatic critic he would appear at Paris first nights carelessly dressed and would efface himself in a corner. "He was of middle height," says Jeanne Mairat, "with bent shoulders, head carried forward, near-sighted and awkward; the evening dress hung ungracefully, as tho its pockets were stuffed with books and papers. . . In those days he was about thirty-five and looked almost fifty. His hair, inclined to curl, early turned gray, then white, leaving him a little bald. . . When he spoke, he let his words drop with a sort of careless grace, with a little hesitation too; the voice was gentle and rather high-pitched."

Stuart Henry says: "He used to write in an atelier, his face towards the great glass front of a light-flooded apartment spaced by lofty tapestries. He would say, 'I like plenty of light.' A favorite habit was to walk to and fro there, smoking cigarettes very deliberately. His literary penates were unpretending." In his early days he displayed a bust of Renan, whose disciple he was. In the summer he wrote much of the time in his tiny walled-in garden with half a

dozen trees. He rode a bicycle in his prime. He loved religious ceremony. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Lemaître died at Tavers on August 5, 1914, two days after Germany declared war on France. He was sixty years old.

Jules Lemaître's works:

CRITICAL ESSAYS AND STUDIES: *Les Contemporains* (eight volumes) 1897-1918; *Impressions de Théâtre* (ten volumes) 1889-1901; *Quatre Discours*, 1902; *Jean Racine*, 1908; *Chateaubriand*, 1912; *Les Péchés de Sainte-Beuve*, 1913.

PLAYS: *Révoltée*, 1889; *Le Député Leveau*, 1890; *Le Mariage Blanc*, 1891; *Filipote*, 1893; *Les Rois*, 1893; *L'Âge Difficile*, 1895; *Le Pardon*, 1895; *La Bonne Hélène* (with Maurice Donnay), 1896; *L'Aînée*, 1898; *La Massière*, 1905; *Bertrande*, 1905; *La Princesse de Clèves*, 1908; *Le Théâtre de Jules Lemaître* (three volumes including all preceding plays except *Bertrande*) 1906-08; *Le Mariage de Télémaque* (with Maurice Donnay) 1910; *Kismet* (from Edward Knoblock) 1912.

SHORT STORIES: *Sérénus*, 1887; *Myrrha: Vierge et Martyr*, 1894; *Contes Blancs*, 1900; *En Marge des Vieux Livres* (two series; first series in collaboration with Godefroy Cavaignac) 1905, 1908; *La Vieillesse d'Hélène: Nouveaux Contes en Marge*, 1914.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Les Médailles* (poems) 1880; *Les Rois* (novel) 1893; *La Campagne Nationaliste* (political essays) 1905.

Jules Lemaître's works available in English translation:

Deputy Leveau (adapted as *Protection*) 1890; *White Marriage* (adapted as *White Love*) 1892; *Pardon* (translated as *Forgiveness*) 1913; *The Eldest* (adapted as *The Eldest Miss Peterman*) 1899; *The Studio Assistant* (*La Massière*, adapted as *Poor Little Thing* by Jerome K. Jerome) 1915; *On the Margins of Old Books*, 1929; *Selections*, 1930.

About Jules Lemaître:

Baring, M. *Punch and Judy*; Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Clark, B. H. *Contemporary French Dramatists*; Henry, S. *French Essays and Profiles*; Lemaître, J. *Selections* (see introduction by Russell Scott); Pater, W. H. *Sketches and Reviews*; Squire, J. C. *Books Reviewed*; Walkley, A. B. *Pastiche and Prejudice*.

Bookman 26:85 September 1907; *Critic* 48: 258 March 1906; *Fortnightly Review* 83:543 March 1905; *New Statesman* 11:71 April 27, 1918; *North American Review* 193:359 March 1911.

Leonid Leonov 1899-

LEONID MAXIMOVICH LEONOV, Russian novelist, when asked for the details of his life once wrote: "I was born on May 19, 1899 in the city of Moscow. My family?—peasants from the district of Kaluga, a rather remote place. My grandfather was a shopkeeper in Zariadie; my father—a peasant, a self-made man, a journalist. I graduated from the 3d Moscow Gymnasium in 1918 and in 1922 was refused admission to the University of Moscow. After demobilization from the Red Army, I settled down in Archangel where my father had been exiled since the days of Czar Nicholas, 1909-1910. I love the North. I have written a great deal of poetry. I tried my hand at prose in 1922 when my first story [*Buryga*] was published in the *Shipovnik* almanac."

These words written on January 30, 1924, give but a sketchy idea of the formation of one of Russia's most distinguished novelists. Leonov's father, who dabbled in poetry and journalism, was his first tutor and inculcated a love for literature in the son. When the father was exiled to Archangel in 1909 because of his revolutionary leanings, Leonid went to live with his grandfather. He liked Zariadie and learned at first hand about the life and customs of the neighbors. His observations served him, years later, for the background of his first important novel *Barsuki* ("The Badgers"). His grandfather paid all his Gymnasium expenses. As a student Leonov began to write poetry which appeared only in obscure provincial periodicals. He was not allowed to proceed with his studies in the University because of his bourgeois ancestry. So in 1922 he went to see his father, still located in Archangel. He took advantage of the trip to study the customs and superstitions of the North and, with this background, wrote *Buryga*, his first published narrative.

To that same year (1922) belong *Zapiski Khoziakina* ("The Notebooks of A. P. Kovyakin") in which he reproduced "to a nicety the semi-educated jargon of a shop assistant of an out-of-the-way country town." The following year he attracted wider attention for



LEONID LEONOV

three promising books. He changed from the obvious influence of Gogol and Leskov shown in his previous narratives, to that of Hoffmann in *Dereviannaia Koroleva* ("The Wooden Queen") and to the very personal tone of *Petushikhinskii Prolom* ("The Petushikino Gap") and to the imaginative *Tuatamur*, considered by Prince D. S. Mirsky as "a highly original piece of work—a poem in prose written from the person of one of the lieutenants of Genghiz Khan, and describing the defeat of the Russians at Kalka (1224) from the point of view of the victorious Mongols. The poem is written in an admirably tense and dynamic style, and interspersed with words and phrases in Turki. It is full of the fierce and savage poetry of the nomadic steppe. It is one of the most original productions of modern Russian prose."

After the Dostoevskian pastiche (1924) entitled *Konets Melkogo Cheloveka* ("The End of an Insignificant Person") Leonov emerged as one of Russia's most important novelists with *Barsuki*, *Vor* (*The Thief*) and *Sot* (*American edition: Soviet River*). *Barsuki* describes thirty years of Russian life till the eve of the Revolution. Leonov has been accused of prolixity, of bringing into the story too many characters and

subplots; at the same time he has been praised for his power of evocation and his intensity, often reminding the reader of Tolstoy and Gorky.

With *The Thief* one cannot help noticing a certain progress: Leonov has devoted more time to composition. As in Gide's *The Counterfeiters*, this work has in it much of the novel of a novelist—the novelist in search of a character. The tone, however, resembles that of Dostoevsky. No parallels can be brought to bear on *Soviet River*. More in sympathy with, even championing, the cause of Sovietism, Leonov depicts with astounding force the titanic reconstruction of Russia.

After the publication of *The Thief* in 1928, Leonov left for Germany, from which he wrote letters revealing fatigue and despondency. Fifteen days later he boarded a train for Italy. There he enjoyed especially the sun, the sea, and the savory Italian macaroni, but he complained bitterly of bugs and Fascism. After paying a visit to his old friend and literary godfather, Maxim Gorky, he went to Paris. During his sojourn he noticed how little the European countries knew (at the time) about Russia and Soviet literature, whereas in Russia there abounded all sorts of translations of foreign writers, even of second-raters. He confessed to newspaper reporters that altho he had had an extremely pleasant trip he retained little faith on the so-called European culture.

Leonov is married, lives in Moscow, and at the present writing a novel has been finished that is believed to be his magnum opus—*Skutarcvsky*. He is decidedly pro-Soviet Russia and has superlative faith in the future of its literature: "Soviet literature is mustered for a parade. Its achievements seem especially considerable if we bear in mind the situation of some years ago, when many old writers had left the country and new ones had not yet appeared. It was a time when reactionary and petty-bourgeois tendencies tried to hold sway in literature. And yet, within the short period of fifteen years an entirely new literature has been created, whose achievements are widely known thruout the entire world, whose works are being translated into all languages. What are

the reasons of such success? First and foremost the Revolution has stirred up new vast strata of people, whence new and remarkable writers have come. Secondly, contemporary life places at the disposal of the writer a plethora of rich material from which he can draw the content of his work. A third factor that has helped Soviet literature to surmount its many difficulties was its attention to the best part of the legacy left by the old literature. Western literature—with the exception of a few names—is living thru a period of decay. The struggle with the general scantiness of ideas—this it is that gives birth to literature in capitalist states. Whereas the USSR literature is inspired by the great work of construction and the abundance of ideas. It would be only just to say that Soviet literature has every chance of becoming the leading power in world literature."

It is to be noted that while Leonov is intent on forging a new literature, he does not disown the literature of the past. In the words of Professor S. Kononov: "Leonov spans the edges of two dread epochs. Many influences are fused in him—those of Gogol, Dostoevsky, and Leskov can easily be traced." And Gorky, in his foreword to *Soviet River*, places Leonov in the first rank of those whom he expects to continue the task of the great Russian classicists—Pushkin, Turgenev, and Leo Tolstoy.

Leonov's work is the history of his own indomitable quest for a higher reality which would infuse a new meaning into life. For a while, he was uncertain as to what form this reality was to take, social or individual. This uncertainty could not but create distrust of Leonov among his Communist critics and there was a time when they even denied him the title of a *poputchik* or fellow-traveler. But of late he has come to be considered of sound enough views. While *Barsuki* did much to bring him closer to his former critics, his later novels were accepted with positive enthusiasm.

"It seems to me already," writes Maxim Gorky, "that Leonov's powers are increasing with remarkable rapidity, and that, from *The Badgers* to *The Thief* to *Soviet River*, the distance he has covered is so great that I, for my

part, know no instance of such rapid and indisputable growth in our old Russian literature. This growth is indicated by the complexity of subjects he now handles with bold assurance, as well as by the increasing euphony of his language, the individuality of his style. He is particularly successful in his development of stylistic technique, and every new story, every new book he writes, strikes a more and more convincing note."

Principal works of Leonid Leonov:

Buryga, 1922; *Zapiski Khoviakina*, 1922; *Derevianina Koroleva*, 1923; *Petushikhinskiy Prolom*, 1923; *Tuatamur*, 1923; *Konets Melkogo Cheloveka*, 1924; *Zapiski Nekotorykh Epizodov, Sdelannye v Gorode Goguleve*, 1924; *Khalil*, 1925; *Gigel' Egorushki*, 1925; *Barsuki*, 1926; *Vor*, 1928; *Sot*, 1930.

English translations of Leonid Leonov's works:

The Thief, 1931; *Soviet River* (British title: *Sot*) 1932.

SHORT STORIES IN TRANSLATION: "By the Bonfire" and "The Town of Gogulev" (in *Bonfire*, edited by S. Kononov); "Ivan's Misadventure" (in *Short Stories Out of Russia*, edited by J. Cournot); "Three Tales" (in the *Calendar* 2:15 London September 1925).

About Leonid Leonov:

Arsen'yev, N. *Die Russische Literatur*; Mirsky, D. S. *Contemporary Russian Literature*; Pozner, V. *Anthologie de la Prose Russe Contemporaine et Panorama de la Litterature Russe*; see also prefaces to *Soviet River* and *Bonfire*.

New York Herald Tribune Books March 6 and 13, 1932; *Novi Mir* 10:212 Moscow October 1928; *Soviet Culture Review* 7-9:65 Moscow 1932; *Sovremennyya Zapiski* 38:471 Paris 1929; *Volya Rossii* 1:241 Prague February 1925.

Henrietta Leslie 1884-

Autobiographical sketch of Henrietta Leslie, English novelist:

HENRIETTA LESLIE is a true cockney, having been born in London within sound of Bow Bells. She was an only child and very delicate, spending much of her early youth on her back—to which may be attributed her passionate love of reading. She had, as well, precocious tastes and by the time she was seven had read practically the whole of Dickens and Thackeray, most of George Eliot, and the now-forgotten

works of Besant and Rice. It was thru the chance meeting, at a country hotel, with Sir Walter Besant, that she had her first sight of publishers' proofs.

Owing to her lack of robustness, she was never sent to school, but was educated at home by a series of governesses and tutors. She has a theory that most of the things learnt by children during their "education years" are subsequently of very little value to them, and that really important knowledge is acquired by reading, and moving about the world amongst one's fellow creatures. The exceptions to this, she considers, are languages and art.

As a schoolgirl, Henrietta Leslie attained a mastery of French and German, a smattering of Italian and a grounding of music, sufficient to induce her to adopt it as a profession. To this end, she studied the piano with the late Signor Albanesi, and voice production and singing with Tosti and Henry Russell. As she grew older, however, she developed an intense dislike for the personal appearances and contacts essential in a musical career, and decided to become an author instead of a musician.

Her languages, naturally, brought with them international interests. She has made many friends outside her own country, and traveling, today, remains her chief pleasure.

Public interests have had a large share in this author's life. A convinced feminist, she took an active part in her countrywomen's fight for enfranchisement before the War. During the War, her internationalism again came into play, forcing her to the unpopular position of pacifist. It was internationalism, again, which after the War attracted her to join forces with the Save the Children Fund and the P.E.N. Club—the former being an organisation established to raise the standard of child life all over the world, and the latter an international association of authors.

It was in connection with her work for the Save the Children Fund that she first visited Bulgaria, after the earthquake in 1928. On her return to England, she gave a series of lectures illustrating the conditions prevailing in that country, and was decorated by the King



HENRIETTA LESLIE

of Bulgaria in recognition of her services to the children.

Henrietta Leslie finds herself with a growing interest in all the arts, and with a very catholic taste; amongst them, tho, she is conscious of a bias on the side of form. In music, painting and literature, it is this quality which carries for her most weight.

Casting her mind around for other "likes," she finds a multiplicity: contact with people, contact with dogs, prolonged sojourns in the country, complete immersions in the sea; bright colors, foreign dishes, the Lener Quartet, and above all, the vivid rays of the sun. Dislikes are not so many, but they are just as intense: chiefly a cramped nationalism which excludes internationalism, lack of sincerity in a person and his work, and the intrusion of mechanization into the world of art—as exemplified by wireless, gramophones and the talkies—with its resultant standardization of thought and lack of immediate contacts.

Henrietta Leslie is married to the eminent bacteriologist, Dr. Harrie (Peter) Schütze, attached to the Lister Institute, London. They live, in great amity, in an old house [known as Glebe House, in Glebe Place] in Chelsea, the artists' quarter of the City. The house was originally built for a Huguenot priest who took refuge in England after

the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and comprises what was then the chapel of the refugees, but is now the author's music-room. They also possess an Elizabethan farmhouse in the woods, twenty miles out of London, where they retreat for week-ends and little unofficial holidays.

Henrietta Leslie completed a travel book, *Where East Is West: Life in Bulgaria*, with an introduction by Henry W. Nevins, in 1933. It was her first attempt at non-fiction (excluding plays) and cost her over a year's intensive work. She paid a second visit to Bulgaria, early in 1932, to collect the necessary material.

She has published in all fifteen novels, of which *Mrs. Fischer's War* and *Desired Haven* (named in England, *Naomi's Child*) are known in America. *Mrs. Fischer's War* carries a preface by John Galsworthy—a fact which the author regards as the great honor of her life, having always entertained the deepest admiration for Galsworthy, both as a man and a writer. A dramatic version of *Mrs. Fischer's War* was made by the author and Joan Temple, the English dramatist, and presented for a special week at the Ambassadors Theatre, London. Henrietta Leslie has written one other play, in collaboration with John Dimmock. It was given at the New Theatre, London, in 1917. The novel, *Mrs. Fischer's War*, was selected as its book of the month by The Book Guild, England, and The Book League of America.

In addition to her more serious work, Henrietta Leslie has done a considerable amount of free lance journalism, having contributed articles and short stories to many of the leading English reviews and periodicals. She was, also, for four years attached to the staff of the *Daily Herald*, in the capacity of special reporter. She takes her work extremely seriously and writes, on an average, six or seven hours a day. She writes fast, but submits all her work to several revisions, cutting and pruning drastically, frequently re-writing extensive passages, or even the whole book, two or three times. She never allows any piece of work to leave her hands, until it is as complete as she can make it.

Henrietta Leslie's works:

NOVELS: *Where Runs the River*, 1916; *A Mouse With Wings*, 1920; *Conflict*, 1921; *Belsavage*, 1921; *Other People's Property*, 1922; *Dedication*, 1923; *Hirelle*, 1925; *The Road to Damascus*, 1929; *Who Are You?* 1929; *After Eight O'Clock*, 1930; *Mrs. Fischer's War*, 1931; *Naomi's Child (Desired Haven)* 1932. Under the pseudonym of Gladys Mendl: *The Straight Road*, 1911; *The Roundabout*, 1912; *Parentage*, 1913.

PLAYS: *Coffee for Two*, 1910; *The Palace of Cards*, 1916; *The Loving Heart* (in collaboration with John Dummock) 1918; *Mrs. Fischer's War* (a dramatized version of the novel, in collaboration with Joan Temple) 1931.

BRIEF LETTERS: *Where East Is West: Life in Bulgaria*, 1933.

About Henrietta Leslie:

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section September 17, 1932.

Shane Leslie 1885-

Autobiographical sketch of Shane (John Randolph) Leslie, British author:

SHANE LESLIE was born in London September 29, 1885, on a site now commemoratively covered by Selfridge's Stores, where his remaindered works may be purchased cheap. Parents: Sir John Leslie, an Irish baronet and veteran of three wars, and Leonie Jerome of Madison Square and Jerome Park Racecourse. Background: old Irish home in Ulster on the borders of Monaghan where all manner of sport and Conservative politics were dominant. Education: Eton College under the athletic rule of Dr. Warre followed by a year in Paris in the Latin Quarter and three years at Cambridge where he learnt to row and read Greek.

At King's College he was contemporary with Rupert Brooke, one of whose early sonnets he printed in the college magazine. At the University he became interested in various movements, such as the Oxford High Church Movement, the Irish literary renaissance and Christian Socialism.

Took a degree in 1907 and went that winter to Russia where he became a friend of Tolstoy and adopted his social opinions. In the following year he became a Roman Catholic and took to a tramp's life. While wandering and lecturing in America he married the

daughter of Governor Ide of the Philippines and has since lived between London and Ireland and added three to the world's over-population.

The authors whom he has studied closest are Aeschylus, Milton, Tolstoy, Huysmans, Leon Bloy, Baron Corvo, Carleton, Stendhal, Thomas Aquinas, on all of whom he has written appreciations.

His recreations are forestry (trained as an axeman), long distance walking (invented "hiking" while an undergraduate at Cambridge), and proof-reading. Interested in bird sanctuaries and regards Audubon as a patron saint. Collects old Irish books and relics and digs for Celtic antiquities. Wears the Irish saffron kilt and studies Old Irish in his leisure.

Most of his books are out of print. Only three people have ever collected his first editions, which are therefore valueless. Dr. Rosenbach once purchased a MS. as a joke. At present he is chiefly known and dreaded as a reviewer on the *Daily Telegraph* and *Sunday Times*. He still believes it necessary to read thru a book before writing its review.

His literary path has not been always smooth. *The End of the Chapter* had to be withdrawn and tinkered as a result of the famous lawsuit of Sir Thomas



From a drawing by Frank L. Slater
SHANE LESLIE

Lipton v. Leslie. *The Cantab* was withdrawn as a result of protests in church and state as it threw too lurid a light on Cambridge. *The Oppidan*, tho much assailed, survived as a picture of what Eton College was before the War. *The Anglo-Catholic*, which is pure autobiography, illustrated the workings of the Oxford and Modernist Movements on a young Idealist. It represented the life in the slums and the struggle against the White Slave Traffic.

St. Patrick's Purgatory is a long historical account of the medieval and national Pilgrimage of Ireland.

The Epic of Jutland represents every minute and move in that naval conflict hammered into couplets of verses. As a result the author is considered a naval expert amongst the poets and a poet amongst naval experts.

At present he is publishing an account of the Oxford Movement for the Jesuits of St. Louis (Science and Culture series) and preparing an account of the last ten years in England called *Is It the End?*

He claims to have had an unsuccessful life tho a happy one. He has stood twice for Parliament as an Irish Nationalist and been defeated each time. He is a strong Bimetallist and anxious to lecture in the Silver States. He has often been blackballed but never blackmailed. He believes it is better to interest or amuse people than make them rich or prosperous. He is proud of being a relation of Mr. Churchill and of Mr. Parnell and of the Red Indians thru his American grandmother. He has two American friends whom he admires immensely: Cardinal O'Connell and Dr. Rosenbach. He has a message for the American people if Mr. Pond ever puts him on the lecturing list.

Shane Leslie's works:

BIOGRAPHY: Cardinal Manning, 1921; Sir Mark Sykes, 1923; Gordon Bailey, 1924; George IV, 1926; *The Skull of Swift*, 1928; *Sublime Failures*, 1932; J. E. C. Bodley, 1930.

NOVELS: *The Oppidan*, 1922; *Doomsland*, 1923; *Masquerades*, 1924; *The Cantab*, 1926; *The Anglo-Catholic*, 1929.

POETRY: *Verses in Peace and War*, 1916; *Poems of Shane Leslie*, 1928; *The Epic of Jutland*, 1930; *Poems and Ballads*, 1933.

HISTORY: *The End of a Chapter*, 1916; *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, 1932; *The Oxford Movement*, 1933.

About Shane Leslie:

Mouro, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*.

Eric Linklater 1899-

ERIC LINKLATER, British author, was born in 1899 at Dounby, in the Orkney Islands, off the northern coast of Scotland, the son of Robert Linklater. While still a student at the Aberdeen Grammar School in Scotland he played truant and ran away, like a veritable hero of romance, to join the army (at the age of twelve!—if the year which he gives as the date of his birth is correct). But his practical parents soon put an end to the escapade and he was sent back to Aberdeen to resume his conjugations and algebra.

When the World War broke out in 1914, young Linklater found no opposition to his martial ambitions. He joined the Black Watch as a private. He is pretty silent about all that. Suffice to say that he was seriously wounded in France in 1918 and was shipped home.

Perhaps it was his experience in the War that made him want to be a doctor. At any rate, he studied medicine for a while at the University of Aberdeen, then switched to English and took an honors A.M. degree in 1925.

Wanderlust once more overcame him and he sailed for India. But working as assistant editor of the *Times of India* in Bombay grew tedious in its turn, and as soon as he could save up the fare, he set off for Persia. When the last of his hoardings had disappeared, he returned to England.

This was 1927. Having meanwhile won some reputation as a poet, Linklater was made assistant to a professor of English at the University of Aberdeen. This position a year later proved to be the means of bringing him a traveling fellowship (the Commonwealth Fellowship) in America. Two years, 1928-30, he spent in wandering from the Canadian Rockies to the Panama Canal, observing Americans and American life. During this time, early in 1929, his first novel, *White Maa's Saga*, was published in England. Written between lectures at Aberdeen, it is the story of the generation of Scots students returned from the War to their university.

A farcical novel of a young athlete-poet who runs an English country inn, *Poet's Pub*, appeared in England late in 1929, and introduced Linklater to American readers in 1930. The reception was enthusiastic. Joan Carter wrote in the *Saturday Review of Literature*: "This is one of the gayest, youngest, and happiest tales which has come out of England in many a year."

In 1930 Linklater brought out a collection of poems called *A Dragon Laughed and Other Poems*.

It was during his American travels that Linklater gathered the material for his third novel, *Juan in America*. Published in 1931, this picaresque romance was called in the *Bookman* "successful because it has what more than anything else extravaganza needs: gusto and high spirits. It bounces along in a care-free, spontaneous, tonic fashion. . ."

Back home in Orkney, Linklater wrote in 1931 a biography of one of his favorite poets entitled *Ben Jonson and King James*. He subtitled the book "a biography and a portrait." The *Statesman and Nation* said: Here is no biography, but romance, a swashbuckling expedition into the picturesque, crammed full and running over with purple paragraphs."

In 1932 Linklater published *Men of Ness: The Saga of Thorlief Coalbiter's Sons*, a tale of the Vikings of the Orkney Islands in the time of Harald Fairhair's unification of Norway and Alfred's struggle for the kingship of Wessex. The scenes of the story are laid partly in Orkney, partly at sea, and partly in Northumberland. L. A. G. Strong said in the *Spectator*: "Mr. Linklater writes as if he were unaware of any difficulty. He tells his saga in a style deliberately bare and void of emphasis, and his understatement is more vivid than many another writer's exaggerations."

Linklater in his work is sometimes accused of being something of a show-off, of using a style more ambitious than the subject matter warrants, and of putting down the first nonsense that comes into his head. His popularity seems to rest chiefly on what are called his Elizabethan-Rabelaisian-Byronic enthusi-



ERIC LINKLATER

asms, in the renewing of ancient gusto in modern times.

A book called *Mary Queen of Scots* came from Linklater's pen in 1933. His short stories and poems have appeared in many English magazines, notably the *London Mercury*, *English Review*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*.

In appearance, Linklater is of medium height and stocky. He says good-humoredly, "I bear a striking resemblance to the sixth Chief Rain-in-the-Face." He has a high forehead and a fringe of hair that is the sandy hair of a Scot. The top of his head is totally bald, a feature which, together with his rimless glasses and clipped moustache, makes him look older than his given age.

He is extremely reticent and shuns publicity. "I am very interested in what I write," he declares, "I am sometimes pleased with it, but I am incorrigibly less interested in myself." He found it a bore, he says, to compose a brief autobiographical sketch for his publishers. And he wrote to the editors of the present volume: "To think of further details would be intolerably wearying. I have so many more interesting things to write about."

Linklater's home address is Binscarth, Finstown, Orkney. When he wants to finish a manuscript he goes away and leaves instructions with his wife, Mar-

jorie Linklater, that no letters are to be forwarded.

Eric Linklater's works:

NOVELS: *White Maa's Saga*, 1929; *Poet's Pub*, 1929; *Juan in America*, 1931; *The Men of Ness: The Saga of Thiorliet Coalbiter's Sons*, 1932; *Magnus Merriman*, 1933.

POEMS: *A Dragon Laughed and Other Poems*, 1930.

BIOGRAPHY: *Ben Jonson and King James: A Biography and a Portrait*, 1931; *Mary Queen of Scots*, 1933.

About Eric Linklater:

Canadian Forum 12:96 December 1931

W. J. Locke 1863-1930

WILLIAM JOHN LOCKE, English novelist and dramatist, was born on March 20, 1863, at Georgetown on the Demerara, in Barbados, Trinidad, the eldest son of John Locke, a Barbados banker, and a man of literary culture.

Locke was brought to England as a child of three, and remained until he was nine, securing his elementary education. He then returned to Trinidad to join his father, staying with him for nine years and continuing his training at the Queen's Royal College, in Trinidad. At the age of eighteen, he again went to England to complete his studies. He matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1881, passed the mathematical tripos and received his Bachelor of Arts degree three years later.

While a student, he spent his vacations in the Latin Quarter of Paris. As his real interests were in French and English literature, and as he did not have a high opinion of the value of mathematical study, one wonders why he chose to specialize in mathematics at Cambridge.

After graduating, Locke lived in France for several years, devoting himself to the constant reading of French literature, both medieval and modern. His work shows the influence of this attachment in his sympathy with French characters, his style, his outlook on life and morality, which is Gallic rather than Anglo-Saxon. The greater part of his life, Locke passed at his villa, Les Arcades, in Cannes. With Gosse, he is one of a group of Englishmen who loved France and everything French.

For a time, he taught mathematics at a secondary school in Glenalmond, Perthshire, and from 1889 to 1900 he was Senior French master at the Oxford Military College, in Cowley, where (Sir) Eric Geddes was one of his pupils. In *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*, in a passage that has been interpreted as autobiographical, he allows Marcus to say with a seriousness that is rare with him: "I earned my living at school-slavery, teaching children the most useless, the most disastrous, the most soul-cramping brand of knowledge wherewith pedagogues in their insensate folly have crippled the minds and blasted the lives of thousands of their fellow-creatures: elementary mathematics. It trains the mind—it teaches the boys to think, they say. It doesn't. In reality, it is a cut-and-dried subject, easy to fit into the curriculum. Its sacrosanctity saves educationists an enormous amount of trouble, and its chief use is to enable mindless young men from the universities to make a dishonest living by teaching it to others, who in their turn may teach it to future generations."

In 1895, Locke published his first novel, *At the Gate of Samaria*. Although regarded as one of his inferior works, it was successful enough to assure him that he could make a living—not by teaching the "most soul-cramping brand of knowledge"—but by writing fiction. It was followed by *A Study in Shadows*, *Derelicts*, and *Idols*, after which he gave up teaching.

In 1897, a vacancy occurred in the position of secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Locke applied and was selected from a long list of competitors. At this time, the Institute desired as secretary, not an architect but an intelligent layman, one who was unprejudiced by professional associations, and Locke was appointed largely on the basis of his knowledge of foreign languages. As secretary, writes a member of the Institute, he "read the minutes at a rate which few could have equalled, and yet every word could be heard quite distinctly." In 1907, after *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* and *The Beloved Vagabond* (his most popular book) had definitely established his reputation as a novelist, he resigned his secretaryship.

Both of these novels were also successful on the stage, the first with the charming Alexandria Carlisle as Carlotta, and the second with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

During the World War, Locke was Head of the committee of the Society of Authors, which dealt with the relief of literary men impoverished by the War. At his home in Hertfordshire, he also maintained at his own expense a hospital for invalid soldiers. In this work, which he carried on for eighteen months, he was aided by the sympathetic cooperation of his wife.

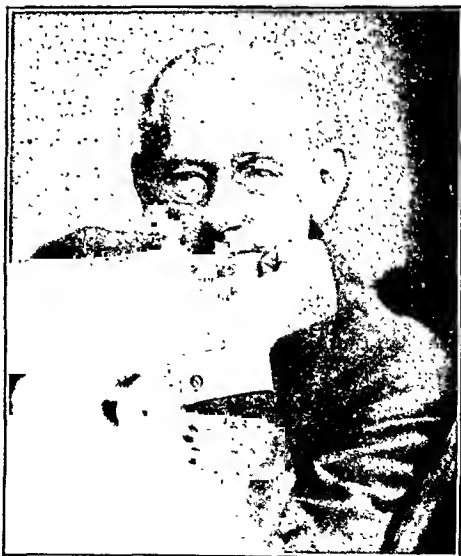
In the winter of 1929, Locke became ill at his villa on the Riviera; after what seemed to be a slight improvement, he came to Paris to rest and to be placed under observation in a hospital. In February 1930, the English and American newspapers announced that he was suffering from a liver complaint and that his chances for recovery were slight. On Monday, April 1, he underwent a serious abdominal operation, described by the surgeons as "successful." For the next six weeks, his condition alternately cheered and alarmed his friends. Finally, after a brave fight—"as brave as any of the heroes of his novels"—he died at his Paris home, on Thursday, May 15, 1930. During his long illness, E. Phillips Oppenheim, the novelist, was the only friend who was allowed to see him. Memorial services were held in London at St. Martin-in-the-Field, on Tuesday, May 20. He was survived by his wife, Aimee Hamilton Meath, daughter of Theodore Maxwell Meath, whom he married in 1911, and by an adopted daughter, Sheila.

Locke was smooth-shaven, and wore his hair brushed back in pompadour style. He had a high forehead and a rather sharp nose and features. He wore pince-nez glasses.

So much has been said about Locke's hatred of school teaching that it is interesting to consider the statement, made shortly after his death, by Louis Goodrich, one of his pupils: "I see it stated that W. J. Locke found school-teaching uncongenial. This may have been so, but I think it should also be mentioned that he never allowed those whom he taught to have the slightest

inking that he found the process irksome. Mr. Locke was my dormitory master and French instructor at the Oxford Military College for 2½ years, and nothing more happy or "joyous" than those French classes could be imagined. He imparted his knowledge as if he loved it, and our failures to acquire were always treated with the greatest good humor and encouragement. He was extremely popular with us, and deservedly so. At that time he used to contribute to the school magazine, and it is only about two years ago that I showed him some of these articles, which brought forth the remark 'I wrote very happily *then*. Don't you think?'"

Equally pleasing is the impression that Locke made upon his associates, as testified by Dr. Alexander Russell, F. R. S. and a master at the Oxford Military College during Locke's connection with it: "At the private meetings of the masters, Locke was always the center of attraction. We knew that he was writing a book, and some of us anticipated for him a brilliant future. He was physically strong, and the best tennis player in the College, but he hated walking and would take a hansom cab even if the distance was only a few yards." As far as good citizenship was concerned, Russell continues, he regarded mathe-



W. J. LOCKE

matics as "an utterly futile and inhuman subject," altho he "tolerated" applied mathematics. "He had no enemies, and was one of the most kindly and lovable of men."

In his writing habits, which probably derived from the days when, as teacher and secretary of the Institute, his working hours were fixed for him, Locke was systematic and methodical: he wrote for two hours before his noon and evening meals, and he spent two hours in the evening revising what he had written earlier in the day.

His clubs were the Garrick, the Junior Athenaeum, which is purely social, the New Vagabonds, a dining club for literary and theatrical people, and the Omar Khayyam, a dining club for "Omarians." He was an honorary member of the Society for the Propagation of Architecture, in Amsterdam, of the Central Society of Architects, in Spain and in Portugal, and of the Institute of American Architects.

Locke made several visits to the United States in order to arrange for the screen versions of his novels in Hollywood. *Stella Maris*, which gave Belle Bennett one of the greatest rôles of her career, *The Coming of Amos*, *Simon the Jester*, *The Morals of Marcus*, and others, were successful pictures.

Locke was, by design, a "popular" novelist. Regarding fiction as a means of entertainment, he avoided the serious problems of life, and concentrated on the romantic and fantastic. *At the Gate of Samaria*, *Idols*, and *Where Love Is*, are sensational novels of little value. *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*, which established his reputation, is an exceedingly pleasant story of the adventures of a literary baronet and his pretty ward, Carlotta, who has escaped from a harem. *The Beloved Vagabond*, regarded by many as his best work, portrays a Quixotic hero—a favorite type with him—in Paragot. *Septimus*, a variation of the same theme, has been called "one of the funniest books of the twentieth century" by William Lyon Phelps, who confesses that it "is the only novel that I have been unable to read to myself in the presence of strangers." Locke, himself, when asked to name the character he loved most among his own creations, replied,

"Perhaps Septimus, who has always struck me as being rather a dear ass." In this partiality, Locke also gives himself away: what has been described as "endearing eccentricity," in one form or another, he seemed to regard as the highest—or, at any rate, the most lovable—human quality. *Simon the Jester*, as far removed from reality as Locke's other fictions, narrates the love affairs of a man condemned by his doctor to an early death. Locke was emphatic in insisting that he never drew characters from real life, and his stories are sufficient evidence of the truth of his statement. Locke's last novel, *The Town of Tombarel*, was published a few weeks after his death.

H. S. R.

W. J. Locke's works:

NOVELS: *At the Gate of Samaria*, 1895; *A Study In Shadows*, 1896; *The Demagogue and Lady Phayre*, 1896; *Derelects*, 1897; *Idols*, 1899; *The White Dove*, 1899; *The Usurper*, 1901; *Where Love Is*, 1903; *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*, 1905; *The Beloved Vagabond*, 1906; *Septimus*, 1909; *Simon the Jester*, 1910; *A Christmas Mystery*, 1910; *The Glory of Clementina Wing*, 1911; *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol*, 1912; *Stella Maris*, 1913; *The Fortunate Youth*, 1914; *Jaffery*, 1915; *The Wonderful Year*, 1916; *The Red Planet*, 1917; *The Rough Road*, 1918; *Far Away Stories*, 1919; *The House of Baltazar*, 1920; *The Mountebank*, 1921; *Moordius and Co.*, 1923; *The Coming of Amos*, 1924; *The Golden Adventure of Mr. Paradyne*, 1924; *The Great Pandolfo*, 1925; *The Old Bridge, a Florentine Tale*, 1926; *The Kingdom of Theophilus*, 1927; *Perella*, 1928; *Ancient Jorico*, 1929; *The Town of Tombarel*, 1930.

PLAYS: *Mr. Cynic*, 1899; *The Lost Legion*, 1900; *The Morals of Marcus*, 1906; *The Palace of Puek*, 1907; *Butterflies*, 1908; *The Beloved Vagabond*, 1908; *A Blank Cheque*, 1908; *The Man From the Sea*, 1910; *An Adventure of Aristide Pujol*, 1912; *The Mountebank (with Ernest Denny)* 1923; *The Light on the Mountain*, 1926.

About W. J. Locke:

Adcock, A. St. J. *Gods of Modern Grub Street*; Cooper, F. T. *Some English Story Tellers*; Hind, C. L. *Authors and I*; Marble, A. R. *A Study of the Modern Novel*; Nichols, B. *Are They the Same at Home?*; Phelps, W. L. *The Advance of the English Novel*; Weygandt, C. A. *A Century of the English Novel*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Bookman (London) 31:164 January 1907; 50:123 August 1916; *Cambridge Public Library Record* 3:23 September 1930; *New York Times* May 16, 1930; May 17, 1930; *Spectator* 124:462 April 3, 1920; *Times* (London) May 17, 1930.

Jack London 1876-1916

JACK LONDON, American novelist and short story writer, was born John Griffith London in San Francisco on January 12, 1876. His father, John London, was a man of unsettled occupation, at that time a policeman, who had eleven children by a previous marriage. His mother's maiden name was Flora Wellman.

He spent his early childhood in Alameda, near San Francisco, where his father tried truck-gardening; in Oakland, where they lived in five different houses in as many years; and on a small ranch in San Mateo County. When he was ten, his father's financial reverses forced them to settle on the waterfront of Oakland.

Jack frequented the saloons and dives of the waterfront and became leader of a boys' gang. Out of school hours he helped the family by selling newspapers, working on an ice wagon, and setting up pins in a bowling alley. For a year he worked in a cannery. Voraciously he read books of romance and adventure, and longed for the sea.

Grammar school completed, London at fifteen bought a sloop called the *Razzle Dazzle* and for a year robbed the oyster beds of San Francisco at night. He was known as the "Prince of the Oyster Pirates." For another year he was a deputy with the fish patrol.

At seventeen he took a seven months' cruise to the north Pacific on a sealing vessel. Returning to Oakland to find most of his roustabout companions dead or in jail, he made his first appearance in print in the *San Francisco Call* for November 12, 1893, with a prize-winning account of a typhoon he had seen off the coast of Japan.

During the winter of 1893-94 he worked in a jute mill and as coal-heaver in a boiler, and in the spring boarded an eastbound freight car in the wake of Coxey's army of unemployed. "I became a tramp," he said, "begging my way from door to door, wandering over the United States and Canada, sweating bloody sweats in slums and prisons." He joined Kelly's army at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and left it at Hannibal, Missouri. In Niagara Falls he was arrested for



JACK LONDON

vagrancy and spent thirty days in the penitentiary. These experiences he related later in *The Road*.

London returned to Oakland and at nineteen began what he called "a frantic pursuit of knowledge." For a year he studied in the Oakland High School, supporting himself by working as school janitor, and spending his spare time preaching socialism in the parks. (He gained some notoriety by being arrested.) Impatient to enter college, he crammed two years' high school work into three months of intensive study and passed the examinations. But after one semester at the University of California in Berkeley, he quit and got a job in a laundry.

In the summer of 1897 London impulsively joined the first rush to the Klondike gold fields in Alaska. After a winter on the Yukon, short of his goal, an attack of scurvy in the spring forced him to turn back. He sailed nineteen hundred miles in an open boat, and worked his way as a stoker to British Columbia, whence he traveled steerage to California. At home, finding his father dead and the family responsibility resting on his shoulders, he turned to writing as a means of earning money.

After several unsuccessful attempts, he received five dollars from the *Overland Monthly* of San Francisco for a story of Alaska called "To the Man on

Trail." Seven more short stories of the North in quick succession brought seven-and-a-half dollars apiece. These were collected in 1900 to make his first book, *The Son of the Wolf*. Meanwhile he was so "broke" that he had to pawn his personal belongings.

London was married on April 7, 1900, to Elizabeth Madder of Oakland (they had two daughters, Joan and Bess) and two years later he published his first novel, *A Daughter of the Snows*. Dressed in rags, he spent the summer of 1902 in the slums of London, gathering material for a sociological study, *The People of the Abyss*. He sold the manuscript of a dog story entitled *The Call of the Wild* outright to a New York publisher for two thousand dollars, and the book made him a famous author at twenty-seven. The sales were tremendous. Tho he wrote prolifically the rest of his life, this book is usually called his most enduring work.

The author was in the Far East in 1904, covering the Russo-Japanese War for the *San Francisco Examiner*. After two and a half years' separation from his wife, he was divorced from her on November 18, 1905, and was married the next day in Chicago to Charmian Kittredge of Berkeley. He gave the Hearst papers a "scoop" on his marriage. Completing the lecture tour in which he was engaged at the time, he took a honeymoon in the Caribbean and then settled at Glen Ellen in Sonoma County, California, where he made his home the rest of his life.

With the earnings from the magazine fiction which he wrote at a feverish pace, London purchased a forty-five foot yacht and named it the *Snark*, after Lewis Carroll's "The Hunting of the Snark." In this yacht he and his wife set forth on a round-the-world cruise in April 1907, but in the islands of the south Pacific he contracted a disease which he called "Biblical leprosy" and the cruise was cut short. He returned to California by way of Ecuador in July 1909 after lying ill in Australia for six months. A daughter was born in June 1910, but died within thirty-eight hours.

From 1910 on, London traveled a good deal. He acquired a yawl, the *Roamer*, and in it cruised the inland bays

and rivers of California. In the summer of 1911 he took a four-horse driving trip of fifteen hundred miles over the country. After an unhappy winter in New York in 1911-12, he sailed around Cape Horn from Baltimore to Seattle in eighty days. In 1914 he went to Vera Cruz, Mexico, as war correspondent for *Collier's*. Thereafter he made frequent pleasure trips to Hawaii.

Between travels London spent much of the time on his California ranch near Glen Ellen. There he constructed horse trails, established breeding stables, and supervised the farming. His wife, in her biography of him, says that he was "really far more interested in introducing better farming in Sonoma County and the country at large than he was in leaving behind masterpieces of literature." He claimed that he never put his hand to a plow and all his knowledge of agriculture came out of books.

At his home in Glen Ellen London rose early and wrote during the mornings, sometimes on a large flat rock which he used as an outdoor table. The afternoons were given over to recreation, usually a swim in his pool, and in the evenings he liked to play cards or read aloud his own stories. His wife says that at these times he was "extremely handsome."

His skin was bronzed and he had dark curly auburn hair. He was proud of his muscular physique. He called himself "a competitive beast," born for the battle of the primitive jungle rather than for modern civilization. His wife was his "mate-woman" and he was her "mate-man." His habitual dress was riding clothes, with leather puttees and a wide-brimmed hat. He cared little for painting or sculpture and disliked musical concerts. He has been described as a striking personality, spontaneous, independent, tireless, and full of nervous energy.

He wrote, as he lived, at an intense pitch, and in a highly colored style, lavish with superlatives. He wrote mostly from first-hand experience, calling himself a realist. His stories dealt with the primitive, they glorified brute force, and they always had what he called an "under-running motif." His leading characters were super-men and super-women, blond,

with perfect bodies. Critics said that he was unsurpassed in swift action, especially fights of animals and men, but that the dialogue in his stories seldom rang true.

London declared that he hated writing and did it for money; that he always wrote what the magazine editors wanted and not what he wished to write. He would go into a rage when anyone suggested that his works were unfit for children to read.

During 1915-16 London was constantly ill with uremia. His wife urged him to slacken his pace. He refused to alter his rich diet of underdone fowl or entirely to stop drinking. "I was convinced," says Mrs. London in the biography, "that no mortal frame could outlast the terrific strain Jack was putting upon his own. Something had to break." It is generally believed that he chose death, that he voluntarily committed suicide by indulgence. (He was involved in a lawsuit at the time and complained that all his friends had deserted him.)

London died at Glen Ellen on November 22, 1916, at the age of forty. The European papers gave him more attention than Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who died at the same time (London had and still has a large reading public in Europe). His body was cremated and the ashes buried beneath a large red boulder in a grove on Sonoma Mountain, near his home.

In sixteen years London wrote forty-eight volumes, including twenty novels and nineteen short story collections, some of which did not appear in book form until after his death. By 1933 seven posthumous books had been published from his papers and from the magazines. In 1920 Franklin K. Mathiews selected *The Brown Wolf and Other Jack London Stories*, and six years later Leonard D. Abbott edited his *Essays of Revolt*. The biography of London written by his widow Charmian was published in 1921. In 1931 Georgia L. Bamford's *The Mystery of Jack London* was withdrawn from the book market on the request of Mrs. London who said it made use of copyright material without the permission of the London estate.

No discussion of Jack London would be complete without some mention of his intense social beliefs. Mrs. Bamford wrote: "[He] was at heart, mind, and body, a Socialist. His blood was full of it. Boiling with it. His street speaking proved this, and the violence of his remarks that I have heard was terrifying in the extreme." This trait in London has had much to do with his popularity in Europe, particularly in Russia.

Jack London's works:

NOVELS: *A Daughter of the Snows*, 1902; *The Cruise of the Dazzler* (juvenile) 1902; *The Call of the Wild*, 1903; *The Sea Wolf*, 1904; *The Game*, 1905; *White Fang*, 1906; *Before Adam*, 1907; *The Iron Heel*, 1908; *Martin Eden* (semi-autobiographical) 1909; *Burning Daylight*, 1910; *Adventure*, 1911; *The Abysmal Brute*, 1913; *The Valley of the Moon*, 1913; *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*, 1914; *The Scarlet Plague*, 1915; *The Star Rover*, 1915; *The Acorn Planter*, 1916; *The Little Lady of the Big House*, 1916; *Jerry of the Islands*, 1917; *Michael Brother of Jerry*, 1917; *Hearis of Three* (for moving picture) 1920.

SHORT STORIES: *The Son of the Wolf*, 1900; *The God of His Fathers*, 1901; *Children of the Frost*, 1902; *The Faith of Men*, 1904; *Tales of the Fish Patrol* (juvenile) 1905; *Moon-face and Other Stories*, 1906; *Love of Life and Other Stories*, 1907; *Lost Face*, 1910; *When God Laughs*, 1911; *South Sea Tales*, 1911; *A Son of the Sun*, 1912; *The House of Pride*, 1912; *Smoke Bellew Tales*, 1912; *The Night Born*, 1913; *The Strength of the Strong*, 1914; *The Turtles of Tasman*, 1916; *The Red One*, 1918; *On the Makaloa Mat*, 1919; *The Brown Wolf and Other Jack London Stories* (chosen by Franklin K. Mathiews) 1920; *Dutch Courage and Other Stories*, 1922.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *The Road*, 1907; *The Cruise of the Snark* (articles) 1911; *John Barleycorn*, 1913.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES: *The Kemplon-Wace Letters* (in collaboration with Anna Strunsky) 1903; *The People of the Abyss*, 1903; *War of the Classes*, 1905; *Revolution*, 1910; *The Human Drift*, 1917; *Essays of Revolt* (edited by Leonard D. Abbott) 1926.

PLAYS: *Scorn of Women*, 1906; *Theft*, 1910; *The Acorn Planter*, 1916.

About Jack London:

Braybrooke, P. *Peeps at the Mighty*; Chislett, W. *Moderns and Near-Moderns*; Chubb, E. W. *Stories of Authors*; Johnson, M. E. *Through the South Seas With Jack London*; London, C. *The Book of Jack London*; London, C. *The Log of the Snark*; London, C. *Our Hawaii*; London, J. *The Cruise of the Snark*; London, J. *John Barleycorn*; London,

J. *The Road*; Mencken, H. L. *Prejudices: First Series*.

Bookman 68:667 February 1929; *Craftsman* 9:667 1906; *Literary Review* 4:469 January 26, 1924; *Living Age* 292:124 January 13, 1917; *Overland Monthly* 69:405 May 1917; 76:65 October 1920; *Touchstone* 6:416 March 1920.

Pierre Loti 1850-1923

PIERRE LOTI (literary name of Julien Viaud) French novelist, was born in Rochefort on January 14, 1850. He came from a family of sailors. His great-great-grandfather left behind him a book entitled *Naufrages et Aventures de M. Pierre Viaud* which proves him to have been not merely an interesting writer but "an intrepid and widely-traveled navigator." Then, again, Julien's paternal grandfather, Sergeant-Major of the "Achilles," died as a result of wounds received at the battle of Trafalgar; and, finally, his maternal grandfather, Captain Renaudin, sank with his ship the "Avenger." This ancestral love for the sea may account, in part, for the direction of Julien's career.

According to an authority, "Rochefort is in the lowlands of Saintonge, one of the dreariest places in France; it is on the river Charente, fifteen miles from the sea, an artificial military port created by Colbert, Minister of Louis XIV." Such is Julien's setting: a sad town and a sad home—an old bourgeois family of strict Huguenot stock. His father renounced Catholicism in order to marry Nadine Texier.

When Julien was born, his father was forty-six, his mother forty; they had two children, a daughter, nineteen, and a son, twelve. There were, besides, grandmothers and aunts. In other words, Julien was not expected, and when he arrived, he found himself surrounded with old people. The child did not have much fun at home; he was not allowed to go outside by himself, not even to school. His mother, aunts, and sister took care of his early education, which consisted mostly of Bible-reading. Later, tutors came (and he disliked them intensely) to teach him Latin, English, and Greek. Finally, on attaining the age of twelve, he was sent to the collège—called since 1923 Lycée Pierre Loti.

Julien hated the place. He was too timid and his seeming aloofness did not win him any friends. His work was rather mediocre. Altho he showed some interest in Latin, his French composition gave little evidence of talent.

Influenced by his family, Julien had planned to become a Protestant minister, but as he grew older he wanted to be a sailor. On March 10, 1865, his elder brother, a surgeon in the navy, died at sea and was buried in the Bay of Bengal. "Having lost one son at sea, the Viauds might naturally have shrunk from trusting the other one upon it; but their financial embarrassments forced them to subdue this reluctance." Julien would have to earn his own living.

After a short course in Rochefort, Julien went in October 1866 to Paris to continue his studies at the Lycée Henri IV. Little can be said about his Paris-sojourn. As he himself declared: "I hung about the usual resorts of the Left Bank; but my manner was variable, abrupt and awkward, scared, like a bird put full-grown in a cage. I had a good many surprises. The only memories I have carried away were of dull, sickening, unhealthy things. People have sung that sort of life. Personally, I am without taste for the poetry of the garret, the grisette, and the estaminet." All he saw from the window of his lodging was "a stupefying assembly of chimney-pots. It was sad enough to make one weep." Julien was eating his heart out—he suffered agonies of home sickness.

On October 1, 1867 Julien entered the naval school at Brest; he was received as a cadet on the training ship "Borda." "In the floating cloister wherein our youth was abruptly enclosed, life was rude and austere. In several respects, it was like that of the sailors. Like them, we lived much in the wind, in the fog, in the mist which left on one's lips a taste of salt. Like them, we climbed the yards to furl sails, which tore our hands; we worked the guns with the old-fashioned tackle and tarred ropes; and in all weathers, generally blown about by the western gales, we went for boat practice on the vast roadstead. During the hours of study, in the interior of the cloister, seated at our desks in the great gun rooms, we became



PIERRE LOTI

absorbed in mathematics and astronomy. These studies were, in a way, soothing. They had a calming effect on our senses and imagination like muscular fatigue."

Gazetted as a junior midshipman, Julien embarked on board the "Jean Bart" on October 1, 1869, for an instructional world-wide cruise. The "Jean Bart" touched at all the five continents. Julien attended a Fourth of July celebration in New York—and got drunk for the second time in his life. Shortly after the celebration the training ship hurried back home in consequence of the outbreak of the Franco-German War. He was back in Brest on July 31, 1870, on time to set sail in the corvette "Decrès" bound for the Northern Sea and the Baltic. He had been promoted to first-class midshipman altho the commander's report did not sound very encouraging: "A spoilt child—poor physique—no application to his professional interests—has the temperament of an artist." One must admire the commander for his discernment. The frail midshipman did have the temperament of an artist: not only had he found a sweetheart in every port but he wrote about it. On January 25, 1872, Julien Viaud was baptized Pierre Loti (*loti* means rose in Tahitian) in the gardens of Queen Pomaré on one of those South Sea Islands he loved so dearly.

For twelve years Loti sailed far and wide over every sea and absorbed the exotic quality of every land: Constantinople gave him *Aziyadé* and its sequel, *Fantôme d'Orient* (both in translation in one volume, as *Constantinople*) as well as *Les Désenchantées* (*Disenchanted*); Tahiti gave him *Le Mariage de Loti* (*The Marriage of Loti*); Senegal, *Le Roman d'un Spahi* (*The Romance of a Spahi*); Brittany and the ocean, *Mon Frère Yves* (*My Brother Yves*); the Northern Seas, *Pêcheur d'Islande* (*An Iceland Fisherman*); Algeria, *Les Trois Dames de la Kasbah*; Japan, *Madame Chrysanthème*; the Basque country, *Ramuntcho*. Altho his first novel, *Aziyadé*, published anonymously, passed almost unnoticed, his second, *The Marriage of Loti*, won him a tremendous success. His vague impressionism and melancholy appealed equally to the big public and the more fastidious critics. Jules Lemaitre, one of the literary dictators of the day, declared: "I have never been so deeply moved by a book." Daudet befriended him and introduced him to the Goncourt circle. As his novels appeared in uninterrupted succession, Loti was accepted as one of the outstanding figures in French literature. Curiously enough, his literary vocation moved faster than his naval profession. In 1892, at the time he joined the French Academy (he defeated Emile Zola!) and became one of the Immortals, he had not even attained the rank of naval captain! From where did Loti derive his power? Women, salons, clericals—some gossiped—and then, again, because he had charmed his public with the then fashionable notes of exoticism, melancholy, scepticism, and a perfumed style. Despite it all, his career reached its highest fruition in 1886 with the publication of *An Iceland Fisherman*, a novel which has found a niche among the classics of fiction.

If his literary gifts brought him to the Academy, his services to his country won him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1922. Loti rubbed elbows with kings and emperors, married a brilliant lady, and found in his son Samuel "a devoted friend and loyal collaborator." During the War he wrote hysterical pamphlets against the Germans

(embodied in his books *La Hyène Enragée* and *L'Horreur Allemande*) and vigorously if unconvincingly defended his friends the Turks in *La Mort de Notre Chère France en Orient*. With the approach of old age his prestige suffered a great deal. He found solace in his grandchild and his best friends, his cats. A few faithful friends visited him in his beautiful palace which contained a Gothic hall, a Renaissance hall, a beautiful mosque rebuilt from one demolished in Damascus, and a vast Chinese hall in red and gold, adjoining a pagoda—"everywhere, objects rare and beautiful, arms presented by the Sultan of Oman or other exotic princes, gifts from the Commander of the Faithful." But far more interesting than his wonderful Turkish chamber "was the odd little grotto built by big brother Gustave for a little boy's amusement, the mother's bedroom, and the typical provincial salon in red velvet, where Loti's bourgeois forebears, entering at any moment, would have found themselves at home."

Pierre Loti breathed his last at four o'clock on Sunday, June 10, 1923. "Covered by a tricolor flag, the coffin was conveyed on a gun-carriage to the riverside escorted by sailors and marines, where it was carried aboard the despatch-boat, *Chamois*. Along the banks of the Charente the people saluted and threw flowers at the passing ship. Across a rough sea steamed the *Chamois*, escorted now by four torpedo boats. At St.-Pierre d'Oléron, in the little 'temple' where the Renaudins and Texiers had worshipped, the pastor pronounced a short prayer. And in the dusk—such a dusk, perhaps, as that in which he had seen his life spread out before him—when the crowds and the soldiers had departed, Pierre Loti was laid in the earth by his son and a few faithful sailors."

Principal works of Pierre Loti:

FICTION: *Aziyadé*, 1879; *Le Mariage de Loti*, 1880; *Le Roman d'un Spahi*, 1881; *Fleurs d'Ennuï*, 1882; *Mon Frère Yves*, 1883; *Pêcheur d'Islande*, 1886; *Madame Chrysanthème*, 1887; *Le Roman d'un Enfant*, 1890; *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*, 1890; *Fantôme d'Orient*, 1892; *Matelot*, 1893; *Ramuntcho*, 1897; *Madame Prune*, 1905; *Les Désenchantées*, 1906.

TRAVEL IMPRESSIONS AND ESSAYS: *Propos d'Exil*, 1887; *Japoneries d'Exil*, 1889; *Au Maroc*, 1890; *Une Exilée*, 1893; *Le Désert*, 1895; *Jérusalem*, 1895; *La Galilée*, 1895; *Figures et Choses qui Passaient*, 1898; *Reflets sur la Sombre Route*, 1899; *Les Derniers Jours de Pékin*, 1902; *L'Inde*, 1903; *Vers Ispahan*, 1904; *La Mort de Philae*, 1909; *Le Château de la Belle-au-Bois-Dormant*, 1910; *Un Pèlerin d'Angkor*, 1912; *La Turquie Agonisante*, 1913; *La Hyène Enragée*, 1916; *Quelques Aspects du Vertige Mondial*, 1917; *L'Horreur Allemande*, 1918; *La Mort de Notre Chère France en Orient*, 1920; *Suprêmes Visions d'Orient*, 1921.

Pierre Loti's works in English translation:

FICTION: *My Brother Yves*, 1887 (also as *A Tale of Brittany*, 1924); *An Iceland Fisherman*, 1887 (other translations, 1893, 1899, 1924, 1931); *Rarahu*, 1890 (also as *The Marriage of Loti*, 1930 and *Tahiti*, 1930); *The Romance of a Spahi*, 1890 (also as *The Sahara*, 1921); *A Child's Romance*, 1891 (also as *The Story of a Child*, 1901); *A Phantom from the East*, 1892 (also as *Constantinople*, together with story by that name, 1928); *The Book of Pity and Death*, 1892; *Madame Chrysanthème*, 1897 (also as *Japan*, 1915); *Ramuntcho*, 1897 (also as *A Tale of the Pyrenees*, 1913); *Madame Prune*, 1905 (also 1919); *Disenchanted*, 1906 (also 1924); *Constantinople*, 1928.

TRAVEL IMPRESSIONS, ETC: *From Lands of Exile*, 1888; *Into Morocco*, 1889, also 1892; *Last Days of Pékin*, 1902; *India*, 1906; *Egypt*, 1909; *Daughter of Heaven* (a play, with Judith Gautier), 1912; *Carmen Sylva and Sketches of Orient*, 1912; *Siam*, 1913; *Turkey in Agony*, 1913; *Morocco*, 1914; *On Life's By-Ways*, 1914; *Jerusalem*, 1915; *The Trail of the Barbarians*, 1917; *Notes of My Youth*, 1924.

About Pierre Loti:

Bainville, J. *Au Seuil du Sîdele*; Barry, W. F. *Heralds of Revolt*; Barthou, L. *Pierre Loti*; Bertuccioli, A. *Pierre Loti: Vita e Opere*; Borgese, G. *La Vita e il Libro*; D'Anvergne, E. B. *Pierre Loti: The Romance of a Great Writer*; Farrère, C. *Loti*; Faure, P. *Méditation sur Loti*; Giraud, V. *Portraits d'Ames*; Guerard, A. L. *Five Masters of French Romance*; Gosse, E. *French Profiles*; Hirschmann-Guenzel, G. *Der Todesgedanke bei Pierre Loti*; James, H. *Essays in London and Elsewhere*; Lemaitre, J. *Literary Impressions*; Mallet, F. *Pierre Loti*; Mariel, J. *Pierre Loti*; Odette, V. *Mon Ami Pierre Loti*; Robert, L. de. *De Loti à Proust*; Serban, N. *Pierre Loti: Sa Vie, Son Œuvre*; Sherman, S. P. *Critical Woodcuts*; Stephens, W. *French Novelists of Today*.

Catholic Educational Review 9:225, 304, 1905; *Contemporary Review* 138:76 July 1930; *Edinburgh Review* 198:400, 1903; *McGill University Magazine* 19:209, 1920.

Amy Lowell 1874-1925

AMY LOWELL, American poet and critic, was born February 9, 1874, at Brookline, Massachusetts, the daughter of Augustus and Katharine Bigelow Lawrence Lowell. Of the five children in the family she was the youngest; the eldest were Percival Lowell, the astronomer, who observed what he believed to be canals and indications of life on the planet Mars, and Abbott Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University. The American Lowells are descended from Perceval Lowell (or Lowle) a Bristol merchant, who came to Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1639.

Amy Lowell's paternal grandfather, John Amory Lowell, a cousin of James Russell Lowell, was a pioneer cotton manufacturer. (Her father, too, was prominent in the cotton industry.) Her maternal grandfather, Abbott Lawrence, was minister to England.

Amy Lowell was educated in private schools. "I am Amy Lowell of Brookline, Massachusetts," she used to say by way of introduction. The house in which she was born and in which she was to die made a deep impression on her and appears time and again in her poetry. The beautiful garden was especially dear to her, and she was devoted to the horses, cows, and dogs that the family kept. She learned to ride a horse fearlessly. Her mother, who was adept at music and languages, gave her a thoro grounding in French.

At the age of eight she was taken abroad and rushed thru Scotland, England, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Germany, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. This trip excited her so much that she became seriously ill: it was many years before she conquered her fear of the dark.

When she was twenty-one, in 1895, her mother died; the death of her father occurred five years later. After the loss of her father in 1900, Amy Lowell bought the family estate, Sevenels, in Brookline, a "high, square, mansard-roofed, brown stone mansion. . . embowered in old trees and lawns and gardens. . . a very monument of security, financial, social, traditional."

Meanwhile she had spent six months abroad in 1896, the winter of 1897-98 on the Nile (again the overstrain resulted in illness) the winter of 1898-99 on a ranch in California, and the next summer in England. In the ornate high-ceiled vastness of Sevenels she was to live the rest of her life except for the summer of 1905 spent in Europe, the winter of 1908 in Greece and Turkey, and visits to England in 1913 and 1914.

Travel and books were chiefly responsible for the enrichment of Amy Lowell's experience and the broadening of her horizon. Charles Cestre comments: "She paid but little attention to current ideas or social problems, but gave herself with all her soul (her works proclaim it) to the picturesqueness of things, to the charm of history, and above all to the fascination of art. Evidently she has felt the influence of painting, of sculpture, but still more the enchantment of the decorative marvels conceived by the minute ingenuity and subtle dexterity of the artisans of Flanders, Italy, and France, without neglecting Japanese prints and the porcelains of China. She allowed herself to be surrounded by the super-fine tonalities created by the workers in art of all times and of all countries, made from the vivid hue of prints, from the reflections of lacquers, from the scintillation of jewels, from the play of color on brocade, from the soft lines of carved wood and of wrought metals."

Ever since her childhood, Amy Lowell had entertained vague ideas of becoming an author, but made no serious attempt to write poetry until her twenty-eighth year. ("About 1902 I discovered that poetry. . . was my natural mode of expression. And from that moment I began to devote myself to it seriously, studying as hard as possible, and endeavoring to perfect myself in the art.") She did not appear in print until she was thirty-six, when a poem of hers was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* (August 1910).

In 1911 she translated Alfred de Musset's *Caprice* and played the leading rôle in an amateur performance in Boston. A year later her first book of poems, *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass*, was pub-



AMY LOWELL

lished. It was weak, conventional, and imitative, showing little promise.

Amy Lowell's visit to England in 1913 is a significant event in her career. In London she met Ezra Pound and the new insurgent group of Imagist poets. These she "dined and wined and motored . . . with a lavishness unheard-of among poets." This meeting, says Harriet Monroe, led to pleasant friendships with John Gould Fletcher, H. D., and Richard Aldington, "and to a pleasant enmity with Ezra Pound—for two such dominant personalities could not get on in the same boat." After the publication of Pound's anthology *Des Imagistes* in 1914, Miss Lowell appeared again on the London scene, as John Gould Fletcher recalls in his autobiographical sketch in this volume, "with the project of turning the anthology into an annual volume. Ezra and she quarreled over the editorship, and also over Ezra's increasing Vorticism."

Amy Lowell had her way: Pound withdrew from the Imagist ranks, and she returned to Brookline with the manuscript of *Some Imagist Poets*, an anthology which appeared in three successive years, 1915, 1916, and 1917, the first of which contained a preface defining the tenets of the group. Amy Lowell's Imagist clan consisted of Richard Aldington, F. S. Flint, D. H.

Lawrence (three Englishmen) and John Gould Fletcher, H. D., and herself (three Americans). The group took its name from the fourth statement in its manifesto: "To present an image. . . We are not a school of painters, but we believe that poetry should render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous." The Imagists declared their faith in the exact word; "free verse"; "absolute freedom in the choice of subject"; "hard and clear" poetry; concentration. Miss Lowell became the belligerent champion of the Imagists, stirred up considerable controversy, and brought the name of herself and her colleagues into the limelight, where she remained until her death.

Amy Lowell's second volume of poems, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, published in 1914, convinced critics and public of her importance. It was a remarkable improvement over her first book, including not only a number of fine specimens in her new Imagist and *vers libre* style, but also the first appearance in English of "polyphonic prose," which she imported and adapted from the French. "Polyphonic," she wrote, "means 'many-voiced,' and the form is so-called because it makes use of the 'voices' of poetry, namely: metre, *vers libre*, assonance, alliteration, rhyme, and return. It employs every form of rhythm, even prose rhythm at times." Despite her brilliant efforts in behalf of "polyphonic verse," it never became naturalized in English verse and seems to have died with her.

Amy Lowell readily admitted her indebtedness to France. "For the purely technical side I must state my immense debt to the French, and perhaps above all to the so-called Parnassian school, altho some of the writers who have influenced me most do not belong to it." She was unusual among American poets for her indefatigable interest in technique. "A poet," she declared, "must learn his trade in the same manner, and with the same painstaking care, as a cabinet-maker."

A critical study of *Six French Poets* in 1915 was followed by a third volume of verse, *Men, Women and Ghosts*. In *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, Miss Lowell appraises six of her contemporaries. *Can Grande's Castle* con-

tains her best work in "polyphonic prose." *Pictures of the Floating World*, a lyric and self-revealing volume, shows the influence of Chinese and Japanese poetry; *Legends* is a resourceful retelling of "Tales of Peoples" of many lands; *Fir-Flower Tablets* contains translations from the Chinese, in collaboration with her friend Mrs. Florence Ayscough; *A Critical Fable*, published anonymously in 1922, is an amusing, often satirical, series of rhymed portraits of contemporary poets, including one of herself. The last four years of her life were occupied with the writing of her monumental two-volume biography of *John Keats*, published shortly before her death. Three volumes of poems were published posthumously under the editorship of her literary executor, Mrs. Harold Russell, the friend to whom Amy Lowell had dedicated all her poems.

Amy Lowell's friends and enemies—she had plenty of both—have given us many vivid impressions of her appearance and personality. Legends of her domineering assertiveness, her enormous size, her big black cigars, have circulated in and out of print. The incongruity between the traditional conformity of her inheritance and the defiant individuality of her character made her eccentricities seem doubly startling.

"She was of immense physique," wrote an English observer, "with a massive head, a brow that suggested a vast reservoir of brain force, a voice that told of arrogant and conquering vitality. . . . She was masculine, overwhelming. . . . A good round oath was as natural to her lips as the uncompromising cigar that gave flavor to her after-dinner talk and kept her going thru nights of literary labor, for she habitually worked till dawn."

Clement Wood recalls that his first impression was of "an abiding charm of personality, a spiritual magnetism, that disposed me to confiding friendship from the start. . . . Her bodily frame was excessively stout and ungainly; her face held something childish, self-consciously prim, and almost mediocre, with a sleek urbanity of self-assurance grown from her long cultural background."

A vivid portrait of Amy Lowell and of her household has been written by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, who evokes the unwieldy body "encased in a trim uniform of rich dark satin, with stiff boned collar and undersleeves of net" . . . the high-pitched voice. . . the trick of "turning midnight to morn and morn to midnight". . . the kimono, typewriters, and secretaries. . . the crowded luxurious rooms. . . the seven beloved Scotch sheep dogs that took such special delight in biting timid visiting poets that Miss Lowell was forced to choose between the dogs and the poets, and chose the poets. . . It is typical of the ruthlessness of her decisions that she did not send the dogs away, but had them all killed. Miss Sergeant recalls having seen Amy Lowell reading in bed "under a black umbrella in the bright light of mid-afternoon, smoking, of course, the equally black cigar." When the poet arrived at a New York hotel, she ordered every large mirror to be swathed in black—a practice she may have borrowed from Queen Elizabeth—every clock stopped. . . "and woe to the waiter who did not produce ten or twelve pitchers of ice water in a twinkling, and begin to sharpen his steel dinner knives. Woe to the housekeeper who had not prepared the sixteen pillows and the soft old linen. Woe to the ticket agency that had not saved its best seats for the low-brow plays, and the editors of the magazines who were not besieging the telephone."

She liked to command editors, as she commanded her satellites; the anguish that overwhelmed her at a typographical error in one of her poems was insoluble. "I made myself a poet," she is reported to have said, "but the Lord made me a business man." It has been remarked that she had no real genius, except a genius for publicity. The two persons who most influenced her—Eleonora Duse and Ada Russell—were both actresses, and she played her own part, as a sort of "female Roosevelt among the Parnassians," with gusto and brilliance. Amy Lowell did much to help and comfort Duse during the Italian actress' fatal American tour.

A description of her day reads: "She began to write when others retire to rest, went to bed as early birds arise, sleeping the morning away, breakfasting at two or three in the afternoon, delving with her secretaries till dark, on that fabulous poetic correspondence which she carried on like a business, slowly dressing for a formal dinner, and beginning the day's work again at eleven or midnight."

Despite her rebelliousness, Amy Lowell at heart never forsook the traditions of her class. She remained a conservative, an aristocrat, an autocrat. Contemporary social phenomena did not interest her. In politics she was a straight Republican.

To the biography of Keats she gave much of the strength of her last years; and undoubtedly it hastened her death. The work had its origin in a commemorative address that she was invited to give at Yale University in 1921 on the 100th anniversary of Keats' death. It was a true and passionate labor of love, amounting practically to a re-living of Keats' life day by day, and altho scholars have been critical of her emphasis and some of her inferences, the book will probably stand as "the most mellow fruit of her pen."

"To tell the truth I am simply worn out," she wrote in May 1924, when she was deep in the book. A month later she was "drowned in proof" and yearning to be "a free woman again." When the book was published early in 1925, she was busy with arrangements, despite the discomfort and pain that afflicted her, for a visit to England, with lectures at Oxford, Cambridge, Etou, Edinburgh, etc. But her strength gave out; stricken with paralysis, she lapsed into unconsciousness and died in the house of her birth on May 12, 1925, at the age of fifty-one. The report that unfavorable English criticism of *John Keats* hastened her death is branded by Professor John L. Lowes as "baseless."

What's O'Clock, a posthumous volume of poems, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1926. An authorized biography of Amy Lowell was in course of preparation by S. Foster Damon in 1933.

Amy Lowell's works:

POEMS: *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass*, 1912; *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, 1914; *Men, Women and Ghosts*, 1916; *Can Grande's Castle*, 1918; *Pictures of the Floating World*, 1919; *Legends*, 1921; *Fir-Flower Tablets* (with Florence Ayscough) 1921; *A Critical Fable*, 1922; *What's O'Clock*, 1925; *East Wind*, 1926; *Ballads for Sale*, 1927; *Selected Poems of Amy Lowell* (edited by John Livingston Lowes) 1928.

PROSE: *Six French Poets*, 1915; *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, 1917; *John Keats*, 1925.

About Amy Lowell:

Aiken, C. *Skepticisms*; Boynton, P. H. *Some Contemporary Americans*; Brenner, R. *Ten Modern Poets*; Cestre, C. *The Poetry of Amy Lowell*; *Dictionary of American Biography*; Farrar, J. *The Literary Spotlight*; Monroe, H. *Poets and Their Art*; Sergeant, E. S. *Fire Under the Andes*; Untermeyer, L. *American Poetry Since 1900*; Wood, C. *Amy Lowell*.

Bookman 63:11 March 1926; *New Republic* 44:13-22 November 18, 1925; *North American Review* 221:508 March 1925; *Saturday Review of Literature* 1:774 May 23, 1925; *Scribner's Magazine* 82:3-29 September 1927.

Marie Belloc Lowndes 1868-

Autobiographical sketch of Marie Belloc Lowndes, English novelist:

THROUGH my French father, Louis Belloc, a member of the French Bar, in other words an *avocat*, I am descended from the last colonel of the famous Berwick Brigade, the regiment which was raised in Scotland and Ireland to fight for the Stuarts. They fought at Fontenoy, and also at Waterloo on the French side. At Waterloo the famous charge of the Cuirassiers was led by Colonel Baron Chasseriau, one of my four great uncles who were generals of Napoleon. My own grandmother, who lived till I was a girl of fifteen, was present at the last review held by Napoleon, her father being one of his staff officers.

Seventeen of my French relations served in the late War, and my heart is all French. This does not mean that I am not proud of the fact that my dear English mother was own great granddaughter to Joseph Priestley, the Unitarian minister who has been called "the father of modern science," and who took refuge in America as a result of his ill

treatment by the British Tory mob when he declared that "all men are born free and equal."

There are distinguished descendants of Doctor Priestley living now in America. My brother Hilaire Belloc and myself are Doctor Priestley's only descendants in Europe.

I had practically no education at all, save two years in a beautiful and well managed convent school. I lived half the year in France and half the year in England, which in a way was an education in itself, for it gave me the immense privilege of an intimate knowledge of the literature of two nations, or indeed I may say three nations, for *Rollo* was most certainly my first sweetheart, and *Little Women* were my first girl friends.

I began writing at the age of sixteen, (I do not care now to give my age, tho I did not mind doing so till comparatively lately) being at the time deeply interested in history. Many years went by before I wrote my first novel, tho I had always intended to write stories, and very early developed a plot mind. My best known novels are *The Lodger*, *Good Old Anna*, *The Story of Ivy*, and *Letty Lynton*.

I have no literary preferences. Everything I think good, old or new, whether in poetry, in imaginative literature, or in *belles lettres* appeals to me.

I do not care for games. Writing, reading, and knowing people are my greatest pleasures. I am proud of having discovered for myself many obscure authors who afterwards became famous. These include Theodore Dreiser, Arnold Bennett, Willa Cather, Walter De La Mare, and last but not least Sinclair Lewis.

I am married to Frederick Sawrey Lowndes, a member of the staff of the *London Times*. I have three children: Charles, who was on active service during the last two years of the late War; Elizabeth, married three years ago to the Earl of Iddesleigh, who is a grandson of one of Queen Victoria's Chancellors of the Exchequer and a director of the British publishing firm of Eyre and Spottiswoode; and Susan Priestley Lowndes who is many years younger than her brother and sister.



MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

I was born a Catholic and hold firmly to the tenets of that faith.

I think I may say I work every day of the year, writing in bed in the early morning. I re-write more, I think, than any author living. Thus a five thousand word story often means for my secretary the typing of fifty thousand words.

* * *

Marie Belloc's earliest literary effort was a short story called "Pastel," which appeared in the *Meynells'* magazine, *Merry England*, when she was sixteen. The scene was the France of two hundred years ago, and it was a psychic tale built round the pastel portrait of a girl. Her first published book was a biography, *Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine*, which appeared when she was twenty-one. It was followed five years later by *Pages from the Journals and Correspondence of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt*, edited in collaboration with Miss Shedlock; and it was not until five years more had passed that her first novel in dialogue, *The Philosophy of a Marquise*, was published.

She prefers historical work to fiction, and her earliest novels were studies of character. She might have returned eventually to history if it had not been for *The Lodger*, published in 1913, which became the most famous and suc-

cessful of her books and which Edmund Pearson, the expert on crime, has called the best book about murder written by any living author. Altho *The Lodger* has sold to date over half a million copies, it was reviewed very unfavorably on its appearance.

A chance conversation at a dinner table was responsible for *The Lodger*, which was based upon the Jack-the-Ripper murders. (Several of her crime stories are based upon actual cases.) It was written first as a short story for a "now-forgotten magazine" and was later expanded into a serial for the *Daily Telegraph*, publication in book form following. Later it was made into a play, and has been filmed twice.

Because of the popularity of her crime stories, Mrs. Lowndes is generally considered today solely a writer of that type of fiction. This she resents. "Altho books dealing with crime are now always expected of me," she says, "I am not, and never have been, more interested in crime than should be any person of average intelligence. What I care about as a writer is character and sex. . . It is unfortunate for me that because, like most ordinary people, I am fascinated by the psychology of crime as an illustration of character, I am classed almost exclusively as a writer of mystery stories. As a matter of fact, nearly all those tales of mine which are called mystery stories are not mystery stories at all; I write as does the dramatist—that is, I make a point of laying all my cards on the table, so that the reader nearly always knows early in the story who the murderer is going to be. . . What has always seemed to me of paramount interest in either a true or an invented story of murder is contained not in the word 'Who?' but the word 'Why?'"

Describing Mrs. Lowndes in the *Boston Transcript* when she visited America in 1933, J. Fletcher Smith wrote: "consider for a moment Whistler's portrait of his mother. Remember the attitude in general and the clasping of hands in particular. Then supplant the frail, resigned figure in black with a plumper, cheerier, prettier little lady smartly accoutred in brown, with head erect, pale grey-blue eyes with a jolly twinkle, and an ingratiating smile. Endow the little

lady with considerable natural vivacity curbed by even more considerable graciousness and self-possession, and animate the figure with a pleasant, well-modulated voice of no particular accent but with a queer trill in it—and you will have a quite passable likeness of Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes." Her petite figure and her vivacity reminded the interviewer of a friendly small bird upon a window-sill. Alexander Woolcott thought that she looked "like a perfect Queen Victoria." May Lamberton Becker spoke of her genius for friendship, adding, "If she ever writes her memoirs the index will look like a blend of *Who's Who* and *Peerage*."

In London Mrs. Lowndes lives "on a little street curving round the back of Westminster Abbey, a tucked-away corner with a bit of the medieval city wall built into one side," and spends the summers in Wimbledon, within easy commuting distance.

Mrs. Lowndes' English mother was Bessie Rayner Parkes, an early crusader for the rights of women and editor of one of the first women's magazines in England. Bessie Parkes appears repeatedly in the pages of Violet Hunt's reminiscence of the Pre-Raphaelite circle, *The Wife of Rossetti*, as a handsome woman, dashing and gay, dressed in the height of fashion, and withal an excellent hostess.

It was Mrs. Lowndes' French grandmother who translated *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the French nation.

Works of Marie Belloc Lowndes:

Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, 1880; Pages From the Journals and Correspondence of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt (edited in collaboration) 1894; The Philosophy of a Marquise, 1899; The Heart of Penelope, 1904; Barbara Rebell, 1905; The Pulse of Life, 1907; The Uttermost Farthing, 1908; Studies in Wives, 1909; When No Man Pursueth, 1910; Jane Oglander, 1911; The Chink in the Armour, 1912; Mary Pachell, 1912; Studies in Love and in Terror, 1913; The Lodger, 1913; The End of Her Honeymoon, 1914; Good Old Anna, 1915; The Red Cross Barge, 1916; Lilla: A Part of Her Life, 1916; Love and Hatred, 1917; The Lonely House, 1920; From the Vasty Deep, 1920; What Timmy Did, 1921; The Terriford Mystery, 1924; Some Men and Women, 1925; Bread of Deceit, 1925; What Really Happened, 1926; Thou Shalt Not Kill, 1927; The Story of Ivy, 1928; Cressida, 1928; One of Those

Ways, 1929; Duchess Laura, 1929 (American title: *The Duchess Intervenes*); Lolly Lynton, 1930; Vanderlyn's Adventure, 1931; Jenny Newstead, 1932; Novels of Mystery (omnibus collection) 1933.

About Marie Belloc Lowndes:

Bookman (London) 75:313 March 1929; *Boston Transcript Book Section* January 14, 1933; *London Mercury* 25:325 February 1932; *New York Herald Tribune Magazine* October 8, 1933; *Overland* 88:273 September 1930; *Publishers' Weekly* 123:127 January 14, 1933.

Mabel Dodge Luhan 1879-

MABEL DODGE LUHAN, American author, was born Mabel Ganson in Buffalo, New York, on February 26, 1879. Her father, Charley Ganson, and her mother, Sara Cook Ganson, were both members of old Buffalo families and lived there until their deaths.

Mabel grew up in comfortable circumstances, but in a warring household, as she candidly states in her autobiography. Until she was sixteen, she went to school at St. Margaret's in Buffalo, then spent a half year at Miss Graham's School in New York. That summer she traveled to Europe with her mother, falling under the spell of Wagner and Maeterlinck and visiting Bayreuth. After a final year of education at the Chevy Chase School outside of Washington, D.C., she came out in Buffalo society at a formal ball.

In her early twenties, she was married to Carl Evans. They had one son, John Ganson Evans, who, in 1933, published his first novel, *Andrew's Harvest*, revealing to the *New York Times* "a new talent which will be well worth watching." Carl Evans died as a result of a hunting accident, and Mabel left Buffalo with her two-year old son, for Europe, in 1902.

On the steamer, she met Edwin Dodge, a Boston architect. They were married a few months later. In Florence, Italy, they bought a large fifteenth century villa, and Dodge reconstructed it. Here, she says, "the esthetic side of life opened up" to her. She became the friend of Eleonora Duse, Gordon Craig, Gertrude Stein, and Henry Savage Landor, to name a few of the celebrated people who came to her villa and made it famous thruout Europe. She says she learned about painting from the art critics

Charles Loeser, Leo Stein, Bode, and Berenson, and "lived very deeply and completely in the arts."

After ten years in Italy, Mrs. Luhan returned to America to give her son an American boy's education. Soon after arriving in New York she was separated from Dodge, who went to Boston to practice architecture, and later she was amicably divorced from him.

At her apartment in General Sicks' house on Fifth Avenue, she "established a kind of salon, where an evening a week all kinds of intellectual people met and discussed every topic in an open conversational way. Artists of every rank mingled with labor leaders, single taxers, writers or professional men and anarchists."

Among those whom she credits with influencing her life at this time were Lincoln Steffens, Isadora Duncan, John Reed, Nina Bull, Walter Lippmann, Carl Van Vechten, Jo Davidson, Margaret Sanger, and Max Eastman.

She lived in New York from 1912 to 1914, and during that time was sponsor of Gertrude Stein's poetry, Freudian psychology, and ebullient painting.

After the World War broke out, she took a large farmhouse at Croton-on-Hudson, north of New York City, with cottages on the place where artists could come and stay. To rest or work, for varying periods, came Bayard Boyesen the poet, Robert Edmond Jones, Maurice Sterne, Russian-born painter and sculptor, and others.

"At this time," says Mrs. Luhan, "I started writing short newspaper *feuilletons* somewhat in the style of those in French newspapers. I rarely went into New York any more and finally outgrew Croton; so came to New Mexico in the winter of 1918 with Sterne, whom I had married the previous summer. Fell irrevocably in love with Taos, built a large adobe house, and had another amicable divorce, from Sterne. Lived with and finally married [in 1923] Antonio Luhan, a Taos Pueblo Indian, finding in Taos a permanent resting place."

In Taos as before, Mrs. Luhan's house became the rendezvous of celebrated artists and writers, including D. H. Lawrence, Mary Austin, Elsie Clews

Parsons, John Dewey, and Robinson Jeffers.

Mrs. Luhan started to write her autobiography in 1926. She says there was just one reason for doing it: "to become conscious of myself, of what I was, and what had made me what I was." The autobiography grew to many volumes in manuscript. Harry Hansen said: "When the news came that Mabel Dodge Luhan was writing her intimate memoirs a lot of high-placed men in New York's literary life got what may be called the Mabel Dodge Luhan jitters." But they breathed easier when she announced that most of the volumes were not to be published until after her death.

A contributor to newspapers and periodicals for two decades, Mrs. Luhan published her first book in 1932, when she was fifty-three. The book was *Lorenzo in Taos*, her chronicle of D. H. Lawrence and herself from the time she induced him to come to New Mexico in the autumn of 1922 to the time she last saw him two years later. The volume contained some ninety unpublished letters of Lawrence.

In explanation of *Lorenzo in Taos*, Mrs. Luhan wrote to Lewis Gannett: "That book is, if I do say it, one of the most conscious books ever written, one

of the first attempts to show the motions of the machinery operating upon the environment, with the writer trying to be a little god in the machine, desperately observing, and aware, in retrospect, of the strange, silly, egotistic, and biological activities of the conditioned self and its companions in misery and joy."

Volume one of Mrs. Luhan's autobiography, *Intimate Memories: Background*, appeared in 1933. In this volume were recorded the first eighteen years of her life, ending with her coming-out ball. The book was praised for its uncompromising portraiture of her family and its picture of society in the 'Eighties and 'Nineties. Herbert Gorman wrote: "It is an important document and a genuine addition to the history of *mocurs* in America."

Lewis Gannett calls Mrs. Luhan's works "appallingly intimate and amazingly—sometimes cruelly—honest," and says: "You can hate Mrs. Luhan's books—and many who have read them do. But you feel, having read them, that you have been plunged into intense emotional experience."

Spud Johnson, a friend of Mrs. Luhan, informed the editors of the present work late in 1933 that one or two more volumes of the autobiography "may be released within the next few years."

Mrs. Luhan's influence on countless artists and writers is, according to Johnson, evident in all directions. "She appears, for instance, as a character in many books: Carl Van Vechten's *Peter Whiffle*, *Sacred and Profane Memories*, and other novels; Max Eastman's *Venture*; D. H. Lawrence's *Woman Who Rode Away*, *St. Mawr*, etc.; Donald Evans' *Sonnets From the Patagonian*; Gertrude Stein's *Portrait of Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curonia*, etc. And she has posed for a host of artists: Jacques Blanche, Paris portrait painter and translator of the French edition of *Lorenzo in Taos*; Maurice Sterne, who has a whole series of 'Portraits of Mabel Dodge'; Andrew Dasburg, who painted 'The Absence of Mabel Dodge' and 'The Presence of Mabel Dodge,' etc."

Altho she continues to live in Taos, New Mexico, Mrs. Luhan spends many winters in New York, California, and in



Johan Hagameyer

MABEL DODGE LUHAN

Mexico, occupying herself principally with her writing.

Dorothy Brett describes Mrs. Luhan as a woman "of a square, sturdy build; the thick brown hair, bobbed like a Florentine boy, swings as she walks and gleams here and there a bright chestnut. The fringe is cut in a curve over the brows, the point of the curve in the middle of the forehead, like a Mephistophelian cap. The big, gray, dark-lashed eyes are curiously shiny, the nose small and straight, with just the least bit of a curve down at the end. The lips are well cut and unpainted. There is poise and self-assurance in the whole carriage, and a warm glow from what one feels in a moment is a rich personality. As she walks, her arms swing. . ."

Mabel Dodge Luhan's works:

Lorenzo in Taos (about D. H. Lawrence) 1932; Intimate Memories: Background, 1933.

About Mabel Dodge Luhan:

Brett, D. *Lawrence and Brett*.

George Barr McCutcheon 1866-1928

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON, American popular novelist, was born on a farm near Lafayette, in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, on July 26, 1866, the eldest of the three sons of John Barr McCutcheon and Clara Glick McCutcheon. The father, a drover and cattle buyer, of Scottish descent, was born in Kentucky; since he won local fame as the author of a five-act play that was produced by his fellow-townsmen in Lafayette, it may be presumed that his son inherited such talent as he had from him. The mother, Pennsylvania Dutch, was born in Ohio and raised on an Indiana farm.

In 1876 the family moved to Lafayette, at that time a city of 30,000 inhabitants. McCutcheon senior went into the banking and brokerage business, and into Democratic politics. He succeeded in both, and his personal popularity was so great that he was repeatedly elected sheriff and county treasurer in a Republican stronghold.

If his humorous account in *My Maiden Effort*, a collection of personal confessions, is to be trusted, McCutcheon

began writing at what he calls the "advanced" age of twelve. The titles of his early efforts reveal their nature. Two short stories, "Panther Jim, or the Scout's Revenge," and "The Red Avenger," were, fortunately, rejected by the first magazine he sent them to, *St. Nicholas*, and by all the others. It must be admitted that he was thoro, as he does not seem to have neglected any possible market. Only slightly discouraged, McCutcheon kept on writing, but the too-regular return of his Cooperesque stories induced him—at fifteen—to try another form. Strangely enough, however, his plays, written especially for two of the most distinguished actresses on the American stage, Annie Pixley and Maggie Mitchell, met the same fate as his stories. Finally, when he was nineteen, a Boston magazine, the *Waverly*, accepted a short story, "My First Party," less dramatic than the others, and printed it—two years later.

In 1881 McCutcheon entered the newly-established Purdue University, in his home town, having as his classmates his brother, John Tinney McCutcheon, the well-known political cartoonist, and two other Indiana writers, Booth Tarkington and George Ade. In the summer of 1882 he joined C. P. Hormig's Comedy Company, thus realizing a long-cherished ambition to become an actor. Under the name of "George M. Clifford" he played juvenile leads. A season under canvas cured him of his enthusiasm for theatrical life, and, when the company closed, McCutcheon found himself "broke" with no alternative but to walk home.

In 1889, after he had sold two stories, for ten and fifteen dollars, respectively, McCutcheon entered the field of daily journalism, as a reporter for the *Lafayette Journal*. He later joined the staff of the *Lafayette Courier*, and rose to the position of city editor in 1893. But he was not happy in his post, and between December 1898 and March 1899, he wrote his first full-length novel, *Graustark*, because he was tired of newspaper editing, and because he wanted to see if he had any ability in other directions. After selling the manuscript for \$500, he was convinced that



GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

he could write successful—that is, profitable—stories, and he gladly gave up newspaper work. *Graustark* was published in 1901, and established McCutcheon's reputation; as a play, it netted the producers considerably over \$250,000. After its Broadway run was over, it was for years a popular favorite with stock companies thruout the country.

Graustark caught the public fancy, being, as Charles C. Baldwin puts it, "as full of impossibilities as a fairy tale and as full of good reading. Swords are carried easily and gracefully; swords are drawn and crossed; step by step the villain is backed to the wall. There is intrigue in the court and loyalty among the guardsmen. Beauty is often in distress and as often rescued."

McCutcheon followed his first success with a second, *Brewster's Millions*, which sold more copies than any of his later books. It may be classed as a "problem" novel, if one regards the spending of a million dollars in one year as a problem. It was published under a pseudonym, "Richard Graves," as another novel was to be published at the same time, under his own name, and because he "did not feel that his name as author had any value." Like *Graustark*, it was equally popular on the stage, and in the rôle of Montague Brewster, Edward S. Abeles, an agree-

able comedian, was raised to stardom during the seasons of 1906-08.

Between *Graustark* in 1901, and his death in 1928, McCutcheon wrote almost fifty novels (besides numerous short stories for magazines) which makes unnecessary any detailed comment on the quality of his work. He did not allow a single year to pass without a novel (or perhaps his public would not allow him) and for one long stretch (1903-12) he produced two novels a year. Of all his writings, his own favorite was his fourth novel, *The Sherrods*, altho it was not very popular with his readers. Especially fond of Dickens, he could not resist the temptation to portray a Dickensian character in *Mr. Bingle*, which was originally entitled *The Man Who Loved Children*.

McCutcheon died suddenly, of heart disease, on October 23, 1928, while attending a luncheon of the Dutch Treat Club, at the Hotel Martinique, in New York City. Doctors from the New York Hospital were summoned immediately, but he was dead before their arrival. For the preceding eighteen months, he had been under a doctor's care. He was survived by his brothers, John T. McCutcheon and B. F. McCutcheon, by his wife (Mrs. Marie Van Antwerp Fay McCutcheon, whom he had married on September 26, 1904) and by his step-son, Willard Fay, whom he brought up and educated. He was buried in the family plot at Lafayette.

McCutcheon was a member of the Loyal Legion, and of the Authors' League of America, of which he was president during 1924-26. He possessed 3,000 first editions of Thackeray, Dickens, Hardy, Kipling, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte. He was also a collector of Corots, and had a fine set of etchings by Frank Brangwyn.

George Barr McCutcheon's works:

Graustark, 1901; *Castle Cranecrow*, 1902; *Brewster's Millions*, 1903; *The Sherrods*, 1903; *Beverly of Graustark*, 1904; *The Day of the Dog*, 1904; *The Purple Parasol*, 1905; *Nedra*, 1905; *Jane Cable*, 1906; *Cowardice Court*, 1906; *The Flyers*, 1907; *The Daughter of Anderson Crow*, 1907; *The Husbands of Edith*, 1908; *The Man From Brodney's*, 1908; *The Alternative*, 1909; *Truxton King*, 1909; *The Butterfly Man*, 1910; *The Rose in the Ring*, 1910; *What's-His-Name?* 1911; *Mary Midthorne*, 1911; *Her Weight In Gold*, 1912;

The Hollow Of Her Hand, 1912; A Fool and His Money, 1913; Black Is White, 1914; The Prince of Graustark, 1914; Mr. Bingle, 1915; From the House Tops, 1916; The Light That Lies, 1917; Green Fancy, 1917; Shot With Crimson, 1918; The City of Masks, 1918; Sherry, 1919; Anderson Crow, Detective, 1920; West Wind Drift, 1920; Quill's Window, 1921; Yollopp, 1922; Viola Gwyn, 1922; Oliver October, 1923; East of the Setting Sun, 1924; Romeo in Moon Village, 1925; Kindling and Ashes, 1926; The Inn of the Hawk and Raven, 1927; Blades, 1928; The Merivales, 1929.

About George Barr McCutcheon:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Burgess, G. (editor) *My Maiden Effort*.

Bookman 37:6 March 1913; 43:580 August 1916; 65:528 January 1929.

Denis Mackail 1892-

DENIS MACKAIL, English novelist and story writer, was born in London in the year 1892; "or rather," he says, "in Kensington, to be more precise. In Young Street, Kensington, to be even more accurate. My nursery window looked on to a house in which Thackeray once lived. I can't really say that this had any effect on my literary career, but it is almost impossible to prove that it had none. Another way of putting it is that Thackeray's windows looked on to a house in which I was one day going to live. Thackeray himself was quite ignorant of this."

This first-person introduction may suggest that Denis Mackail is not devoid of the type of humor known as whimsical. Indeed, it is upon this quality that his chief fame as an author rests. His numerous books fall within the classification customarily labeled "light fiction." He is frequently compared to Charles Lamb and A. A. Milne. A friendly reviewer once took another critic to task for classing him with Wodehouse.

Mackail's lineage is distinctly literary and artistic. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, was his grandfather. He is the son of John William Mackail, the essayist, who occupied the Chair of Poetry at Oxford for some years and whose extensive writings include a translation of the *Odyssey*, a life of William Morris, and a number of books of verse, besides his critical essays. On his mother's side Mackail is related to Rudyard Kipling and Stanley Baldwin.

He was educated at St. Paul's School, London, and entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1910 but did not take his degree because of ill health. For the same reason he made a trip to Africa in 1912.

Literary fame followed prominence of a different sort in Mackail's career. As a boy his hobby was a miniature theatre, in which he produced plays witnessed by such personages as E. V. Lucas, Laurence Housman, F. Anstey, Granville Barker, Charles Ricketts, and J. M. Barrie (all family friends). He showed an early ability to produce unusual lighting and scenic effects. The story is related of one instance when—just as the audience was exclaiming over a sunrise effect in *Midsummer Night's Dream*—the performance was interrupted by a wail from behind the scenes. The youthful producer of the effect had accidentally shocked himself by trailing his hand in the water which he was using for electric "resistance." At Oxford his literary career may be said to have begun when he became a member of the *Isis* staff, doing dramatic notices, but he also continued his interest in theatrical designing, superintending the staging of the Oxford University Dramatic Society's production of Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* in 1913.

A year later, at twenty-one, he was designated by Barrie (who remembered his youthful talent and had followed his career at Oxford) to do the sets for his play, *The Adored One*. The play was a failure but the staging attracted attention and in the spring of the next year he was requested by Bernard Shaw to design settings for *Pygmalion* when it was given its première at His Majesty's Theatre. It was an instant success, and when it was transported to New York the following fall the young designer was taken along to superintend the scenery. His work completed when the New York company opened, he spent half a year traveling in America.

Barred by the condition of his health from active service, he spent the World War years in various forms of civil service work, including a post in the print room of the British Museum and various offices in the contracts departments of the War Office and the Board

of Trade. His career at stage designing thus interrupted, he turned his thoughts to other matters, and in 1919, when he was twenty-seven and unemployed, he wrote a novel in five weeks. It was entitled *What Next?* and after seven rejections was accepted, published, and quickly attracted favorable attention. Never again, tho, he confesses, has he written a book in so short a time. "It takes me a year now to do the same amount of work," he says. "This is what is known as the acquisition of technique."

In 1917 Mackail married Diana Granet, daughter of Sir William Guy Granet, the railway magnate and financier, and the Honorable Florence Julia Granet. They have two young daughters. *Greenery Street*, which the author has confessed is almost entirely autobiographical, is the story of their romance. In *Tales of Greenery Street* more incidents of their life appear, altho in the guise of other characters than those of the earlier book.

The Mackails live in the Chelsea section of London. They have two dogs and the author formerly kept a tortoise. Mackail says that 90 per cent of his time is spent "quill driving" and the other ten "avoiding going to parties." Of his writing he told Isabella Wentworth Lawrence: "If I could earn an honest living without going thru the agony of writing books, I should be the first to do so. But I can't, and there are the dogs to be supported." He never reads his own books. The only letter he has ever written to the *Times* was to contradict a rumor that he was an infant phenomenon. Optimism as well as humor is a characteristic of his work, and—some critics have added—sentimentalism.

On this point Mackail himself has very definite ideas. "By nature I am a cynic and a pessimist," he wrote the editors of this book, "but for some inexplicable reason, when once I have a pen in my hand, there seems no end to my hope for the future or to my affection for the human race. Which of these characters is really me? I don't know; I rather hesitate to attribute sixteen volumes and over two hundred short stories to nothing more than automatic



DENIS MACKAIL

writing; yet it is a fact that there are two of me, and that the one writing to you now is very unlike the author of my works.

"Once I told an interviewer that I had observed that when people couldn't do anything else they took to writing books, so I thought I'd do this too. There's something in this—tho I oughtn't to have delivered that back-hander at my colleagues or rivals—and in any case it is true now that I've been doing it too long to start doing something different. As to my Art, I have never quite understood about this, and only claim its existence when other people say I haven't got any.

"As to my methods, I think they are rather like other people's. Occasionally I have an idea, occasionally I see a complete and remarkably good book in one blinding flash. In either case most of the idea seems to go and the flash vanishes as soon as I sit down at my desk. From that moment the whole thing is pain and agony, largely out of my control, and I have never yet written anything remotely resembling the vision that has set me off. The happiest moments in my life are when I've just finished a novel—or better still, know that I'll finish it tomorrow unless I die in the night. The blackest moment—but all

the other moments are blacker than night. I understand that it is believed by my readers that I am rather like Pollyanna and that my only difficulty is not to complete a whole novel between breakfast and lunch. These are illusions. I write by the clock and by the number of words; that's to say I start at half past nine (A.M.) and go on—groaning and hating it all—until I've done at least twelve hundred words. On the following day I generally tear these up, so sometimes I wonder how I ever finish anything at all. It is my ambition to retire with a large fortune made out of literature. At least, I think it's my ambition, but I don't suppose anything would ever really stop me. I am quite unable to read anything that I've ever written once I've corrected the proofs. It is exceedingly fortunate, as I fully realize, that I am in a minority in this idiosyncrasy.

"It is useless for me to add any vapourings or theories about novels, their why, wherefore or what have you, as I have already exhibited myself as a practitioner but no expert. I like reading other people's, and consider myself a brilliant tho always completely silent critic. But as I've told you, I'm much too critical to read my own. It is my whimsical wish to be accepted as a highbrow by other highbrows, and of course I never shall be. I have a deep and profound conviction that no woman—and I definitely don't name Jane Austen as an exception—can write at all. I'm terrified when I go into bookshops. I have been a publisher's reader—you now see where I acquired the bats in my belfry—but have never been a reviewer. I can't tell you any more about myself, as the whole business puzzles me far too much; besides, I've got to do my twelve hundred words again."

A. A. Milne is a great admirer of Mackail's work and on occasion humorously advocates a law making the buying of *Greenery Street* compulsory for brides.

Denis Mackail's books:

What Next? 1921; Romance to the Rescue, 1921; Bill the Bachelor, 1922; According to Gibson, 1923; Majestic Mystery, 1924; Summertime, 1924; Greenery Street, 1925; Fortunes of Hugo, 1926; Flower Show, 1927; Tales from Greenery Street, 1928; Another

Part of the Wood, 1929; How Amusing! 1929; The Young Livingstones, 1930; The Square Circle, 1931; David's Day, 1932; Peninsula Place, 1932; Chelbury Abbey, 1933; Having Fun, 1933.

About Denis Mackail:

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section
August 31, 1929.

Stephen McKenna 1888-

STEPHEN MCKENNA, English novelist, was born on February 27, 1888, in London, the youngest son of Leopold and Ellen McKenna. His father was the brother of Reginald McKenna, noted politician and financier, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1915-16, and Home Secretary in an earlier government.

Stephen was educated at Westminster, where he was a Scholar, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was an Exhibitioner, receiving his A.B. degree in 1909. He received his A.M. in 1914.

Financially independent, he traveled leisurely thru the world for a while after school, especially in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and wrote when he felt like it and what he wanted. His freedom, however, did not temper his ambition.

In 1912, at the age of twenty-four, McKenna published his first novel, *The Reluctant Lover*, and he has written prolifically ever since.

At the outbreak of the World War he tried to join the army but was barred because of his health, which was none too robust. It was a bitter disappointment. He then volunteered for service at his old school, Westminster, where he says his "incompetence was incurable," and after a year joined the staff of the War Trade Intelligence Department.

During this wartime service McKenna wrote *Sonia*, the novel that made him widely known in 1917 and stood thereafter as his most popular work. Grant Overton says: "The success of *Sonia* was largely due to its description in a facile, popular, and yet imminently chaste and polished style, of the social and political situation in England for a half generation before and during the early stages of the War. This description

Stephen McKenna was peculiarly well-equipped to produce, not only as the near relative of a prominent cabinet minister, but also as an assiduous frequenter of the leading Liberal center, the Reform Club, on the committee of which he had sat, despite his youthful years, since 1915."

In 1917 McKenna represented his department on A. J. Balfour's mission to the United States. He remained in the government service until February 1919.

McKenna published a trilogy called *The Sensationalists* during 1920-21. The first novel of the series, *Lady Lilith*, took its title from the Talmud, according to which Lilith was Adam's first wife. The author said that the three books gave "the history for a few years before the War, during, and immediately after the War, of a group of sensation-mongers, emotion-hunters, or whatever you like to call them, whose principle and practice it was to startle the world by the extravagance of their behavior, speech, dress, and thought and, in the other sense of the word, sensationalism, to live on the excitement of new experiences."

In 1921, when he was thirty-three, McKenna published an autobiography, *While I Remember*.



STEPHEN MCKENNA

The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman, which appeared in 1922, was a series of monologues in which a titled lady reveals the difficulties besetting one of her rank. The London *Times* said: "Mr. McKenna provides us with the same kind of exasperating entertainment that we get at games from watching a skillful and unscrupulous veteran."

Of the many books which issued from McKenna's pen in the succeeding years, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* brought to a close in 1924 the "Sonia" series, "with an amount of solemnity," said the *Times*, "which would do credit to a serious historian."

S. P. B. Mais says that McKenna as a writer "is a born raconteur: but there is very little depth in him: most of his work scintillates with an obvious harshness: he indulges in epigrams: like Oscar Wilde he does not seem even to realize that there are any classes of society other than aristocracy. . . I cannot think him a genius: talented? yes. Admirable for reading in a train or when the brain is tired. And this is not to deprecate his value. . . We thank God for Stephen McKenna because he occupies our very necessary hours of ease."

McKenna has been called "part and parcel of what he writes—of that brilliant background of English nobility, lingering traditions, political gossip of a London more talked about than seen. He belongs to London's inner circle. In fact all his writings have been a confession, for his fiction is based on biographical and autobiographical material. He looks with clear eyes into the lives of these outwardly gay people at whose country homes he plays, these political leaders with whom he chats so casually at the Reform Club, and with a manner of smoothly sophisticated brilliance he puts his finger on the weaknesses, the foibles of this time-honored race. But he dissects with the hand of science, rather than of cruelty. He has a flair for satiric wit but he is never bitter against these, his own people. Nobody has tried to recognize living originals of any of his characters."

In appearance, McKenna is tall and slender, with Irish blue eyes, fair hair, regular features, and a Dantesque pro-

file. He is said to be an engaging conversationalist with the rare accomplishment of "talking like a book." He has many friends and is a figure of prominence in London society. His one recreation is the opera and during the London season his chambers in Lincoln's Inn (where he writes mornings) are the almost nightly scenes of parties collected from the opera house. He also entertains for an hour every day before luncheon. A. St. John Adcock calls him "the most genial and interesting and interested of hosts, with as neat a hand for mixing a cocktail as any in London."

Of delicate health, McKenna travels a great deal in sunny climates. He is unmarried.

Stephen McKenna's works:

The Reluctant Lover, 1912; Sheila Intervenes, 1913; The Sixth Sense, 1915; Sonia, 1917; Ninety-Six Hours' Leave, 1917; Midas and Son, 1919; Sonia Married, 1919; Lady Lilith, 1920; The Education of Eric Lane, 1921; The Secret Victory, 1921; (the last three titles form a trilogy called The Sensationalists); While I Remember, 1921; The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman, 1922; Tex: A Chapter in the Life of Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, 1922; Soliloquy, 1922; The Commandment of Moses, 1923; Vindication, 1923; By Intervention of Providence, 1923; Tomorrow and Tomorrow, 1924; Tales of Intrigue and Revenge, 1924; An Affair of Honour, 1925; The Oldest God, 1926; Saviours of Society, 1926; The Secretary of State, 1927; Due Reckoning, 1927; The Unburied Dead, 1928; The Shadow of Guy Denver, 1928; The Daichley Inheritance, 1929; Happy Ending, 1929; The Redemption of Morley Darville, 1930; The Cast-Iron Duke, 1930; Dermott's Rampant, 1931; Beyond Hell, 1931; Pandora's Box and Other Stories, 1932; The Way of the Phoenix, 1932; Superstition, 1932; The Magic Quest, 1933.

About Stephen McKenna:

Adcock, A. St. J. *Gods of Modern Grub Street*; McKenna, S. *While I Remember*; Mais, S. P. B. *Books and Their Writers*; Overton, G. *Authors of the Day*.

Pierre MacOrlan 1883-

Autobiographical sketch of Pierre MacOrlan (pen name of Pierre Dumarchey) French novelist:

PIERRE MACORLAN was born on February 28, 1883, in Péronne (Somme) a small fortified town where his father held the position of infantry officer. He was a pupil, a backward

pupil, of the lycée in Orléans. In 1901 he arrived at Paris where he suffered much distress and want. It was during this period that he frequented popular hangouts, often risking his life in the most shady resorts for the sake of his daily bread. At the time he tried his hand at any number of odd jobs ranging from ditch-digger to house-painter and proofreader. He lived in Belgium, Holland, and Italy. Then he returned to Paris; about 1911 good luck seemed to smile at him as he became humorous columnist for *Le Journal*.

The War blighted this slight streak of prosperity. On August 2, 1914, MacOrlan joined his regiment, the 269th Infantry, at Tonl. He fought as mere foot-soldier till September 1916, when he was wounded at the siege of Péronne, his native town. It was not till 1918 that his literary position became established. From the very first, MacOrlan wrote tales of adventure, such as *A Bord de l'Étoile Matutine*, *Le Chant de l'Équipage*, and *Le Rire Jaune*. Gradually his taste for adventure changed. MacOrlan seeks for the social adventure of our times. In his books he becomes a witness of the social restlessness which prevails over his contemporaries. It is this social restlessness, soon transformed by MacOrlan into social fantasy, that gives "atmosphere" to the greater part of his books, such as *La Cavalière Elsa*, *La Vénus Internationale*, *Malice*, *Le Quai des Brumes*, *Sous la Lumière Froide*, *Quartier Réservé*, *Villes*, etc. MacOrlan is not merely a novelist but a reporter and all his books have reporting for their basis. The novelist has lived in Germany. He has visited in Morocco the Foreign Legion, those "merry" soldiers of the armies of Africa in Southern Tunis, etc.

Physically MacOrlan is thick-set, round-faced. He lives all year around in the country, in a little farm adapted to his taste. He is married and has no children—but he has two dogs: a pedigreed brach-hound named Nicolas, and Nana, a white little bulldog. The novelist lives in some seclusion; another way of saying that he hates the social swirl. His literary preferences emphasize the books which portray our times and

those reflecting the social lyricism of adversity, of the downtrodden. His liking for English books is very profound. At a very young age he was much moved by the poems of Rudyard Kipling and the tales of Stevenson. Among the French writers he loves particularly Barrès and Émile Zola, for reasons without any connection. MacOrlan has often declared that if he were twenty years younger he would work directly for the moving pictures for he believes that it could become the highest lyrical expression of the social fantasy of our times. MacOrlan's amusements consist in relaxation, in doing nothing. He smokes his pipe in front of his apple-trees and relishes with pleasure whatever spare time his tasks leave him.

* * *

To the above account written by MacOrlan for this work, one may add that his real name is not MacOrlan but Pierre Dumarchey (erroneously spelled *Dumarchais* by Professors René Lalou and Marcel Braunschvig). MacOrlan or, rather, Pierre Dumarchey, derived from Flemish forbears. He was a backward student at the Orléans lycée because he played rugby instead of attending to his homework. At seventeen he dreamed of qualifying for the bicycle races. The optimistic boy who, at eighteen, came to Paris sure of becoming a famous painter, soon tired of his Bohemian life and retreated to Rouen where he remained for two years charmed by the aroma of the ancient city. The next three years were spent in a nomadic existence: his residence changed from Bruges to Antwerp, Amsterdam, Ventimiglia, Milan, Naples, Palermo, and Tunis. On his return to Bruges he frightened people because of his leanness, a leanness due exclusively to malnutrition and extended compulsory fastings. What were his present accomplishments?—extensive landscape painting, and mastery of a colorful slang. But one day, in 1910 or 1911, he met quite accidentally the renowned humorist Gus Bofa who, after persuading him to try his hand at humorous writing, procured him a job on *Le Journal*. It was at this time that Pierre Dumarchey adopted his Scotch-sounding pseudonym Pierre MacOrlan

and endeavored to acclimatize in Paris the humor of *Punch* and of Mark Twain. In a word, he became the continuator of Alphonse Allais (1855-1905) and the competitor of Curnonsky, Gabriel de Lautrec, and Gaston de Pawlowsky. Quite representative of this period, 1911-1914, are such pieces as *Le Rire Jaune*, and *La Bête Conquérante*. *Le Rire Jaune*, for instance, contains a fantasy à la H. G. Wells: the human race is almost extinguished by a strange, very contagious disease. The unfortunate victims perish in horrible fits of laughter. In *La Bête Conquérante*, a clumsily stabbed pig wins the power of speech. Observers learn how to administer the miraculous thrust and soon all the pigs begin to speak, to study, to do research, till they surpass and conquer the human species. After centuries of greatness, they, in turn, become complacent and bourgeois, and men regain their erstwhile power. In these early works one can already foresee certain qualities characteristic of MacOrlan's more mature creations: inventiveness, humor, anti-realism. The War's heavy dosage of man-in-the-rough and brutal realism perhaps helped MacOrlan to accentuate his fanciful vision.

MacOrlan, the soldier, was sent (strange coincidence) to Péronne—to fight by the walls of his native town. Seized with despairing forebodings, he dreaded this expedition: and rightly—for in September 1916, he was seriously wounded in action. Then, weeks and months in hospitals, a slow recovery, and at last, the Armistice. Immediately the Paris daily *L'Intransigeant* sent him to Germany as staff correspondent. On his return to Paris, seven months later, he sat down to hard and serious work. It was then that he discovered his authentic vein and became the foremost writer of adventure stories in contemporary French letters. But the term "adventure story" should not be construed in its more orthodox sense. In MacOrlan's most remarkable "adventure" stories (*Le Chant de l'Équipage* and *A Bord de l'Étoile Matutine*—in English translation, *On Board the "Morning Star"*) diverse currents meet: a Stevensonian spirit, a sarcastic mockery, and a pen-



PIERRE MACORLAN

chant for piracy and the macabre blood-curdling myths, gruesome legends totally devoid of Pierre Lotisms.

This emphasis on the macabre results in a decided deviation from the strictly "adventurous" to black magic and sorcery. In such novels as *Le Nègre Léonard et Maître Jean Mullin* and *Malice* the reader is transported into a realm of witchcraft, that garden so lovingly cultivated by the German romanticists. When MacOrlan confesses his admiration for the moving pictures he means that his anti-realism, his Georg Grosz expressionism, could be better projected on the screen than on the printed page. For fictions like *La Cavalière Elsa* or *Vénus Internationale* or *Marguerite de la Nuit* depend so much more on the felicitous grasping of atmosphere, of extra-human values, than on psychological minutiae or journalistic notions.

At present MacOrlan lives in his little farm at Saint-Cyr-sur-Morin (Seine-et-Marne) where he spends his time weaving his uncanny dreams, playing on sunlit mornings his hunting horn and at twilight his beloved accordion, an instrument which he has mastered to perfection. He loves his dogs, his phonograph records, and his library of seven thousand volumes. He generally poses in front of the camera with a cigarette

in his mouth—but he never lights it: he cannot make up his mind to be unfaithful to his pipe!

Principal works of Pierre MacOrlan:

FICTION: *Les Pattes en l'Air*, 1911; *Contes de la Pipe en Terre*, 1912; *La Maison du Retour Écœurant*, 1912; *Le Rire Jaune*, 1914; *La Bête Conquérante*, 1914; *U-713*, 1917; *La Clique du Café Brevis*, 1917; *Bob Bataillonnaire*, 1918; *Le Chant de l'Équipage*, 1918; *A Bord de l'Étoile Mautiline*, 1920; *Le Nègre Léonard et Maître Jean Mullin*, 1921; *La Cavalière Elsa*, 1922; *Malice*, 1923; *La Vénus Internationale*, 1923; *Marguerite de la Nuit*, 1925; *Sous la Lumière Froide*, 1926; *Le Quai des Brumes*, 1927; *Dinah Miami*, 1929; *La Tradition de Minuit*, 1930; *La Bandera*, 1931; *Le Bataillonneur*, 1931; *Quartier Réserve*, 1932; *Filles d'Amour et Ports d'Europe*, 1932.

POETRY: *L'Inflation Sentimentale*, 1923; *Simone de Montmartre*, 1924; *Oeuvres Poétiques Complètes*, 1929.

OTHER PROSE: *Les Poissons Morts*, 1917; *Petit Manuel du Parfait Aventurier*, 1919; *Les Veillées du "Lapin Agile"*, 1920; *Les Pirates de l'Avenue du Rhum*, 1925; *Aux Lumières de Paris*, 1925; *Images sur la Tamise*, 1925; *Boutiques*, 1926; *L'Art Cinématographique*, 1927; *Nuits aux Bouges*, 1929; *Villes*, 1929; *Atget*, *Photographe de Paris*, 1930; *Le Printemps*, 1931.

Pierre MacOrlan's works available in English translation:

On Board the "Morning Star", 1924; One Floor Up, 1932; and a short story, "By the Light of Lanterns," in *The European Caravan*, edited by Samuel Putnam, 1931.

About Pierre MacOrlan:

Crémieux, B. *Le XXe. Siècle*.
Revue Européenne 20:16 October 1924; 8:166 August 1927; 6:581 June 1928; *Revue Mondiale* 27:147 September 15, 1926; *Vie des Peuples* 6:1049 April 10, 1922.

John Macy 1877-1932

JOHN ALBERT MACY, American critic, essayist, editor, biographer, and lecturer, was born at Detroit, Michigan, on April 10, 1877, the son of Powell Macy and Janet Foster Patten Macy.

The family soon left Detroit, and Macy received his early education at the Malden (Massachusetts) High School. He then went to Harvard University, graduating with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1899. He won his Master's degree the following year, and in 1900-01 he was instructor in English at Harvard. For a short time, he also taught at the Perkins Institution in Boston, a

school for blind deaf-mutes, a group in whose condition Macy was always keenly interested. He was also on the faculty of a similar school at Worcester, Massachusetts.

While at Harvard, he was introduced by Lenore Kinney to two of the most remarkable women in America, and in the world: Helen Keller, and her teacher, Anne Sullivan. Macy learned the manual alphabet in order to help Helen Keller in writing and publishing her *Story of My Life*, and he defended her vigorously when rather brutal criticism suggested that she wrote of things that were necessarily beyond her comprehension. Nella Braddy, who calls Macy "the best critic Helen ever had," summarizes what he did for her: "He pruned her style of its wordiness, curbed her proneness to dogmatic preaching, and generally pulled her down from the clouds."

His brief experiences in teaching convinced Macy that it was not a profession in which he wished to remain, and late in 1901 he joined the staff of the *Youth's Companion* as associate editor. During his period of editorship, which lasted until 1909, he also found time to write biographical and critical studies of Poe, Swift, Conrad, Kipling, and others. These appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Bookman*, *Critic*, and *Everybody's Magazine*.

On May 2, 1905, Macy married Anne Sullivan, at Wrentham, Massachusetts. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Edward Everett Hale, grand-nephew of the famous patriot, Nathan Hale, and author of the American classic, *The Man Without a Country*. There was considerable opposition to the marriage, on various grounds. The impossibility of leaving Helen Keller was one difficulty, and the difference in age, which was stressed by many who thought the marriage unwise, was another. He was twenty-eight, and Anne Sullivan was thirty-nine. After much deliberation, she finally consented, but she changed her mind so many times, that Macy humorously threatened to print "subject to change without notice" at the bottom of the wedding invitations.

Nella Braddy declares that there have been few weddings where the bride attracted so little attention. Every one,

she says, including the bride herself, and Macy, was thinking of Helen Keller. It was clearly understood, on all sides, that Helen Keller always came, and would always have to come, first.

In 1911 Macy, naturally liberal in his political and economic views, after studying the works of Karl Marx in the original, openly announced his conversion to Socialism (in which he was followed, soon after, by Helen Keller, and, later, as a result of the Lawrence textile strike, by his wife). In 1912, he was recommended for the position of secretary to George R. Lunn, Socialist Mayor of Schenectady, New York, by his friend, Walter Lippmann, who was resigning the position. Macy accepted the appointment in May, but he held it only for a short time, resigning in September of the same year because of the serious illness of Mrs. Macy. He returned to Wrentham, and in May 1913 he went to Europe, remaining there for several months. In the same year, he became literary editor of the *Boston Herald*. In 1922-23 he was literary editor of the *Nation*. A newspaper associate who knew him in the latter capacity writes: "Jack Macy's friends will remember him most of all for his warm, wise smile and his generous friendship. I knew him best when he was literary editor of the *Nation*—the worst we ever had. If a man called stone-broke and desperately in need of a few dollars, Jack Macy would instantly change his editorial plans and give that man the best books on his shelves to review. His critical ability vanished; he would recall only that a visitor needed help." In 1926, he became literary adviser to the newly-established publishing house of William Morrow and Company.

Macy died suddenly on Friday, August 26, 1932, at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. He had come there to deliver a course of five lectures at Unity House, in Forest Park, an organization owned by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. His subject was "Revolution and Rebellion in American Classical Literature," and he spoke on Thomas Jefferson, Paine, and Emerson. He was seized with a heart attack following a stroke after the third lecture. The last

two lectures, on Thoreau and Whitman, were never given. He was survived by his wife. At the time of his death, he was director of a "finishing school" in Richmond, Virginia—a rather curious connection for a man whose radical tendencies made more natural his association with the Socialist Party and the Rand School of Social Science.

Christopher Morley, in his collection of modern essays, gives a pleasing picture of Macy in his New York days: "Perhaps, if you were wandering on Fourth Street, east of Sixth Avenue, you might see him treading thoughtfully along, with a wide sombrero hat, and always troubled by an iron-gray forelock that droops over his brow. You would know, as soon as you saw him, that he is a man greatly lovable. I like to think of him as I first saw him, in front of the bright hearth of the charming St. Botolph Club in Boston, where he usually was the center of an animated group of nocturnal philosophers."

Macy's best-known work is *The Spirit of American Literature*, which was one of the first works in a movement to treat American literature seriously, a movement in which Macy deserves some of the credit that is the due of a pioneer. Firm in his enthusiastic conviction that modern American literature was as fine as any in the world, he insisted that it be regarded as an independent product, and not merely as a branch of English literature. Of its imitative nature, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, he was fully aware, but that period had long since passed, and twentieth century American literature, he maintained, was strikingly original and indigenous. *The Critical Game* emphasizes the personal approach to literature—as opposed to the academic—that Macy always stressed. The title suggests the zest that Macy brought to writing and the keen pleasure he derived from it. He thoroughly enjoyed life, and he enjoyed literature as a very important part of life. Literature as material for linguistic or historical research had little appeal for him. Perhaps more popular—albeit of less value than these works—is *The Story of the World's Literature*, in which Macy attempted an impossible task: a survey of Continental, English,



JOHN MACY

and American literature, from early times to the present day. *Do You Know English Literature?* written in collaboration with Blanche Colton Williams, head of the English department at Hunter College, is a useful book of questions and answers that has no doubt been used by many a student before rushing into an examination.

Of a different type is the collection of essays, entitled *About Women*, in which he wrote that "women have accomplished nothing important in politics, have achieved little in the arts or sciences, except literature," and that "there has never been a woman composer of the first rank, no great woman sculptor or painter, no woman who has made a crucial discovery in science." In spite of these dogmatic generalizations, no one was quicker than Macy to defend women when their legal and political rights were in danger.

His last work, *American Writers on American Literature*, which he edited, is a unique collection of essays on the literary development of America, beginning with the Colonial historians and ending with contemporary prose and poetry. The volume, the idea of which originated with Macy, is a cooperative product containing thirty-seven chapters by as many authors.

In his introduction, Macy makes an appeal for "a scholarship which shall be both erudite and animated; an unofficial, free-and-easy criticism, irreverent, skeptical, watchful of humbug and stupidity, yet not itself lacking in amenity; a sober, aggressive criticism which sees literature as life itself and does not forget that humor and merriment are essential ingredients."

Carl Van Doren has given a satisfactory summary of Macy's significance for American literature: "His range is wide, his information sound, his gusto generous. He does not go beyond his depth, because he knows what his depth is."

As a literary radical, Macy was opposed to censorship in all its forms, and he fought against it as a member and an officer of the P. E. N. Club, an international group of dramatists, poets, novelists, critics, and editors. Also in harmony with his democratic outlook was his deep interest in the literary ambitions of the Negro race. He did much to encourage Negroes to express themselves in prose and poetry, frequently acting as judge or chairman in literary contests in which Negro writers took part.

H. S. R.

John Macy's works:

BIOGRAPHY: Edgar Allan Poe, 1917; Walter James Dodd, 1918

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ESSAYS: Socialism In America, 1915; About Women, 1930; Feminism and Femininity, 1930.

LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICISM: A Guide to Reading, 1909; The Spirit of American Literature, 1913; The Critical Game, 1922; The Story of the World's Literature, 1925; The Romance of America As Told In Our Literature, 1929; Do You Know English Literature? (with Blanche Colton Williams) 1931.

EDITOR: Story of My Life (Helen Keller) 1903; Between Dawn and Sunrise (J. B. Cabell) 1930; American Writers on American Literature, 1931.

About John Macy:

Braddy, N. *Aunt Sullivan Macy*.

Bookman 62:608 January 1926; *Boston Transcript* October 28, 1925; *Freeman* 6:127 January 10, 1923; *Literary Digest International Book Review* December 1925; *New Republic* 32:313 November 15, 1922; *New York Times Book Review* October 25, 1925; *Springfield Republican* December 27, 1925.

Ethel Mannin 1900.

ETHEL MANNIN, English novelist, was born in London in October 1900, the eldest daughter of Robert Mannin and Edith Gray Mannin. Her ancestry is Irish.

"When I record that I come of working-class stock," she says, "I am not bragging about it, tho I am as glad that I do so as that I escaped the corruption of what is called 'a good education.' It is just my good fortune; that is all.

"I am glad because I believe that the working classes, who are the great mass of people, are the salt of the earth and the hope of the civilized world—if there be any hope for it, which is to my mind debatable.

"My mother was the daughter of a poor tenant farmer; my father was born in a Westminster slum. When I was born in the top half of a house off the Lavender-hill, Clapham, my father was earning £3 a week, all of which is an excellent beginning for anyone especially for a writer.

"My people being ordinary folk, there was no high-falutin nonsense about my 'gift' for writing, which I developed at about the age of seven. That much-abused word, 'art,' simply did not come into our vocabulary, thank heaven."

At fourteen Ethel Mannin left school and got a scholarship at a commercial college for six months. At fifteen she was earning her own living as typist with an advertising agency (Sir Charlesigham's).

"What better training could a writer have than that?" she asks. "If my people had a little more money, or less commonplace ideas, I should have had to put in another two or three years at school, cluttering my mind up with useless information. Instead of that, at fifteen I was out in the world and learning from life itself—meeting all kinds of people from all kinds of homes, office girls, business men, stupid people, intelligent people, keeping my lunchies down to five-pence a day, leaving sixpenny deposits on second-hand books costing half a crown, talking with people older and wiser than myself; in short, getting educated in the best sense of the term.

Mannin: măn'in

"Had I not come of that particular stock I would not have been reading Graham Wallas and John Stuart Mill at fifteen. Nor would I have heard of the Fabians or the Independent Labor Party, or had to think things out for myself."

When she was about eighteen, Miss Mannin turned to a literary career and became associate editor of a theatrical paper in London. At nineteen she married John Alexander Porteous, and a year later her daughter Jean was born. She is now separated from her husband and believes that she is about the only woman novelist in England running her own house without the security of a husband or family in the background.

Ethel Mannin is intensely interested in child psychology and education. She believes in educating the child on the principles advocated by Bertrand Russell and A. S. Neill—that is, by leaving it alone. Her own daughter went to Neill's school when she was five years old. Although passionately interested in home-making, Miss Mannin believes that a woman cannot follow a career and make a home also.

She is attached to Communism and her greatest dream is to go to Soviet Russia and see for herself. She is a member of the Independent Labor Party and writes regularly for the *New Leader*, but in spirit belongs much more to the Communists. A Socialist since her sixteenth year, she has a tremendous admiration for James Maxton, the British Labor leader.

Her first novel she tore up; her second was sold as a serial to a firm publishing cheap novelettes; her third, entitled *Mariha*, which she entered in a first-novel competition, was published by the firm conducting the contest. It attracted little or no attention.

Her second published novel, *Hunger of the Sea*, received critical praise and was proposed for the Femina Prize by Ethel Colburn Mayne.

Ethel Mannin "arrived" as a novelist with her third book, *Sounding Brass*, a satire on the advertising world as she had known it in Sir Charles Higham's office.

Her next novel, *Pilgrims*, was concerned with Paris art students, the author

having gone to Paris to study the art schools there.

In *Confessions and Impressions* she relates how she began writing at the age of seven, was in print at ten, and again at thirteen with stories on the children's pages of a woman's paper and a Sunday paper, respectively. In this book she also appraised some of her contemporaries so frankly that she was called "the most unpopular writer in England."

"The trouble is," writes Michael Joseph in a London letter to the *New York American*, "that Ethel Mannin is too outspoken. The fact that she is young and physically attractive appears to make her more culpable in the eyes of authors of her own sex. She writes frankly about herself, her experiences, her love affairs, and other people, thus offending the comfortable English code under which certain things are 'not done.' She now regrets *Confessions and Impressions*, except for the part which tells of her childhood and education. It was an indiscreet book, but it was certainly not dull, and much may be forgiven an author who is never dull."

Mr. Joseph lists Miss Mannin's likes and dislikes.

Likes: walking and traveling, parties that she gives herself, cats, climbing ("one of the happiest moments of my



ETHEL MANNIN

under the title, *In a German Pension*. Her first book brought twenty pounds. Between 1909 and 1911 she was a regular contributor to the *New Age*, and in 1911 reviewed novels for the *Westminster Gazette*.

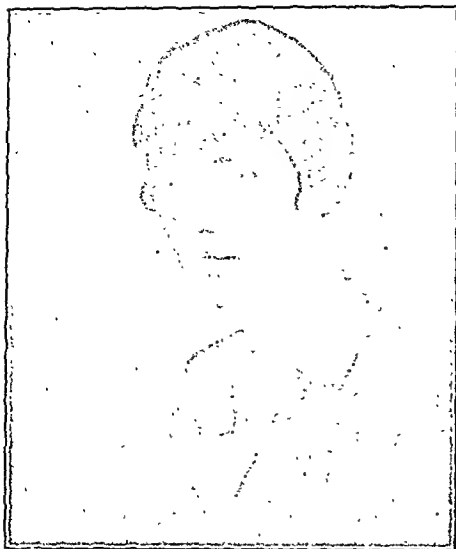
Miss Mansfield met John Middleton Murry, English critic and novelist, in 1911 at the house of W. L. George, the novelist. She became associated with him in editing a literary magazine called *Rhythm*, and contributed stories to it regularly. These stories were published after her death in the collection, *Something Childish*. She and Murry were married in 1913. Mrs. D. H. Lawrence lent them her wedding ring because Murry could not afford one. They spent that summer in a red brick cottage at Cholesbury in Buckinghamshire, and in July 1913 their magazine (which had been re-christened the *Blue Review*) ceased publication. For the next three years Miss Mansfield's work did not appear in print. According to Murry, she wrote incessantly and destroyed incessantly. After a winter in Paris and a summer in London, she spent the winter of 1914-15 miserably in a cottage at The Lee, near Missendon in Buckinghamshire, suffering from arthritis.

From 1915 on, Miss Mansfield was ill almost constantly the rest of her life. Her illness drove her from place to place in search of different climates, physicians, and residences. "I seem," she said once, "to spend half my life arriving at strange hotels. And asking if I may go to bed immediately." She would be happy in a new place for a while, then would tire of it and want to get away.

After several visits to Paris in the spring of 1915, she took a house in London. The War had broken out, meanwhile, and publishers, remembering the caustic criticism of the Germans in her book, *In a German Pension*, offered handsome sums to have it reprinted (the publisher had gone bankrupt and the plates were destroyed). She needed the money badly, but refused the offer because she said that the book expressed "a phase of youthful bitterness and crude cynicism which I desire to disown forever." It was republished, however, in 1926, after her death.

In the autumn of 1915 occurred an event which had a permanent influence on Katherine Mansfield's writing. Her brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp, whom she affectionately called "Chummie," visited her for a week on his way to fight in France. Their talks recalling the childhood days made her homesick for New Zealand and gave her a desire to write about it. She promised to write him a book. When he was killed a few days later, almost immediately after reaching the front, she dedicated herself to this task, as a "sacred debt" to him. In November 1915 she went to Bandol in the south of France and wrote a long story of her childhood days, "The Aloe," and remade it into a short story called "Prelude." Returning to England in the spring, she lived in North Cornwall until autumn, then removed to London where Murry had an appointment in the War Office.

Miss Mansfield's work found its way into print briefly in 1916 when she issued, in conjunction with Murry and D. H. Lawrence, three numbers of a tiny review called the *Signature*, in which she wrote under the name of "Matilda Berry." During 1917 she had a studio in Church Street, Chelsea, and Murry had rooms in Redcliffe Road, nearby. Her story, "Je ne parle pas français," was privately printed by Murry in 1917. In December 1917 she caught a chill and had a serious attack of pleurisy, which developed into the consumption that made her an invalid the remaining five years of her life (tho she always expected to die of heart-failure). The doctor advised a change of climate, so she went, in January 1918, to her beloved Bandol. But the town was changed and she had a wretched winter there, writing with difficulty, but completing her story, "Bliss." Late in March 1918, she left Bandol for London, seriously ill, and reached Paris on the day the long-range bombardment of the city began. She was detained there three weeks by authorities, and when she finally arrived in London, she was so exhausted by illness and anxiety that her friends were alarmed. Murry said she was a "shadow of herself." She spent the summer at Looe in Cornwall and the



KATHERINE MANSFIELD

following winter in Hampstead, London. Meanwhile, Virginia and Leonard Woolf, who were running the Hogarth Press, brought out *Prelude* between blue paper covers. "And won't the intellectuals just hate it," said Miss Mansfield. "They'll think it's a New Primer for Infant Readers. Let 'em." *Prelude* was completely ignored by the critics, but she felt she had her reward when the printer exclaimed, "My! but these kids are real!" In 1918 she had her first acceptances in three years. "Bliss" appeared in the *English Review*, and *Art and Letters* published "Pictures" and "The Man Without Temperament."

When Murry became editor of the *Athenaeum* in the spring of 1919, Miss Mansfield began to contribute weekly criticisms of current novels, and she built up, in the next two years, a high reputation as critic. In response to the sudden demand for her stories, a collection, including "Prelude," was published in 1920 under the title of *Bliss*. Before it appeared, illness forced her to spend the winter of 1919-20 abroad, at Ospedaletti and Mentone on the Riviera. She returned to Hampstead for the summer and was in Mentone again the next winter. Tho ill in bed much of this time, she continued her weekly reviews for the *Athenaeum* and wrote a story for it each month, until it suspended

separate publication in February 1921. That summer and autumn she was in Montana, Switzerland. On her birthday she finished "The Garden Party," in which she tried to convey the idea of "the diversity of life and how we try to fit in everything, Death included."

In January 1922 Miss Mansfield went to Paris for special treatment. A Russian specialist there improved her condition and she was urged by her friends to continue treatment, but she suddenly abandoned it in the spring, saying that her physical condition was less important than her spiritual condition. *The Garden Party* was published that spring, and she abandoned writing until she could achieve an "inner purity." She went in the autumn of 1922 to Fontainebleau to seek some way to "cure her soul" in the Gurdjieff Institute for the harmonious development of the human being. On the afternoon of January 9, 1923, Murry came from England to spend a week with her. That evening, very suddenly, she had a hemorrhage and died of pulmonary tuberculosis. She was buried at Avon, near Fontainebleau, and the gravestone was inscribed with the lines, "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

Before she died, Katherine Mansfield attained the "inner calm" she desired so passionately, but she failed to realize her wish that she might produce a "full body of work." Only three books were published during her lifetime; four more appeared afterward, besides her *Journal* and *Letters and Selected Stories*. "How unbearable it would be," she wrote in her journal, "to die—leave 'scraps,' 'bits' . . . nothing real finished." In her last days she said: "I have not written yet what I would like to write." She had volumes of work planned ahead: her head was full of stories, word perfect, ready to be written. She sat down, thought them out, but could not write them. The great desire of her life was to write, but the moment of delivery was extremely difficult. She made countless false starts. Noises distracted her—the barking of a dog, the sound of footsteps or voices or the wind or the sea. In her journal she reproached herself for this "idleness," goading herself to action.

Once the flow came, she wrote easily and swiftly, working at a story with passionate exactitude. "Once I start them they haunt me, pursue me and plague me until they are finished." If a story was not completed at normal sleeping time, she kept at it, often working all night. Then for hours afterward she could not sleep for the excitement and elation. "There is no feeling to be compared with the feeling of having written and finished a story." But she was never satisfied with her work. At the end of the manuscript of "The Garden Party," which is called her best story, she wrote: "This is a moderately successful story, and that's all. It's somehow, in the episode at the lane, scamped." She thought all her stories were in vain. "There is not one," she said, "that I dare show to God."

Most of Katherine Mansfield's stories are laid in New Zealand, London, or the Riviera. The New Zealand ones, which recall her childhood, are generally accepted as her best because they have complete realism. Many of her stories have no plots or climaxes. She wanted to write "no novels, no problem stories, nothing that is not simple, open." She did plan a novel once, to be called *Karori*, but abandoned it. She carried a notebook around with her and sketched out stories in a condensed and cryptic manner.

Tho she is known for her "invisible" style, Miss Mansfield took great care in the use of language. "It's a very queer thing how *craft* comes into writing. I mean down to details. Par example, in 'Miss Brill' I chose not only the length of every sentence, but even the sound of every sentence. I chose the rise and fall of every paragraph to fit her, and to fit her on that day at that very moment. After I'd written it I read it aloud—numbers of times—just as one would *play over* a musical composition, trying to get it nearer and nearer to the expression of Miss Brill, until it fitted her."

But Miss Mansfield was more interested in the spiritual aspect of writing than the technical. "Lord, make me crystal clear for thy light to shine thru," she wrote in her journal. Truth and purity were her aims. She believed that

"the greatest literature of all—the literature that scarcely exists—has not merely an esthetic object, nor merely a didactic object, but in addition a creative object; that of subjecting its readers to a real and at the same time illuminating experience. Major literature, in short, is an initiation into truth." Chekhov was her great idol. She liked Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Milton, Dickens. Of her contemporaries, she thought Proust the most interesting. She disliked jargon and thought "everything must ring like Elizabethan English."

In appearance, Miss Mansfield was very dark, slim, and not very tall. She wore her hair bobbed, with bangs covering her forehead. Her dark eyes were sharp and intense. She talked frankly, in a low voice, scarcely opening her mouth. She always felt cold, it seemed, and when not in bed would bundle herself up in sweaters and blankets. She liked being alone, but had friends. "There is a division: people who are my people, people who are not my people." Some of her "people" were Dorothy Brett, Lady Ottoline Morrell, S. S. Kotliansky, Sidney Schiff (Stephen Hudson), Virginia Woolf, and D. H. Lawrence. She did not take Lawrence's plans for a Utopian community very seriously, according to Catherine Carswell, "hiding her fun behind a solemn face, to prove by time-tables and guide-books that *Rananim* was impossible."

She was supposed to have been the prototype for Gudrun in his novel, *Women in Love*, and for Anabel in his play, *Touch and Go*. She was fond of cats, hated hotels, and liked to be in the sun. She loathed letter-writing, but carried on a voluminous correspondence, writing lengthy letters even to budding young authors who sought advice. She made suggestions for the revision of William Gerhardt's manuscript of *Futility*, and helped launch him in the literary world. Whenever she prepared for a journey, she prepared as tho for death, tearing up, with great satisfaction, her letters and papers. Ruthlessly she destroyed the "huge complaining diaries" she kept from 1909 to 1914. Her philosophy, she said, was "the defeat of the personal."

Middleton Murry remarks how completely she responded to life. "Katherine Mansfield was spontaneous as was no other human being I have ever met. She seemed to adjust herself to life as a flower adjusts itself to the earth and to the sun. She suffered greatly, she delighted greatly; but her suffering and her delight were never partial, they filled the whole of her."

Katherine Mansfield's works:

SHORT STORY COLLECTIONS: In a German Pension, 1911; Bliss, 1920; The Garden Party, 1922; The Dove's Nest, 1923; Something Childish (American title: The Little Girl) 1924; Selected Stories of Katherine Mansfield, 1929; The Aloe, 1930.

POETRY: Poems, 1923.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY (edited by J. M. Murry): Journal of Katherine Mansfield, 1927; The Letters of Katherine Mansfield (two volumes) 1929.

CRITICISM: Novels and Novelists (her reviews for the *Athenaeum*) 1930.

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Brewster, D. and Burrell, A. *Dead reckonings in Fiction*; Collins, J. *The Doctor Looks at Literature*; Mais, S. P. B. *Some Modern Authors*; Mansfield, K. *Journal and Letters*; Mantz, R. E. *The Critical Bibliography of Katherine Mansfield*; Murry, J. M. *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence*; Squire, J. C. *Books Reviewed*.

London Mercury 17:286 January 1928; *Saturday Review of Literature* 10:44 September 30, 1933; *Seavance Review* 39:158 April 1931.

Edwin Markham 1852-

Autobiographical sketch of Edwin Markham, American poet:

AFTER my forefathers, the Winchells and the Markhams, had been in England since the arrival of William the Conqueror, they were ready to move to a new continent. So each branch came in a different ship to America with the early Colonists. They stayed in New England till the United States got going, and then, after the Revolutionary War, in which some twenty of them were engaged, was over, they started westward, following the drift of emigration.

After tarrying fifty or more years in the Northwest Territory, in the places now known as Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, and after Elizabeth Winchell and Samuel Markham had met and married and some of their children had

grown up, they concluded to trek still further westward. They went in a covered wagon caravan, my father being captain of one of the emigrant trains.

After many adventures, in one of which my mother was run over by a herd of buffaloes, they finally in 1847 reached Oregon City, a thriving new settlement not far from the Pacific Ocean. There I was born April 23, 1852. I remember vividly the Willamette Falls at our back door and the Indians that paraded into my mother's store.

My mother planted the apple seeds she had brought with her and so became one of the early apple growers of the Northwest. She was also the poet laureate of the new settlement—the earliest woman writer recorded in Oregon. Her verse celebrated all the local affairs, as the arrival of ships, the deaths of pioneers, the flight of strange birds. My father was a farmer and hunter. He died in Oregon.

When I was about five, my mother, taking her younger children, went down to California, settled on a cattle range near the Coast Mountains in the Suisun Valley. Here I grew to be a shepherd and a vaquero, spending long, happy days following the flocks and herds, often sleeping all night under the heavens.

Our public school was open only three months of the year and I, riding from home on my donkey to the schoolhouse, was one of its most eager pupils. Here, one fortunate year, there chanced to come to us a teacher, an ardent lover of poetry, who unlocked for us the golden door of the muses. He made me a life-long lover of poetry, a reader and writer of poetry.

For about ten years I continued to be a farm hand, devouring all the books available. At fifteen, after I had insisted on getting an education in some large center, we left our foot-hill home and went down to the Santa Clara Valley, where later I was graduated from the State Normal School at San Jose. Later I was graduated from a college at Santa Rosa and now I launched forth as a school teacher, first in Southern California, still marked with the romantic Spanish touch; then later in the Sierras of the North, in the little town where

gold was discovered. Here I was made superintendent of schools of the county and here I came upon the magazine containing Millet's famous picture of *The Man With the Hoe*, an event which has meant a great deal in my life.

From El Dorado County I went down to the San Francisco Bay country, where I was made principal of the Observation School of the University of California at Oakland.

I had begun, in the Sierras, to write on my poem, "*The Man With the Hoe*." I had continued writing on it whenever I came down to visit my mother in San Jose. In Oakland I got to work on it in earnest, after having seen the original Millet picture. I finished the poem during my Christmas vacation in 1899. It caught the public attention and was copied across the country, was made the text of sermons, editorials, and debates, and has since gone around the world and been translated into almost every language.

That year I left off teaching to devote myself to writing and lecture-reading. I have published five books of poems, my latest being *Eighty Songs at 80*, published on my birthday, April 23, 1932. I have traveled all over the United States, visiting every large city, lecturing on poetry and on the social and industrial problem.

I am hale and hearty and am starting [1933] on my eighty-second year. However, I have much work ahead—the publication of my collected poems, and the publication of a book on the great Master, a book which I call *The Forgotten Purpose of Jesus*.

I am spending my years at West New Brighton, Staten Island, in New York. Here I can breathe the fresh air on my sleeping porch, and can keep in close touch with the stars.

I have one son, Virgil Markham, a graduate of Columbia and California Universities. He has written six books of mystery stories, published both in England and America.

* * *

Edwin Markham was once described by Charles Lewis Hind as "a kindly, wise, distinguished-looking man, in appearance, something between Robert Browning and Walt Whitman." He



EDWIN MARKHAM

is known for his good nature and humor. His birthdays have become events; with school children, interviewers, and news-reel cameras present, and the poet, of course, reciting "*The Man With the Hoe*." His retention of his remarkable vigor has become almost a national tradition.

The Markhams' Staten Island house, in which they have made their home for more than twenty years, overflows with books. According to Mrs. Markham old manuscripts frequently serve as table-cloths because books have driven ordinary household equipment out. A move is under way by Staten-Islanders to purchase and preserve the house.

"*The Man With the Hoe*" has been called the most quoted poem of recent times. Thru amplification of its ideal on the lecture platform Markham has become known as a social leader as well as a poet. A reporter interviewing him on his eighty-first birthday in 1933 remarked that he "voiced economic doctrines which hinted at once of Socialism and Communism, tho he professes neither of these philosophies," and quoted him as advocating government control of industry and unemployment and old age insurance to prevent man's being destroyed by his social system which, he said, had been created "very badly." Shortly before the presidential

election in 1932 Markham wrote and dedicated to Franklin D. Roosevelt a poem entitled "The Forgotten Man."

Markham's poetry and ideals have been discussed and praised by critics and leaders holding widely divergent points-of-view on literary and social questions. Writing on the occasion of the poet's eightieth birthday, William Rose Benét said in the *Saturday Review of Literature*: "Markham has retained unusual vigor both in his personality and his writing. He has always been a dogmatic poet, but with a great liberality of spirit and an accomplished knowledge of versification. He has never surpassed his 'Hoe' and his 'Lincoln' poems. They were the work he was primarily born to do."

Edwin Markham's works:

POETRY: *The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems*, 1899; *Lincoln and Other Poems*, 1901; *The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems*, 1915; *Gates of Paradise*, 1920; *The Ballad of the Gallows Bird*, 1926; *New Poems: Eighty Songs at 80*, 1932.

PROSE: *The Children in Bondage* (with B. B. Lindsay and G. Creel) 1914; *California the Wonderful*, 1915.

EDITOR: *Foundation Stones of Success*, 1925; *The Book of Poetry* (two volumes) 1927.

About Edwin Markham:

Fitch, G. H. *Great Spiritual Writers of America*; Hind, C. L. *Authors and I*; Stidger, W. L. *Edwin Markham*.

American Magazine 106:26 September 1928; *American Mercury* 9:398 December 1926; *Christian Century* 50:723 May 31, 1913; *Saturday Review of Literature* 8:685 April 23, 1932.

Archibald Marshall 1866-

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, English novelist, was born on September 6, 1866, the eldest son of Arthur Marshall, a London business man, and Louisa Hammond Marshall. He was educated at Highgate School and at Trinity College, Cambridge.

After receiving his A.B. degree, he began to work in his father's office, where it was intended that he should become a partner, but soon escaped to Australia for an eight months' stay. While homeward bound, he made his first visit to America.

Throwing aside the business career, Marshall studied for a time for holy

orders in the Church of England, but drifted into writing instead. His first novel, *Peter Binney, Undergraduate*, appeared in 1899 when he was thirty-three, being "a picture of the lighter side of university life."

In 1902 Marshall was married to Helen May Pollard and settled at Beaulieu in the New Forest, where he spent three years in planning and making a four-acre garden. During these three years his second novel, *The House of Merrilees*, went the complete round of English publishers. Despairing of having it accepted, he founded, with two others, the publishing house of Alston Rivers and brought out the book himself in 1905. *The House of Merrilees* was an immediate success and it introduced Marshall to an enthusiastic American audience. From that time his works were in constant demand, particularly in America, and he supplied the demand at the rate of one book a year.

Marshall abandoned Alston Rivers in 1907 to edit the "Book Supplement" of the London *Daily Mail* under the directorship of Edmund Gosse. When Gosse retired six months later, he took complete charge. The journalistic work kept him much in London and meant giving up the house at Beaulieu for a cottage conveniently located in the country near Rye. Here he wrote his novels between sojourns in Fleet Street. One time he turned out a serial for the *Daily Mail* at the rate of three thousand words a day, based on a plot furnished him by Lord Northcliffe. It was a sensational story called *The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm*.

In 1909 Marshall began a series of novels about a fictitious Clinton family which had great popularity both in England and America, and he published in succession *The Squire's Daughter*, *The Eldest Son*, *The Honour of the Clintons*, and *Rank and Riches*. The last of the group appeared in America in 1915 as *The Old Order Changeth*. It was this book that made William Lyon Phelps an enthusiastic admirer, and Phelps published a little volume about him in 1918, containing the words: "Not since Fielding's *Squire Western* has there been a more vivid English country squire than Mr. Marshall's *Squire Clinton*."

In the course of the Clinton cycle, Marshall gave up journalism for fiction, having served for a few years as correspondent for the *Daily Mail* and traveled to Australia and America and covered the Messina earthquake. He returned to journalism during the World War to act as Paris correspondent for the *Daily News*. When he left Paris he went to Cambridge, where he had been a prominent undergraduate, and helped with the running of the Cambridge *Review* for a time.

Continuing to write prolifically, Marshall followed the fortunes of a new family, the Graftons, in 1917-18, a family he did not think "so rich in varied interest as the Clinton family." The Clintons reappeared briefly in 1919 in three stories contained in the collection, *The Clintons and Others*, and in 1925 Marshall gathered episodes in the lives of the Clinton children from the novels and stories under the title, *Joan and Nancy*. In 1923 he turned his attention to one Anthony Dare for the duration of a trilogy and in 1925 switched to the chronicles of the Allbright family.

He tried to forestall the identification of his characters in real life by saying: "It is not a novelist's business to draw portraits, but to create living figures, and

the nearer he gets to the first the farther off he will be from the second."

Making one of his frequent visits to America in 1921, Marshall received an honorary Litt. D. degree from Yale because he had "so held up the mirror to the life and manners of his own countrymen that we across the sea know and love them." In the same year he started a lecture tour but illness compelled him to relinquish it. Since then he has lived quietly in the English countryside in the summer and in Italy or the south of France in the winter.

At Alassio, Italy, in the winter of 1933, he completed his reminiscences, which were published in England with the title *Out and About*.

Marshall writes his novels in two bursts, with some months between. Altho, like many authors, he groans (literally) while writing, he gets ahead very quickly when he has a clear run of at least a week or two. More than two-thirds of *Exton Manor*, about 110,000 words, was written in two months, mostly out of doors. He likes to establish himself under a tree at about ten o'clock on a summer morning, continue steadily until lunch time, go for a walk and think things over in the afternoon, start again after a cup of tea about half-past four and go on till dinner time. Then he bathes, dresses, has a light dinner at eight, and if not too tired writes for another hour or so from half-past nine. He says that he is never so happy as when living in this way, but if the regular course of life is interrupted he finds it very difficult to resume work.

Marshall amuses himself by playing golf a bit, shooting a bit, walking a lot, and reading—chiefly history, Victorian novels, and poetry. For relaxation he plays bridge and the piano.

He considers himself fortunate in believing, while he is at work on a novel, that it is quite first rate; and equally fortunate in perceiving some time after it is finished that he has a good deal to learn. "I always start afresh with new hope and confidence," he remarks, "and try to make every novel better than the last."

The *Saturday Review of Literature* has said: "Mr. Marshall's stories of English country life are a standard trade-



ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

marked product; you know what you are going to get, and there are many who want it." But, in the opinion of the writer, there are others "who find the people and their doings totally uninteresting."

Archibald Marshall's works:

NOVELS: Peter Binney, Undergraduate, 1899; The House of Merrilees, 1905; Richard Baldock, 1906; Exton Manor, 1907; Many Junes, 1908; The Squire's Daughter, 1909; The Eldest Son, 1911; The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm, 1912; The Honour of the Clintons, 1913; Roding Rectory (American title: The Greatest of These) 1914; Rank and Riches (American title: The Old Order Changeth) 1915; Upsidonia, 1915; Watermeads, 1916; Abington Abbey, 1917; The Graftons, 1918; Sir Harry, 1920; The Hall and the Grange, 1921; Big Peter, 1922; Pip-pin, 1923; Anthony Dare, 1923; The Education of Anthony Dare, 1924; Anthony Dare's Progress, 1925; The Allbright Family, 1926; John, 1926; That Island, 1927; Simple People, 1928; Miss Welby at Steen, 1929; Two Families, 1931; The Appletons of Herne, 1931; The Birdkin Family, 1932; The Lady of the Manor, 1932.

SHORT STORIES: The Terrors, 1913; The Clintons and Others, 1919; Peggy in Toyland, 1920; Audacious Ann, 1924; Joan and Nancy (episodes taken from the Clinton novels and short stories) 1925; Simple Stories, 1927; Simple Stories from *Punch*, 1930; Angel Face, 1933.

MISCELLANEOUS: Sunny Australia, 1911; A Spring Walk in Provence, 1924; Boswell's Johnson (editor) 1924; Out and About: Random Reminiscences, 1933.

About Archibald Marshall:

Adeock, A. St. J. *The Glory That Was Grub Street*; Marshall, A. *Out and About*; Phelps, W. L. *Archibald Marshall: A Realistic Novelist*.

Bookman (London) 68:288 September 1925; *Boston Evening Transcript Book Section* August 5, 1933.

Violet F. Martin

See "*Somerville and Ross*"

José Martínez Ruiz

See "*Azorín*"

G. Martínez Sierra 1881-

GREGORIO MARTÍNEZ SIERRA, Spanish playwright, novelist, poet, and producer, was born in Madrid on May 6, 1881. He became interested in the theatre thru the influence of the Spanish playwright Jacinto Benavente, who wrote a preface for Martínez

Sierra's first book, *El Poema de Trabajo*. The poems appeared in 1898, when the author was just seventeen years of age.

In the next year Martínez Sierra was married to Doña María Lejárraga, herself a poet, and they published jointly, but under his name, a volume called *Diálogos Fantásticos*. These two volumes of poetry, with a third published in 1900, constitute Martínez Sierra's cycle of what the Spanish critics call his *libros de fantasía*.

Shortly after graduation from the University of Madrid, Martínez joined the acting company of the Spanish Art Theatre, a semi-professional organization which had been founded by Benavente. He appeared with this troupe from time to time over a period of ten years. Acting did not interfere with the continuation of his energetic writing career and he produced a succession of novels, beginning in 1900 with *Almas Ausentes* and including *Tú Eres la Paz* (translated as *Anna Maria*). He made his initial appearance as a dramatist in 1905 with a slender volume of dialogues, *Theatre of Dreams*.

Discouraged by the failure of one of his theatrical rôles, he left the stage and traveled extensively for a time. In a booklet called *La Feria de Neuilly* he gave his impressions of Paris in 1907, and in the following year published *Peregrino Ilusionado*, a record of his travels thru France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Germany, and England.

Martínez Sierra returned to the theatre as translator and adapter in 1908. He began by adapting the plays of his friend the Catalan dramatist Santiago Rusinol, then in collaboration with Rusinol wrote a play called *Vida y Dulzura*.

With the production of his own comedy *La Sombra del Padre* in 1909, Martínez was established as a playwright. After this, all the theatres of Madrid were open to him. His play *The Cradle Song* was an immediate success in 1911. Slender of plot, it was the story of a founding child who arouses the maternal instincts of the nuns of the convent where she has been left, and is brought up by them.

In 1916 Martínez Sierra organized his own theatre in Madrid, the Teatro



G. MARTINEZ SIERRA

Eslava, and began to produce and direct his own plays as well as those of his contemporaries. He burned midnight oil translating the plays of Shakespeare, Barrie, Maeterlinck, Brieux, Dumas, Goldoni, Björnson, and Ibsen. His company, known as the *Compania Dramatica*, made several international tours, one of which brought the group to New York in 1927.

As early as 1917 Martínez Sierra's plays were translated into English and produced in the United States. Eva Le Gallienne had her first popular success at the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York with *The Cradle Song*. Ethel Barrymore was starred in *The Kingdom of God*, a play dealing with the career of a woman who overcomes a love of pleasure to dedicate herself to the service of Heaven on earth. Another play, *The Romantic Young Lady*, became popular with stock companies the country over. In October 1933 a fourth play by Martínez Sierra, *Spring in Autumn*, was brought to Broadway. It was received with only moderate enthusiasm by the dramatic critics, who found it chiefly remarkable for a scene in which Blanche Yurka, the actress playing the leading rôle, stood on her head and sang Puccini.

Martínez Sierra is the author of some forty plays in Spanish and has translated or adapted more than fifty others into

Spanish. He is ranked next to Benavente among contemporary Spanish dramatists. "He is not the cerebralist of the type of Benavente and Shaw," says a critic, "but has the feminine sweetness and charm of the brothers Quintero. Altho under the influence of Maeterlinck, he has none of the Belgian's pessimism of human nature, but invariably delights in showing the triumph of the human will. And it is his women characters that usually represent the ideal of his art. He has a definite distaste of the social drama. The only plays that could be considered as bearing a social message are *Madame Pepita* and *Amauencer* which bears some slight resemblance to Giacosa's *Come le Foglie*. These plead for some of that freedom for women which we have too long considered as the special prerogative of the masculine sex."

Besides Maeterlinck, Martínez Sierra has been influenced by Verlaine, Barrie, and Rusinol.

It has been pointed out that in everything Martínez Sierra writes there is an element of poetry. His novels are full of descriptions of gardens and countryside (he is a keen lover of nature). His verses, according to one critic, are "rather empty, the beauty of the words is not remarkable, nor is the depth of thought or power of feeling; they want power, force, and energy; they have a certain sensibility. . . . A wholesome woman's mind and feminine taste keep them from the decadents."

For all his activity as creative writer and translator and producer, Martínez has found time for still further pursuits. He has established the publishing house *El Renacimiento* in Madrid, founded a magazine and served as its editor, and edited a library of world classics.

In 1931 he left Spain and went to Hollywood, where he was placed in charge of the Spanish department of the Fox Studios, translating, adapting, and directing films in his native language for exhibition in Spain and in Spanish speaking countries. He supervised the filming of his own play *Mamá*.

Martínez Sierra's principal works:

POETRY: *El Poema del Trabajo*, 1898; *Diálogos Fantásticos*, 1899; *Flores de Escarcha*, 1900; *La Casa de la Primavera*, 1907.

FICTION: *Almas Ausentes*, 1900; *Horas de Sol*, 1901; *Pascua Florida*, 1901; *Sol de la Tarde*, 1904; *Tú Eres la Paz*, 1906; *Aldea Husoria*, 1907; *El Agua Dormida*, 1909; *Pasión Luminica*, 1909; *El Amor Catedrático*, 1910; *Todo es Uno y lo Mismo*, 1910; *Abril Melancólico*, 1910; *El Diablo se Ríe*, 1916.

PLAYS: *Teatro de Ensueño*, 1905; *Vida y Dulzura* (with Santiago Rusinol), 1908; *Juventud*, *Divino Tesoro*, 1908; *Hechizo de Amor*, 1908; *La Sombra del Padre*, 1909; *El Ama de la Casa*, 1910; *Canción de Cuna*, 1911; *Primavera en Otoño*, 1911; *El Palacio Triste*, 1911; *El Pobrecito Juan*, 1912; *Madame Pepita*, 1912; *La Tirana*, 1913; *Los Pastores*, 1913; *Madrigal*, 1913; *Las Golondrinas*, 1914; *Margot*, 1914; *La Mujer del Héroe*, 1914; *La Pasión*, 1914; *Las Románticas*, 1914; *Amanceber*, 1915; *El Reino de Dios*, 1915; *Para Hacerse Amar Locamente*, 1916; *Esperanza Nuestra*, 1917; *Sueño de una Noche de Agosto*, 1918; *Don Juan de España*, 1921; *Torre de Marfil*, 1924; *El Hombre que Quiere Comer*, 1925; *Julietta Compra un Hijo*, 1927; *Triángulo*, 1929.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANEOUS PROSE: *La Tristeza del Quijote*, 1905; *Motivos*, 1906; *La Feria de Neuilly*, 1907; *El Peregrino Hisionado*, 1908; *Granada*, 1910; *La Vida Inquieta*, 1913; *Cartas a las Mujeres de España*, 1916; *Feminismo*, 1917; *La Mujer Moderna*, 1920; *Kodak Romántico*, 1921; *Un Teatro de Arte en España*, 1926; *España (Andalucía)* 1930.

English translations of Martínez Sierra:

PLAYS: *The Cradle Song*, 1917; *Love Magic*, 1917; *The Lover*, 1917; *Theatre of Dreams*, 1918; *Poor John*, 1920; *Madame Pepita*, 1921; *The Mountebank*, 1921; *The Kingdom of God*, 1922; *The Romantic Young Lady*, 1922; *The Two Shepherds*, 1922; *Wife to a Famous Man*, 1922; *Idyll*, 1920; *The Road to Happiness*, 1927; *The Forgotten Song*, 1928; *Holy Night*, 1929; *A Lily among Thorns*, 1930; *Take Two from One*, 1931; *Spring in Autumn*, 1933.

NOVEL: *Anna Maria*, 1921.

About Martínez Sierra:

Bell, A. F. G. *Contemporary Spanish Literature*; Boyd, E. *Studies From Ten Literatures*; Chandler, F. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; González Blanco, A. *Los Contemporáneos*, I; Warren, L. A. *Modern Spanish Literature*.

Bookman 57:576 July 1923; *Contemporary Review* 125:108 February 1924; *Hispania* 5: 257 November 1922 and 6:1 February 1923; *Razón y Fe* 62:177 February 1922; 63:308 July 1922; 64:146 October 1922; 66:451 August 1923.

A. E. W. Mason 1865-

ALFRED EDWARD WOODLEY MASON, English novelist and playwright, was born in 1865, the youngest son of William Woodley Mason, of

Everleigh, Dulwich, London. He was educated at Dulwich College and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was a prominent amateur actor and received an A.M. degree.

Entering the theatre professionally, he toured the provinces for a time with the Benson Company and the Compton Comedy Company, and played in London as one of the soldiers in George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*.

In 1895, at the age of thirty, Mason gave up acting and began his career as a novelist with the publication of *A Romance of Wasdale*. The book was fairly well received by critics, but did not attract public attention. In the following year, however, Mason's second novel *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler* had tremendous sales and made him a popular author of the day. Further novels followed in rapid succession. With the completion of *Clementine* in 1901, the author turned aside from historical fiction to produce novels of contemporary life based on his own experiences in various parts of the world.

Mason's popular novel *The Four Feathers* grew out of a journey to Egypt. "I took a little steamer," he says, "from Suez down the Red Sea, disembarked at Suakin—there was no Port Sudan in those days and no railway—hired half a dozen camels with half a dozen fuzziwuzzis, none of whom spoke any English whilst I spoke no Arabic, and pushed off into the eastern Sudan. In due time I arrived at Berber and Khartum. Omdurman was still much as it had been during the life of Kalifa, and the 'house of stone,' his famous prison, still stood. I met Slattin Pasha and a good many of that distinguished group of officers who made the Sudan and its army famous; and there was the setting for my story suggesting itself." The story and the characters had already been in his mind for three years. *The Four Feathers* was published in 1902 and made a world wide reputation as an analysis of cowardice and courage. Later it was filmed.

To find the atmosphere for his novel *The Broken Road*, Mason went to India. "Altho I had," he says, "the plan and the characters and indeed certain of the incidents, such as the traverse of the

Meije and the scenes in London, clear enough, I had not been to India; so I went with that particular end in view." The book appeared in 1907 and soon afterward Mason received a handwritten letter of nine pages from Lord Curzon praising the work.

Mason was elected to the House of Commons from Coventry in 1906, made what was said to be a notable maiden speech, but took little part in debate thereafter. He did not run again in 1910. He used the floor of the House of Commons, as he saw it, in his novel *The Turnstile*, published in 1912.

During the four years of the World War, Mason served abroad as chief of the Naval Intelligence, and was advanced to the rank of major. Only one book, a collection of short stories, came from his pen during this time. In *The Summons*, the first novel he wrote after the interval of service, he used some of his experiences in the western Mediterranean; and here and there in his sketches and short stories he has related some of his adventures in Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

In the course of the years of novel writing, Mason kept in touch with his first love, the stage, by making occasional dramatizations of his books. The first was *Morrice Buckler*, done in collaboration with Isabel Bateman, which had a lengthy run in London and the provinces. In 1901 *Miranda of the Balcony* was staged in New York. Two comedies not based on his stories, *Colonel Smith* and *Marjorie Strode*, were produced in 1909, and in 1911 came the most successful of all his plays up to that time, *The Witness for the Defence*.

After the War Mason wrote fewer novels than before and devoted himself more and more to the stage, producing dramatized versions of his earlier books *At the Villa Rose* and *Running Water*.

Long an enthusiastic sailor of small boats and a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Mason drew on his own experiences for a book in 1930 called *The Dean's Elbow*, which dealt with the tragic career of an outwardly successful man. The book opened with the expedition of a young couple in a small yacht along the English coast to the Scilly Isles. Also in this book Mason



A. E. W. MASON

described, fictitiously, his own maiden speech in the House of Commons—"the anxiety and nervousness which went before it, and the relief afterwards."

The Sapphire, a novel which appeared in 1932, was in Mason's mind for five years before he put it into words and it accompanied him to Jamaica, Ceylon, and the Bahamas. He says he "began to worry" about the story in Burma, where the story opens, and thought about it during sundry cruises in the yacht *Sea Flower*, running down the coast of Cornwall and over to France.

When he writes a book, it is Mason's habit to do six chapters at a time—"rather quickly, but carefully"—and then rewrite them. After all the chapters have been written and rewritten by sixes, he rewrites the complete manuscript and makes a final revision. He never dictates or uses a typewriter, but always writes in longhand. He admires the prose of the Bible, Bacon, Defoe, and Sir Thomas Browne.

Mason always has a basic principle in mind when he plans a story. "Not necessarily a moral principle," he says, "but a fundamental idea from the working out of which the adventure springs; something primitive and permanent. . . ." He believes in the elements of surprise, "but not the artificial concealment of facts. I believe in showing your hand.

You can do it bit by bit, you know. . . When I dramatized *At the Villa Rose*, I told the story at once. The audience knew all the facts and got their pleasure from watching the people on the stage who didn't."

A. E. W. Mason's works:

NOVELS: *A Romance of Wastdale*, 1895; *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, 1896; *The Philanderers*, 1897; *Lawrence Clavering*, 1897; *Parson Kelly* (with Andrew Lang), 1899; *Miranda of the Balcony*, 1899; *The Watchers*, 1899; *Clementina*, 1901; *The Four Feathers*, 1902; *The Truants*, 1904; *Running Water*, 1907; *The Broken Road*, 1907; *At the Villa Rose*, 1910; *The Turnstile*, 1912; *The Summons*, 1920; *The Winding Stair*, 1923; *The House of the Arrow*, 1923; *No Other Tiger*, 1927; *The Prisoner in Opal*, 1929; *The Dean's Elbow*, 1930; *Inspector Hanaud's Investigations* (omnibus), 1931; *The Three Gentlemen*, 1932; *The Sapphire*, 1932.

PLAYS (exclusive of adaptations): *Colonel Smith*, 1909; *Marjorie Strode*, 1909; *The Witness for the Defence*, 1911; *Open Windows*, 1913.

SHORT STORIES: *Ensign Knightley*, 1901; *The Four Corners of the World*, 1917.

About A. E. W. Mason:

Adcock, A. St. J. *Gods of Modern Grub Street*.

Bookman (London) 80:11 April 1931.

Brander Matthews 1852-1929

JAMES BRANDER MATTHEWS, American man of letters, lover of the theatre, and professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, the only son of Edward and Virginia Brander Matthews, on February 21, 1852. He was educated by tutors at home and abroad; at Anthon's School for Boys, New York, kept by George C. Anthon, nephew of the more famous Charles Anthon, Latin professor at Columbia, remembered for his huge Latin Dictionary; at a military school at Ossining (from which he ran away at the age of eleven); and at the Charlier Institute, New York, kept by a Frenchman, Élie Charlier.

He entered Columbia College in 1868, graduating as A. B. three years later, with the class of 1871, which numbered among its members Stuyvesant Fish, Oscar Strans, and Robert Fulton Cutting. In the fall of the same year, Matthews enrolled in the Columbia Law College, not because he had any interest

in the legal profession, or any intention of practicing, but simply because it was the only thing he could do, if he wished to continue studying, as there were, at that time, no graduate schools in American universities.

In 1873, after devoting two years to the only activity in which he was ever really interested—the theatre—Matthews, to his great surprise, successfully completed his course at the law school, from which, according to his own statement, "the one indisputable benefit I derived was a sincere conviction that I did not know law enough to be my own lawyer."

He signaled his winning of the LL.B. degree by immediately marrying a London actress, Ada Smith, daughter of Walter Smith, a London physician, and he followed the commendable example of his parents, twenty-two years earlier, of taking a European honeymoon. The young couple returned in the fall, and settled at Orange, New Jersey. Matthews began to work in his father's office, altho he frankly admits that he soon found out that there was "little or nothing" for him to do. From 1873 to 1891 he occupied himself in the perfunctory performance of duties for his father, in attending as many New York, London, and Paris "first-nights" as possible, and in attempting—with varying degrees of success—almost every form of writing, but it was not until 1891 that he received the entirely unexpected, and even unthought of, opportunity of doing the work for which he was peculiarly fitted, and in which he was to distinguish both himself and the institution in which he rendered service.

In the spring of 1891, Columbia University invited Matthews to deliver three courses in the department of English. He selected as his subjects American Literature, the Evolution of the Modern Novel, and English Versification—now, all of them, standard courses in all our colleges and universities, but surprising departures from the conventional curriculum at the time that Matthews introduced them. In 1892, he was appointed to the newly created professorship of literature, and offered another course, also a "new" one at the time, in the Nineteenth Century Dramatists.

Seven years later, in 1899, his special talents found full scope in his election to the post of professor of dramatic literature. This appointment is a landmark in Matthews' life, and also in American university development, marking, as it does, the establishment of the first dramatic chair in an English-speaking university.

To a natural love of the theatre and of everything connected with it, he added a thoro knowledge—not less human for being scholarly—of the drama and of dramatic art from the Greeks down to the playwrights of his own time. His interest in the theatre was practical, not academic, and his familiarity with the problems of the player, the producer, and the dramatist, and his close friendship with many of the leading actors of the day, gave to his lectures an extra value, not possessed by those delivered according to a set text.

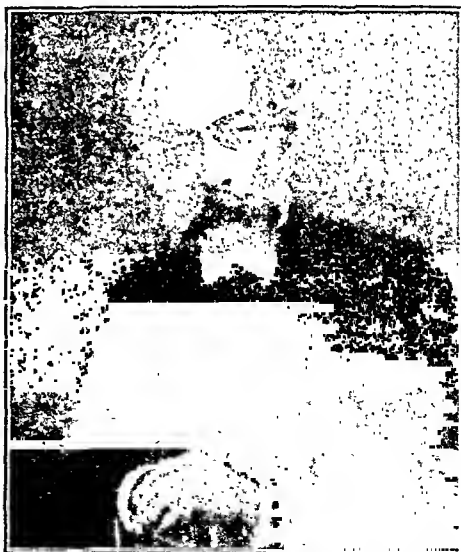
At all times, Matthews stressed the point that drama is not simply a form of literature, but a distinct type of writing, not originally intended to be read, with standards and values of its own. He never tired of telling his students that the only real test of a play is its production in a theatre by actors before an audience, and that a play, even when published, is not a book, to be judged by the rules that we apply to the printed page. Two of his more extensive works, *Shakespeare as a Playwright*, and *Molière: His Life and Works*, consistently and clearly illustrate this viewpoint, which his students, who have carried it far afield, regard as one of his most significant contributions. To Matthews, also, must be given a very large share of the credit for having introduced and popularized, in this country, Brunetière's law of the drama: no conflict, no drama.

As a lecturer, Matthews was informal and conversational. He had a vast fund of knowledge of things dramatic, and he drew upon his personal experiences to make a point clear, or to give it additional vividness. He was not enthusiastic about women students in his classes, and kept them out, whenever he could do so, by the effective—if not academic—method of "shooing" them

away, when they (sometimes timidly) made their appearance at the opening lecture. Matthews was a heavy cigarette smoker, and even smoked in class (when co-eds were not present). Students frequently found themselves wondering just when the ashes of the cigarette hanging loosely between his lips were going to fall on his beard, or on his vest.

He also had a choice collection of "stories," not all of the parlor variety, that often, especially in the Molière course, illustrated the topic under discussion, and it was his feeling that he could not tell these stories with women present that made him prefer men students.

Matthews was of medium height, and slender, but it was his face, not his figure, that attracted attention. He wore a beard and moustache that tried to be white, but was stained a brownish-red by tobacco. His beard and his pince-nez, with ribbon attached, gave him the air that is conventionally supposed to be academic. His blue eyes, sharp and penetrating, had a pleasant twinkle, that they did not lose, even in his later years, when his health was not good. Ill-health failed, also, to change the free-and-easy manner that was his in conversation with his students.



BRANDER MATTHEWS

Baehrach

He belonged to many clubs and associations, among which may be named the Authors Club, the Players, the Century, the Grolier, the Athenaeum (for which he was proposed by Matthew Arnold), the American Copyright League, the Dunlap Society, and many others. He was, at various times, president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, of the Modern Language Association of America (1910), and the first chairman of the Simplified Spelling Board. Honorary doctorates were conferred upon him by the University of the South (1899), Yale (1901), Columbia (1904), and the University of Miami (1909). In 1907, he was decorated with the Legion of Honor by the French Government, and in 1922, he was made an officer. This was in appreciation of his work on Molière and his general interest in French life and literature.

The Brander Matthews Dramatic Museum, founded in 1911, is a memorial to the man who inspired it. Housed in the Hall of Philosophy of Columbia University, it contains models of theatres and stage-sets from the Greeks to Belasco, and it is of the highest value and interest to students of stagecraft.

Matthews retired in 1924 ("to sit with my feet to the fire and bask in the sun when there is no fire") in the year of his wife's death. (An only child, a daughter, had died in 1919.) Matthews, himself, died at his New York home, 337 West 87th Street, on Sunday, March 31, 1929, of influenza and a paralytic stroke that dated from 1926. Nicholas Murray Butler, William Lyon Phelps, Otis Skinner, and Hamlin Garland paid tributes to his character and his many achievements.

Among English authors, he counted Kipling, Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, and Frederick Locker-Lampson as his friends, and the London press was as enthusiastic in his praise, and as regretful for his death, as any American friend could desire.

Clayton Hamilton truly stated that "he was the first to teach that the drama was a separate art and could be studied not in the library, but only in the theatre. He was the first to teach that Shakespeare must be judged as a prac-

tical competitor of George M. Cohan for the applause and the money of the multitude, instead of as a literary competitor of such a poet as John Milton."

Matthews was the author of over forty volumes, not to mention countless prefaces and introductions that he wrote for the works of others. Writing came to him as easily as talking, and he turned out essays, novels, plays, and short-stories (he insisted upon the use of the hyphen to drive home his oft-repeated statement that the short-story, as such, as a distinct art form, was *not* the same as a short story, without the hyphen, that *merely happened* to be short) in rapid succession. Of his limitations as a novelist and dramatist, he was fully aware, but he wrote plays and fiction because he enjoyed doing so. He will be remembered for his essays, for his two biographies, and for *These Many Years*, an entertaining account of his life.

H. S. R.

Brander Matthews' works:

The Theaters of Paris, 1880; French Dramatists of the 19th Century, 1881; Pen and Ink, 1888; American Authors and British Pirates, 1889; Tom Paudling: A Story for Boys, 1892; Studies of the Stage, 1894; Books and Play-Books, 1895; His Father's Son: A Novel of New York, 1896; Tales of Fantasy and Fact, 1896; An Introduction to the Study of American Literature, 1896; Aspects of Fiction, 1896; The Historical Novel, 1901; The Philosophy of the Short-Story, 1901; The Development of the Drama, 1903; American Character, 1906; Inquiries and Opinions, 1907; Molière: His Life and His Works, 1910; A Study in Versification, 1911; Shakespeare as a Playwright, 1913; On Acting, 1914; A Book About the Theater, 1916; *These Many Years*, 1917.

About Brander Matthews:

Lewisohn, L. *The Drama and the Stage*; Milne, A. A. *By Way of Introduction*. *New York Times* April 1, 1929; *Times* (London) April 2, 1929.

Dmitry Merezhkovsky 1866-

DMITRY SERGEIEVICH MEREZHKOVSKY, Russian poet, critic, and novelist, was born in St. Petersburg on August 2, 1866. His father was the steward of one of the minor imperial palaces. Tho born in easy circumstances, his home life was not a happy one. The father was unusually stern and the children, three brothers and five sisters, took

naturally enough to the mother. Dmitry was her favorite. There were, however, some bright spots in his somewhat dreary youth. He was fond of listening to tales of giants and princesses, and of these their nurse had an inexhaustible store. Dmitry began his schooling at a time when classicism was the rule of the day. This accounts for much of his latter classical and antiquarian propensities. In 1884 he was graduated from the gymnasium and entered the University of St. Petersburg. Merezhkovsky enrolled for the historico-philosophical course and obtained his degree in two years. While at the University, he was one of the founders of a Molière club which early brought him in contact with the all-suspecting gendarmerie of the Empire. The club was suppressed and he himself might have been exiled if it had not been for the timely intervention of his father.

Merezhkovsky began to write verse in his early youth. In 1880 his father took him to see Dostoevsky to whom he read some of his verse. The Master was kind but unimpressed. "In order to write well," he told the young poet, "one must have suffered . . . suffered." Suffering became the key-note of Merezhkovsky's future works.

Merezhkovsky commenced to publish poetry as early as 1883. In his earliest efforts he showed himself a follower of Nadson and the humanitarian Pleshcheiev. When the former died, in 1887, Merezhkovsky was already considered a worthy member of the younger group of poets. His early verse, it is true, did not show any marked advance over that of his contemporaries but there was something in its greater emphasis on form and diction which the others did not possess. He was easily the most promising of them.

The year after his university career came to an end, Merezhkovsky went to the Caucasus. There he met the woman-poet Zinaida Hippis and the following winter they were married. He returned to St. Petersburg, where his mother died and his young wife underwent a serious illness. The positivism which had appealed to Merezhkovsky in his undergraduate days now underwent a

change. It offered him no satisfactory explanation of death. His thoughts turned more and more to religion. It is true that he still struggled somewhat against this powerful force. There was the *Sievernii Vestnik* to which he himself and his wife contributed and which advocated the ideas of Nietzsche, but Merezhkovsky even here managed to give his superman a somewhat religious-mystic turn.

At about this time Merezhkovsky began to publish his well-known series of studies of modern and ancient authors. As the critic Mirsky characterizes them: "All these writings are centered around one central idea—the polar opposition of the Greek conception of the sanctity of the flesh, and of the Christian conception of the sanctity of the spirit, and the necessity of uniting them into one supreme synthesis." In this spirit Merezhkovsky wrote his famous essay on *Tolstoy and Dostoevsky*, the most penetrating of his critical writings. Here he stated that Tolstoy was essentially a man of the flesh trying to acquire spirituality, while Dostoevsky, the man of the spirit, attempted to share his spiritual life with the common run of men. He was rather hard on Tolstoy, and after his visit, in 1904, to the sage at Yasnaya Poliana and the cordial reception accorded him and his wife, Merezhkovsky confessed to having misjudged Tolstoy. At parting Tolstoy said to him: "And they have told me that you do not love me. I am glad to see that it is not so."

By the year 1903 Merezhkovsky had quite abandoned his former Nietzschean and positivistic leanings. In that year he founded, together with his wife, the monthly review *Novii Put'*. This was to be the organ of his newly found religio-philosophical *Weltanschauung*. It was symbolic in form and neo-Christian in substance, and the review gathered around itself such coming lights as Blok and Biely. It was a movement to bring together the more cultured spheres of the orthodox clergy and that part of the intelligentsia which still could not altogether abandon the more essential aspects of religion. Chekhov testifies to the deep earnestness of Merezhkovsky's convictions at this time. A certain



DMITRY MEREZHKOVSKY

Diaguilev had invited them to become joint editors of the *Mir Iskusstva*, and in declining the offer, Chekhov writes: "... how could I live amicably under one roof with D. S. Merezhkovsky, who believes definitely, believes like a teacher, while I have long since frittered away my faith and can look only with perplexity at the intellectual believer. I respect D. S. and value him as a man and a literary worker, but if we were to pull a cart together, it would be in opposite directions."

The years of the Revolution of 1905 and those immediately following drew Merezhkovsky more and more into radical circles. He headed a delegation of co-workers to the publisher of the *Russkoe Slovo* demanding the exclusion of Rozanov from among its contributors; and when the Revolution failed, the Merezhkovskys emigrated to Paris. Some years later they returned again to Russia and, with other radicals, tried to stem the bellicose feelings of the Slavophiles at the outbreak of the World War. The Revolution came and Merezhkovsky found himself in the dilemma of having to deny its benefits. Up to the very last Merezhkovsky had hoped that it would take a religious turn, that it would mark the beginning of a great spiritual awakening, but the confusion and bloodshed

shattered his hopes. In 1919 the Merezhkovskys left St. Petersburg and went to Warsaw where they sympathized with the anti-Bolshevik activities of the Poles. But as it soon became clear that the Soviets would not be overthrown in a hurry, they retired to Paris whence they issued their scathing indictment of the new rulers of Russia, *The Reign of Antichrist*.

Tho Merezhkovsky's chief interest lies in a new conception of life, in the field of philosophy and religion as it were, he is best known for his historical novels. His poetry is almost unknown to non-Russians. *Christ and Antichrist*, his mighty trilogy, is a contribution to world literature. Each of the three volumes attempts to picture the religious and cultural background of an epoch. *Julian the Apostate* presents the clash of early Christianity with the surviving ideals of Hellenism; *Leonardo da Vinci* takes up the intellectual and religious unrest of the Renaissance; while *Peter and Alexis* opposes a picture of Peter, the worshipper of all things Olympian, to that of Alexis who is made to represent the spirit of ancient Russian orthodoxy. In this, as in his other works, "Merezhkovsky is a religious mystic who believes that all the past history of humanity was only a preparation of the New Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Spirit. The First Testament, he says, was the religion of God in the World. The Second Testament, that of the Son, was a religion of God in Man. The Third Testament, the religion to come, will be the religion of God in Humanity." This coming religion of God in Humanity is the underlying idea of all of Merezhkovsky's writings; it is the point of departure both in his novels and in his critical writings. In so far as his premises are true, the picture he paints of the coming world order is convincing and beautiful. Merezhkovsky is, today, the leading author of the Russian émigrés. His influence and reputation as a writer have suffered, however, since the Revolution.

A. B.

Dmitry Merezhkovsky's more important works:

POETRY: Vera, 1890; Simboli, 1893.

NOVELS: Khristos i Antikhristos (trilogy) 1895-1905; Aleksandr I, 1911; Chetyrnadtsatoe

Dekabria, 1920; Rozhdenie Bogov, 1924; Akhnaton, 1926; Messiya, 1926-27.

DRAMA: Makoi Tsviet, 1908; Pavel I, 1909.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE: Tolstoy i Dostoyevsky, 1901; Gogol' i Chort, 1906; Griadushchii Kham, 1906; Viechnie Sputniki, 1906-08; V Tikhom Omutie, 1908; Bol'naia Rossiia, 1910; Bylo i Budet, 1915; Perventsy Svobody, 1917.

English translations of Merezhkovsky:

NOVELS: Julian the Apostate, 1901; Leonardo da Vinci, 1917; Peter and Alexis, 1906; December the Fourteenth, 1923; Tutankhamen, 1925; Akhnaton, 1927.

MISCELLANEOUS: Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, 1902; Ihsen, 1907; Montaigne, 1907; Pliny the Younger, 1907; Calderon, 1908; Flaubert, 1908; Marcus Aurelius, 1909; Joseph Pilsudski, 1921; Menace of the Mob, 1921; Life of Napoleon, 1929; Michael Angelo, 1930; Secret of the West, 1931.

About Dmitry Merezhkovsky:

Gritzow, B. *Drei Denker*; Mirsky, D. S. *Contemporary Russian Literature*; Olgin, M. J. *Guide to Russian Literature*; Persky, S. *Contemporary Russian Novelists*; Guernsey, G. introduction to *Leonardo da Vinci*.

Independent 161:1147 November 15, 1906.

Charlotte Mew 1870-1928

CHARLOTTE MARY MEW, English poet, was born in the Bloomsbury district of London, on November 15, 1870—a rather generous year for English poetry, as it was also the birth-year of Alfred Douglas, T. Sturge Moore, Hilaire Belloc, and William Henry Davies. The father, a prominent architect, died when Charlotte was a small child. She had two sisters, Anne and Freda, and a brother, Cobham. The mother, described as a "little Victorian lady," was not able to cope with the disease, the poverty, and the despair that were the constant companions of the Mew family.

Charlotte Mew began to write at least as early as 1894; in July of that year, the famous *Yellow Book* of Henry Harland and Aubrey Beardsley published her "Passed," an uncanny short story about death, suggestive of the manner of Poe and Henry James. An invitation to write for the *Yellow Book* was considered a high compliment, and Charlotte Mew must have had some reputation at this time or given some sign of promise to induce Harland to approach her.

The short story was a comparatively new form in England in the 'Nineties,

and "Passed" may be regarded as one of the forerunners of the modern psychological short story. In addition to three short stories that appeared in numbers of *Temple Bar*, she also wrote a study of Emily Brontë, and what Harold Monro called a "magnificent essay" on trees. These early writings, and possibly others, have not been published in book form, and they are not easy to unearth.

The contributors to the *Yellow Book* recognized the social side of life by gathering in the evening at a club in Cromwell Road. There Charlotte Mew met, among others, Kenneth Grahame, Hubert Crackanthorpe, Netta Syrett, Max Beerbohm, Richard Le Gallienne, Evelyn Sharp, Victoria Cross, George Moore, Arthur Symons, Edmund Gosse, and Henry James.

Her poetry first appeared in the pages of such periodicals as the *Nation*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Englishwoman*, *Graphic*, *New Weekly*, *Athenaeum*, *Sphere*, and *Monthly Chapbook*. In 1916, the Poetry Bookshop, on the strong recommendation of Alida Klemantaski, published seventeen of these poems in a small volume of forty pages that sold for a shilling. Shortly after its publication, Thomas Hardy invited her to visit him for a week-end at Max Gate. He was quick to recognize her talent, and was of the opinion that she was the best woman poet of her day. Five years later, the volume was re-issued, with eleven new poems, under the title of *The Farmer's Bride*, the opening poem.

The 1916 volume appeared in the United States as *Saturday Market*, with the poems differently arranged.

The greater part of Charlotte Mew's life was a courageous struggle with poverty, ill-health, and looking after her invalid mother, but her last six years, at least, were made more comfortable by an annual Civil List pension of seventy-five pounds, obtained for her thru the efforts of Hardy, Masfield, and Walter De La Mare. The amount was not large, but it was enough to relieve her mind of one worry, and her friends "blessed" Prime Minister Baldwin and the three writers who used their influence in her behalf.

The death of her mother, and of her sister, Anne, in 1927, after months of suffering, were terrible blows to her and

were partly responsible for her own death soon after. The mother's death, Monro suggests, "might have been expected to give her more freedom for poetry," but she did not regard it in that light. She could not bear living alone and was the last member of her family, as Cobham and Freda had died before Anne. Anne's death came as the final blow, and she lost all her interest in life after it, declaring that she no longer had anything to live for. The relationship between the two sisters was deep and strong, and Sidney C. Cockerell, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, has stated that they "had more than a little in them of what made another Charlotte and Anne what they were. They were, indeed, like two Brontë sisters incarnate."

Cockerell describes her as "very small of build and stature, with a pale, thin face, large eyes, and an abundance of gray hair." She was plain, but not unpleasant, in appearance, and her face had a frightened look that showed the marks of poverty and suffering. Virginia Moore, in a study in the *Yale Review*, supplements this description with the following details: "she had a squarish hand, like a sensitive man's, rather square shoulders, a thin mouth in which was no hardness, hair that was always blowing about, and light-colored eyes that startled you by being so startled; she chose to wear a man's overcoat."

Cockerell, who evidently writes from first-hand knowledge, declares that "tho she could enjoy the country, it was only in London that she felt at home; she loved the crowds in its streets," which differs from, if it does not conflict with, the statement of Louis Untermeyer that "tho she loved the country, she was forced to live almost continually in London."

Cockerell credits her with a wide knowledge of literature and an unerring taste in both prose and poetry. She was inclined to be shy and silent, but "in congenial company she was the very best of talkers." Altho naturally melancholy, he tells us, she "could keep a table convulsed with laughter, her wit being as sharp as were her powers of observation." Personally, her friends remember



CHARLOTTE MEW

her for her affection, her kindness, and her courage.

Worn out by poor health, and with no desire to live, Charlotte Mew made absolutely no attempt to fight off her fatal illness. She died at a private nursing home in London, on Saturday, March 24, 1928. She was buried from her residence, 64 Charlotte Street, in the west end of London, on March 29, at the Fortune Green Cemetery, in Hampstead.

One of the few and one of the last pleasures of her lonely life was the receipt of one of her poems "Fin de Fête," that Hardy copied in his own handwriting and sent to her with a kindly greeting. It was a gracious compliment, coming from a man—a great man—of eighty-seven.

In 1929 Alida Klemantaski (Mrs. Harold Monro) published a volume of her poems under the title of *The Rambling Sailor*, to which she contributed a memoir that has done its share in giving Charlotte Mew the reputation she now holds among English poets.

Charlotte Mew's work has been highly praised by competent critics on both sides of the Atlantic. Hardy's view has found a response, with variations according to the individual critic, in Harold Monro, W. H. Chesson, Margaret Sackville, Gerald Gould, Louis Untermeyer,

and J. G. Fletcher. "The Farmer's Bride," especially, has been singled out for enthusiastic comment. Of this poem, Monro writes: "the story would have resolved itself in the mind of Mrs. Browning into a poem of at least 2,000 lines; Browning might have worked it up to 6,000. Meredith would not have been satisfied with a novel of less than 500 pages . . . but Charlotte Mew does it in 46 lines, marred by no verbiage." Chesson, husband of the late Nora Hopper, herself a talented writer of verse, saluted Charlotte Mew as "an admirable artist, a poet of astonishing dexterity, subtlety, and power." For Margaret Sackville, her poems have "passion, restraint, and originality to a high degree, and are the most interesting ever written by a woman."

An American critic, Louis Untermeyer, declares that Charlotte Mew's first volume alone "would have been sufficient to rank her among the most distinctive and intense of living poets." Three short poems, "Sea Love," "Song" ("Love, love today, my dear"), and "I Have Been Through the Gates," he feels, are "sure of their place in English literature." Virginia Moore writes: "She was a great poet; great, not in quantity but in crystal and indubitable quality."

Charlotte Mew must be judged and her rank determined by fifty or sixty published poems, a very small proportion—"far less than a tithe," says Cockerell—of the amount that she wrote. Like Ralph Hodgson, she was very fastidious and critical where her own work was concerned and her high standards led her to destroy a great deal of it: some, calmly, in the full exercise of her critical faculties, and some of it in fits of depression, when, presumably, her faculties were not trustworthy guides. Cockerell is confident that her action was "fatal to much work that was really good," a view that critics in general seem inclined to accept.

II. S. R.

Charlotte Mew's works:

POETRY: *The Farmer's Bride*, 1916 (published 1921 in America as *Saturday Market*); *The Farmer's Bride*, 1921 (with additional poems); *The Rambling Sailor*, 1929.

About Charlotte Mew:

Monro, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Monroe, Harriet and Henderson, A. C. *The New Poetry*; Newbolt, H. J. *New Paths on Helicon*; Untermeyer, L. *Modern British Poetry*; Williams-Ellis, A. *An Anatomy of Poetry*.

Bookman (London) 60:181 July 1921; 61:140 December 1921; 74:112 May 1928; *Contemporary Review* 137:501 April 1930; *Freeman* 5:20 March 15, 1922; *New Statesman* 16:759 April 2, 1921; *Poetry* 20:152 June 1922; *Spectator* 126:403 March 26, 1921; *Times* (London) March 29, 1928, 21; *Yale Review* 22:429 December 1932.

Alice Meynell 1847-1922

ALICE MEYNELL, English poet and essayist, was born Alice Christiana Thompson in 1847 at Barnes, west of London. She was the second daughter of Thomas James Thompson and Christiana Jane Weller Thompson. Her parents had been introduced to each other by Charles Dickens. She spent her childhood traveling with her nomadic parents between England and Italy, living most of the time in Italy. Her father, a gentleman of no vocation, devoted himself to the education of his two daughters.

"When I was about twelve," she recalled, "I fell in love with Tennyson, and cared for nothing else until, at fifteen, I discovered first Keats and then Shelley. With Keats I celebrated a kind of wedding. The influence of Shelley upon me belongs rather to my spiritual than my mental history. I thought the whole world was changed for me thenceforth. It was by no sudden counter-revolution, but slowly and gradually that I returned to the hard old common path of submission and self-discipline which soon brought me to the gates of the Catholic Church."

The priest who received her into the church encouraged her in her efforts to write and a great friendship grew up between them, but ripened so rapidly that, according to Viola Meynell, her daughter and biographer, "in keeping with the strict precautionary rules of his priesthood it was considered best that the friendship should end, and that they should see each other no more. At her side he had encouraged her writing of poetry; in separation, the exceedingly

great sacrifice of parting made that poetry inevitable. . . ."

Her sister Elizabeth (later Lady Butler) having launched upon a successful career as a painter of battle pictures, the family settled in London.

In 1875, at the age of twenty-eight, the author published her first book of poems, a thin green volume entitled *Preludes*, which was illustrated with drawings by her sister. Most of the critics were silent, but her friend Ruskin praised it highly, and Rossetti and Browning shared his enthusiasm.

She was married in the autumn of 1877 to Wilfred Meynell, author and editor, who had read one of her sonnets in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and asked to meet her. They settled in Kensington, London, and had eight children, one of whom died in infancy. Several of their children attained prominence. Viola Meynell, her mother's biographer, is a novelist and can be found in fiction as the heroine of Sheila Kaye-Smith's *The End of the House of Alard*. Francis Meynell, a book designer and publisher, was a conscientious objector during the World War and was imprisoned. His mother repudiated his attitude in an open letter to the *Times*. He founded the Nonesuch Press in London in 1923.

For eighteen years, beginning in 1881, Mrs. Meynell helped her husband with his editorship of the *Weekly Register*, a Catholic periodical, writing leaders, reviewing books, reading proofs, and translating Papal utterances from the Italian. In 1883 he launched a monthly magazine, *Merry England*, which published some of the first work of W. H. Hudson and Hilaire Belloc, and she wrote constantly for it during its twelve years of existence. Then this publication, the Meynells discovered and became known as the rescuers of Francis Thompson, who wrote much of his poetry in the Meynell house, Palace Court, which was built in 1889 when Mrs. Meynell's father left her a small fortune. Thompson addressed to her his sequence of poems, "Love in Dian's Lap."

The essays of Mrs. Meynell began to appear in W. E. Henley's *Scots Observer*, which became in 1890 the *National Observer*, and they were first

collected in the volume, *The Rhythm of Life*, published in 1893. At the same time *Preludes*, long out of print, was re-issued, with a few changes and additions, under the title of *Poems*. The two books went out for review together and made her famous in the literary world. She was pronounced a better prose writer than poet. Her intimate friend Coventry Patmore said that she showed "an amount of perspective reason and ability to discern self-evident things as yet undiscerned, a reticence, fullness, and effectiveness of expression, which place her in the very front rank of living writers in prose."

Commencing in 1893, Mrs. Meynell wrote anonymously once a week the column called "Wares of Autolyeus" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, continuing it for five years and collecting the essays in the volumes *The Colour of Life*, *The Children*, *London Impressions*, *The Spirit of the Place*, *Ceres' Runaway*, *Childhood*, and *The Second Person Singular*.

George Meredith asked to make her acquaintance in 1896 and thenceforth until his death they saw each other often. He told her she could have made him what he should have been and what he could not be without her, and he calculated a past time when they might have met and married. He called her "the penciling mamma" because she sat at her work at a long library table while the four girls and three boys played on the floor and edited a family newspaper under the table.

"Blandishments we had little of," recalled her son Everard; "we were taken to her arms, but briefly; exquisitely fondled, but with economy, as if there were work always to be resumed. We were at once the most befriended of children, yet the most slighted; we fitted into the literary life and business of the household."

During her heyday in the 'Nineties, Mrs. Meynell and her husband entertained at Palace Court most of the notable literary folk of the time. The gatherings took place Sunday afternoon and evening, were very informal, and usually culminated with a strange toddy made of whisky and jam. Mrs. Meynell was known for her gracious manner and



ALICE MEYNELL

her dignity and childlike gaiety. She talked little. According to her daughter Viola, "When she spoke at all volubly it was of something she had not just—but had long—thought of; and she made but little use of the spontaneous opportunities arising in conversation." She smoked cigarettes in an age when the habit was not customary with women. Her friend J. L. Garvin said that the praise lavished upon her did not spoil her but only made her humble.

In the autumn of 1901 Mrs. Meynell went to America for eight months, visiting her friend Agnes Toban in California and delivering a few lectures. During her absence, a volume of *Later Poems* was published, containing nineteen poems, some of which had been printed privately as *Other Poems* in 1896.

Upon her return to London 1902 she assumed the duties of art critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, keeping it up for three years. For two summers, 1904-05, she and her family had the use of Wilfred Blunt's house near Southwater. In 1905 she visited Munich and Italy, meeting her family in Verona. She made repeated annual visits to Italy during the next five years. After the death of her sister's husband, Sir William Butler, in 1910, she visited Lady Butler at Bansha Castle in Tipperary

and prepared his autobiography for publication. (Lady Butler herself died in 1933 at the age of eighty-seven.)

Countless other literary tasks occupied Mrs. Meynell's attention. She prepared Meredith's poems for a memorial edition and made a selection of the poems of John Bannister Tabb. She wrote a total of thirty-four critical introductions, notably those to the Red Letter Series of English poets, and prepared two poetic anthologies. For the 1911 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* she wrote the account of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She helped her son Everard with his *Life of Francis Thompson* (after Thompson's death in 1907).

In 1911 the Meynells purchased a country estate, Greatham, at Pulborough in Essex, eighty acres with a small seventeenth century farmhouse and an old cottage at opposite ends. Thenceforth she spent most of her time here, with occasional visits to their London flat, the Palace Court home being given up.

She made her last visit to Italy in the winter of 1912-13. In 1913 she brought out her *Collected Poems* and made a selection of her essays the following year. For two or three years, until 1914, she worked enthusiastically for woman suffrage, delivering political lectures and marching in processions. In 1914 she was elected to the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature.

The World War (in which her daughter Madeline's husband, who was E. V. Lucas' younger brother, was killed) brought on one of her rare periods of poetry writing. Ten poems were printed by her son Francis, who had set up a press, and they were published in 1917, with others added, as *A Father of Women*. In 1917 she also brought out *Hearts of Controversy*, six literary studies which had appeared chiefly in the *Dublin Review*.

At this period her health became delicate. She was a person of frail physique, who slept badly, had constant headaches, and suffered from what she called a "rag-time heart." She seldom went about. Visitors at Greatham found her untouched by age, sitting upright and calm, her hair still black. Katharine Tynan said that she had the "most

significant presence" she had ever seen. "She had large, starry, mournful eyes that in abstraction always seemed to gaze upward; she was slight with an upward-drawn movement which gave the illusion of height." She ate little food. The most strenuous exercise she was ever prevailed upon to take up was croquet, but she had a zest for danger. She was fond of needle-work. She read biography in preference to novels, liked O. Henry, and had great enthusiasm for G. K. Chesterton. She did not care for pet animals.

In her last days Mrs. Meynell continued to write poems and made a list of those she wished published in book form after her death. She died in London on November 27, 1922, while asleep, after an illness of seven weeks. She was seventy-five years old. In 1923 her *Last Poems* were published and all her poetic works were assembled in one complete volume.

Alice Meynell's works:

POEMS: *Preludes*, 1875; *Poems*, 1893; *Other Poems*, 1896; *Later Poems*, 1901; *Poems*, 1913; *The Shepherdess and Other Verses* (reprint of *Later Poems* with omissions) 1914; *Poems of the War*, 1915; *A Father of Women and Other Poems*, 1917; *Poems*, 1921; *The Last Poems of Alice Meynell*, 1923; *The Poems of Alice Meynell*, 1923.

ESSAYS: *The Rhythm of Life*, 1893; *The Colour of Life*, 1896; *The Children*, 1896; *London Impressions*, 1898; *The Spirit of the Place*, 1899; *Ceres' Runaway*, 1909; *Childhood*, 1913; *Essays*, 1914; *Hearts of Controversy*, 1917; *The Second Person Singular*, 1921.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Poor Sisters of Nazareth*, 1889; *William Holman Hunt: His Life and Work* (with Frederick William Farrar) 1893; *John Ruskin*, 1899; *Children of the Old Masters*, 1903; *Mary: The Mother of Jesus*, 1912.

EDITOR: *The Flower of the Mind*, 1897; *The School of Poetry* (for children) 1923.

TRANSLATOR: *Lourdes*, *Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow*, by Daniel Barbé; *The Nun*, by René Bazin.

About Alice Meynell:

Butler, Lady E. *Autobiography*; Drinkwater, J. *The Muse in Council*; Jones, L. *First Impressions*; Mais, S. P. B. *Some Modern Authors*; Maynard, T. *Our Best Poets*; Meynell, V. *Alice Meynell: A Memoir*; Monro, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Newbolt, H. *Studies in Green and Gray*; Noyes, A. *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry*; Scott, D. *Men of Letters*; Squire, J. C. *Essays on Poetry*; Swinnerton, F. *A London Bookman*;

Tuell, A. K. *Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation*.

Atlantic Monthly, 131:229 February 1923; *Catholic World* 116:721 March 1923; 129:641 September 1929; 133:447 July 1931; *Commonweal* 13:317, 351 January 21, 28 1931; *Fortnightly Review* 119:64 January 1923; *Living Age* 316:103 January 13, 1923; *Scribner's Magazine* 73:315 May 1923.

Richard Middleton 1882-1911

RICHARD BARHAM MIDDLETON, English poet, essayist, and writer of short stories, was born of English parents, at Staines, in Middlesex, on October 28, 1882. He was related, on his mother's side, to the author of the famous *Ingoldsby Legends*, hence his middle name. Of this relationship, he was always very proud, altho he has little point of contact with the genial and optimistic outlook of Richard Harris Barham.

The external facts of his life and of his education are not entirely clear, altho there is a full-length biography of him by his friend, Henry Savage. It seems that he attended two schools in London: St. Paul's and the Merchant Tailors. He also studied at Quernmore House, in Bromley, Kent, and at the Cranbrook Grammar School. "While we were acquainted," Savage tells us, on the first page of his memoir, "I had not only no inclination to gather facts relating to him, but an excessive contempt for facts in general." Middleton, himself, it must be admitted, always preferred fancy to fact, which is, perhaps, some justification for the attitude of his biographer. However, we do know that Middleton was an introspective, temperamental child, and that he hated the "ugliness" of London, the schools he attended, and the smug satisfaction of his classmates.

He matriculated as a special student at the University of London, and was registered in the first division on July 19, 1899. Twelve months later, he passed the Oxford and Cambridge higher certificate examination in mathematics, physics, and English, but there is no evidence that he ever made any use of the privileges to which the certificate entitled him.

During the years 1901-07 he was a clerk in the Royal Exchange Assurance

Corporation, a position that he found thoroly distasteful. Resigning on May 14, 1907, he wrote soon after to Savage that he "never thought that life could be so unredeemably good as it has been for the last six weeks—after the hell of the office." The pity of it is that Middleton, with a natural capacity for enjoyment, did not continue to think so. His one escape from the drudgery he hated was going to the theatre, of which he was exceedingly fond. His diary indicates that he saw between ninety and a hundred plays a year.

In 1905 the *Morning Leader* awarded him a prize of five guineas for a short story. Toward the end of the same year, he joined a congenial literary club, the "New Bohemians," founded by T. Michael Pope, the journalist, and meeting at the Prince's Head in London. Altho he did not create a good impression at the first gathering he attended, he soon became one of its leading spirits, and in its sessions he found most of the happiness that he knew in his short life. The purpose of the club was the "encouragement of intelligent conversation among journalists, bookmen, critics, and artists." Chesterton, Belloc, and Arthur Machen were members, and it was there that Savage and Middleton first met.

Machen, writing twenty-eight years later, gave a vivid description of Middleton: "Nearly all of us were young men. A few of us had written books; most of us hoped to write books, some day. All of us were interested in books; in poetry books, especially; and Richard Middleton was resolved to be a poet; and I am sure that if he could have had more patience with the world he would have succeeded in his desire. . . . But he was impatient, he would not wait. He could not relax; he could not take to himself the old tags about Apollo and his bow, and the pleasure of playing the fool occasionally. I have seen him sitting at the New Bohemians board with his head sunk in his hands; greeting all the cheerful nonsense about him with an occasional contemptuous exclamation; and apt to take harmless ragging much too seriously. I don't remember hearing him laugh; not openly and largely, with a relish in the deed. His humor was usually tinged with bitterness."

The last nine months of his life he spent at Brussels. There he died, penniless, on Friday, December 1, 1911, a suicide by poison, at the age of twenty-nine, the age of Christopher Marlowe, with whom he shared a love of beauty, and for whose work he had an intense admiration. He died by chloroform, taking the precaution to stuff cotton-wool in his nostrils so as to make sure of the effect of the poison. He was buried, according to the rites of the Church of England—which meant little to him—at Calvoet, a small cemetery outside Brussels. Sisters of Charity aided in the funeral arrangements, and when Savage came to look at him for the last time, they were watching by the bedside. Perhaps the sisters did not know that Middleton was an agnostic, if, indeed, not an atheist.

For his friend, Henry Savage, he left a final note, written on a postcard which was found on his bed in the small room he occupied in Mme. Grey's very modest lodging-house: "Goodbye! Harry. I'm going adventuring again, and thanks to you I shall have some pleasant memories in my knapsack. As for the many bitter ones, perhaps they will not weigh so heavy as they did before. 'A broken and a contrite heart, oh Lord, thou shalt not despise.'—Richard."



RICHARD MIDDLETON

Hoppe

That Middleton did not end his life without a struggle is shown by so slight a thing as the dating of the farewell note. "November 26" it is headed; this date is crossed out, and above it appears "December 1." It is not pleasant to contemplate the terrible conflict that he must have gone thru before he made up his mind.

In a sympathetic study of Middleton's work, S. P. B. Mais has written: "In 1911, failing to make the world perceive that beauty and poetry were essential to man's welfare, and recognizing that he himself had failed by too much dreaming and too little action, he determined to seek adventure in the unknown."

Middleton loved and understood children, and he knew how to express them, as well as how to get them to express themselves. This he has shown in *The Day Before Yesterday*, a book of essays of childhood.

The titles of some of Middleton's other essays indicate his range: *The Decay of the Essay*, *The Tyranny of the Ugly*, *Dreaming as an Art*, *How to Be a Poet*, *The Virtues of Getting Drunk*, *Why Women Fail in Art*, *The Philosophy of Gambling*, and *Is England Decadent?* A pathetic interest attaches to his ironical essay, "Suicide and the State," in which he writes "You cannot persuade a person who has found out life to continue living by giving him tracts. Personally, I should have more sympathy with suicides if they killed themselves when they were very, very happy, in order to avoid anti-climax. The simplest study of the epistolary literature left behind by these persons will convince any one that they are, as a class, the vainest of creatures."

He loved the Elizabethan writers—all of them—but especially Marlowe, who had a place in his heart that no one else could reach, and he liked to play with the notion that he was descended from Thomas Middleton. Of modern authors, Stevenson, Barrie, Andrew Lang, and Kenneth Grahame appealed to him strongly. Browning was his favorite poet. For a time a great admirer of A. E. Housman, he later came to feel that *A Shropshire Lad* was too bitter to be of the highest artistic quality.

Middleton had a thick black beard and moustache—he never shaved in his life—and a heavy head of black hair. His forehead was deeply furrowed, and his eyebrows shaggy. He had a heavy lower lip and sad brown eyes. Mais describes them as "shrewd, wistful, penetrating eyes, like Conrad," and Savage suggests that he may have worn a beard to hide his lower lip. Even at twenty-nine, Middleton's features recall those of William Morris, and had he lived longer and retained his full beard the resemblance would have grown more striking, it is believed.

Middleton's prose and poetry were published, during his lifetime, in the *Academy*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Vanity Fair*, and other periodicals. In book form, they appeared only after his death: four volumes in 1912; one, a collection of thirty-two *Monologues*, in 1913; a one-act play, *The District Visitor*, in 1924 (published in Baltimore); and a collection of stories, sketches, and essays, *The Pantomime Man*, in September 1933. The latter volume, containing hitherto unpublished material, was equipped with a foreword by John Gawsworth and an introduction by Lord Alfred Douglas.

Savage has done most for Middleton's memory. In his introduction to *Poems and Songs*, he writes feelingly, and with an asperity that is, perhaps, pardonable: "His genius is of that rare quality which will sooner or later ensure him a recognized place in the front rank of English poets. Those who are not moved by the beauty of the poetry in this volume may find beauty elsewhere and had better seek it elsewhere."

H. S. R.

Richard Middleton's works:

PROSE: *The Ghost Ship and Other Stories*, 1912; *The Day Before Yesterday*, 1912; *Monologues*, 1913; *The District Visitor* (play) 1924; *Letters to Henry Savage*, 1929; *The Pantomime Man*, 1933.

POETRY: *Poems and Songs*, 1912; (2d series, 1912).

About Richard Middleton:

Chapman, J. A. *Papers on Shelley, Wordsworth, and Others*; Savage, H. *Richard Middleton: The Man and His Work*; Starrett, V. *Buried Caesars*.

Bookman 57:334 May 1923; Boston Transcript March 10, 1923; English Review 11: 551 July 1912; Fortnightly Review 106:620 October 2, 1916; New York Times Book Re-

view February 4, 1923; *Sunday Times* (London) September 3, 1933; *Times Literary Supplement* (London) May 2, 1929.

Louise Jordan Miln 1864-

LOUISE JORDAN MILN, American author who makes her home in England and writes novels about China, was born in the little town of Macomb, Illinois, on March 5, 1864. Her father was a physician and surgeon who had served in the Civil War and then settled in Macomb and established the first bank in that part of the state. He was mayor of the town for three years.

When she was three years old Mrs. Miln was taken to live in Chicago, her father having given up his practice except for charity work. Her love for the Far East began when, as a little girl, she visited relatives in San Francisco and was shown Chinatown by a Chinese washerman whom she met in a Sunday School. She went to school little, being educated chiefly by her father and traveling with him to remote parts of the world. In Rome Pope Pius IX blessed a rosary for her. She spent a few years at Vassar College where she was noted for her bad spelling.

At eighteen Mrs. Miln went on the stage. In her first season of forty weeks she played forty-two small parts, some of them with Edwin Booth. For several years she traveled with theatrical companies in America, Europe, Asia and Australia. When she made her first visit to China at twenty-four she had the feeling that it was her true home. She filled every hour not spent in the theatre visiting the Chinese in their peasant huts or, thru the kindness of some official, being entertained in homes of higher caste. She became a great student and admirer of the Chinese and she developed what has been called an uncanny knowledge of the country on this and succeeding visits. She married an English actor, George Crichton Miln, and left the stage only when her "arms became too full of babies—four boys and three girls."

Settling with her large family in London, Mrs. Miln continued her study of China and the Chinese. She met every Chinese and Anglo-Chinese she could

find, and took great pleasure in bringing her Oriental and Occidental friends together and noting their reactions to each other. When she was thirty she published her first book, *When We Were Strolling Players in the East*. It was followed by a series of books recording informally her impressions of the people of the East and their customs.

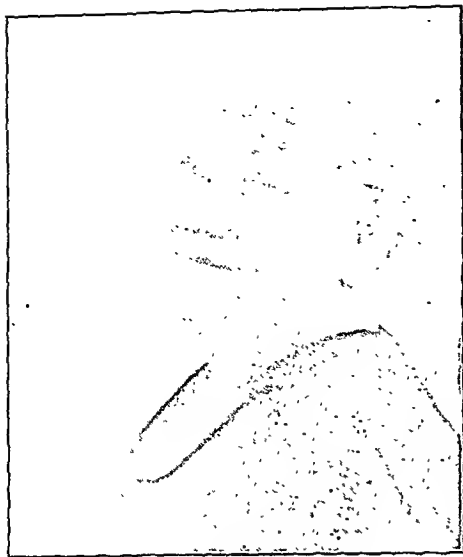
Meanwhile, Mrs. Miln began writing about the Orient for the London press. During the war between China and Japan over Korea in 1894-95 she wrote a series of articles about the personnels of the London embassies and legations of Eastern countries. At the Chinese legation she made the acquaintance of the Chinese Minister who became one of her best Chinese friends.

Dagmar Miln, Mrs. Miln's youngest daughter, recalls that her mother "had a tough time trying to write in the midst of a growing and talkative family. Fortunately, for her, our favorite occupation as an entire family is reading. . . Many a time when we were children we had planned to visit our beloved Round Pond in Kensington Gardens only to find Mother's door shut with the familiar sign that meant she was working." Mrs. Miln brought up her children allowing them to address their elders as equals from the cradle and allowing them to chime into any learned discourse at meals.

Mrs. Miln's husband died in 1917. All her sons were in the Royal Air Force thruout the World War and one of them continued in that service.

In 1917, after a silence of more than ten years, Mrs. Miln published a novel, *The Invisible Foe*, adapted from a play by Walter Hackett dealing with the possibility of communication with the dead. Mrs. Miln is interested in spiritualism and for many years consulted a medium regularly, but she is not entirely convinced about spirit communication. She based her next novel, *Mr. Wu*, on a play of the same title by H. M. Vernon and Harold Owen. These two books introduced her to American readers in 1920.

Mrs. Miln's chief work, *The Feast of the Lanterns*, was published in 1920, a novel picturing aristocratic Chinese family life and national ideals. It sings the praises of Chinese character, of the



LOUISE JORDAN MILN

Chinaman's love for beauty, nature and justice, of the high esteem in which he holds his womankind, and of the great achievements of Chinese women. The title is the name of the principal Chinese holiday. The book was written and delivered in thirteen weeks from the day the publishers commissioned it. When it appeared, a noted Chinese diplomat said: "It is Chinese. It is incredible, almost impossible, that any Western has so understood my country and has so portrayed it."

Her favorites among her own books are *The Feast of the Lanterns* and *The Soul of China*. The latter, which was published in 1925, is a group of ten tales revealing the human side of Chinese life and the customs of the country. Most of her novels of Chinese life center about the intermarriage of Chinese and English. In 1933 her books totaled more than a score.

Mrs. Miln insists she has no method of writing, no special hours set aside for work, altho it is a fact that she writes a great part of her time. She has a habit of writing in bed at night. She is left-handed, with the left-handedness of seven generations in her family, and writes everything in longhand since she cannot use a typewriter and does not dictate. Her hand is angular and back-slanting, and she prints the capitals.

In writing a book, Mrs. Miln usually proceeds straight thru from beginning to end and verifies her facts later. One time she spent a whole month in the British Museum verifying one statement.

Mrs. Miln is a British subject. Her family of sons and daughters is scattered over the world, except for Dagmar who remains her constant companion at home.

"My home is in London," she writes, "and always will be, I think and hope. And I run away and hide in a dearly loved retreat in Dorset—the loveliest part of England—when I am not free to work without interruption in London." In her home are many treasures which she has gathered on her travels, among them an old Satsuma dish, an ivory Kwan yon-ko (the Chinese goddess of mercy) and a photograph of the grave of Confucius. She boasts that she never has servant difficulties and that she can make a salad fit for a French friend to eat.

She says that she neither reads, writes, nor speaks Chinese, but her secretary and her daughter say this is not entirely true. She is fond of her cigarette and reads a great deal. She liked *Messer Marco Polo* by Donn Byrne, and believes that China was happier and saner in the day of Marco Polo than it is now. Her likes are strong, her dislikes stronger. She used to ride a great deal and fearlessly; she drives a car, but prefers horses. She greatly likes city life. She makes few friends, and holds them close. In England she is a strong Tory and in China an intense Royalist.

"Mother is the most marvelous mixture of the old-fashioned and the modern that you could get," says Dagmar Miln. "She loathes votes-for-women and yet takes the keenest interest in politics; she wears the same clothes summer and winter and never cares whether she has a new dress or not—but we have to be just so." Mrs. Miln is round-faced, with grey hair and plump cheeks.

In May 1933 Mrs. Miln wrote from Pas-de-Calais, France: "I ought not to rove the world any more now. But I have traveled so much that I cannot break the habit. I have been over here on the Continent far more than I have been in England for the last three years. I am a dull old woman, intensely inter-

ested in many things, but I am not at all interesting. For a minor writer I have been rather lucky in having my stories translated and published in Continental languages—and noticed by foreign critics."

Louise Jordan Miln's works:

NON-FICTION: *When We Were Strolling Players in the East*, 1894; *Quaint Korea*, 1895; *An Actor's Wooing*, 1896; *Little Folk of Many Lands*, 1899; *Wooings and Weddings in Many Climes*, 1900; *A Woman and Her Talent*, 1905; *Were Men But Constant*, 1918.

NOVELS: *The Invisible Foe* (from play by Walter Hackett) 1917; *Mr. Wu* (from play by H. M. Vernon and Harold Owen) 1918; *The Purple Mask*, 1918; *The Feast of Lanterns*, 1920; *The Green Goddess* (from play by William Areher) 1923; *Mr. and Mrs. Sen*, 1923; *In a Shantung Garden*, 1924; *Ruby and Ivy Sen*, 1925; *It Happened in Peking*, 1926; *In a Yum-Nan Courtyard*, 1927; *The Flutes of Shanghai*, 1928; *By Soohow Waters*, 1929; *Rice*, 1930; *The Vintage of Yon-Yee*, 1931; *A Chinese Triangle* (American title: *Ann Zu-Zan*) 1932; *Peng Wee's Harvest*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *The Soul of China*, 1925; *Red Lily and Chinese Jade*, 1928.

About Louise Jordan Miln:

Century 117:38 November 1928.

Naomi Mitchison 1897-

Autobiographical notes by Naomi Haldane Mitchison, English novelist:

BORN Edinburgh, November 1, 1897: parents, land-owning and professional class: national origin: lowland Scottish, North England and Ireland. Brought up Oxford and Scotland. Father: Prof. J. S. Haldane, physiologist and philosopher. Early life passed in academic and professional circles, on the whole progressive, but early political convictions definitely bourgeois imperialist. No religious up-bringing, but strict agnostic morality. Went to excellent boys' school till thirteen, after that governess and occasional tutoring: some practical farm work and gardening. Intended to be a scientist. Had taken all exams and ready to go up to Oxford in autumn 1914, at the age of sixteen. Very impressionable, took in all patriotic gup, in common with brother and all young men friends who volunteered for active service. In September 1914 became engaged to be married to best friend: Dick

Mitchison, at the time student, brilliant academic career, taken army commission 1914 and waiting to be sent to France. Went up to Oxford as home student Autumn 1914, did science, interrupted by engagement: Brother (now Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, biochemist and writer) in Black Watch, went to France early 1914: wounded battle of Neuve Chapelle. Fiancé sent to France summer 1915, to first battle of Ypres. After a year at Oxford passed first science exams and decided to train as V.A.D. nurse. Trained St. Thomas' Hospital, London, and came to realize what it is like being bossed by ward Sister.

Married February 1916, on short leave. Six months afterwards husband nearly killed, was with him three weeks in French hospital. Much to specialists' annoyance he recovered completely and proceeded to pass bar exams. During his sick leave lived most uncomfortably in small country billets. Brother sent out to Mesopotamia and again wounded. By 1917 most old friends had been killed. Began to be uncomfortable about righteousness of war. Joined League of Nations Society, at that time advanced and unpopular organization, and did first political and journalistic work for that. First child, son, born 1918. During that year did a lot of farm work as well as acting as father's laboratory assistant.

End of war, husband came back, called to the bar. Went to live in London, started housekeeping under difficult food conditions. Second child, son, born 1919. Gradually becoming interested in politics. Still hoping to become scientist, but very difficult for married woman with unfinished education.

Had always written a little, but not interested in history. In 1920 wrote a play which needed a historical setting, so husband advised reading last volume of Gibbon. Read last volume of Gibbon: read volume before: read Gibbon backwards volume by volume. Read Mommsen. Read Holm's *History of Greece*. 1921 acted play, rather a failure, wrote several more, then wrote *The Conquered*, mainly inspired by political conditions in Ireland under Black and Tan occupation. After refusal by several publishers *The*

Conquered published in 1923, and well received.

Third child, son, born 1922. Living in London, not many friends at first, as most had been killed, but easy and comfortable conditions. Went on writing, becoming gradually a good historian. Husband working as barrister. Pleasant holidays. Wrote *When the Bough Breaks*, poems, *Cloud Cuckoo Land*, *Nix-Nought-Nothing*. Fourth child, daughter, born 1926. Became increasingly interested in modern conditions, worked at birth control clinic, etc., but still deeply engaged with ancient history. Eldest son died of meningitis 1927: first really bad thing that happened. Wrote *Anna Comnena*, *Black Sparta*, *Barbarian Stories*. Fifth child, son, born 1928. During this time was increasingly conscious of European events, especially in the U.S.S.R. Gradually writing *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*, finished just before the birth of sixth child, daughter, 1930. Also wrote *Comments on Birth Control*, *The Hostages*, and plays with Lewis Gielgud: the only one acted was a failure.

About this time, Dick Mitchison became a socialist and began to do party work. In autumn 1931, at the time when England went off the gold standard, he stood as a Labor Party candidate, against a National Government candidate in a Birmingham (industrial) division and was, in common with most other Socialists, defeated. Before and during the election Naomi Mitchison worked for the Labor movement and joined the party. Has since been constantly occupied in political work of various kinds. During the election decided she ought to do educational work, so accepted offer to edit a book for children, the *Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents*, to try and put forward an intelligent modern point of view to those young enough to profit by it. Worked extremely hard at this, in collaboration with various scientists, historians, etc., most of whom were left-handed. The book, however, met severe disapproval of the organized writes even other respectable persons, cannot use its apparent acceptance of dictate. Her standards to a rather revolutionary, and s.

tionary core. Wrote *The Powers of Light* and *The Delicate Fire*, the latter a transitional book between ancient and modern. Has just finished a historical novel about present day conditions, especially the united front between Socialism and Communism, to be called *You Have Been Warned*.

In the meantime has done a certain amount of journalism, reviewing, etc., has made friends with many people of extremely varied occupations and incomes. Visited the U.S.S.R. in 1932, as part of Fabian Research Bureau party of experts, and contributed to *Twelve Studies of Soviet Russia*; profoundly moved, intellectually, by contacts made there. Became doubtful of all bourgeois values and standards, but is still uncertain of the new ones. Hopes to be used as an instrument in the forging of a new kind of society, and sufficiently hopeful of its coming to be glad she has produced children. Ended war as internationalist and pacifist, but believes real internationalism impossible under capitalist society, still hates violence but fears it may be necessary for a time. Believes that most of the problems of feminism will be solved when women are in a state of economic equality with men, but feels that in the meantime women must fight for their rights. Believes passionately



NAOMI MITCHISON

in kindness and certain that even in the course of violent revolutionary action, kindness must not be lost sight of. Attracted to Scottish nationalism, but finds it difficult to reconcile with Socialism and world brotherhood. Un-musical, not intelligent about the arts, tho enjoys modern buildings, good sculpture (especially Milles' work) and some kinds of decoration. Good field botanist, likes country and playing real games, but not sport. Can swim, like, drive car, milk cows, bathe baby, do simple cooking (but not sewing) and first aid. Easily taken in, especially by young men with charm, but gradually growing out of this, or hopes so. Can work in trains, buses, shops, boats, etc.: this necessitated by family life. Probably physical and moral coward, but fairly brave intellectually. Loves hot sunshine and sleeping at mid-day on grass, but increasingly busy and interrupted. Hates public speaking but increasingly has to do it. Believes ultimate and general human happiness to be possible.

* * *

According to Henry Seidel Canby, "Naomi Mitchison is the most interesting historical novelist now writing in English." Her reconstructions of history have been approved by archaeologists and historians. Dr. Canby reports that in reading her tales of Alexandria, black Sparta, the Greek islands, "I feel closer to the lost ancient world than in histories and poems—even ancient histories and poems. Quite possibly I am wrong, but it is a great literary achievement to make me and her other readers feel as we do. If only the political urge of the Haldane blood (to which family Mrs. Mitchison belongs) does not push her away from art into propaganda, if only she acquires for her full length stories the form which she has achieved in her briefer narratives, we may hope for books from her in the future which will be unique, like some of her earlier ones, in current literature. One has a feeling (perhaps unfounded) that she does not realize how good her writing is, how important is the field she has chosen, which has been so little cultivated in the English of the last decades. If so, her growing cult of enthusiastic readers should be a stimulus and a corrective."

Naomi Mitchison's works:

The Conquered, 1923; *When the Bough Breaks*, 1924; *Cloud Cuckoo Land*, 1925; *The Laburnum Branch*, 1926; *Black Sparta*, 1928; *Anna Commena*, 1928; *Nix-Nought-Nothing*, 1928; *Barbarian Stories*, 1929; *The Hostages*, 1930; *Comments on Birth Control*, 1930; *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*, 1931; *The Price of Freedom* (with L. E. Gielgud) 1931; *Boys and Girls and Gods*, 1931; *The Powers of Light*, 1932; *Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents*, 1932; *The Delicate Fire*, 1932.

About Naomi Mitchison:

English Review 55:471 November 1932; *Review of Reviews* (London) 82:25 November 1932; *Saturday Review of Literature* 8: 129 September 19, 1931; 10:145 September 30, 1933.

Harold Monro 1879-1932

HAROLD EDWARD MONRO, English poet, critic, and anthologist—his own description of himself was "author, publisher, editor, and book-seller"—was born in Brussels, Belgium (where he lived until he was seven) on March 14, 1879, the son of Edward William Monro. Like Stevenson, he was the son and the grandson of an engineer.

He was educated abroad, at a "dame" school in Wells, Somerset, and at the Radley Grammar School, in Abingdon, Berkshire, where he was considered dull and stupid. After graduating from Radley, he spent a year in France.

In 1898 he entered Caius College, Cambridge. He read in modern languages, and took second-class honors in the modern language tripos, receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1901. In view of his later development, it is astonishing to learn that, while at Cambridge, he was "not interested in books, still less in English literature, and not at all in poetry." The one thing in which he was interested was horse-racing. He invented a system that was perfect, except for one fault: it did not work, with the result that Monro lost often—and heavily. On the few occasions that he did win, the bookmaker refused to pay. When this continued to happen with tiresome regularity, his mother meeting his debts, Monro lost his enthusiasm.

In the summer of 1902 he went on a walking tour in the Hartz Mountains, where he met his first wife. He decided to study for the bar, and kept at it for one term and even passed the first part of the bar examination, but the prospect of marriage made him alter his plans. Faced with the necessity of supporting a wife, he became a land-agent in Ireland—where he remained for three years—and the manager of a poultry farm. He married in 1903, and a son was born the following year. (In 1916 the marriage was dissolved).

He then spent a few years on the Continent, learning to speak French, German, and Italian fluently. Another outcome of his travels was *The Chronicles of Pilgrimage*, a prose account of another walking tour, this time from Paris to Milan.

Monro published a volume of poetry in 1906, and two volumes in 1907, but it was not until 1911 that he became prominent in the literary life of London. In that year he founded the Poetry Society, and the *Poetry Review*, a quarterly publication. In the first issue (January 1912) he stated his platform: "Poetry should once more be seriously and reverently discussed in its relation to life, and the same tests and criteria applied to it as to the other arts." Difficulties soon arose, for which Monro was in no way responsible, and he withdrew at the end of the year, not entirely able to understand why the periodical he had established was no longer his property, or how he had lost two hundred pounds.

Late in 1912 he founded the Poetry Bookshop in an old house in a slum district off Devonshire Street, Theobald's Lane. It was also his home for several years except for the time that he was in army service. It opened in January 1913. His choice of such a locality was dictated by his desire to "bring" poetry to the people. The Bookshop, selling only poetry, drama, and works dealing with those subjects, was a unique institution that soon became known to poetry lovers throughout London, who used it as a meeting-place, and it was also popular with American visitors. Altho the "people" for whom it was intended preferred beer to poetry, the later removal

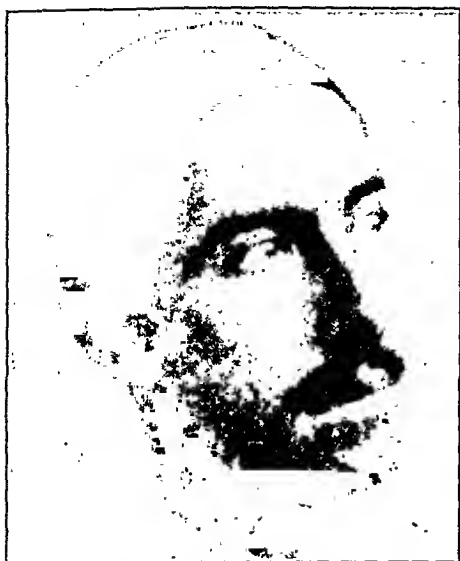
of the shop to the more refined, but less individual, neighborhood of Wiloughby Street, 38 Great-Russell Street, was regarded by most of its friends as an unwise change. Artistically, the shop was a success, but F. S. Flint is authority for the statement that Monro "never made one penny of profit" from it.

A feature of the Bookshop was the series of poetry readings organized by Monro. The poets who came there at his invitation to read selections from their own works may be placed in two groups: those who were well-known at the time, and those who were obscure. In the latter group, since then, all have become prominent. Both groups considered, it seems that Monro missed no one of real importance.

In March 1913 Monro met Alida Klemantaski, who had a great deal to recommend her: she was young, beautiful, brilliant, eager to make the world better, and she had a passion for poetry equal to his. She also wanted to study medicine and to do social work, but Monro persuaded her that she would be doing more for humanity, or at least as much, by marrying him and helping him in the Bookshop.

At the same time, he began another periodical, *Poetry and Drama*, which was published under his sole direction, thus making impossible any of the difficulties that had arisen with the *Poetry Review*. The first issue contained contributions by Rupert Brooke, Edward Thomas, Henry Newbolt, Maurice Hewlett, James Elroy Flecker, and Lascelles Abercrombie. This high standard was continued in other numbers, and there were few young poets or men of letters who were not contributors. It appeared until December 1914, when it was discontinued on account of the World War, in which Monro served as an officer in the anti-aircraft artillery. It was refounded in 1919, as *The Chapbook*, and finally ceased publication in 1921.

After a long illness, Monro died at a nursing home in Broadstairs, on the coast of Kent, near Margate, on Wednesday, March 16, 1932, two days after his fifty-third birthday. Cremation took place at Golders Green, on Saturday, March 19. He was survived by Alida



HAROLD MONRO

Monro and by the son of his first marriage.

Monro's outstanding characteristic was his love of poetry. It was so great that he deliberately placed his own writings in a secondary position. He was more interested in seeing that other people wrote poetry, in removing difficulties in the way of able writers, and in increasing a poetry-reading and poetry-enjoying public, than he was in his own work.

One of the causes nearest to his heart was the cultivation of friendly feeling among men of letters, to which cause he devoted his own highly-developed social gifts. He kept Flint, Richard Aldington, "H. D." and other poets of diverse tendencies and temperaments in friendly contact. Blessed with a great genius for hospitality, he was at his happiest when providing a fireplace at which writers could sit and talk about art and literature until the late hours of the night—or morning.

This feeling that poetry was a cause, not a money-making activity, Monro carried over, as editor, as publisher, and as proprietor of a shop, into what would ordinarily be regarded as "business" enterprises, but it is clear that he cared nothing for the financial aspects of his undertakings, cheerfully allowing them to drain his private resources.

In short, Monro was a man of two ideals: poetry, and the spirit of fraternity among creators of poetry. Love of the first requires no physical strength, but his friends knew that he kept up the second even in the last year of his life, when he was "crippled by increasing ill health and pain." Humbert Wolfe declares that "literally and simply, Harold Monro gave his life to and for poetry." Flint has the same thing in mind in the statement: "His life was a life of noble intentions and of very considerable achievement. He should be remembered with honor."

In his own poetry, Monro, all critics are agreed, showed a steady and consistent capacity for improvement, each work exhibiting greater skill and variety, and a surer control over his mediums. Without his second wife, he declared, he would not have been able "to carry on." As a critic of his own work, his favorites were "The Virgin," "Go Now, Beloved," and "Paradise."

In 1933 his *Collected Poems* were edited by Alida Monro in a single volume, with personal reminiscences by F. S. Flint, and a short critical estimate by T. S. Eliot. In addition to this service to poetry and to her husband's memory, Alida Monro also played a part in introducing Charlotte Mew to the English public.

H. S. R.

Harold Monro's works:

POETRY: *Poems*, 1906; *Judas*, 1908; *Before Dawn: Poems and Impressions*, 1911; *Children of Love*, 1914; *Trees*, 1916; *Strange Meetings*, 1917; *Real Property*, 1922; *The Earth For Sale*, 1928; *The Winter Solstice*, 1928; *Elm Angel*, 1930; *Collected Poems*, 1933.

PROSE: *Proposals For a Voluntary Nobility*, 1907; *The Chronicle of a Pilgrimage: Paris to Milan on Foot*, 1909; *The Evolution of the Soul*, 1917; *Some Contemporary Poets*, 1920; *One Day Awake: A Modern Morality*, 1922.

ANTHOLOGY: *Twentieth Century Poetry*, 1929.

About Harold Monro:

Aiken, C. *Scepticisms*; Newbolt, H. *A New Study of English Poetry*; Sturgeon, M. C. *Studies of Contemporary Poets*.

Criterion 11:581 July 1932; *Dial* 63:150 August 30, 1917; *Egoist* 4:119 September 1917; *New York Times Book Review* February 12, 1922; *Observer* March 20, 1932; *Poetry* 21:38 October 1922; 40:114 May 1932; *Times* (London) March 17, 1932.

C. E. Montague 1867-1928

CHARLES EDWARD MONTAGUE, Irish author and journalist, was born on January 1, 1867, at Ealing, England, whither his parents had fled to escape the scandal of their marriage in Ireland. (The father was a Catholic priest who had renounced the cloth and married at the age of forty-three.) Charles grew up in Twickenham, near London, where the family finally settled in 1869. His father, Francis Montague, never found another occupation, but devoted himself to the education of his four sons, while the household was supported by the income from the mother's modest fortune.

At the age of twelve, Charles entered the City of London School, traveling to and fro each day. Known popularly as "Paddy," he excelled in athletics and studies, and won an essay prize. He explored the Thames for miles in the canoe bought with his own savings. In 1885, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, as a classical exhibitioner, was president of the Brakenbury Society, rowed in the eight, played rugby, and had many friends. In reward for the rescue of a drowning man, he was given the Royal Humane Society bronze medal.

When he was twenty-three, his college course completed, Montague joined the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* and began an association which lasted thirty-five years (with a wartime interruption). Conscientiously he learned the trade, held his tongue, and absorbed all the information he could from his superiors, to make up, he said, for the "pleasantly wasted" years of his youth. He applied a strict code of honor to his work and was highly respected among his colleagues who knew him to be reserved, polite, cheerful, and solitary-minded. His hair was prematurely grey. Oliver Elton, who worked with him on the *Guardian* and later wrote his biography, said: "He had a quick upright carriage and was of middle height, wiry and muscular. . . His voice was somewhat low in pitch, tho not a bass; on occasion it would vibrate. His utterance was at first hesitant, almost apologetic, as tho he wished to put himself in tune with you and make no mistakes." He avoided verbal arguments.

After serving an all-round apprenticeship, he settled into his life job as chief editorial writer and dramatic critic. Eventually he was taken into the firm.

On December 20, 1898, Montague was married to Madeline Scott, only daughter of C. P. Scott, the owner of the *Manchester Guardian*. They settled in Oak Drive, Fallowfield, near her parents, and raised five sons and two daughters. Deeply devoted to his children, Montague would read them stories, play cricket with them, or get himself up in blackface for their amusement at parties. Akin to this streak of boyishness in him was his love for adventure, which usually led him in the summer holiday to Switzerland. There he would establish himself at some mountain resort and climb the dangerous peaks. "The mountains hold me very tight, especially the Alps," he said. He went at the sport scientifically, took all the usual risks, and was a member of the Alpine Club. He was passionately fond of maps and the study of topography. All sports and games interested him; he engaged in them with the energy of a man fifteen years younger.

At Manchester, Montague's friends remarked that he got an amazing lot out of his day. Doing his newspaper work always at night, he slept till noon, then found time to write, read a bit, and take outdoor recreation. He was an enthusiastic walker and bicyclist. One time, leaving the office in the middle of the night, he cycled to London, arriving there the following evening. His visits to London were rare, however, and he was entirely detached from literary circles. The hours for creative work were always kept inviolate. Montague was a slow, deliberate writer, who labored over each word and painfully revised everything he wrote. Each sentence was a performance. His first novel *A Hind Let Loose* did not appear until he was forty-three. It was made over from a three-act play he had written during the Boer War. Always severely critical of his own work, he had misgivings about this one when it was published. "I had been rather hoping," he commented, "that Methuen's shop might be burned down with the MS. in it. It's only a sort of overgrown skit, or narra-

tive farce, about various kinds of rotten journalism." When its production on the London stage proved a hopeless failure in 1913, Montague took it sportingly and derived great amusement from the tactful letters written by his friends.

Goldsmith and Swift were his literary models. He read them carefully, with a studious eye to their methods, as he did Meredith, Conrad, and Stevenson. Above all he admired Shakespeare, whom he quoted freely. Montague claimed that in his lifetime he never turned one page of Gibbon, Hume, Peacock, Landor, Coleridge, Southey, Montaigne, Pascal, Corneille, Racine, Goethe, or Dante. He believed, he said, in intensive, not extensive reading.

When the World War broke out, Montague, lured by his passion for dangerous exploits, dyed his gray hair yellow, understated his age (he was actually forty-seven), and enlisted as a private. An injury to his face and hands in training camp, and trench fever suffered at the front, kept him out of action as a combatant, but later, as a guide and press censor, he got into the thick of it and was cited for bravery three times in dispatches. He seemed to have a mania for being under fire, often to the discomfort of the distinguished visitors whom he conducted over the Western Front. Shell-fire, he said, gave him a mental stimulus that nothing else did. His literary activities were suspended except for occasional propagandist articles and the text of *The Western Front*, a book of war pictures by Muirhead Bone. Bernard Shaw described him as "a typical daredevil; that is, a quiet, modest-looking, rather shy elderly man with nothing of the soldier about him except his uniform." His irregular, florid face (now smooth-shaved) took on a lilac hue in cold weather. He had candid blue eyes and a large mouth which was "curiously refined by the expression with which he held it," according to Bone. Always polite and uncomplaining, he had a deprecating way and an unconscious sovereignty.

After four years of service during which he was advanced to the rank of captain, Montague returned to his post on the *Guardian* and continued active work for six years. The War, which



C. E. MONTAGUE

left him bitter and melancholic, moved him to his greatest period of literary productivity. His indignant memories found expression in *Disenchantment*, a satiric novel, and *Fiery Particles*, a collection of nine tales. *The Right Place*, a collection of essays, he called the happiest of his books. In 1925 he retired from the *Guardian* and removed his family to an old house near Bulford, in Oxfordshire, where he spent the three remaining years of his life. He wrote one more novel, *Rough Justice*, remade from a play which had been written in 1902 and laid aside.

Montague remained a director of the *Guardian*, and made regular visits to the city. In 1926 he received the honorary LL.D. degree from the University of Manchester (he was a member of the court of governors). Late in May 1928, while visiting the city for the Founders' Day celebration of the University, he took a chill, was seized with double pneumonia, and died on May 28, at the home of his father-in-law. He was sixty-one years old. Three books were published after his death: one collection of short stories and two of essays.

C. E. Montague's works:

NOVELS: *A Hind Let Loose*, 1910; *The Morning's War*, 1913; *Disenchantment*, 1922; *Rough Justice*, 1926.

SHORT STORIES: *Fiery Particles*, 1923; *Action*, 1929.

ESSAYS: *Dramatic Values*, 1911; *The Right Place*, 1924; *A Writer's Notes on His Trade*, 1930.

About C. E. Montague:

Cooper, A. P. *Authors and Others*; Elton, O. C. E. Montague: *A Memoir*; Scott, D. *Men of Letters*; Ward, A. C. *Aspects of the Modern Short Story*.

London Mercury 18:38r August 1928; *Nation* 126:657 June 13, 1928.

Henry de Montherlant 1896-

HENRY DE MONTHERLANT, French poet and novelist, was born in Paris on April 21, 1896. Scion of an old noble family, he proudly recalls that one of his ancestors was a delegate to the Estates General of 1789 and was guillotined during the Terror; that his great grandfather, Henri de Riancey, author of a ponderous tome championing Catholic education, used his influence in securing the adoption of the Falloux law, to which the French owe their Catholic schools; and, finally, that his grandfather was a soldier to Pope Pius IX.

Henry's family life was extremely congenial. His mother, very young in years and younger in spirit, never hindered him, but on the contrary became his best friend: he discovered in her a sisterly comrade. At an early age Henry was sent to the Jesuit school of Sainte Croix, located in the outskirts of Paris, in Neuilly. He was an active student, strong in body and mind. Altho at the age of nine he had begun to write stories, he could hardly be considered of the bookish type. He loved sports far more than literature. In his letters addressed to his childhood friend—who was later to become his biographer—J.-N. Faure-Bignet, one can follow his predominant interests. One, dated August 1906, reveals his love for Roman history: "I'm anguished on learning that we are quitting Rome for the Middle Ages," and a month later, "I'm reading Livy's *Roman History* (at the Bibliothèque Nationale). It is a very interesting book. I have devoured Caesar's *Commentaries* and I'm about to start the *Iliad*. I have not kept on with my stories. I'm more of a sports-

man than of a writer." Henry had an iron constitution, but frequently fell into fits of violence. One day when the student body was taken out for a stroll in the Bois de Boulogne by the teacher in charge of the outings, one M. Charles Mathieu, Henry threw him down, clamped his knee on his throat and almost choked him to death. When Christmas came and Henry had to send him the usual greeting card, he placed it for an entire day under his sheets in the hope that the professor would catch the scarlatina which was keeping him in bed.

Soon, however, this violence was to find an outlet. As early as 1909 he wrote to his friend: "What have you read of Barrès? I attended the bullfights in Bayonne. I'll do something along these lines later on. They are most magnificent and thrilling." Two years later, one finds young Montherlant in Spain, killing bullocks in Burgos. Since then he has been praised often (especially in 1913 and 1923) for his skill and bravery. Together with Ernest Hemingway, Montherlant has been accepted by the Spaniards as one of the few foreigners who really understand the finer points of their national sport.

At the age of fifteen Henry de Montherlant had three outstanding tendencies and predilections which could be summarized with the words: SPORTS, ROME, BULLFIGHTS. An excellent football player, he had killed bulls in Spain and written high-sounding Latin epics and a life of Scipio; he had tried his hand at design and free-hand drawing; he had run the 100 metres in 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds; he had devoted long hours to religion and to a psycho-physiological study of bulls; he had composed choral music (which he was able to sell) and invented a machine for practicing bullfighting. A staunch Catholic, under the aegis of the Jesuits, he endeavored to harmonize his love for the naked body, for violence and action with the love for the things of the spirit and for the humility preached by the Church. His dream combined the Rome of the Caesars with the Rome of the Borgias, and his gigantic effort towards a reconciliation won for him the name of Pagan-Christian or Man of the Renais-



HENRY DE MONTHERLANT

sance. Then, again, his literary passions embraced such irreconcilable authors as Chateaubriand and Nietzsche, Barrès, D'Annunzio, Claudel, Maurras, and Romain Rolland!

Henry had scarcely completed his secondary education at the outbreak of the War. He wanted to set out immediately for the Dardanelles in order "to fight near Achilles' tomb." But the higher authorities were in no great haste and the eighteen year old boy was sent to the Jardin de Paris for his regular military training. In the meantime he helped Georges Carpentier's brother in organizing the C.E.P. athletic games. In the early part of 1915 he suffered a heart attack, was debarred from all exertion, and had to join the auxiliary service as secretary in the staff-office. He applied constantly to be allowed to go to the front but he was constantly refused. At last he was permitted to join an infantry regiment. Without stopping at the officers' training camp, he found himself finally in the front lines. He returned with seven splinters of shell in his body. Another cycle of experience had been completed. Montherlant was able to declare: "Nothing could be simpler, nothing could be outlined with more exactitude, than the great divisions, superficial but at the same time very profound, that have

shared my life: (1) the Catholic sympathy formed by a religious school, the authors of ancient Rome, Spain, and, especially, the taurine spirit; (2) the War; (3) sports.

Naturally, his literary production has projected these interests. His earliest work, a novel entitled *La Relève du Matin*, contained autobiographical material depicting his schooldays. Begun in 1916 and completed four years later, it can be called "a spiritual record of young France" and, besides, an authentic, robust transcription of the psychology of adolescence. *La Relève du Matin* was followed by *Le Songe*, generally accepted as one of the most vivid war novels. After that Montherlant turned to sports: *Le Paradis à l'Ombre des Epées*, and *Les Onze Devant la Porte Dorée*, the two parts composing *Olympiques*. Difficult to classify, these two volumes are written in a lyrical prose which moves from dialogue to essay, or narrative, or poem-in-prose. Their contents, of course, appears quite clearly: a paean in praise of athletic games, of the human body in action, and of the spirit of sportsmanship. As a critic keenly remarked, Montherlant gives the impression of his being not a writer looking for inspiration in sports, but, on the contrary, a sportsman telling his readers how he feels and how he plays. Thus Montherlant deserves credit for being one of the first writers who took sports seriously and brought them into the field of literature.

After the majestic poem, *Chant Funèbre Pour les Morts de Verdun*, in which the poet asks for a glorious tomb for the heroes who fell at Verdun, Montherlant goes back to trace the early life of Alban de Bricoule, the main character of *Le Songe*. This retrospect results in *Les Bestiaires*, a novel available in English translation as *The Bullfighters*. As the title suggests, this work deals with the arena, not in the farcical way of *Blood and Sand*, but in an authentically real sense. Written by a man who knows all the intricacies and hidden meanings of bullfights, the descriptions and observations have been surpassed only perhaps by a Hemingway. As previously remarked, Montherlant was interested in

bullfights from his thirteenth birthday and he was already killing at the age of fifteen. In his superstitious fashion, he claimed that his birth (April 21) coincided with the anniversary of Rome—hence his lively interest in things Roman!—and with the entrance of the sun under the sign of Taurus (Bull)—hence the importance of the bull in his existence! Whatever the theories, *The Bullfighters* has been considered a very distinguished piece of writing. In it Montherlant succumbs less frequently to his bombastic tirades and meaningless exclamations: in fact, he does not even try to outshine D'Annunzio.

Since *The Bullfighters*, Montherlant has lost many of his readers. In his recent essays, *Aux Fontaines du Désir*, he finds that "One by one I have been left without any reason for action—religion—desire for glory—curiosity and self-esteem." He condemns his master Barrès (despite the magnificent panegyric of 1923); he condemns Barrès' description of Toledo; he condemns Spain. Hardly has he returned from Italy, Northern Africa, and Spain, before this *Voyageur Traqué*, Hounded Traveler, as he calls himself, gets ready to go. . . "Go away! Go away! desire tells me, and departure always seems to settle all problems but always leaves them unsolved." A cynic has suggested that all these voyages of Montherlant might be as much in the scheme of his publicity as his frequent sensational utterances such as—the only reason for existing: "to possess in peace and poetry the beings that please me."

In a recent work of fiction, *La Petite Infante de Castille*, Montherlant retells one of his Spanish adventures: he presents the pleasures of renunciation against the ghastly background of the Barcelona underworld. Every year has seen the appearance of one of Montherlant's books, yet none seems to have improved the prestige won for him by *The Bullfighters*. Most of his more recent books are travel impressions—Spain, the Fortunate Isles, Spanish Morocco. His early ambition has left him, and also that blazing self-esteem which prompted him, years ago, to reply when asked to submit some data for an anthology: "List my complete works

and then add these words by Romain Rolland: 'You are the greatest force in French letters. The world has become richer to me since knowing you.'"

A. F.

Complete works of Henry de Montherlant:

La Relève du Matin, 1920; *Le Songe*, 1922; *Chant Funèbre Pour les Morts de Verdun*, 1921; *Les Olympiques*, 1924; *Les Bestiaires*, 1926; *La Mort de Peregrinos*, 1927; *Aux Fontaines du Désir*, 1928; *Barrès S'Éloigne*, 1928; *Pour le Délassement de l'Auteur*, 1928; *Sans Remède*, 1928; *Un Désir Frustré Mûrit l'Amour*; *Eurinus*, 1929; *La Petite Infante de Castille*, 1929; *Les Îles de la Felicità*, 1929; *Lettre sur le Serviteur Châtié*, 1929; *Pages de Tendresse*, 1929; *Trois Images de l'Espagne*, 1929; *Pour une Vierge Noire*, 1930; *Hispano-Moresque*, 1930; *Le Chant des Amazones*, 1931; *Mors et Vita*, 1932.

Montherlant's works in English translation:

The Bullfighters, 1927.

About Henry de Montherlant:

Archambault, P. *Jeunes Maîtres*; Burnet, E. *Essences*; Catalogne, G. de, *Une Génération*; Deltail, J. *De Rousseau à Mistral*; Empaytaz, F. *Essai sur Montherlant*; Faure-Biguet, J.-N. *Montherlant*; Germain, A. *De Proust à Dada*; Giusso, L. *Il Piandante e la Statua*; Lefèvre, F. *Une Heure Avec . . . I and V*; Levaux, L. *Romanciers*; Martin du Gard, M. *Moralités Libérates*; Therive, A. *Galerie de ce Temps*. *American Catholic Quarterly* 48:313 October 1923; *Le Correspondant* 305:692 December 10, 1926; *Europe* 15:166 October 15, 1927; *La Grande Revue* 114:663 June 1924; 126:209 April 1928; *Neue Schweizer Rundschau* 23:430 June 1930; *Preussische Jahrbücher* 209:106 August 1927; *La Revue Hebdomadaire* 32:148 November 10, 1923; 34:284 June 20, 1925; 36:237 November 12, 1927; *Revue Universelle* 30:114 July 1, 1927.

William Vaughn Moody 1869-1910

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, American poet and playwright, was born in Spencer, Indiana, on July 8, 1869, the sixth of seven children. His father, Francis Burdette Moody, was a retired riverboat captain who had plied between Pittsburgh and New Orleans until his steamer was seized by the Southern troops at the beginning of the Civil War. His mother was Henrietta Emily Stoy, daughter of a pioneer Indiana family.

When Moody was one year old the family moved to New Albany, on the Ohio River, and there he spent his boy-

hood. He began writing poems at fifteen, usually tearing them up as soon as they were written. After leaving high school, where he was editor of two newspapers, he studied drawing and painting for a year at the Pritchett Institute of Design in Louisville, Kentucky.

The death of Moody's mother in 1884 and his father in 1886 broke up the family home, and he taught country school for a year near New Albany. During the next two years he prepared for college at the Riverview Academy, New York, earning his way by teaching.

In 1889, at the age of twenty, Moody entered Harvard, his entire capital consisting of twenty-five dollars. He supported himself by working at typewriting, tutoring, and proctoring, and in his senior year, having acquired enough points for graduation, he traveled in Europe as tutor to the son of a wealthy family. The trip was notable for a walking tour of the Black Forest and Switzerland, a winter spent in Florence, and a visit to Greece. Returning in time to read the class day poem, "The Song of the Elder Brothers," he was graduated in 1893.

The next year he did graduate work at Harvard in medieval philology, earning his living by doing editorial work on Bulfinch's *Mythology* with his intimate friend, Robert Morss Lovett. The following year he was an assistant in the English department at Harvard and at Radcliffe College. The poems of this period were mostly in imitation of Keats, Browning, Rossetti, and Walt Whitman, and there were few of them that he did not later reject.

After a summer of travel in Europe with Daniel Gregory Mason, Moody went to the University of Chicago in 1895 as instructor in English and rhetoric and he remained there seven years, attaining the rank of assistant professor in 1901. During those years his heart was never in his work, he longed for the vacations and leisure to write, and took frequent leaves of absence.

In the spring of 1898 and the winter of 1899 he was in New York editing the Cambridge Edition of Milton. The year 1900 he lived in New England, dividing his time between creative work

and a textbook he was writing with Lovett. That year he made his debut in print with the publication of *The Masque of Judgment*, a lyrical drama in five acts. It had been begun three years before on a walking trip thru the Dolomite country of the Italian Tyrol. The summer of 1901 he went camping in the Rocky Mountains with Hamlin Garland. A collection of his *Poems* appeared in 1901.

The publication of Moody's and Lovett's *History of English Literature* in 1902 liberated Moody from the drudgery of the classroom and permitted him to devote all his time to writing. John M. Manly, head of the English department at the University of Chicago, repeatedly scheduled courses for him, and he was offered full salary to lecture a single quarter a year, but he declined and taught no more classes after 1902, maintaining, however, a nominal connection with the university until 1907. He took a trip to Greece in 1902, spending much of his time reading Greek tragedy. The next few years he divided his time between Boston, New York, and Chicago. His New York home was in Waverly Place in Greenwich Village.

In 1904 Moody published *The Fire-Bringer*, another lyrical drama intended as the first member of a trilogy on the Promethean theme, of which *The Masque of Judgment* was the second member. After this his work was sought by magazines. *First View of English Literature*, a classroom manual, was an adaptation of the *History of English Literature*, based on the suggestions of high school and academy teachers.

He went on a trip to Arizona with Ferdinand Schevill in 1905. He lived for a week at Oraibi among the Hopi Indians and saw the spring dance at Walpi, and definitely planned his prose play, *The Great Divide*, which was based on a story from real life related to him by Mrs. Harriet Converse Brainerd of Chicago, who later became his wife. The play was written on his return from the trip. It is the story of the marriage by capture of a New England girl with an Arizona outlaw, providing a contrast between Eastern puritanism and the paganism of the West.

The Great Divide made Moody's name known to the general public. He showed the play to Margaret Anglin, the actress, who gave it a trial performance in Chicago at the close of her season in the spring of 1906 under the title of *A Sabine Woman*. After the triumphant first act, she declined to go on with the play until Moody had affixed his name to a contract, while the audience waited tensely. He spent the summer at Cornish, New Hampshire, revising the play, working with fierce concentration, and it was produced in New York by Henry Miller in the fall of 1906.

Moody wrote with facility and thought it easier to write blank verse than prose. Poetry was his one ambition; all other undertakings were for the purpose of financial remuneration. He declined offers of assistance from friends, preferring to live poorly and have his independence. He helped support his sisters.

"Physically he was slightly above medium height," recalls Lovett, "graceful and well proportioned, in young manhood with a strength beyond his stature, and with great endurance. In college he wore a moustache; later in life, a Van Dyke beard. His hands were unusually deft and sensitive. His voice was clear and resonant." He had blue eyes and a ruddy complexion. "He was always a good companion, walking, swimming, riding, at a concert or art gallery, spending the night smoking before the fire or under the stars. I think he was at his best with one other person, or at least a small group. . . ." In large groups he was inclined to be self-conscious and silent. He had a varied store of songs which he would render to the accompaniment of a guitar. He was very fond of tobacco. In literature he liked particularly the medieval French romances. Returning to his early love, painting, he did, among other things, his own portrait.

Moody was in perfect health until 1906 when he had an operation for the removal of a growth from his leg which had been injured in a severe fall while climbing Mount Parnassus four years earlier. (He was passionately fond of mountain-climbing.) The pain returned while he was on a trip to Italy in 1907, and in the spring of 1908, while living in New York, he had a serious attack of



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

typhoid fever from which he never completely recovered. He spent that summer with Ridgely Torrence, the poet, on an island off the coast of Maine, and was nursed by Mrs. Brainerd, who became his wife in Quebec on May 7, 1909. There was a falling off in Moody's high spirits and his work after this, but he completed his second prose play, *The Faith-Healer*, which had been forming in his mind since 1896 when he read newspaper accounts of Schlatter, a Western faith-healer. He called the play "a queerish thing, at the antipodes from *The Great Divide* in method and feeling. . . ." *The Faith-Healer* was produced in St. Louis in the autumn of 1909, and in New York in December 1909. Dramatically, it was less successful than its predecessor.

After the play opened, he visited London and broke down badly. He wrote to a friend at home: "The work which I did on *The Faith-Healer*, together with the excitement of attending its production, came too soon after my typhoid convalescence." Thereafter he was extremely ill.

He died in Colorado Springs on October 17, 1910, at the age of forty-one. He left unfinished *The Death of Eve*, intended to complete the trilogy of dramatic poems. His works were collected in 1912 in two volumes under the title

Poems and Poetic Plays. Daniel Gregory Mason edited *Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody* and Robert Morss Lovett edited his *Selected Poems* in 1931.

His widow, who organized the Home Delicacies Association in Chicago and was a newspaper writer on cookery, published *Mrs. William Vaughn Moody's Cook-Book* in 1931. She died February 22, 1932.

William Vaughn Moody's works:

POEMS: *The Masque of Judgment*, 1900; *Poems*, 1901; *The Fire-Bringer*, 1904; *Selected Poems*, 1931.

PROSE PLAYS: *The Great Divide*, 1906; *The Faith-Healer*, 1909.

OTHER PROSE: *History of English Literature* (with R. M. Lovett) 1902; *Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody* (edited by D. G. Mason).

About William Vaughn Moody:

Kilmer, J. *The Circus and Other Essays*; Moody, W. V. *Poems and Poetic Plays* (see introduction by J. M. Manly); Moody, W. V. *Selected Poems* (see introduction by R. M. Lovett); Moody, W. V. *Some Letters*; Perry, B. *Commemorative Tributes*.

Forum 68:843 October 1922; *Independent* 74:314 February 6, 1913; *Poetry* 38:331 September 1931.

Olive Moore

Autobiographical sketch of Olive Moore, English writer:

I WAS born in Hereford, on the borders of Wales, which in my childhood used to upset me greatly as I felt London, or Rome, or Ancient Greece, or something really grandiose was the only place to be born in. I was sent abroad to a Convent at the age of five; I suppose I learned to read and write; a great war broke out, which meant less than nothing to me, except that now I realise how fortunate I was to escape mob educational methods by which the brains and digestive organs of millions of small children are still being ruined daily. Since growing up, and of my own free will, I have studied art in Italy, and subjects which interested me, such as literature and language, at the Sorbonne.

My life is so completely dull and uneventful, that there is absolutely nothing to tell you about it. O yes. I was in New York November 1929-May 1930. Memorable to me—indeed unforgettable.

—because it was there that the MS of my book *Spleen* (Harper's published it as *Repentance at Leisure*) was burnt out in a hotel fire. Together with every garment I possessed, except an aged mackintosh in which I had been walking round Central Park in the rain. But *Spleen*. I would like to be stoical and exalted about it; but I cannot; it was an unhappy and deadly experience. I sat down and re-wrote it. Fortunately my prose is such that I have to write very slowly. I spend days reducing 500 words to 50. I loathe the easy and the slipshod. So in a sense I memorise as I go along. I know some passages in my books word for word, because of this passion for simplifying. I remembered a great deal of *Spleen*, the rhythm, the construction. At least I can see that now. But then, it was torture. I don't know why I re-wrote it. I used to say that if I'd had a few pounds a week of my own, I'd never have touched a pen again. But I didn't have; so perhaps it was just as well.

But that wasn't my first book, which was *Celestial Scraglio: A Tale of Convent Life*. Appeared 1929, October. England only. *Spleen* in November 1930. *Fugue*, March 1932. A limited edition, signed and numbered, of an essay on D. H. Lawrence (published by C. Lahr, the Blue Moon Press, London) *Further Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, came out November 1932. I shall be re-publishing it in a book of essays this autumn [1933] or early next year.

There is little to tell you, or that matters, about me. I am by nature solitary and contemplative, very happy, very morose. I loathe books and never read them. Except informative books, giving me facts, any facts and all facts. I love travel best of all, and yet get very impatient with it. I like walking. I like talking. I love meeting people once. I love best knowing absolutely no one; but watching every one. I dislike having to live in London, a parochial little village. But I have to. I dislike it so much, that it does me (creatively) an awful lot of good. It's the pearl in my oyster. I dislike things very thoroughly indeed. I like disliking them. Otherwise (I live in London, Eng.) one gets



OLIVE MOORE

genteel, tea shoppe, bored, refined, amateurish. All things I hate most. All things which make it so difficult for the creative artist to live in England, which is secure, pleasant, imitative, watery. But fortunately I never meet people, and so am saved from contamination.

I have no sense of hero-worship. I respect all men who are master of their jobs; I say men, meaning men. I don't believe in women. They seem able to do everything but think. Yet they get away with it.

I believe only in the conscious artist. I would wish my work to be judged on the texture of my thought and the disposition of my sentences.

* * *

"Full of wit and profound observation," is Compton Mackenzie's comment on Miss Moore's work. Richard Aldington praised *Fugue* for "the freshness of its sense-awareness, its pleasant tang of humorous bitterness (like the almond flavour of certain Calabrian wine) . . . the constant change of scene, the quick shifting back and forth from one time-plane to another, so that the mind is kept alert and amused fitting together the mosaic of scenes."

The *New York Times* acclaimed *Fugue* as "one of the most beautifully written novels of this decade. Its Eng-

lish has the luminosity we find in Hardy, the authorized version of David's Psalms and D. H. Lawrence at his most serene; a packed luminosity that combines a clearness as of running water with richness of meaning and satisfying allusion."

Others have declared Miss Moore "a writer's writer," scornful of "story" and the conventions of narrative.

Miss Moore's essay, *Further Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, is a plea to sweep aside the mass of irrelevant details, the personal issues, that constitute the Lawrence legend; and to judge him as a creative artist by his work alone.

She believes:

"A work of art is sufficient unto itself; it need not be also a prayer meeting. The wilfulness of its creator needs no excuse or explanation. The correct answer to Why? is Why not?"

"Where the mimic is exalted, the visionary is outcast."

Miss Moore's work presents an appearance on the page unlike that of any other writer in English: "a series of epigrammatic notations, a prose distilled and purified." Some reviewers have reported themselves puzzled, others shocked, by her concoction of seriousness-cum-wit. "She writes like an avenging angel."

In addition to the forthcoming book of essays mentioned in her autobiographical sketch, Miss Moore has in preparation at the present writing *Amazon and Hero: the Drama of the Greek War for Independence*, on which she has been at work since 1931.

Books by Olive Moore:

Celestial Seraglio: A Tale of Convent Life, 1920; *Spleen*, 1930 (American title: *Repentance at Leisure*); *Fugue*, 1932; *Further Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, 1932.

Elinor Mordaunt 1877-

Autobiographical sketch of Elinor Mordaunt, British novelist, whose maiden name was Evelyn May Clowes:

I WAS born of a hunting family in Nottinghamshire, England, many years ago—how many perhaps I may exercise my woman's prerogative not to say. I am half English, half Irish [parents:

St. John Legh Clowes and Hon. Mrs. Clowes]. On my mother's side my ancestors go back to the kings of Ulster and the Bingham of Melcombe Bingham Dorset (the same family as Robert Worth Bingham, the present American ambassador to England). My father's people were Norman English, all alike engrossed in sport, chiefly fox hunting.

I don't remember when I started to learn to ride, or first went out hunting. My father would never turn to pick any one of us up. I always loved being in the open and getting away alone. For the rest, my childish life was a constant struggle to keep up my end with the five brothers older than myself. I used to write childish poems and stories, but mostly I told stories which went on and on and on. I always intended to become an artist, and as I grew older devoted myself more and more to landscape painting and interior decoration and design. My education consisted of a succession of inefficient governesses.

When I was little more than twenty I went to the island of Mauritius, east five hundred miles from Madagascar, as companion to a cousin whose husband was stationed on the island as colonial secretary. After a very few months I married. Malaria and other plagues played very sad havoc with me in the short years that followed, and it was on Mauritius that I buried two of my children.

The doctors ordered me back to England. I was paralyzed all down one side. Two years I lay in bed, unable to move. The doctors said I could never live. I tried to preserve my memory of England by writing a series of imaginary letters which later on appeared as *The Garden of Contentment*.

The idea of dying in bed was abhorrent to me. I wanted to experience the feel of a ship again, to be satisfied by the clean salt winds of the sea, before the short life of me was done. Against all common sense, throwing away apparently what the doctors told me was my brief hope of life, I shipped off on board a little sailing vessel for Australia. From Glasgow in February I did not sight land again until early in July. Yet those long dangerous months on the ocean did what not all the doctors could

have done. The months put life into me, which all others except myself had despaired of. By the time we sighted Australia I felt myself comparatively well, tho still very lame and tired.

In Melbourne my son was born. In Melbourne my husband died. Alone except for the boy, and far from any help, I set about to make my own living. I took up decorative painting and gardening as a means of bringing in the small, steady income which meant the price of my son's bread and my own.

After seven very hard years I came back to England with my boy. I secured an editorial position on a small weekly which immediately went bankrupt. I started writing again, first *The Ship of Solace*.

My next book was *The Cost of It*, the scene laid in Mauritius, that Eden-land which had so many sweet and tragic memories for me. A book of short stories followed, then an Australian novel, *Lu of the Ranges*, after which another Australian book. For six months I worked in a silk factory to gain the atmosphere and experiences which I set down in *Bellamy*. *The Park Wall* followed, then *The Rose of Youth*, *The Pendulum*, *The Processionals*, *Laura Crichton*, *The Little Soul*, *Reputation*, and numerous books of my collected ghost stories.

During all these busy years I traveled very little, except in the vast and boundary-less countries of the imagination. There was one rather brief excursion to the Balkans, a sop to the wanderlust which has always been mine. There was one winter in Italy. After my son had finished school in 1922 I went out to the Canaries, from there into Morocco.

In 1923 the call of the far places came to me again—and I started out. I went round the world in sailing boats and cargo steamers for the *London Daily News*. Four months long I was lost to the world, dodging about among the less known islands of the South Pacific. Five days and nights I was in an open boat making from a steamer terminus to a particular island I had set my heart on. In one group of islands I had twenty convicts out of prison to carry my kit for me. No white people there, of course, but the natives were very nice to



ELINOR MORDAUNT

me. Only once did I have a mutineering crew on my hands. On another island I reigned five weeks as king of all the white people (no word for queen). Some pretty bad bouts of fever brought me down at times, and I learned a great deal more than I had already known about life and human nature—otherwise nothing very exciting happened to me.

* * *

Mrs. Mordaunt recorded her travel adventures in the South Sea Islands in *The Venture Book*, illustrated with sketches and photographs by herself; her experiences in the Dutch East Indies and the Trobriand Islands (where she was king) appeared in *Further Venture Book*. She continued to write novels steadily and in 1928 she dealt with the problem of inter-marriage in the tropics in *Father and Daughter*. The American title for the book was *Too Much Java*, after the Javanese colloquialism for mixed blood.

In 1928 Mrs. Mordaunt visited her son in British East Africa on his coffee estate three miles from the equator, and while she was there he married an English girl.

Calling herself A. Riposte, Mrs. Mordaunt published *Gin and Bitters* in America in 1931. Is was a satirical "novel about a novelist who writes novels about other novelists," obviously directed against Somerset Maugham, author of

Cakes and Ale, altho she disclaimed any intention of portraying any living person. When threatened with a lawsuit over the book, she said laughingly: "If Somerset Maugham chooses to be my hero that's his lookout. I'd like to write a book 'Milk and Water' and see who would sue me for that." *Gin and Bitters* appeared in England later the same year as *Full Circle*. Many of her novels have been published only in England.

Mrs. Mordaunt says she has spent a great deal of time in America and loved it, always feeling more at ease there. She spent the winter of 1931-32 in California, and went from there to East Africa. Her travels in Central America, East Africa, and French Indo-China were recorded in *Rich Tapestry*, published in 1932 and illustrated with her own drawings. In 1933 she published *Mrs. Van Kleek*, a novel of life in a hotel in a South Sea island in the 'Nineties.

On January 27, 1933, Mrs. Mordaunt was married to Robert Rawnsley Bowles, of Lydney, Gloucestershire. The ceremony was performed at La Orotava, Tenerife, in the Canary Islands. She was in London that spring, "hibernating," she said, "in a state of coma."

Mrs. Mordaunt has a gray stone house in the old French town of St. Pol, near Grasse. Here, between voyages, she writes her books, high above the rampparts of the town, surrounded by an orange grove. She is a tall, slender woman with gray shingled hair. She looks less like an explorer than like an unusually intelligent lady of fashion and leisure. "More than anything else," she says, "I have loved the sea and open spaces." She scorns short voyages and passenger steamers. Because of her unusual travels she was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society. She is a member of the Forum Club in London.

Elinor Mordaunt's works:

NOVELS: *The Garden of Contentment*, 1902; *The Ship of Solace*, 1911; *The Cost of It*, 1912; *Lu of the Ranges*, 1913; *Simpson*, 1913; *Bellamy*, 1914; *The Island*, 1914; *The Family*, 1915; *The Rose of Youth*, 1915; *The Park Wall*, 1916; *Before Midnight*, 1917; *The Pendulum*, 1918; *The Processionals* (American title: *While There's Life*) 1918; *The Little Son*, 1921; *Laura Crichton*, 1921; *The Dark Fire*, 1927; *And Then*, 1927; *Alas, That Spring*, 1922; *Reputation*, 1923;

Father and Daughter (American title: Too Much Java) 1928; These Generations, 1930; Gin and Bitters (English title: Full Circle) 1931; Cross Winds, 1932; Purely for Pleasure, 1932; Mrs. Van Kleeck, 1933.

TRAVEL: The Venture Book, 1926; Further Venture Book, 1927; Rich Tapestry, 1932.

SHORT STORIES: Shoe and Stocking Stories (for children) 1915.

About Elinor Mordaunt:

Johnson, R. B. *Some Contemporary Novelists*.

Charles Morgan 1894-

CHARLES LANGBRIDGE MORGAN, English novelist and dramatic critic, was born in Kent on January 22, 1894, the son of an eminent railway engineer, Sir Charles Morgan, one time president of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He spent his boyhood in the country.

Before he learned to write, Morgan told himself original stories; as soon as he could use a pencil, he set them on paper. His chief pleasures were found in the company of older people or alone in his father's library where he was attracted by *Wuthering Heights*, Poe's tales, *The Ingoldsby Legends*, and the verse of Keats and Gray. When he told his father that his sole ambition was to be a writer, his father warned him that a writer could not earn his living by his pen and ought to have some other profession to support him. Accordingly, at the age of thirteen, he entered the navy as a cadet. After four years' training in the Royal Naval College at Osborne and at Dartmouth, he went to sea as a midshipman in the *H.M.S. Good Hope* at the time of the Agadir incident.

Morgan served six months in the Atlantic fleet and nearly two years in the Far East, making experiments in writing and realizing eventually that he could never be a writer and a naval officer at the same time. An intense desire to study at Oxford was awakened when he read in his hammock Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. Despite prospects of promotion, he resigned from the navy at the age of nineteen, having served altogether more than six years, and returned to England across Siberia. Secluding himself in the country, he learned within a period of four months enough Latin and

Greek to gain admittance to Oxford. He passed the necessary examinations in the summer of 1914 and would have gone to Brasenose College in October 1914 if the World War had not intervened.

At the outbreak of the War Morgan went to the Admiralty as a volunteer and was given a commission in the Royal Naval Division which was engaged in the defense of Antwerp in October 1914. After the retreat from Antwerp he was imprisoned for a year with his fellow officers in the moated fortress of Wiericherschans, near Gouda. He shared in several organized attempts to escape, including the excavation of a tunnel, the work of several months. Early in 1916 the prisoners were ordered by the British government to give parole so that the Dutch should no longer be troubled to guard them, and were allowed to choose their own place of residence in Holland.

Morgan and two other officers took up their quarters in a small cottage on the estate of a Dutch nobleman in the province of Gelderland. Here, with complete freedom from responsibility, he read and wrote for nearly two years. He sent to London a few poems which appeared occasionally in various newspapers and reviews. This Dutch interlude provided the background to Morgan's novel, *The Fountain*, which has its setting partly in a moated fortress and partly in the moorland of Holland. In November 1917 Morgan was granted leave on parole. Within an hour of England, the ship in which he was crossing the North Sea was mined and sank. He was picked up by a destroyer, but all his manuscripts and possessions were lost.

In April 1919, when he was twenty-five, Morgan went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, as an undergraduate. In October of that year he published his first novel, *The Gunroom*, the story of a midshipman's life, which he had written three times. He began it in Holland, writing in the first person, was dissatisfied with it and rewrote it in the third person, then rewrote it again after the only copy was lost at sea. A propagandistic description of the cruelty to which junior naval officers are subjected, the book sold well and aroused some con-

troversy. Then, one day the sale was suddenly and mysteriously stopped. The book was not officially suppressed, and the act has never been openly explained.

At Oxford Morgan was president of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, was a debater at the Union, and vice president of the Reform Club. He took his degree in modern history with honors in June 1921. After working for a few months in the publishing house of A. & C. Black, who had been the publishers of *The Gunroom*, he became assistant dramatic critic of the *Times* in December 1921. In June 1923 he was married to Hilda Vaughan, daughter of a landowner in the counties of Breconshire and Radnorshire, Wales, and a descendant of Henry Vaughan the mystic poet of the seventeenth century. Mrs. Morgan, a novelist of Welsh country life, has borne him two children, a son and a daughter.

Morgan's second novel was *My Name Is Legion*, published in 1925. He says that during its composition, which occupied five years, he passed thru personal experiences that changed him, so that the beginning and the end of the book were virtually written by different men. It enjoyed a considerable critical success but sold less than three thousand copies. In 1926, on the death of A. B.

Walkley, Morgan succeeded him as principal dramatic critic of the *Times*.

Fame came to Morgan at the age of thirty-five upon the publication of *Portrait in a Mirror*, which sold so fast and so unexpectedly that for nearly a week the publishers were unable to supply the booksellers. In 1930 Morgan was awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize for this book and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. It was translated into French.

Morgan took more than three years to write *The Fountain*, a passionate love story interwoven with an attempt by one of the lovers to learn how to lead a life of detachment and spiritual calm. It is a variation of Morgan's continuous theme—the struggle between flesh and spirit. Written slowly and elaborately with little hope that a philosophic romance could ever be popular, it was in fact the choice of the Book Society in England and the Book-of-the-Month Club in America, and sold nearly a quarter of a million copies throughout the world within a year of publication. It was translated into seven languages and was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1933.

The success of *The Fountain* enabled Morgan to make contracts for the future that freed him from the necessity of writing anything but novels, but he continued his journalistic work, doing dramatic criticism and leaders for the *Times*, a weekly letter on the London theatre for the *New York Times*, and occasional magazine articles. He says he wishes to preserve an absolute independence as a novelist and to be under no necessity to write novels quickly or to sell them in large numbers, and he makes it a rule never to spend any money that he receives from his imaginative writing. It is all invested. He writes fiction very slowly, in his own hand, and subjects it to continual revisions. In his reading he is particularly fond of Blake, the Brontës, and the Bible. He lives with his family in a flat overlooking the Thames in Chelsea, London, and is a member of the Garrick Club.

When George Moore died in 1933, it was found that his will named Charles Morgan as his official biographer.



CHARLES MORGAN

Charles Morgan's novels:

The Gunroom, 1919; *My Name Is Legion*, 1925; *Portrait in a Mirror* (originally published in America under the title of *First Love*) 1929; *The Fountain*, 1932.

William De Morgan

See *De Morgan*, William

H. H. Munro

See "*Saki*"

Neil Munro 1864-1930

NEIL MUNRO, Scottish historical novelist, writer of short stories, poet, journalist, essayist, and editor, was born on June 3, 1864, at Inveraray (the capital of the Campbells) in Argyllshire, Scotland. He came from plain stock, his ancestors, members of the Clan Artair, having been for several generations farmers and shepherds in the Glenaray district.

Munro was educated at the Inveraray Parish School, which he attended from the age of five to twelve. He was only slightly interested in his studies, but he found a keen pleasure in "greedily devouring" the books in the local circulating library.

When he was twelve, Munro left school to enter the law office of the sheriff clerk of the county. He remained in this position for some years, without ever liking the work, until a copy of Pitman's *Reporter's Companion* aroused in him the desire to study shorthand and to become a newspaper reporter. His first employment in this capacity, in 1881, was with a small country paper, the *Scottish News*. After he had obtained some experience on various other small papers, he joined the staff of the *Greenock Advertiser*, in 1893. His next position was with the *Glasgow News*, edited by Frederick Wicks, which he left in order to accept an offer made by the *Falkirk Herald*. The latter post he soon resigned, and, in response to an urgent appeal from Wicks, he returned to the staff of the *News*, remaining with it until it ceased publication. He then became chief reporter for a much larger paper, the *Glasgow Evening News*, acting as art, dra-

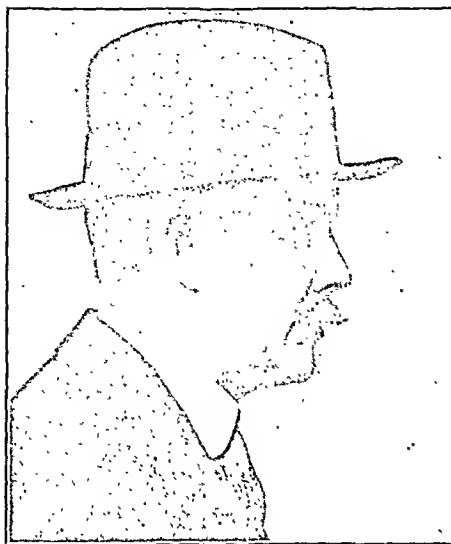
matic, and literary critic. In 1918 he was made editor-in-chief.

While engaged in newspaper work, Munro was also trying his hand at fiction, and his first two short stories, "The Secret of the Heather-Ale" and "Red Hand," appeared, respectively, in the *London Speaker* and the *London National Observer*. The latter was then under the editorship of William Ernest Henley who praised "Red Hand" as a masterpiece. These stories were revised and later published, with others, in book form.

Munro began his career as a novelist with *The Lost Pibroch*, which was favorably received by the critics, altho it was not very popular with the general reading public. It was published in 1896, and for the next seven years, he produced a series of historical novels, in all of which the settings were laid in Inveraray, Glenaray, Loch Awe, and Loch Fyne—the settings that he knew best.

John Splendid, a Highland romance, his second novel, firmly established his reputation and gave him an audience that he could always count on. The places that form the backgrounds of these romances soon became shrines for thousands of readers who wished to visit them because their interest had been aroused by the stories. When asked what influence had prompted him to write Highland tales, Munro replied: "Perhaps the most potent was a very fond regard for my native glens, which to me are the best and the dearest in the world. What you may like of my scenery was born of many hours of home-sickness."

In 1903 Munro gave up historical and romantic fiction to write realistic stories of "modern" life and character. *Bud* (published in England as *The Daft Days*) was the first of these. It has a Jamesian theme: an American child placed in the strange environment of a quiet Highland town. Lennox ("Bud") Dyce, a little Chicago orphan, comes to Scotland to live with her Scottish aunts. Her reactions to her new surroundings and the way she adjusts herself to them form the basis of the story. The two novelists differ, however, in an important respect: in James, the environment



NEIL MUNRO

conquers; in Munro, the individual triumphs in a "happy ending."

Bud, and the novels that followed it, were not so popular as his earlier works, and altho he never lost his public, the general feeling of critics and readers was that Munro was at his best in dealing with old Scotland. As a romantic writer, he was favorably compared—and still is—with Scott, Stevenson, John Galt, and Susan Ferrier; as a modern novelist, along with many others, he went down before *The House With the Green Shutters* of George Douglas.

Munro wrote a considerable amount of verse, but it has failed to attract the same attention as his prose. Altho it has never been severely criticized, it has never been highly praised. Thoroly conventional in both theme and treatment, it belongs to that lower order of writing that is called verse in order to distinguish it from the higher types of really great poetry. Old days that cannot be recalled, old friends that are lost, old customs that have passed away: on these Munro reflects with sad and loving gentleness. A great deal of his poetry is scattered in little-known Scottish magazines and newspapers, but he also adopted Scott's habit of introducing snatches of verse into his narratives.

Munro had intended to publish a volume of his collected poetry, but he never

did so because of the pressure of his journalistic duties. At his death he left a tentative selection for such a volume which was to contain what he described as "poems privately or fugitively printed over a period of forty years." He also left the first draft of the beginning of a preface, in which he wrote: "Many of these first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* during the years of war, and were suggested by the names of bag-pipe airs, so that some of them take on that spirit of braggadocio which comes so natural to youth, and to races like the Gaels who loiter so much in their past that they are always the youngest and most ardent when it comes to sentiment—the first and last excuse for all poetry."

In 1931 the collection that Munro had intended to prepare, or an approximation to it, appeared as *The Poetry of Neil Munro*, with an introduction by John Buchan. It is a thin volume of seventy-two pages, containing thirty poems. Most of them are Scottish in subject-matter, but the last one, "In Prison," a translation from Paul Verlaine, indicates Munro's interest in French poetry.

Of his prose, *Echie: My Droll Friend* and *The Vital Spark* show Munro in a humorous vein. *Echie*, a philosophical waiter, is the Scottish equivalent of F. P. Dunne's "Mr. Dooley." *The Vital Spark* relates the adventures of the crew of a small tramp steamer on the Clyde. Both of these novels appeared under the pen-name "Hugh Foulis."

Munro's qualities as an essayist are best seen in *The Brave Days* and *The Looker-On*, two volumes published after his death. They contain only a very small portion of his contributions to the Glasgow papers with which he was associated. Edited by Munro's colleague, George Blake, these collections are equipped with critical introductions that seek to determine Munro's rank and importance as a prose-writer. The second volume derives its title from one of the pen-names used by Munro in his periodicals writing. William Harvie summed up Munro's style as "the result of much brooding over the best in English and French literature." As a literary critic, his range and method are evident in his introduction to the *Poetical Works* of William Henry Drummond. He also

wrote an introduction for Frederick Farrell's *The 51st (Highland) Division: War Sketches*, and for several other works.

Munro died at his home at Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, on December 22, 1930. His death attracted little attention, and Hugh Walpole, who regards him as "one of Scotland's few great novelists," felt it "worth recording as history that when this fine writer died there was scarcely a line of obituary in any of the English journals. . . . Even the Scottish notices seemed perfunctory and a little grudging."

Munro had a long face and a high forehead, with a thick head of brown hair and a long moustache, the ends of which tended to curl upward. His features were serious, but good-natured. Cycling was his chief recreation, and his clubs were the Art club and the Glasgow club. An honorary LL.D. from the University of Glasgow, in 1908, seems to have been the only official recognition that he received for his contribution to Scottish literature.

Neil Munro's works:

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: *The Lost Pibroch: A Series of Celtic Tales and Sketches*, 1896; *John Splendid: The Tale of a Poor Gentleman and the Little Wars of Lorn*, 1898; *Gilian the Dreamer: His Fancy, His Love and Adventure*, 1899; *Doom Castle*, 1901; *The Shoes of Fortune*, 1901; *Children of Tempest: A Tale of the Outer Isles*, 1903; *Erehic: My Droll Friend*, 1904; *The Vital Spark and Her Queer Crew*, 1906; *Bud* (published in England as *The Daft Days*) 1907; *Fancy Farm*, 1910; *Ayrshire Idylls*, 1912; *The New Road*, 1914; *Jaunty Jock and Other Stories*, 1918; *Para Handy and Other Tales* (an omnibus volume of Erehic, *The Vital Spark*, and other previously-published tales and sketches) 1931.

POETRY: *Bagpipe Ballads and Other Poems*, 1917; *The Poetry of Neil Munro*, 1931.

ESSAYS AND HISTORY: *Hungry Ireland*, 1898; *The Clyde: River and Firth*, 1907; *The History of the Royal Bank of Scotland: 1727-1927*, 1928; *The Brave Days*, 1931; *The Looker-On*, 1933.

About Neil Munro:

Buchan, J. (editor) *The Poetry of Neil Munro*; Weygandt, C. *A Century of the English Novel*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Bookman (London) 10:9 April 1896; 48:97 July 1915; *New York Herald Tribune "Books"* February 1, 1931; *Times* (London) December 23, 1930; *Westminster Review* 174: 67 July 1910.

E. Nesbit 1858-1924

EDITH NESBIT, English author of children's books, poet and novelist, was born in London on August 15, 1858. Her father, John Collis Nesbit, maintained a large agricultural college there. She was the youngest of six children, whose escapades were later to form the basis of her juvenile books, the works by which she is best known.

"A greater tomboy or more incorrigibly daring and mischievous child would be hard to find," writes her biographer, Doris Langley Moore, and she maintained much of that childlike quality all her life.

After her father's untimely death her mother kept up the college for a time, but in 1867 (when Edith was nine) took the daughters to the Continent to stay for three or four years. Miss Nesbit was educated in France, Germany, and London.

At twenty-one she was married (on April 22, 1880) to Hubert Bland, a Socialist writer. They had five children, three boys and two girls; one son died in early years. Miss Nesbit dressed her young daughters in esthetic gowns, rather to their discomfort, but allowed them more freedom of action than was customary at the time. Of the two surviving sons, Paul, the elder, is a member of the London Stock Exchange, and John is a bacteriologist at the London Hospital.

For several years after her marriage, Miss Nesbit endured a life of drudgery with seldom diminished high spirits. She was obliged to do literary hack work, give recitations, paint Christmas cards—anything to keep the household going. Bland in the course of time became a famous journalist. Active Socialists, they both joined the Fabian Society at its inception, and she, it is said, was decidedly in love with Bernard Shaw for a while.

Miss Nesbit's first book was *The Prophet's Mantle*, a novel written in collaboration with her husband and published in 1885. From then on she turned out a profusion of volumes in a dozen literary styles—sentimental love stories, novels, tales of horror, dialect stories,

and poems (which she always regarded highly).

She did not really strike her stride until the first of the stories of the Bastable children began to appear in 1898 in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Windsor Magazine*. That was after she had been publishing for thirteen years. The first book about the Bastable children, *The Story of the Treasure Seekers*, appeared in 1899 and was an instantaneous success. Further adventures were contained in *The Wouldbegoods* in 1901 and *The New Treasure Seekers* in 1904. These three volumes were among the most popular Miss Nesbit ever wrote and they were collected under the title of *The Bastable Children* after her death.

Meanwhile, in 1901, Miss Nesbit began a series of tales in the *Strand Magazine* about a new set of children, Cyril, Robert, Anthea, Jane, and The Lamb. These children also enjoyed great popularity and their adventures filled the volumes *Five Children and It* in 1902, *The Phoenix and the Carpet* in 1904, and *The Story of the Amulet* in 1906. These three volumes formed the posthumous omnibus, *The Five Children*.

"No such curious and unheard-of fairies had ever been portrayed before in contact with a family of hearty English children," says Miss Moore of these

stories. "Each of the supernatural characters has its own vivid, convincing personality. The traditional fairy queen, gracefully waving her wand and uttering noble sentiments in a silvery voice, is a pale, meaningless cipher to those who have known the cantankerous Psammecad, the lovable but outrageously conceited Phoenix, and the Mouldiwarp who talks in dialect"—this last in later volumes, *The House of Arden* and *Harding's Luck*.

Miss Nesbit's contracts with the *Strand Magazine*, in which most of her stories appeared in serial form, and with her book publishers, were so advantageous that she was able to move into the house known as Well Hall at Eltham, Kent, which was her home for twenty-three years. Here she entertained the literary and journalistic notables of the time.

"It was a beautiful house," said one. "There was never really any money, but that never made any difference. There was always enough of everything—time enough to listen, food enough for another plate, music enough, talk a-plenty."

In her prime a woman of striking beauty, Miss Nesbit impressed Richard Le Gallienne as being "quite unlike any woman I had ever seen, with her tall, lithe, boyish-girl figure, admirably set off by her plain 'socialist' gown, her short hair, and her large, vivid eyes, curiously bird-like, and so full of intelligence and a certain half-mocking, yet friendly humor."

The decay of her youthful appearance disturbed her not at all. When she was nearly fifty she was described as follows: "In physical aspect a stout, aging woman who suffered from asthma and bronchitis and walked about in trailing gowns with a tin of tobacco and cigarette papers under her arm, in heart a combination of the whole Bastable family put together, in capabilities a great artist one day and no sort of artist at all the next, it is not astonishing that she inspired in many of her friends a mixture of awe, bewilderment, and devoted love. . . ."

Hubert Bland died in April 1914, after several months of total blindness, and the decline of E. Nesbit's fortunes began. She maintained Well Hall for a



E. NESBIT
as a young girl

while by the expedient of selling vegetables and flowers and accepting paying guests. The days of lavish hospitality were over, altho she continued to encourage and advise young writers to the end. Bacon-Shakespeare investigations likewise impoverished her. In 1915 she was glad to accept a civil pension of sixty pounds a year, awarded in recognition of her services to literature.

On February 20, 1917, Miss Nesbit was married to Thomas Terry Tucker, a marine engineer, and she enjoyed several years of comfort again. They moved from Well Hall in 1922 to a double bungalow at Jesson St. Mary's a mile from Dymchurch, and there she died on May 4, 1924, at the age of sixty-five.

A posthumous collection of short stories linked together by Rosamund Sharp appeared in 1925 as *Five of Us—and Madeline. The Bastable Children* was a selection of the Junior Literary Guild in America in 1928. *The Enchanted Castle*, a story of magic written in 1906, was reissued in 1933, with a preface by May Lamberton Becker. Doris Langley Moore's biography of E. Nesbit appeared in 1933.

E. Nesbit's works:

The Prophet's Mantle (with Hubert Bland) 1885; Lays and Legends, 1886; Lily and the Cross, 1887; Star of Bethlehem, 1887; Leaves of Life, 1888; Better Part and Other Poems, 1888; By Land and Sea, 1888; Landscape and Song, 1888; Message of the Dove, 1888; Grim Tales, 1893; Something Wrong, 1893; The Butler in Bohemia (with Oswald Barron) 1894; Doggy Tales, 1894; Pussy Tales, 1894; A Pomander of Verse, 1895; Children's Shakespeare, 1895; Royal Children of English History, 1896; In Homespun, 1896; The Marden Mystery, 1896; As Happy as a King, 1896; Songs of Love and Empire, 1897; The Secret of Kyriels, 1898; A Book of Dogs, 1898; The Story of the Treasure Seekers, 1899; The Book of the Dragons, 1900; Nine Unlikely Tales for Children, 1901; The Wouldbegoods, 1901; Thirteen Ways Home, 1901; Five Children and It, 1902; The Red House, 1903; The Literary Sense, 1903; The New Treasure Seekers, 1904; The Phoenix and the Carpet, 1904; Oswald Bastable, 1905; The Rainbow and the Rose, 1905; The Story of the Amulet, 1906; Man and Maid, 1906; The Enchanted Castle, 1906; The Incomplete Amorist, 1906; The Railway Children, 1906; The House of Arden, 1908; Salome and the Head, 1909; Harding's Luck, 1909; Daphne in Fitzroy Street, 1909; Fear, 1910; The Magic City, 1910; Ballads and Lyrics, 1910; Dormant,

1911; The Wonderful Garden, 1911; The Magic World, 1912; Wings and the Child, 1913; Wet Magic, 1913; Garden Poems, 1914; The Incredible Honeymoon, 1916; The Lark, 1922; Poems, 1922; To the Adventurous, 1923; Five of Us—and Madeline (collection) 1925; The Bastable Children (collection) 1928; The Five Children (collection) 1930.

About E. Nesbit:

Moore, D. L. *E. Nesbit: A Biography*; Nesbit, E. *The Bastable Children* (see introduction by Christopher Morley) and *The Enchanted Castle* (see preface to 1933 edition by May Lamberton Becker).

Saturday Review of Literature June 27, 1925.

Sir Henry Newbolt 1862-

SIR HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT, English poet, novelist, critic, professor, editor, and lawyer, was born at Bilston, Staffordshire, on June 6, 1862, the elder son of the Reverend Henry Francis Newbolt, Vicar of St. Mary's, Bilston (who died in 1866) and his wife, Emily Stubbs Newbolt; and a grandson of the celebrated Charles Newbolt, captain of His Majesty's ships, "L'Aimable," "Medusa," and "Menelaus," from whom, it is to be presumed, he inherited the love of the sea that finds expression in his poetry. His brother, Francis George Newbolt, studied art under Ruskin. Also a Sir, he is a prominent barrister, a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, a poet, and the author of *Clifton College Forty Years Ago*.

Newbolt was educated at Queen Mary's Grammar School, "only a mile away" from his childhood home; at Clifton College (which is a secondary school), where he was at the head of his class in 1881; and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he was a Scholar. During his residence (1876-81) at Clifton, then under the head-mastership of Dr. J. M. Wilson, some of his schoolmates were Sir Douglas Haig, Captain Francis Younghusband, whose life he has written, Professor Frederick S. Boas, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, better known to the general public, and to Cambridge undergraduates, as "Q." He began to write when he was sixteen, and the first products of his pen, in verse and prose, appeared in the school paper, the

Cliftonian, of which he was editor during his last two years, 1879-81.

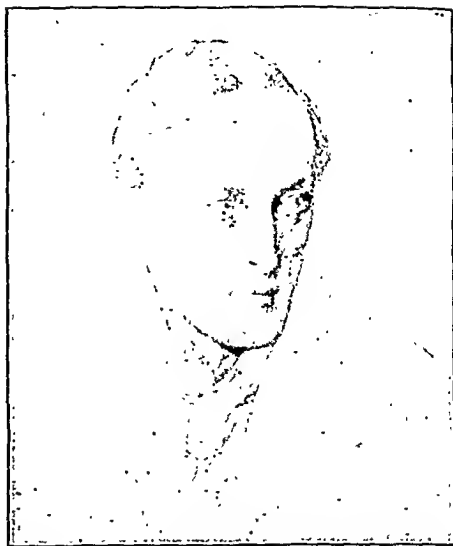
At Oxford (where Anthony Hope was a classmate) he duplicated his brilliant academic record, taking a first class in Classical Moderations, and a second class in the Literary Humanities. In 1885, he was elected to one of the highest honors that can fall to an undergraduate, the secretaryship of the Oxford Union. Two years later, he passed his examinations and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. He practiced from May 1887 until his retirement in 1899.

From 1890 to 1900, Newbolt contributed verse to *Longman's Magazine*, the *Spectator*, *St. James' Gazette*, and the *Daily Chronicle*. His first real bid for public attention, however, came in 1892 with *Taken From the Enemy*, a historical novel dealing with London in the year 1821 and the attempted rescue of Napoleon from St. Helena. Poetically, he began as an imitator of Tennyson—altho his viewpoint is entirely un-Tennysonian—with *Mordred*, a blank-verse drama in five acts, of which George Sampson, the English critic, said "I have read it, but I have never met anyone else who had."

From 1900 to 1904, he was editor, and part proprietor, of the *Monthly Review*, a connection that he gave up, altho it proved financially and artistically successful, in order to devote himself entirely to creative writing. In 1911 Newbolt entered a new activity in accepting an invitation to become professor of poetry at Oxford.

During the World War, he was chairman of the Departmental Committees on the Distribution of Books Abroad (1917-18) and Controller of Wireless and Cables. For two years (1919-21) he was chairman of the Committee on English in National Education. In the latter year he resigned his Oxford professorship. Since 1923, he has been Official Naval Historian. In 1928, he was president of the English Association, succeeding Prime Minister Baldwin.

Newbolt's work has received academic recognition in honorary doctorates in literature from the universities of Bristol, Sheffield, Cambridge, and Oxford,



From a portrait by W. Strang
HENRY NEWBOLT
as a young man

and in laws, from Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Toronto. His war services were rewarded with a knighthood in 1915, and a companionship of honor in 1922. He is vice-president of the Navy Records Society, a great convenience for an historical novelist, vice-president of the Royal Society of Literature, and a member of the Athenaeum Club.

As a man of letters, Newbolt has attempted poetry of various types, historical tales and novels, juvenile stories, official histories of the war, biographies, essays, and studies in criticism. He is generally known for his anthologies, and for his poems of the sea and of patriotism. As a "quieter" poet—the term is Untermeyer's—he is not so well known.

As a singer of patriotic ballads, Drinkwater regards him as "unequalled by any writer of his time," and pays him a tribute for his skill in the difficult task of keeping the "note of a strictly national ardor within the compass of poetry." For Louis Untermeyer, Newbolt's merits are the "breeziness of his music, the solid beat of rhythm, and the vigorous swing of his stanzas."

A fair amount of ink has been wasted in the claim that Newbolt, as a poet of English heroism, is simply imitating

Kipling. As Newbolt's first poems were written in 1878—when Kipling was thirteen—the claim need not be taken seriously. Any connection between the two poets, if it exists, is due to the fact that they naturally went to common sources of inspiration.

In 1889 Newbolt was married to Margaret Edina, fourth daughter of the Reverend William Arthur Duckworth, of Orchardleigh Park, Frome. In his autobiography, *My World as in My Time*, which is filled with a sly humor that is only one of its attractive qualities, he describes her as he saw her for the first time, "in a straw hat with a lilac satin ribbon, and with a basket full of purple grapes on her arm." They have one son, and a daughter, Margaret Cecilia, who became the wife of Major Ralph Dolignon Furse in 1914.

Newbolt's recreations are shooting, fishing, bird's-nesting, and heraldry. He has been described as "a typical barrister, a keen sportsman, a good shot with gun and rifle, a moderate fisher, and a bad rider."

In November 1927, Newbolt received two honors that do not come to most men until after their death: the Urban District Council of Bilston named a street after him and observed the centenary of the laying of the foundation stone of St. Mary's, by placing a tablet in the vicarage, bearing the information that Henry Newbolt was born there in 1862. Newbolt delivered a short speech of thanks, and he has given us a graphic account of his mixed feelings of pleasure and embarrassment as the train carried him to Bilston to visit the home that he had not seen since he had left it as a boy.

H. S. R.

Sir Henry Newbolt's works:

POETRY: Admirals All, 1897; The Island Race, 1898; The Sailing of the Long-Ships, 1902; Songs of the Sea, 1904; Songs of Memory and Hope, 1909; Songs of the Fleet, 1910; Poems New and Old, 1912; Drake's Drum and Other Sea Songs, 1914; St. George's Day and Other Poems, 1918; The Linnet's Nest, 1927.

POETIC DRAMA: Mordred, 1895.

NOVELS: Taken From the Enemy, 1892; The Old Country, 1906; The New June, 1909; The Twymans: A Tale of Youth, 1911.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM: A New Study of English Poetry, 1917; Poetry and Time, 1918;

The Book of Good Hunting, 1920; Studies Green and Gray, 1926.

NAVAL BIOGRAPHIES: The Book of the Blue Sea, 1914.

MILITARY BIOGRAPHIES: The Book of the Thin Red Line, 1915; The Book of the Long Trail, 1919.

HISTORICAL TALES: Stories From Froissart, 1899; Froissart in Britain, 1900; Tales of the Great War, 1916; The Book of the Happy Warrior, 1917; The Book of the Grenvilles, 1921.

HISTORY: A Naval History of the War, 1920.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: My World as in My Time, 1932.

ANTHOLOGIES: The Book of Cupid, 1909; English Narrative Poems, 1919; An English Anthology of Prose and Poetry, 1922; A Book of Verse, 1922; Essays and Essayists, 1925; New Paths on Helicon, 1927.

About Sir Henry Newbolt:

Archer, W. *Poets of the Younger Generation*; Newbolt, H. *My World As In My Time*.

Bookman (London) 13:173 March 1898; 46:5 April 1914; 47:35 November 1914; *Edinburgh Review* 210:395 October 1909; *New York Times Book Review* July 23, 1922; *Saturday Review* 142:340 September 25, 1926; *Spectator* 127:566 October 29, 1921.

Frances Newman 1888-1928

FRANCES NEWMAN, American novelist and librarian, was born September 13, 1888, in Atlanta, Georgia, the fifth child of William Truslow Newman and Frances Percy Alexander Newman. Her father, a United States district judge for northern Georgia, had been a captain in the Confederate army. She was of Scotch and English ancestry.

At the age of ten she wrote a novel, but "gave up literature" upon overhearing her elder sister and a suitor laughing over the manuscript. After graduation from the Washington Seminary of Atlanta, where she wrote the class poem, she concluded her education with one year each at Agnes Scott College near Atlanta, at a girls' school in Washington, and at another girls' school in New York.

The summer of 1910 marked Miss Newman's first trip to Europe. A year later she studied Italian and Greek at the Summer School of the South in Knoxville, Tennessee. She followed a year's training at the library school of the Carnegie Library in Atlanta with a year as librarian of the Florida State College for Women in Tallahassee and

a summer traveling in the Mediterranean. In the autumn of 1914 she started eight years' service at the Carnegie Library of Atlanta as head of the lending department.

Miss Newman began her literary career by contributing library notes to the *Atlanta Sunday Constitution*, developing them in 1920 to formal signed book reviews which attracted the attention of James Branch Cabell, H. L. Mencken, and B. W. Huebsch. At Cabell's invitation, she visited him in Richmond in December 1920, taking with her a sheet of lavender stationery on which were written the questions she wanted to ask him. For a year thereafter they carried on a flourishing correspondence.

In 1921 Miss Newman began to contribute articles to the *Reviewer*, a Richmond literary periodical edited by Emily Clark. These caused H. L. Mencken to write in the *Baltimore Sun*: "Miss Newman has a tight, glittering, extremely uncommon style, and more learning than fifty professors." Burton Rascoe, writing in the *New York Tribune*, to which she was also a contributor, said that "her writing is breathless, crammed with allusions to the work of almost every notable writer in the three major languages."

After the death of her mother in 1922, Miss Newman lived in Atlanta with her young nephew Louis Rucker and her negro "mammy" Susan Long, who had presided over her birth.

In 1922 she commenced the writing of a novel which she told her friends was to be called "Parthenos" because it was "about a hard-boiled virgin." It is perhaps unfortunate for her literary reputation that Guy Holt eventually convinced her over a luncheon table at the Algonquin Hotel in New York that her vernacular phrase for the book would be a suitable title.

Spending the spring and summer of 1923 in Paris, Miss Newman attended lectures on eighteenth century French literature at the Sorbonne. Back in Atlanta, she wrote newspaper features and did research in the evolution of the short story "from Petronius to Paul Morand," selecting and translating the stories which made up her first book, a ten-

chapter textbook called *The Short Story's Mutations*. It was published in the autumn of 1924. James Branch Cabell stated on the jacket: "Miss Frances Newman I would without hesitancy rank, with Mrs. Elinor Wylie, as the most opulently gifted of all the younger women now publishing in America." Miss Newman was then thirty-four. Simultaneously with the appearance of the book, the first three episodes of *The Hard-Boiled Virgin* were published in the *Reviewer*.

While translating the French tales for her textbook, Miss Newman got the idea for the only original short story she ever published, "Rachel and Her Children." It appeared in the *American Mercury* for May 1924 and won the O. Henry Memorial award for the best short story of the year under three thousand words.

The beginning of 1925 saw Miss Newman transferred to the library of the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta. She secured a leave of absence the following autumn and spent six months working on *The Hard-Boiled Virgin* in Richmond, where her sister Margaret lived, and in New York and Atlanta. She suffered from repeated attacks of the grippe. In June she took the partially written manuscript of the novel which had been occupying her for three years to the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, New Hampshire, and, in a great burst of speed, finished it in nine weeks.

The Hard-Boiled Virgin created a sensation upon publication in 1926 and it went thru many editions. It was banned from Boston by the police. Miss Newman believed that it was "about the first novel in which a woman ever told the truth about how women feel," but she denied any intention of shocking people. The novel was unique in having no conversation, no scenes—only narrative. When readers complained of the long sentences, many beginning with "but," "when," and "since," the author said: "I write long sentences because I like inferences, not flat-footed declarations, and of course that requires a protasis and an apodosis." Cabell called the book a "small masterpiece" altho he thought the title abominable.

Miss Newman briefly resumed her library duties in Atlanta with the opening

of the fall term of 1926. During the first months of 1927 she toured Italy and France in an automobile driven by her nephew. On the return voyage she planned a novel called *Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers* and began writing at the point which was page 152 of the finished book. Her method was to alternate between the minds of a jealous wife and a young librarian with whom her husband falls in love. At Peterborough that summer she wrote "the wife's half" of the novel, and it was completed in January 1928.

In the spring of 1928 Miss Newman went to Paris to do research in the national library of France on a history of sophistication that she intended to write. Her Paris stay was cut short by a strange vibration behind her right eye which made her feel as if the top of her skull might "go flying off at any minute." She returned to Atlanta and was ordered to rest and avoid the use of her eyes. She dictated translations of four of Jules Laforgue's stories from auditory readings, and by the same method wrote the introduction to *Six Moral Tales by Jules Laforgue*, which was published after her death.

Unable to get relief from her "roaring and rumbling eye," Miss Newman went to New York in early October to

consult specialists, and from there she made two trips to Philadelphia in search of a cure. She was still seeking a satisfactory diagnosis when she died in New York on October 22, 1928, after three days of unconsciousness. It was announced at first that she had died of a cerebral hemorrhage, complicated by pneumonia, but a chemical analysis later revealed that she had taken a sufficient quantity of veronal to cause her death. She was forty years old. Burial took place in the West View Cemetery of Atlanta.

The letters of Miss Newman were edited in 1929 by her friend Hansell Baugh. They contained many self-revelations: "I don't enjoy any music before Beethoven's third symphony, or any books written before Voltaire. . . I like clothes. . . I am not much disturbed by surroundings if I have plenty of space—for instance, I can't stay in one hotel room. I get depressed, and I simply have to take a suite. . . I do think Mr. Cabell is the most delightful and the most important living prose writer, but it's Voltaire who is my standard of perfection. I want a book to have wit and profundity, and I don't like dull, solemn, pompous writers like Hardy and Dreiser and O'Neill and Willa Cather, or thin, dull writers like Bromfield. . . I am mentally cynical and personally sentimental." She wore purple clothes.

James Branch Cabell, in his prefatory note to the *Letters*, states that they do not reveal "that rather timid, that somehow rebuffed, and that yet pre-eminently head-strong child who seemed to me to survive always in Frances Newman, and to play, in a kind of enforced braggadocio seasoned everywhere with a bit of uneasiness, at being grown up. It was this child who, thruout the woman's career as a writer, upon every hand acquired enemies with a pertinacity and a large unreason which I have not before nor since observed in any other human living."

Emily Clark recalls in *Innocence Abroad*: "Frances' entrance into any room containing an object of interest to her was, beyond that of any other person I have ever seen, a floating incarnation of eagerness. . . In spite of her frailness, her startling thinness of face and



FRANCES NEWMAN

figure and voice, her immense psychic vitality informed every sentence and gesture."

Frances Newman's works:

NOVELS: *The Hard-Boiled Virgin*, 1926; *Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers*, 1928.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Short Story's Mutations*, 1924; *Letters* (edited by Hansell Baugh with a prefatory note by James Branch Cabell) 1929.

TRANSLATED: *Six Moral Tales* by Jules Laforgue, 1928.

About Frances Newman:

Clark, E. *Innocence Abroad*; Mims, E. *The Advancing South*; Newman, F. *Letters* (see prefatory note by James Branch Cabell); Overton, G. *The Women Who Make Our Nations*; West, R. *The Strange Necessity*.

Libraries 35:295 July 1930; *Library Journal* 54:854 October 15, 1929.

Martin Andersen Nexø 1869-

MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXØ, Danish novelist, was born in 1869 in Copenhagen. His father was a pavement-layer from the island of Bornholm who brought up his eleven children more by his cane than by words. When drunk he often flogged Martin, it is said. The mother, of German stock, earned money for the impoverished family by selling fish in the streets of Copenhagen.

The elder Nexø became unemployed in the hard times that followed the Franco-Prussian War, and Martin, at the age of nine, moved with his parents to the island of Bornholm. Altho he was a pale, delicate child, given to illness, he did his share in helping to support the home. In the winter he worked with his father in a quarry; summers he herded cattle. After a time he was apprenticed to a shoemaker and remained at this work for six years, finally turning hodcarrier in order to have the outdoor air.

During these years of manual labor, young Nexø devoted his spare time to mental pursuits, and spent the unemployment periods of 1889 and 1891 as a student at a folk high school. In 1892 he was enabled to attend one of Denmark's most renowned folk high schools, at Askov, close to the port of Esbjerg in Jutland.

At twenty-four Nexø became a school teacher in the town of Odense in Funen. He had not been there long when he fell seriously ill with pneumonia and nearly died. Convalescing, he set out in

1894 on a trip thru Spain and Italy and traveled for twenty months, living in the slums among the poor and acquiring a "social mind." He earned a little money by contributing articles to Danish provincial papers.

Concluding his travels, Nexø resumed the duties of a teacher in Denmark and began to write. In 1898, at twenty-nine, he published his first book, *Shadows*, a collection of short stories about the poor people of Bornholm and about his journey.

Further volumes followed yearly, mostly dealing with the workers and fisherfolk of Bornholm whom Nexø had known as a boy. With the publication of a novel *The Frank Family* in 1901, he gave up teaching to devote himself to literature. A volume that appeared in 1903, *Days in the Sun*, was an outgrowth of his earlier travels and contained sketches and interpretations of the people of Spain, especially of Andalusia. When this work was translated into English twenty-six years later, one American reviewer commented that it revealed "little about Andalusia and much about Martin Andersen Nexø."

Nexø was still practically unknown in 1906, when he achieved extraordinary success with the initial volume of a



MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXØ

social novel called *Pelle the Conqueror*. He produced three more volumes by 1910, completing a work which recorded the story of a typical worker, such as Nexø himself had been—his boyhood, his years of apprenticeship, years of struggle, and final conquest of happiness. Simultaneously with the story was unfolded a picture of the Danish labor movement during the closing years of the nineteenth century.

Pelle the Conqueror, in translation, appeared in Germany in 1912, in England in 1913-16, and in the United States in 1914-17. The four volumes in America were entitled *Boyhood*, *Apprenticeship*, *The Great Struggle*, and *Daybreak*. Altogether the novel was translated into twenty different languages, including Russian, and it brought the author international fame. Randolph Bourne said: "Surely *Pelle* is one of the great novels of the world."

Nexø's second major work, which absorbed him during the War years, was a trilogy about a servant girl named Ditte, published between 1917 and 1921. The work appeared in America in 1920-22 with the titles *Ditte: Girl Alive*; *Ditte: Daughter of Man*; and *Ditte: Towards the Stars*.

After the War, Nexø took an interest in Communism and settled in Germany to watch the labor conflicts close at hand. He dedicated a controversial volume of short stories, *The Passengers of the Empty Seats*, to the Russian people in 1921, and he gave an account of his travels in the U.S.S.R. in *Toward Dawn*, published in 1923. To express his sentiments upon returning to Denmark, he wrote a novel about the Danish farmers immediately before and during the War, *In God's Land*. The book appeared in 1929 and was brought to the United States four years later.

Settling at Hillerød in Zealand, not far from Copenhagen, Nexø devoted himself to the task of writing his memoirs, the first volume of which was published in 1932 with the Danish title *Et Lille Kræ* (A Small Child). It gave a picture of the poor Danish home of the working class, in which he spent his boyhood, showing both the dark and bright sides.

H. G. Topsøe-Jensen says of Nexø: "There is propaganda in his writing, but

he is too superior a mind to give way to the common demagogic distribution of black and white in his descriptions of men and women. His social tendency is supported by a glowing optimism, a fundamental belief in the original good in man which shall, with unfailing certainty, prepare the way for justice and happiness. And altho his art does not shrink from scenes of crude naturalism, its proper domain is the brightly idyllic, and he is at his best in his descriptions of children and the aged."

Nexø is not considered a good stylist. He says that when he started his career he "knew more of life and man than of literature" and was forced to achieve a style of his own.

He has been described as having a strong face with mild, intelligent eyes.

Martin Andersen Nexø's works (with Danish titles given in English):

Shadows, 1898; *It Will Be Atoned*, 1899; *The Frank Family*, 1901; *Drizzle*, 1902; *Days in the Sun*, 1903; *Pelle the Conqueror*, 1906-10; *Ditte: Daughter of Man*, 1917-21; *The Family of the Pantarm (play)* 1918; *The Passengers of the Empty Seats*, 1921; *Toward Dawn*, 1923; *In God's Land*, 1929; *A Small Child (autobiography)* 1932.

Martin Andersen Nexø's works available in English translation:

Pelle the Conqueror (four volumes: *Boyhood*, *Apprenticeship*, *The Great Struggle*, *Daybreak*) 1914-17; *Ditte: Girl Alive*, 1920; *Ditte: Daughter of Man*, 1921; *Ditte: Towards the Stars*, 1922; *Days in the Sun*, 1920; *In God's Land*, 1933.

About Martin Andersen Nexø:

Nexø, M. A. *Et Lille Kræ*; Nicolaisen, K. K. *Martin Andersen Nexø*; Topsøe-Jensen, H. G. *Scandinavian Literature*.

Beverley Nichols 1899-

BEVERLEY NICHOLS, English author, was born in 1899, the youngest son of John Nichols of Bristol, England. At the age of nineteen, after attending Marlborough College, he crossed the Atlantic two months before the Armistice as secretary to the British Universities Mission to the United States. While on this trip he met President Wilson.

Returning to England, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, in January 1919. He was president of the Oxford Union Society, the university debating club; was editor of the *Isis*, and was founder

and editor of the *Oxford Outlook*. Among his associates were the Sitwell brothers. While at college he wrote "a public school novel" called *Prelude*, which was published in 1920 when he was twenty-one.

Concluding his studies, Nichols made a brief sojourn in London, looking for a job and spending all his money. Going home, he wrote, in four months, a novel of post-war Oxford entitled *Patchwork*, which appeared in 1921. It brought him enough money, he says, to pay his tailor's bill.

He spent the winter of 1921-22 in Greece. King Constantine wanted him to study documents at hand and write a book proving that he, the king, was not the traitor that Europe seemed to think him. The book apparently was not written. After six months, Nichols went back to London, stopping in the Balkans to get the Queen of Rumania to tell him what it felt like to be a queen.

In 1922 Nichols brought out his third novel, *Self*, the story of a Continental adventuress. After a period of journalistic work in London, he set forth on a trip around the world, candidly commenting on the countries he visited. In Australia he helped the famous soprano, Nellie Melba, put on the 1924 opera season. One of the great moments of his life, he says, was when Melba sang for him alone in the heart of the Australian bush. When he was twenty-five he wrote his autobiography, called *Twenty-five*.

Nichols made a name as an interviewer in 1927 with the publication of *Are They the Same at Home?* The collection of articles, written originally for the *Sketch*, gave intimate portraits of sixty-one celebrated persons of the day, mostly English, from George Moore to C. B. Cochran and from Conan Doyle to Margaret Kennedy.

In one sketch in this book Nichols talked about himself: "I am a dramatic critic. I play Debussy. At school I had the rather ridiculous reputation of being an athlete. I have written a book or two. I sailed around the world. I have brown hair. I like tramping thru the woods in the rain. I can swim, not too badly. The scent of lilac drives me to wild indiscretions. . . I have seen thru things, and have been honest enough to

admit it. . . I believe that when I die I am snuffed out like a candle. . . I am posing all my life."

During an extended visit to America, Nichols wrote an autobiographical volume called *The Star Spangled Manner*, based on his interviews with famous Americans, which gave him the title of "the world's champion questioner." Defying every tradition of the interviewer, he proceeded by systematic opposites, by the art of introducing the unexpected. He asked no person a question he could answer. Calvin Coolidge in his hands revealed considerable competence as a critic of modern art, Otto Kahn speculated about bridges, and Andrew Mellon discoursed thru three courses of luncheon on Corot. With Henry Ford, Nichols ignored cylinders to put his finger on a shocking gap in the famous man's geography. He made Gloria Swanson expound the hereafter on a roof garden.

In 1928-29 Nichols was editor of the *American Sketch*, published in New York. His play, *The Stag*, was produced in London in April 1929.

A heavy loser in the stock market crash of October 1929, Nichols boarded a steamer for England. In mid-ocean he read of the death of the owner of a cottage in Huntingdonshire, a hundred miles from London, which Nichols had admired as a week-end guest. He bought the cottage by sending a wireless from the ship to the owner's sister in Timbuctoo.

Nichols restored the cottage, which has a thatched roof, whitewashed walls, and heavy old beams. It was originally three laborers' cottages. He engaged a man and wife, to whom he became very devoted, to take care of the house and garden. He wired the garden for electricity so that he could turn a flood-light on the statue of Antinous, and put a wheeling light at the top of the flag-staff. Because the floor of his bedroom sloped steeply, he propped up the bed on two wooden blocks to make it level. He acquired a black dog and a black cat and purchased twenty-four Woolworth goldfish which, two years later, had multiplied to three hundred. When he went on walks in the countryside, he stuffed his pockets with bulbs, then planted them



BEVERLEY NICHOLS

in odd places about his orchard and wood. When he saw trees he wanted, he stopped at houses and enquired what sort of trees they were and where he could get them. His London friends came to visit him, signing their names on the wall of a room. The list includes Rebecca West, Hugh Walpole, Edward Knoblock, and Rex Whistler.

In his study, which is furnished in oak and looks on to a "secret garden," Nichols wrote his gardening experiences in a book called *Down the Garden Path*. He said the book held little practical wisdom and should not be looked to for guidance; it was written before he knew too much, while he still felt awe at the miracle of growing things.

"I believe," he says, "in doing things too soon. In striking before the iron is hot, in leaping before one has looked, in loving before one has been introduced. Nearly all the great and exciting things in life have been done by men who did them too soon."

The publication of *Down the Garden Path* in 1932 made Nichols' "Thatched Cottage" famous and brought reporters and photographers down the country lane at Glatton to see it. Even motion pictures were taken. Nichols continued his writing with a novel, *Evensong*, based

on his Australian acquaintance with Mme. Melba. He and Edward Knoblock adapted it for the London stage. It was produced in the summer of 1932 and had a moderate "run," but was an instant failure in New York a few months later.

February 1933 found Nichols in Geneva, Switzerland, collecting the final material for a serious book on peace. Published in August 1933, *Cry Havoc!* expressed his belief that the next world war was dangerously close, and his reasoned conviction that "patriotism is the worst thing a man can offer his country" and that "under no circumstances must a man fight for King and country." He was aided in forming his conclusions by conversations with Yeats-Brown, the "Bengal Lancer"; Sir Arthur Salter; Sir Norman Angell; G.H.D. Cole, and others. The book was much discussed and newspapers published readers' opinions of it.

Nichols, according to Arthur Meeker, Jr., a Chicago reporter, "wears double-breasted waistcoats and is bored with Michael Arlen. He considers Noel Coward the most perfect representative of the post-war generation in England. He prefers writing plays to books. He likes the Russian ballet better than the opera because he considers it more in tune with the times." He is called clever, witty, good-looking, original, and is noted for his epigrams and his mimicry. He is unmarried.

Beverley Nichols' works:

NOVELS: *Prelude*, 1920; *Patchwork*, 1921; *Self*, 1922; *Crazy Payments*, 1927; *Evensong*, 1932.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *Twenty-Five*, 1926; *The Star Spangled Manner*, 1928; *Down the Garden Path*, 1932.

ESSAYS: *Are They the Same at Home?* 1927; *Women and Children Last*, 1931.

PLAYS: *The Stag*, 1929; *Coehran's* 1930 *Revue*, 1930; *The White Flag*, 1931; *Evensong*, 1932; *Failures* (collection of three plays) 1933.

MISCELLANEOUS: *For Adults Only*, 1933; *Cry Havoc!* 1933; *A Thatched Roof*, 1933.

About Beverley Nichols:

Nichols, B. *Down the Garden Path, The Star Spangled Manner, and Twenty-Five.*

Spectator 142:572 April 13, 1929; *Theatre Arts Monthly* 16:260 September 1932.

Robert Nichols 1893-

Autobiographical sketch of Robert Malise Bowyer Nichols, English poet and dramatist:

I WAS born on September 6, 1893, at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight (England). My father, John Nichols, comes of a line of printers and antiquaries. My mother Katherine was a Pusey. Thus on my father's side the influence is literary, sceptical, and humanistic; and on my mother's the influence is of a race mystical (Edward Pusey of Oxford movement fame was my mother's great uncle) and given to action (the Pusey men mostly served His Majesty at sea and among them is to be found the famous Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovell, whose statue stands in Westminster Abbey). To these antithetical and complementary elements I attribute whatever peculiar individuality my works may possess.

I was educated in the manner usual to an English boy born in easy but not wealthy circumstances, but I hold that what I learned in youth—which was precious little—was chiefly due to private, voracious, and indiscriminate reading. In due time I arrived at Trinity College, Oxford. I wrote my first poem that was not perhaps entirely worthless at the age of seventeen. But I had only been one year (1913-1914) at Oxford when the Great War began. In October 1914 I became a second lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery. I saw service—very brief—on the Belgian-French border in the early autumn of 1915 and then spent five months in hospital. Later in the War I served first in the Ministry of Labour (which cured me of desk jobs for ever) and then on the British Mission (Ministry of Information) in New York City. From January 1921 to March 1924 I occupied the chair of English literature in the Imperial University, Tokyo, Japan, a position more or less analogous to that formerly held by Lafcadio Hearn. I married Norah Denny of Horwood House, Winslow, Bucks, England, in 1922, on leaving Japan. We lived for two years in Hollywood, California, where I worked with Douglas Fairbanks and was employed to visualize

scenes for him. We returned to England and settled at and have since lived in Winchelsea, a very beautiful little old town within a mile of the English Channel.

I have published three volumes of poetry—*Invocation* (1915), *Ardours and Endurances* (1917), *Aurelia* (1920); three plays—*Guilty Souls* (1922), *Twenty Below* (in collaboration with Jim Tully, 1927), *Wings Over Europe* (in collaboration with Maurice Browne, 1928, and produced with success by the Theatre Guild of New York in that year); and one volume of "Romances of Idea," *Fantastica* (1924). I have now [1933] "in the stocks" a longish satirical poem (nearly complete), an heroic tragic-comedy *Don Juan Tenorio, the Great* (well advanced), and two other plays—*Komoso* (a modern tragedy with a Far-Eastern setting) and *Orpheus* (a modern tragedy).

I hope to make *Don Juan Tenorio, the Great* my magnum opus. I have already been at work on it for a number of years. It is written in rhymed verse and is a serious attempt to revive full-blooded drama in England. It is written for that combination of curtain and platform stage which we owe to the genius of Granville-Barker in his productions of Shakespeare. In it the soliloquy is re-



ROBERT NICHOLS

vived and an attempt is made to bring the stormiest music of English verse back to the stage. In addition all the resources of a modern stage are exploited. It is in its proportions as in its intention heroic. My hope is that the whole will form a sort of huge Hymn to Courage.

The chief influences upon me have been Jefferies, Keats, Rolland, Vaughan, Dostoevsky, Pascal, Amiel, Shakespeare, Mozart, Chekhov, Buchner, Unamuno, and above all Goethe (Goethe in fact has changed my entire attitude to life and my development as artist).

I am entirely opposed to the extravagant subjectivism fashionable today. Holding, as I do, that the syllabic dance is the foundation of poetry, I am entirely opposed to fashionable practice and theory of poetry in England and the United States. I am likewise the enemy of all *arrivisme* in the arts, for I hold the practice of art to be one of the most serious and arduous of all callings.

There are, I believe, no "rules" in art, but I hold tradition valuable as declaring some of the proved peculiarities of a given medium. My works have the appearance by modern "standards" of being "old-fashioned." I am content it should be so. In one hundred years time the "moderns" too will appear "old-fashioned." But as I have put, I believe, some of the elements of a particular vehement being into my works, so, I believe, they return those elements to the general life.

* * *

After the War Nichols lived on Boar's Hill, near Oxford. Robert Graves, a neighbor, describes him as being at that time "another neurasthenic ex-soldier, with his flame-opal ring, his wide-brimmed hat, his slapping arms, and a 'mournful grandeur' in repose. . . ." Some one has said of Nichols that he is a "synthesis of the European and the American: he has both doubt and faith, and more of faith." He has definite ideas—as, for example, on Christianity, which he says lacks the joy it should have.

Robert Nichols' work:

POETRY: *Invocation*, 1915; *Ardours and Endurances*, 1917; *Aurelia*, 1920.

PLAYS: *Guilty Souls*, 1922; *Twenty Below* (in collaboration with Jim Tully) 1927; *Wings over Europe* (in collaboration with Maurice Browne) 1928.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Budded Branch*, 1918; *Fantastica* (including *The Smile of the Sphinx* and other imaginative philosophical tales) 1923; *Under the Yew* (novelette) 1928; *Golgotha and Company*, 1928.

EDITOR: *Masterpieces of Chikamatsu* (translated from the Japanese by Asatara Miyamori) 1926.

About Robert Nichols:

Aiken, C. P. *Skepticisms*; Mais, S. P. B. *Books and Their Writers*; Moore, T. S. *Some Soldier Poets*.

Literary Digest 99:10 December 29, 1928; *New Statesman* 31:225 May 26, 1928.

Charles Nordhoff 1887-

Autobiographical sketch of Charles Bernard Nordhoff, American author:

I WAS born of American parents, in London, England, on February 1, 1887. My father, Walter Nordhoff, is the son of Charles Nordhoff, well known as an American journalist during the period of the Civil War, and the author of many books which had a wide circulation in their times. His father, my great-grandfather, was a fur trader in Chicago, when Fort Dearborn was more or less of a frontier post. My mother, born Sarah Cope Whitall, comes of old Philadelphia Quaker stock, some of her ancestors being among the founders of the city.

My parents brought me to America when I was three years old, and from that time until 1916 I lived in Philadelphia, in California, and on my father's ranch in Mexico, excepting three years in Cambridge, where I received the degree of A.B. from Harvard University in 1909. In 1916 I crossed to France and served as an ambulance driver, and later as a pilot in the French Air Service. At the end of the War, I had been commissioned First Lieutenant, United States Air Service.

After our demobilization, my friend James Norman Hall and I were invited to write the history of the Lafayette Flying Corps, and when that considerable task was done, we yielded to a long suppressed desire to set sail for the South Pacific Ocean. [See sketch of Hall in



CHARLES B. NORDHOFF

this volume.] Since then we have spent much of our time in Tahiti.

I was married in 1920 to Pepe Teara of Tahiti, and we have four children, Sarah, Margaret, Jane, and Charles.

As regards writing, I have had an itch for the pen since childhood. My first published work was an article in an ornithological journal, "The Auk," printed when I was sixteen years old. Whatever small degree of success I have had since then is owing to the infinite kindness and encouragement of Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He published a series of letters I wrote in 1916-17-18, and has proven himself my wise counselor, and loyal friend, on scores of occasions since the days of the War.

I have never cared for games (golf, bridge, and such) but have all my life loved shooting, fishing, sailing, or traveling thru wild country alone, or with a single companion. Anthropology interests me more than anything else; if I had my life to live over, I would do the necessary groundwork, and become a professed anthropologist. Next to the study of Man, I like the study of birds and fishes. I like books of natural history, sport, travel, history, and biography. Sir Walter Scott's novels give me more pleasure than any others. Most modern novels move too fast and are

too lacking in beauty for my taste. I detest so-called "realism," from Zola down, which seems to me further divorced from reality than any but the wildest romance. In other words, life seems to me very well worth living, full of interest and beauty, in addition to less pleasant things.

Hall and I are engaged [July 1933] on two further books concerned with the "Bounty" mutiny. The first will be called *Men Against the Sea*, and the second *Pitcairn's Island*.

* * *

Nordhoff spent a year at Stanford University before going to Harvard. After graduation from Harvard he went direct to Mexico and worked on a sugar cane plantation until he was driven out by the revolution of 1911. From 1911 to 1916 he was secretary and treasurer of a tile and fire brick manufacturing concern in California. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre in 1918.

The letters Nordhoff wrote in 1916-18 for the *Atlantic Monthly* were gathered in 1919 under the title of *The Fledgling*. This book, his first, contained his reminiscences as an aviator in the French army. He attempted, he said, to state his data frankly, "uninfluenced by pride, self-respect, or sense of morale." In his opinion, "flying is not an enjoyable sport, like riding or motoring, once the wonder of it has worn off; simply a slightly disagreeable but marvelously fast means of transport."

After completing the two-volume history of the Lafayette Flying Corps, and taking up residence in Tahiti, he wrote in conjunction with Hall a book about the islands of the Pacific called *Faery Lands of the South Seas*.

During the seven years that followed, Nordhoff published three books of his own. The first, brought out in 1924, was *The Pearl Lagoon*, an adventure story for boys about a California youth who goes to the South Seas on a quest for a certain bed of goldlipped oysters: The book contained a great deal of information about pearl diving, fishing, and life in the South Sea Islands. Also in 1924 appeared a novel, *Picaro*. In 1928 he continued the story of the young hero of *The Pearl Lagoon* in a book called

The Derelict, with the subtitle, "further adventures of Charles Selden and his native friends in the South Seas."

In collaboration with James Norman Hall, Nordhoff wrote *Falcons of France*, a novel based on their aerial experiences of the World War. It was published in 1929. Three years later the joint authors began a series of novels about the mutiny on board the English ship "Bounty" in 1789. The first of the series was entitled *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

Nordhoff writes every day from seven in the morning until twelve noon, and fishes every afternoon from two until seven. His occupation besides writing is deep sea and fly fishing for the market. His hobbies are boats and the sea and oceanic philology. He is a member of the Harvard Club of New York and of the American Flying Club. He wants more than anything else "to write something that will stay in print."

Charles Nordhoff's works:

The Fledgling, 1919; *The Pearl Lagoon*, 1924; *Picará*, 1924; *The Derelict*, 1928.

Works by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall:

The Lafayette Flying Corps (two volumes) 1920; *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, 1921; *Falcons of France*, 1929; *Mutiny on the Bounty* (English title: *Mutiny!*) 1932; *Men Against the Sea*, 1933.

About Charles Nordhoff:

Nordhoff, C. *The Fledgling*.
Saturday Review of Literature 10:101
September 9, 1933.

Edith Olivier

EDITH OLIVIER, English novelist, was born in the rectory at Wilton, near Salisbury, England, one of a family of ten boys and girls. "I was born while Queen Victoria was still on the throne" is the only information that she gives about her birth date. She was the daughter of Canon Dacres Olivier, rector of Wilton, whose Huguenot forbears had lived in England for several generations.

"My mother," says Miss Olivier, "was a wife of the old school who had no life outside her husband's and together they made the perfect country parson, parson also of the old school, for my father, tho he had perfect manners, ruled his parish, as he ruled his family, with a rod of iron."

As a child Miss Olivier was kept in the background, along with her sisters and brothers. Much of her time was spent in the upstairs nursery. A maid took the children for a walk twice a day and only after tea were they free to play their own games in the garden. Occasionally her older brother would take her on bird's-nesting walks or up thru the meadows, but his play at cricket and skating were thought unsuitable for her. She was twelve when she had her first governess.

The family life was formal, and until she was eighteen Miss Olivier always had to curtsy to her parents when she came into the room for dessert after dinner. She hated doing this; none of her contemporaries did it; but her father's sisters had always curtsied, so she had to. Punctuality was strictly enforced, and whatever was going on, the girls always had to dress for dinner. They spent the evening in the drawing room with music or card games.

She says that her life was the ordinary life of the English country parson's daughter. "I trained the choir, conducted the choral society, managed the girls' club, acted in private theatricals (I longed as a girl to go on the stage, and I would have done well then)."

During the World War she was in command of the Women's Land Army for Wiltshire, a work, she remarks, "involving the support, and not the destruction of life."

Miss Olivier did not begin to write until 1926. "Then the idea of my first book, *The Love Child*, came to me quite suddenly in the night. I sat up and wrote the first four chapters immediately." This novel of a lonely woman and her imaginary companion, which was half the length of an ordinary novel, was published in 1927.

Her next book, *As Far as Jane's Grandmother's*, appeared two years later. It was the story of a woman so completely dominated by her grandmother that she lost the power to live a life of her own. In 1930 Miss Olivier achieved popularity with *The Triumphant Footman*, a gay farcical fable of a footman who becomes an accepted vicomte and lord of an English country seat.



EDITH OLIVIER

Dwarf's Blood, Miss Olivier's fourth novel, was a selection of the Literary Guild of America in July 1931. Carl Van Doren, in explaining the choice of the board of editors, said: "Certainly the story of *Dwarf's Blood* is without troubling complexity and the style is direct and lucid. But both the story and the style have that touch of originality, that element of constant slight surprise, which are the marks of a civilized book."

The fifth novel of Miss Olivier, published in 1932, was *Scrappin' Room*, which concerns a fanatical antiquarian who loves his house more than his two daughters. The title was changed to *Mr. Chilcote's Daughters* for American publication.

Marshall A. Best, who was influential in gaining for Miss Olivier an audience in America, says: "Something of the quiet charm of English country gardens gets into the pen of Edith Olivier when she writes a novel. Not that she writes of country gardens alone—for her four novels [1931] have all been works of the imagination, depending more upon the play of human emotions than upon their outward setting. But their flavor is of rosemary and lilac, the blue of myrtle and the bright cheer of marigold."

The lyric form in the novel is preferred by Miss Olivier because she says

"it isolates the symbolic element in life. It need not tell us everything, because it tells us all."

Miss Olivier lives with her sister on the estate of the Earl of Pembroke in a quaint house known as Wilton House which was converted from the old dairy. The estate, which is on the edge of Salisbury Plain, where Stonehenge stands, is one of the show places of England, having been designed by Holbein in the sixteenth century and rebuilt after a fire by Inigo Jones. Shakespeare and his company of actors once played there, and Charles I was a frequent visitor.

"I have spent my whole life," says Miss Olivier, "in the County of Wiltshire which I think the most beautiful in the world. In fact the twenty miles around Stonehenge is to me one of the Seven Wonders of the World."

A neighbor of Miss Olivier is Siegfried Sassoon. Tho she rarely goes up to London, she has many friends there among the younger group of imaginative writers, including Sylvia Townsend Warner and David Garnett. One of her early friends and advisers was Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

"Since I became a writer," she says, "I have made many literary friends, and that is I think (apart from the happiness of creative work in itself) the greatest thing that my writing has brought me.

"I much admire the works of various American women—Emily Dickinson, Elinor Wylie (who was a great personal friend) and Willa Cather. Of English women authors I think Virginia Woolf the most unfailingly interesting, and Edith Sitwell the greatest genius, tho the works of both her brothers are also first rate. Siegfried Sassoon works very little, and only on the highest level."

Miss Olivier longs to visit America and says, "I want to see New York before I die."

In 1933 Miss Olivier was occupied for four months organizing an exhibition of historical treasures from six counties of England which was held at Wilton House the last week in June.

Edith Olivier's works:

NOVELS: *The Love Child*, 1927; *As Far as Jane's Grandmother's*, 1929; *The Triumphant Footman*, 1930; *Dwarf's Blood*, 1931; *The*

Seraphim Room (American title: Mr. Chilvester's Daughters) 1932.

OTHER WORKS: Underground River (White Star series for children) 1929; Moonrakings (Wiltshire stories) 1930.

EDITOR: Secrets of Some Wiltshire Housewives (book of recipes) 1929.

James Oppenheim 1882-1932

JAMES OPPENHEIM, American poet and novelist, was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on May 24, 1882, the son of Joseph Oppenheim and Matilda Schloss Oppenheim. When he was two years old, the family moved to New York City, where Oppenheim spent the greater part of his life. He was educated in the city public and high schools, and entered Columbia University in 1901, registering for special courses in psychology and sociology. He left in 1903, without taking a degree.

After leaving Columbia, Oppenheim went into social work and teaching. For two years, 1903-05, he was assistant head worker in the Hudson Guild Settlement, and from 1905-07 he was a teacher at, and superintendent of, the Hebrew Technical School for Girls.

His experiences as a social worker and teacher were useful to him as a writer. In 1909 he published two volumes, *Dr. Rast*, a collection of short stories, and *Monday Morning and Other Poems*, which shows the influence of Whitman. The stories in *Dr. Rast* are based on his first-hand knowledge of life on the lower East Side. The character from whom the volume takes its name is a philanthropic Jewish physician. Oppenheim, who was one of the first literary radicals to live in Greenwich village, wrote the book in his apartment at 61 Washington Square.

In 1910 he published a novel, *Wild Oats*, and a poetic play *The Pioneers*. He attracted no special attention, however, until 1914, when a second novel, *Idle Wives*, received a great deal of publicity. As the title indicates, it is a study of the parasitic wife, a type in which Somerset Maugham has shown considerable interest. Altho it was not followed by a second volume, it had an unusual sequel in the divorce action of his wife, the former Lucy Seckel (whom he had married in 1905) who

claimed that she was the prototype of the idle wife of the novel. After the divorce, Oppenheim ceased to write novels, devoting himself entirely to poetry and essays.

In 1914 he began to study psychoanalysis, in which his interest grew until he finally became a practitioner of the science. This interest is reflected in many of his later works, and critics seem to be agreed that the influence was not a happy one. It is seen in *The Book of Self*, which Louis Untermeyer describes as reading like a translation of *Leaves of Grass* by Freud, and in the free-verse autobiography, *The Mystic Warrior*, a study of an artist struggling to find himself in an uncongenial environment, a theme that recalls *The Master of Zangwill*.

In 1916 Oppenheim founded and edited the *Seven Arts* magazine, with Waldo Frank and Paul Rosenfeld. These three were the artistic and literary leaders of Greenwich Village, and the new venture attracted to its pages an astonishing group of writers (most, if not all, of them famous now, practically all obscure then): Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Bodenheim, John Dos Passos, Benjamin De Casseres, Eugene O'Neill, Carl Van Vechten, Robert Frost, Sandburg, Padraic Colum,



JAMES OPPENHEIM

Edgar Lee Masters, Lee Simonson, Amy Lowell, Randolph Bourne, and John Reed. According to Oppenheim, the magazine was supported by a woman who "became bored looking at a collection of Whistlers and sold them to start the periodical." She withdrew her aid, the following year, when the United States government ordered the *Seven Arts* to cease publication because of its anti-war policy. After the suppression of his journal (which was a severer blow to Bourne than to the founders or any member of the staff) Oppenheim wrote for the *American, Freeman, Thinker, American Mercury, and Collier's*.

After suffering for three months, Oppenheim died of a lung illness on Wednesday, August 4, 1932, at his New York home, 412 West End Avenue. He was survived by his mother, by his second wife, Linda Gray Oppenheim, of Boston, and by two sons of the first marriage, Ralph and James.

It is too early to consider Oppenheim's place in the literature of America, but an enumeration of the forms he attempted will probably suggest what that place will be. Besides poetry and poetic drama, he experimented with three forms in prose: the novel, the short story, and the psychological essay. Already his prose is forgotten, but his verse is still of some interest. At various times, Oppenheim was under the spell of the Old Testament, Whitman, and Freud and Jung. The Jewish note is not absent from his work, and altho he frequently appears as the voice of Israel, as in *Songs for the New Age*, "Lincoln Child" is only one illustration of the fact that his talent was not limited to Jewish themes. Most of his poetic work is collected in *The Sea*, a book of 561 pages, published in 1924.

An anonymous writer in the *Poetry Review* has touched on an interesting aspect of the poet's character: "There is a kind of person in the world who has to discover everything for himself; as if he were the first one to live. He cannot take anyone's word for what is, anyone else's experience but his own. Of such is Mr. Oppenheim."

H. S. R.

James Oppenheim's works:

POEMS: Monday Morning and Other Poems, 1909; Songs for the New Age, 1914; War and Laughter, 1916; The Book of Self, 1917; The Solitary, 1919; The Mystic Warrior, 1921; Golden Bird, 1923; The Sea, 1924.

POETIC DRAMA: The Pioneers, 1910; Night, 1918.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: Dr. Rast, 1909; Wild Oats, 1910; Pay Envelopes, 1911; The Nine-Tenths, 1911; The Olympian, 1912; Idle Wives, 1914; The Beloved, 1915.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ESSAYS: Your Hidden Powers, 1923; Behind Your Front, 1928.

About James Oppenheim:

Rosenfeld, P. *Men Seen*: Untermyer, L. *American Poetry Since 1900 and The New Era in American Poetry*.

Academy 89:218 November 13, 1915; *Bookman* 30:322, 303 December 1909; *Boston Transcript* May 28, 1921; March 17, 1923; *New Statesman* 6:332 January 8, 1916; *New York Times Book Review* March 4, 1923, March 16, 1924; *Poetry Review* 11:219 January 1918; 25:333 March 1925.

José Ortega y Gasset 1883-

JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET, Spanish essayist and philosopher, was born in the city of Madrid on May 9, 1883. "I was born upon a printing-press," he is fond of saying—intimating that he is the scion of a literary family (of which one must at least mention his father, the famous journalist Don José Ortega y Munilla, editor of *El Imparcial*.)

Ortega y Gasset finished his elementary instruction under a private tutor, the priest Ramón Minguella, and then was sent to the Jesuit school in Miraflores del Palo, province of Malaga. From the earliest he showed unusual application and intelligence. There circulates a much quoted anecdote of how the seven year old boy convalescing after a rather serious illness asked for a book. The nurse put in his hands a copy of *Don Quixote*: three hours later he recited by heart the entire first chapter! It was an extraordinary, prophetic beginning for one of the keenest commentators on Cervantes' masterpiece.

Altho the child reacted against Jesuit instruction, at least he mastered his Greek and Latin under Father Gonzalo Coloma. After his baccalaureate, he registered at the University of Madrid, and in 1904, at the age of twenty-one, he completed his doctorate in philosophy

José Ortega y Gasset: Hö-sä' ör-tä'gä ē gä-sét'

and literature. His thesis entitled *El Milenario* gave ample evidence of a solid intellectual equipment. Endorsed by the Academies and the Council of Public Education, he was assigned to a post in the Escuela Superior de Magisterio, a sort of teachers' college, of which he was one of the most active and enthusiastic founders. Ortega spent several years in Germany studying at the Universities of Leipzig, Berlin, and Marburg, and he has repeatedly acknowledged his indebtedness to one of his teachers: to Hermann Cohen, the foremost authority on Kant.

In the work toward the Europeanization of Spain, Ortega's sojourn in Germany has had a far-reaching influence. The so-called generation of 1898 had bewailed the fact that Spain had remained stagnant, looking back toward her glorious past, isolated from the rest of Europe. Ortega crossed the Pyrenees, the Chinese-wall of Spain, saturated himself with German thought, with new scientific methods, and the latest pedagogical ideology, and then imported them into his mother country. He has been accused *ad nauseam* of being a Germanophile, but Ortega insists on his claim that Spain has tradition, history, intuitions, strong emotions, and the rest, albeit she is in dire need of new vital ideas—and Germany is the only country that can furnish them.

On his return to Spain, Ortega applied for the chair of metaphysics at the University of Madrid. Vacant at the death of Professor Nicolás Salmerón, this was a very much coveted professorship. From the countless candidates who took the competitive examinations, Ortega came out a brilliant first. Since then he has occupied quite successfully that lofty position and also has managed to be amazingly active as a politician, lecturer, writer, editor, and publisher.

In 1908 Ortega founded a magazine symbolically entitled *Faro* (The Beacon), which for a while focused its brilliant light on the ethos and epos of Spain.

A few years later he began his steady collaboration on *El Imparcial*, and also established *Europa*, another magazine devoted to the spiritual crisis of Spain.



JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET

However, it was not till 1914 that he emerged as a national prophet and guide: on March 23 he pronounced his famous speech on "Old and New Politics" (*Vieja y Nueva Política*). The vast crowd assembled in the Teatro de la Comedia heard with delight and admiration the first bold words from the orator who in years to come was to play the most important rôle in the formation of a new Spain. Ortega denounced as *old* the Restoration, the Regency, and Alfonso XIII, and raised an eloquent plea for a new departure, for a new deal. Children of this fervor were the Liga de Educación Política, and the monthly magazine *España* founded in 1915 with the collaboration of Baroja, Azorín, d'Ors, and Pérez de Ayala.

In 1916 Ortega visited Argentina and lectured in Buenos Aires with unprecedented success. The Argentinian intellectuals realized immediately that they had a great deal to learn from Spain and discarded the notion that French was the sole tongue of culture. Ortega's profound ideas couched in an elegant language (their native language) thrilled the crowds and helped, without a question, to shift Argentinian interest from Paris to Madrid.

Encouraged by the polemics which followed his notable article "Bajo el Arco

en Ruina" (an almost uncanny vision of the future of Spain) Ortega left *El Imparcial* and, with the help of Don Nicolás María Urgoiti, established in 1917 *El Sol*, a newspaper which gradually developed into a powerful instrument of liberalism and still is one of the most important dailies in the Spanish language. Rather than as a news-sheet, *El Sol* has exerted its influence thru its editorials as well as thru Ortega's timely articles which, later collected in book form, comprised such works as *El Espectador* in several volumes, *El Tema de Nuestro Tiempo*, and *España Invertebrada*.

But Ortega wanted, at the same time, to create an intellectual aristocracy, a thinking minority to broadcast the best European thought to the Spanish-speaking nations. And so in July 1923 appeared the first number of *La Revista de Occidente*. For more than a decade now, this literary monthly magazine, akin in spirit to *La Nouvelle Revue Française* and the *Criterion*, has carried on its intensively constructive program. It has a splendid list of contributors and is very attractive both in format and contents. Naturally *La Revista de Occidente* has been accused of being too snobbish and un-Spanish. These charges can be readily dismissed: (1) the magazine was distinctly founded for a minority; and (2) as a vehicle for importing foreign thought into Spain; and (3) it has discovered some of the most significant younger writers of Spain. Thanks to *La Revista de Occidente*, the Spanish-reading public has become familiar with the works of Husserl, Eddington, Simmel, Sprangel, Bertrand Russell, Max Scheler, Spengler, etc.

In 1928 Ortega paid a second visit to South America. He lectured to an enthusiastic audience of six thousand people in Santiago de Chile, and in Buenos Aires he received the warmest reception ever accorded a visitor. He triumphed because of his hypnotic personality and of his enviable gift for synthesis. He expounded in simple terms the most abstruse and complex ideas. When in 1929 (April-May) Ortega's series of lectures on the subject "What is Philosophy?" was announced in Madrid, all the tickets were sold out weeks ahead, and

it was necessary to change from the Salon Lux to one of the biggest theatres in the capital, the Teatro Infanta Beatriz. Even then all tickets were sold far in advance, even standing room—thus discrediting the pretty theory that the Spanish public is only fond of bull-fights!

In *El Sol* for November 15, 1930, Ortega published his celebrated article "El Error Berenguer" in which he dissected with devastating precision the evils of the Monarchy. His cry: "Spaniards, our State does not exist! Let us build one! *Delenda est Monarchia*," led indirectly first to the founding in February 1931 of the *Agrupación al Servicio de la República*, with the help of Pérez de Ayala and Dr. Marañón, and a few months later (April 14, 1931) to the establishment of the Republic. Ten days after the change of government, Ortega wrote in the newspaper *Crisol* that the Revolution was being falsified. After the June elections he entered the Chamber as deputy from the province of Leon, and he has remained the most powerful and intelligent voice of that body. On July 30 he spoke on the ratification of power, on September 4 on the Constitution, and on December 6 he pleaded from the stage of the Cinema de la Opera for the rectification of the Republic.

George Pendle renders this picture of Ortega: "He is a small man, with a broad forehead that protrudes over bright, gimlet eyes. He has a complete and inborn mastery of language; a faculty for discerning the subtle changes in the vital sensibility of mankind; a relentless honesty"; and Lorenza Giusso refers to his "dark olive features, square determined jaws, and well proportioned figure" and then adds, "his vigor and the decided impetuosity in his eyes certainly do not suggest a languorous philosopher absorbed in the absolute but, rather, a wrestler or fencing master."

When Prieto tried to belittle Ortega by accusing him of "affecting to be an intellectual," Ortega retorted: "But—*diablo!*—I am it, to the root. He speaks as tho this were a flashy necktie that I had assumed; whereas, in reality, it is my spinal column showing thru!"

was for me to read to him even after he could read himself." Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen he went twice to Brittany with his father.

He was educated at the Birkenhead Institute in Liverpool and matriculated at London University in 1910, but apparently did not remain long. Having been a writer of poetry from his early 'teens, he fell under the spell of Keats and made a pilgrimage to Keats' house at Teignmouth in 1911 and wrote a sonnet there. In 1912 he composed a poem "On Seeing a Lock of Keats's Hair."

After a serious illness, Owen went to France in 1913 to escape the English winter and became a private tutor near Bordeaux. There, stimulated by his friendship with the poet Laurent Tailhaide, he studied to acquire a Gallic dexterity in the art of verse, intending to publish a volume of *Minor Poems*. He remained at Bordeaux two years.

In 1915, war having been declared, he returned to England and in spite of his delicate health enlisted in the Artists' Rifles. He was gazetted to the Manchester Regiment, and served with their second battalion in France from December 1916 to June 1917, when he was invalided home.

At the Craiglockhart War Hospital, near Edinburgh, he wrote: "I am a sick man in hospital, by night; a poet, for quarter of an hour after breakfast. . ." In order to restore his nerves to calm, the doctor urged him to follow peaceful pursuits. He went often to Edinburgh, took part in concerts, gave lectures at Tynecastle School, did historical research in the Advocates' Library, and studied German. He edited the hospital magazine, the *Hydra*, publishing his own verses and those of Siegfried Sassoon who became a fellow patient in August. He showed his verses to Sassoon for criticism and derived inspiration from him.

The friends were parted in October 1917 when Owen went to Scarborough and was made major-domo of a hotel where seventy officers of the fifth reserve battalion of the Manchester Regiment were assembled.



WILFRED OWEN

On the last day of 1917 he reviewed his past in a letter to his mother: "I am not dissatisfied [with] my years. Everything has been done in bouts: bouts of awful labor at Shrewsbury and Bordeaux; bouts of amazing pleasure in the Pyrenees, and play at Craiglockhart; bouts of religion at Dunsden; bouts of horrible danger on the Somme; bouts of poetry always; of your affection always; of sympathy for the oppressed always. I go out of this year a poet, my dear mother, as which I did not enter it. I am held peer by the Georgians; I am a poet's poet. I am started."

His work was appearing occasionally in the magazines and he was recognized by such men of letters as H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and Osbert Sitwell. Charles Scott-Moncrieff, who was then in the War Office, tried to find him a post that would keep him in England, but in August 1918 he returned to the Western Front and was made a company commander in his old battalion. He was awarded the Military Cross for the part he took in the heavy fighting of October 1.

Owen was killed on November 4, 1918, one week before the Armistice, while attempting to get his company across the Sambre Canal. He was twenty-five years old.

At that time few people outside his immediate circle of friends and brother officers knew much of his work as poet, and to the general public he was virtually unknown. Two years later, in December 1920, the first edition of his poems appeared, edited with an introduction by his friend Siegfried Sassoon.

The twenty-three verses in the book were preceded by Owen's own fragmentary preface, which began:

"This book is not about heroes. English Poetry is not yet fit to speak of them. Nor is it about deeds or lands, nor anything about glory, honor, dominion, or power, except War. Above all, this book is not concerned with Poetry. The subject of it is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity. Yet these elegies are to this generation in no sense consolatory. They may be to the next. All a Poet can do today is warn. That is why the true Poets must be truthful."

The book was reprinted in 1921 and Owen's reputation grew slowly but steadily. From time to time during the next ten years fresh material came to light, and in 1931 a new edition containing fifty-nine titles was published, with a memoir by Edmund Blunden.

"Owen was preparing himself," stated Blunden, "to the last moment in experience, observation, and composition for a volume of poems, to strike at the conscience of England in regard to the continuance of the War. This volume had begun to take a definite form in his mind, which may be traced in the hastily written and obscurely amended preface and contents found among his papers. That they, and his later poems, exist at all in writing is, to all who knew, or realize, the fierce demands made on company officers in the front line and in its vicinity, a wonderful proof of his intellectual determination."

Appended to the 1931 edition of the poems was a personal reminiscence of Owen by Frank Nicholson, librarian of Edinburgh University, who had helped him with his German in 1917. In describing his personal appearance, Nicholson wrote: "His eyes were, I suppose, what struck one first in his appearance—dark and vivid eyes, flashing now and

then a startled look that indicated quickness of apprehension and extreme sensitiveness. The mouth emphasized that sensitiveness, but also counteracted it to some extent by the firmness of its lines; and indeed the charm of the face consisted largely in its combination of qualities not usually found together. There was something at once clear-cut and fluid about the features, and the figure had the elegant compactness of a small boy's together with the robust development of the young man's."

Fifteen years after his death, Owen's reputation stood as high, if not higher, critics agreed, than that of any other poet of the World War. His experimentations in prosody were held responsible for the increasing use of assonance, as a variation to rhyme, among poets of the younger generation.

A reviewer wrote in *Poetry*:

"What distinguishes Owen's work primarily is the scale of his vision. The other war poets of his generation never escaped from the trenches: the years leave them behind. But Owen wrote from an infinite distance. His soul, to borrow a phrase from one of his own poems, 'looked down from a vague height with Death.'"

Wilfred Owen's works:
Poems, 1920; *Poems*, 1931.

About Wilfred Owen:

Collins, H. P. *Modern Poetry*; Owen, W. *Poems* (see introduction to 1920 edition by Siegfried Sassoon and memoir by Edmund Blunden in 1931 edition); Untermeyer, L. *Modern British Poetry*.

Poetry 40:159 June 1932.

Sir Gilbert Parker 1862-1932

SIR HORATIO GILBERT PARKER, British novelist and statesman, was born in Canada in the village of Camden East, Ontario, on November 23, 1862. The second son in a family of ten children, he attended the public school in Napanee, a few miles south of Camden East. When he was eleven years old, his father, Captain J. Parker of the Royal Artillery, retired from the service, and after meeting financial reverses moved his large family to the little town of Seaforth, Ontario. There young Parker worked as assistant in a doctor's



SIR GILBERT PARKER

dispensary for two years. Before he was seventeen, he sold a poem called "Winter." In preparation for ordination as a deacon, he studied at the Normal School in Ottawa and at Trinity College, Toronto, but in 1883, when he was twenty-one, accepted a post as lecturer in English at Trinity College.

Two years later his health broke down, and Sir Gilbert left Trinity, definitely abandoned the idea of going into the ministry, and traveled to California to recuperate. He visited the South Sea Islands, then went to Australia, where he remained four years as associate editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. During that time he wrote three plays, an adaptation of *Faust*, *The Vendetta*, and *No Defence*.

After extensive travels in the East, Asia, Egypt, Africa, and Europe, Sir Gilbert went to London, determined to follow a literary career. He showed some short stories which he hoped to get published to Archibald Forbes, later a war correspondent. When Forbes told him they were "the finest collection of titles" he had ever seen, Parker burned them all, shipped across to Canada, and began to write about the French-Canadian woodsmen he had known in his youth. Returning to England, he collected these stories in his first book, *Pierre and His*

People. Its success led him to produce two sequels.

In 1893 Sir Gilbert wrote his first long novel, *Mrs. Fasion*, and settled on the novel as his medium. He went to America to live for a time, and struck the vein of romance which made him famous by writing *When Valmont Came to Pontiac*, the tale of a French valet who thrilled a village in French Canada by impersonating Bonaparte. He began the novel at Hot Springs, Virginia, wrote most of it in his room at the Lotos Club, New York, and at the end of four weeks finished it in the public writing room of the old Windsor Hotel on Fifth Avenue. The next year he wrote his most popular romance, *The Scars of the Mighty*, which he described as "being the memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, sometime officer in the Virginia regiment, afterwards of Amherst's regiment." The book sold more than 100,000 copies. In this period between 1892 and 1898, he wrote prolifically, producing about two novels a year—the books on which his reputation mainly rests, albeit he continued writing for thirty years.

Toward the end of the century, Sir Gilbert left America and established a permanent residence in London, where he was active in political and educational affairs the rest of his life. He took with him his wife, Amy Van Tine, daughter of Ashley Van Tine, a wealthy New York merchant, whom he had married in 1895. In 1900 he went to Parliament as a back bench Conservative from Gravesend, and during eighteen years' membership was the champion of imperialism. He was knighted in 1902 for conspicuous service to the government. During his busy political career he organized the first Imperial Universities Conference in London in 1903, was for nine years chairman of the Imperial South African Association, founded the Small Ownership Committee, and was a member of the Government Overseas Committee in the Balfour government. He continued to write fiction, drawing from the life and history of Canada and often using the scenes of his travels. In 1912 his works were collected in an imperial edition of eighteen volumes.

During the first two and one half years of the World War Sir Gilbert was in

charge of British propaganda in America, and he wrote an account of the origins and conduct of the War, *The World in the Crucible*. He was made a baronet in 1915 and privy councillor in 1916. In June 1923 he had a severe operation which nearly took his life, and he spent much of the ensuing year in the south of France regaining his health and strength. To a friend he wrote: "My nearness to elimination has made me young again, with the lilt of living." Thereafter he was known to be robust and vigorous. He was fond of sports, especially golf and riding. He loved travel, came frequently to America, was well known on the lecture platform here, and was one of the first European writers to try his hand at writing for the motion pictures in Hollywood. He prepared the picturization of his novel, *The Right of Way*. While living in Los Angeles, he was seriously injured in an automobile accident, but recovered. His wife died on a visit to this country in 1925.

Sir Gilbert's absorbing study was history, particularly the history of Canada. He published, in 1925, *The Power and the Glory*, a historical romance of the explorer, Robert La Salle. His final published work was *The Promised Land*, a biblical story. Altogether, he wrote some thirty volumes in his lifetime, mostly novels and short stories which were conspicuously "healthy" in tone. His popularity faded considerably with the coming of the post-War generation.

Sir Gilbert wore a close-cropped beard, which in late life was white, and he was of a serious mien. He was a member of the Athenaeum, Carlton, Beefsteak, Garrick, and Authors Clubs and at one time was chairman of the Authors. Several honorary scholastic degrees were conferred upon him, and he was an honorary colonel of the First Kent Royal Artillery Garrison. He worked steadily in his London flat in Whitehall Court up to a few days before his death when he had a sudden heart attack. He died on September 6, 1932, at the age of sixty-nine years. His baronetcy became extinct. He was buried in Canada in the Belleville Cemetery, not far from Camden East where he was born. Once he wrote: "I have not lived

in Canada since 1885 but my heart is always there, and there my bones shall lie."

Sir Gilbert Parker's works:

NOVELS: Mrs. Fachion, 1893; The Trespasser, 1893; The Translation of a Savage, 1894; The Trail of the Sword, 1894; When Valmond Came to Pontiae, 1895; The Seats of the Mighty, 1896; The Pomp of the Lavillettes, 1897; The Battle of the Strong, 1898; The Right of Way, 1901; A Ladder of Swords, 1904; The Weavers, 1907; The Judgment House, 1913; You Never Know Your Luck, 1915; The Money Master, 1915; The World For Sale, 1916; Carnac's Folly, 1922; The Power and the Glory, 1925; Tarboe, 1927; The Promised Land, 1928.

SHORT STORIES: Pierre and His People, 1892; An Adventurer of the North, 1895; A Romance of the Snow, 1896; The Lane That Had No Turning, 1900; Donovan Pasha, 1902; Northern Lights, 1909; Cumner's Son, 1910; Wild Youth, 1919.

HISTORY: History of Old Quebec (in conjunction with C. G. Bryan) 1903; The World in the Crucible, 1915.

TRAVEL: Round the Compass in Australia, 1892.

PLAYS: Faust (adaptation) 1888; The Vendetta, 1889; No Defence, 1889; The Seats of the Mighty (dramatized from the novel) 1897.

POEMS: A Lover's Diary, 1894.

About Sir Gilbert Parker:
Kingston, G. A. Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., Deceased; Rhodenizer, V. B. *A Handbook of Canadian Literature*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Bookman (London) 83:38 October 1932.

Josephine Preston Peabody 1874-1922

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, American poet and playwright, was born May 30, 1874, in Brooklyn, New York, the second daughter of Charles Peabody and Susan Morrill Peabody. She was of New England ancestry. Her parents were keen theatre-goers and discussed plays at home. "For years," she recalled, "my best ways of play were all imaginative. Dolls bored me horribly, toys also, excepting live kittens and birds. The Play was the thing!"

When she was ten years old her father died and the family moved to Dorchester, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston, the home of her maternal grandmother. She attended the local grammar school and haunted the Boston symphony concerts.

At the age of thirteen she began extensive writing—a novel, a comedy, and about twenty poems, of which seven were

published by magazines including the *Woman's Journal* and *Wide Awake*. She kept a scrapbook labeled "Pilgrim's Progress" in which she pasted 104 rejection slips in nine months.

Miss Peabody entered the Girls' Latin School of Boston when she was fifteen. The next year she began a diary, which she kept up all her life. One of the early entries was: "I declare I simply hate myself for not being beautiful. If I had only been made larger and plumper with smaller hands and classic features and a bewitching mouth . . . mine is so changeable and big." Ill health prevented her completing the course and she left the school in 1892. Remaining at home, she "went on reading omnivorously, kept up my Greek along with the help of a kindly friend." Between 1888 and 1893 she recorded in a notebook six hundred books read. When she made a girlhood pilgrimage to England and Stratford, Austin Dobson wrote the lines:

She came to my poor garden bow,
She bloomed like a new garden flower;
I know not how the time was spent,
I know she came . . . I know she went.

During the first months of the year 1894 Miss Peabody was in Florida, and she had her first acceptances from the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Scribner's*. In the fall she went to Radcliffe College as a special student. "There I took miscellaneous courses for two years and encountered several strong inspirations, notably the Elizabethan drama, the old Miracle and Morality Plays. Then home again, to the old tale of reading and solitary writing and journeys about town after music and pictures and people's faces, and the effort to climb over environment. . ." She continued to publish from seven to fourteen poems yearly.

In 1897 Miss Peabody published her first book, *Old Greek Folk Stories*, originally intended as an appendix to Hawthorne's story books, but brought out in the Riverside Literature Series. By the end of this year, her twenty-third, she had written 168 poems, of which half had found print in magazines. From these she selected the group that made up her first volume of verse, *The Wayfarers*, published in 1898. She said of the book: "It is young, it has plenty of defects, it is idealistic; it harps on the

same ideas . . . the very music of it has a sameness. . ." Edmund Clarence Stedman picked nine of these poems for his *American Anthology* of 1900. The last year of the century Miss Peabody went to live in Cambridge, where she made her residence the rest of her life.

The first poetic play Miss Peabody wrote was *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, a one-act drama founded on Shakespeare's sonnets. It was published in 1900 along with several lyrics. Another verse drama, *Marlowe*, in five acts, followed in 1901. It was produced at the opening of the Agassiz House at Radcliffe College four years later.

Between 1901 and 1903 Miss Peabody lectured on English literature at Wellesley College, spending the intervening summers in Europe. The lyrics written after 1900 were gathered in a "book of songs and spells" called *The Singing Leaves*, published in 1903. The next year she wrote *Pan*, a choric idyll, which was set to music by C. A. E. Harriss and produced at a state farewell concert to Lord and Lady Minto in Ottawa, Canada, in November 1904.

On June 21, 1906, Miss Peabody was married to Lionel Simeon Marks, professor of mechanical engineering at Harvard University, and an Englishman. They spent a year traveling in Europe, living much of the time in Germany. In 1907 she published her one-act poetry play, *The Wings*, which had a performance in Boston in 1912. A daughter, Alison, was born in the summer of 1908, the year Miss Peabody brought out *The Book of the Little Past*, a volume for children illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Greene. It was made up of eleven poems from *The Singing Leaves* and thirty-two others.

Miss Peabody's best known and best liked work, *The Piper*, was published in 1909, two years after she wrote it. It was a verse drama in four acts. From among 315 contesting plays, it was selected for production at the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in May 1910. Miss Peabody journeyed with her small daughter and eight-weeks old son, Lionel, to England to assist with rehearsals and see the performance. King Edward VII's death on the eve of production caused it to be postponed until

midsummer. In the interval Miss Peabody had her son baptized in the old Stratford Church, in the same font where Shakespeare was baptized. *The Piper* was performed in July with F. R. Benson in the title rôle and Marion Terry, sister of Ellen Terry, in the chief woman's part. After the final curtain Miss Peabody, flanked by members of the cast who were mostly children, was presented with a silver casket containing the prize of fifteen hundred dollars offered by the governors of the theatre. She made a speech of acceptance, in a voice which an observer said had honey sweetness, and clear inflections void of Yankee twang. She traveled on the Continent and returned to America in the autumn. *The Piper* brought her modest fame and fortune: it had a brief run in New York the following year and was later produced in London and in the English provinces by three companies. In 1911 she brought out *The Singing Man*, a "book of songs and shadows."

In April 1913 Miss Peabody went to Europe and took a yachting trip on the Mediterranean. She spent the summer in Italy and Switzerland. A comic poetry play in three acts, *The Wolf of Gubbio*, appeared. In 1914 she was elected an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa

and delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Tufts College.

During the World War Miss Peabody did relief work, giving speeches and benefit readings. In behalf of the Belgian refugees she read her ode "Pietà" at a Boston mass meeting.

Miss Peabody fought illness from 1906 to 1916 and underwent two serious operations. During the last six years of her life she was an invalid and wrote only by great effort. In 1916 she completed a cycle of poems of war and women, *Harvest Moon*. The next year she published a prose comedy, *The Chamelcon*. For the 1921 Plymouth Pageant she wrote the "Song of the Pilgrim Women." In 1922 she finished a prose play entitled *The Portrait of Mrs. W.*, a study of Mary Wollstonecraft and her circle. Her summers in these last years were usually spent at East Blue Hill in Maine. She took great delight in making charcoal drawings and modeling in clay. At the end of her life she had half a dozen unfinished plays in her head. She boasted that she "never wrote just for money."

She died at the age of forty-eight on December 4, 1922, after sinking into a coma.

The Diary and Letters of Josephine Peabody appeared in 1925, edited by Christina H. Baker. Her plays and poems were collected in two separate volumes in 1927, with respective forewords by George P. Baker and Katherine Lee Bates, both of whom were her friends.

Baker said that hers "was not the work to blaze a new path in our drama, but, keeping alive the best standards of sheer sensitiveness and beauty in the drama, to be one of the protestants—but with no self-consciousness or self-advertising—against the harsh realism of her youth."

Josephine Preston Peabody's works:

POEMS: *The Wayfarers*, 1868; *The Singing Leaves*, 1873; *Pan: A Choric Idyll*, 1894; *The Book of the Little Past*, 1908; *The Singing Man*, 1911; *Harvest Moon*, 1916; *Collected Poems*, 1927.

PLAYS: *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, 1900; *Marlowe*, 1901; *The Wings*, 1907; *The Piper*, 1909; *The Wolf of Gubbio*, 1913; *The Portrait of Mrs. W.*, 1922; *Collected Plays*, 1927.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Old Greek Folk-Stories*, 1897; *Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody* (edited by Christina H. Baker) 1925



JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

About Josephine Preston Peabody:

Baker, C. H. (editor) *Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody*; Brown, A. F. *Bookman Anthology of Essays*; Peabody, J. P. *Collected Plays* (see foreword by G. P. Baker); Peabody, J. P. *Collected Poems* (see foreword by K. L. Bates).

Atlantic Monthly 140:856 December 1927; *Bookman* 57:263 May 1923; *Poetry* 21:262 February 1923; *Saturday Review of Literature* 2:650 March 20, 1926; 4:844 May 5, 1928.

Ramón Pérez de Ayala 1880-

RAMÓN PÉREZ DE AYALA, Spanish novelist, poet, and critic, was born in the city of Oviedo, province of Asturias, on August 9, 1880. Those who like to account for physique, let alone ideas and sentiments, as derived from ancestry and blood-equations, may be interested to know that Ayala's paternal side is Gothic, while the maternal is Celtic. His social environment was that of the upper bourgeoisie.

As for his native province, Asturias has been called the "cradle of Spain." Early in history, when the Moors invaded Spain, it served as a refuge to a band of staunch Spaniards, and this piece of land, nested between sea and mountains, guarded and fostered the purest traditions. During the war of the Reconquista the hardy mountaineers recovered the coveted country from heathen hands.

After his eighth birthday Ayala was sent to the convent of San Zoil, a Jesuit school in Carrión de los Condes. The rigid pedagogical methods and the strict routine did not help the sensitive child. He suffered countless agonies. The only relief came from one of the teachers who later was to become a recalcitrant enemy of Jesuitism, Julio Cejador y Frauca (1864-1927) the distinguished philologist.

On the completion of the elementary course, Ayala was sent to the Colegio de la Inmaculada, a Jesuit school in Gijón. Once more the tortures of maladjustment recurred. Altho weak in body and frequently ill, Ayala withstood the schoolmaster's ferrule. Fortunately, he was not a completely introspective child. He had eyes, ears, nose, and he observed gluttonously. He desired to live, to live intensely, and whatever he learned, he learned with reservations.

He weighed and analyzed facts, absorbing only those he considered worth while. For that reason they dubbed him "the Anarchist." He learned from the Jesuits that subtlety and dialectical brilliance which he was later to employ in *A.M. D.G.*, a "masterpiece of black irony," as Cassou called this anti-clerical novel.

Ayala once said: "Writing is to me as natural as the shape of my nose or the color of my eyes." He was a born writer. What then made him take up science? Was it sheer curiosity, or an irrepressible desire to change radically, to bid farewell once and for all to the dry-as-dust humanities? Or was it a rebellious, almost vindictive, anti-religious feeling, or just mere disorientation? Perhaps there was a drop of each of these ingredients in his resolution. The scientific craze, however, lasted but one year. Altho he remained at the University of Oviedo, he changed science for law. Ramón Gómez de la Serna, for instance, studied law only so that he might have his photograph taken in his lawyer's cap and gown. A similar logic probably actuated Ayala's career: he went the way of most writers—law for the sake of appearances, duty to one's family, etc. But neither Gómez de la Serna nor Ayala ever practiced law.

The really significant influence emanated from his University life. In utter contrast to the six bitter years he had spent at the Colegio de la Inmaculada, the University atmosphere seemed elastic, free, liberal. He could discuss with his fellow-students countless topics until then utterly tabooed. He discovered new horizons, and there were no barriers to hinder the flight of his ideas. Among his teachers he had men of the stature of Rafael Altamira, author of the standard history of Spain; Melquiades Alvarez, authority in Roman Law and eloquent orator; Adolfo Alvarez Buylia, the well-known economist, etc. But the most lasting and pervasive influence came from Leopoldo Alas (1852-1901) the distinguished novelist and critic known in literature by his nom de plume "Clarín." Rather than a fossilized professor of jurisprudence, Clarín was an Asturian who understood the Asturian youth better than any of his elders or school-

mates. A penetrative if caustic critic and a masterful story-teller, Clarín combined wit with keen philosophical insight and expressed himself in a limpid, exceedingly modern style. Andrenio has rightly claimed that of all Spanish writers Clarín is most like Ayala.

One can readily see that the University atmosphere was conducive to literary orientation and intensification. Ayala read a great deal, amused himself drawing and sculpturing, and took vital interest in the then fashionable discussions about the future renaissance of Spain.

In the meantime a literary career, which had begun during his school days at Gijón (perhaps earlier) with a long poem in praise of the Carthaginians, developed slowly but surely. One of his critical essays appeared in a local paper of Oviedo. In 1902 he wrote two short stories: "El Otro Padre Francisco" and "Cruzado de Amor," both available now in the volume *Bajo el Signo de Artemisa*. His first collection of poems, *La Paz del Sendero*, appeared in 1903. His name had become significant enough to be mentioned as one of the contributors to the literary monthly *Helios* (founded in April 1903) in the company of such recognized masters—some of them, at the time, promising newcomers—as the brothers Quinteros, Benavente, Azorín, Martínez Sierra, Unamuno, Valera, etc.

Therefore the first decade of the century marks the literary début of Ayala. From the work extant one gets the impression that Ayala has been not only a careful writer but a most discriminating critic of his own creation. He is one of those exceptional authors with few regrets. Almost every piece in his Collected Works (nineteen volumes) is worth keeping, perhaps because he has been in no great haste to see his material in print. Even his juvenilia contain virtues worthy of a maturer mind. As for errors, they are there too, and Ayala has been the first to acknowledge them.

Ayala's novelistic creation progresses, reaching three peaks of fruition and maturation in: 1916 *Prometeo*, 1921 *Belarmino y Apolonio*, and 1926 *Tigre Juan*. Since 1926 Ayala has published no new book. The neat five-year cycles have been broken perhaps because of his



RAMÓN PÉREZ DE AYALA

interest in the political life of Spain. A staunch Republican (as may be seen especially in his *Política y Toros*) his enthusiasm and influence have been felt thru the arm that is mightier than the sword. His journalistic work has been intensive and courageous. During the dark years of the Dictatorship he was in constant danger of exile, and since his cutting remarks were not permitted in the Spanish press, he published them in Argentinian papers. On June 4, 1924, he signed the message of discontent sent to Primo de Rivera by the Spanish intellectuals, and perhaps as the direct consequence of this action, in 1931 he organized, with his very good friends Dr. Gregorio Marañón and José Ortega y Gasset, the "Agrupación al Servicio de la República." The manifesto of this party summoned the intellectuals to co-operate in their fight for liberty and in their desire for a new deal.

With the establishment of the Republic, Ayala was assigned to the post of Spanish Ambassador at St. James Court, a position which he still occupies. This appointment represents a lofty and just recognition of his country for his political activities. His literary genius had been previously recognized in 1926 when he was awarded the National Prize of Literature (shared with Concha Espina

and Wenceslao Fernández Florez) and in 1928, when he was elected to the Academy. Altho his novels have not had the vast circulation of those of Blasco Ibañez or Baroja (*A.M.D.G.* has traveled the farthest, perhaps because of its anti-clerical tenor) his select reading public considers him among Spain's greatest novelists. Nevertheless, he is not so well known outside of his native country as he deserves to be: first because of his thoroly Spanish flavor, secondly because of his *casticismo*, the autochthonous raciness of his style and humor. Altho some of the most influential European critics have placed *Belarmino y Apolonio* second only to *Don Quixote*, it is not yet available in English translation. Jean Cassou has keenly summarized the outstanding qualities which characterize Ayala's art: "Ramón Pérez de Ayala is a humorist, a stylist, the possessor of a mind that is at once academic and dangerous, an incomparable painter of provincial life, a satirist of an astonishing verve and vividness. His *Belarmino y Apolonio*, his *A.M.D.G.*, his *Tigre Juan* are still among the best books to be found in Spanish literature, the most savory, the crudest, the most delectable, and the most profound. Ayala's style is sinuous, Jesuitical, contorted, delicious, perfidious, and all his own. Of all living writers, he is undoubtedly the one who most clearly stands for certain classical, exclusively Spanish traditions—the realism of the first half of the nineteenth century, for example, or the satiric literature of the Golden Age. He is an eminent sample of what Spaniards call *casticismo*, a word applied to that special flavor which certain essentially Spanish things possess, and which is not to be encountered elsewhere. His work has an oily flavor of the kitchen and the sacrifice."

Ayala's private life has moved along rather smoothly. After graduation from the law school, he settled in London. Soon after he was recalled to Spain on his father's death: it appears that too much kindness led Ayala père to bankruptcy and suicide. Later, Ayala traveled extensively—Germany, France, Switzerland, England, the United States, and especially Italy, about which he wrote

his impressions (*Hermán, Encadenado*). And as a concrete evidence of his love for the Anglo-Saxon tradition, he married a young American. He has two children.

In a letter dated 1906 and addressed to Andrés González Blanco, Ayala described himself thus: "I am a man who adjusts himself rather well to life, altho I am bored everywhere. Generally I seem to be happy. The only profound grief I have experienced has been at the death of my mother, at the death of Clarín, and of the bullfighter Maoliyo el Espartero."

This was Ayala at the age of twenty-five. Since then, he has added over twenty-five years to the fund of his experiences. He has gained in depth and human understanding, as evidenced, for instance, in his most recent novel, *Tigre Juan*. And certainly life bores him less. He has championed certain ideals which on materializing have left a serenity which much attenuates his former vitriolic combativeness. More than ever he loves his long hours of sleep, his cigars, his family, and that motley circle of friends, so diversified in taste and talent, in which are included poets and publicans, metaphysicians and bullfighters, painters and physicians—Enrique de Mesa, Bombilla, Julio Camba, Dr. Marañón, Zuloaga, Belmonte, and José Ortega y Gasset.

A. F.

Ramón Pérez de Ayala's works:

POETRY: *La Paz del Sendero*, 1904; *El Sendero Innumerable*, 1916; *El Sendero Andante*, 1921.

FICTION: *Tinieblas en las Cumbres*, 1907; *A.M.D.G.*, 1910; *La Pata de la Raposa*, 1912; *Troteras y Danzaderas*, 1913; *Prometeo*, 1916; *Belarmino y Apolonio*, 1921; *Luna de Miel*, *Luna de Hiel*, 1923; *Los Trabajos de Urbano y Simona*, 1923; *Bajo el Signo de Artemisa*, 1924; *El Ombligo del Mundo*, 1924; *Tigre Juan*, 1926; *El Curandero de su Honra*, 1926.

ESSAYS: *Hermán, Encadenado*, 1917; *Las Máscaras*, 1917; *Política y Toros*, 1918.

Ayala's works available in English:

Prometheus: The Fall of the House of Limon: Sunday Sunlight, 1920; *The Fox's Paw*, 1924; *Tigre Juan*, 1933.

About Ramón Pérez de Ayala:

Agustín, F. *Ramón Pérez de Ayala, su Vida y sus Obras*; Andrenio, *Novelas y Novelistas*; Balseiro, J. A. *El Fígaro: II*; Boyd, E. *Studies From Ten Literatures*; Madariaga, S. *The*

Genius of Spain; Rose and Isaacs, Contemporary Movements in European Literature; Trend, J. B. Alfonso the Sage and Other Spanish Essays.

Hispania 15:215 May 1932; *Modern Languages* 13:164 June 1931.

William Lyon Phelps 1865-

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, American critic, essayist, and professor, was born at New Haven, Connecticut, on January 2, 1865, the youngest son of the Reverend S. Dryden and Sophia Emilia Linsley Phelps. A sister, seventeen years his senior, died of typhoid fever when he was six years old. His parents evidently believed in early education, as they sent him to a small private school when he was three. At the age of five, he attended the Webster Public School in New Haven, which he remembered, forty-two years later, as the "toughest" district school he ever saw, as he also remembered his "horrible fear of the micks of Moroeo Street," whom he had to encounter in his walks to and from school.

He was graduated from the Hartford Public High School in 1883. As class orator, he delivered a speech, beginning as follows: "The country is now in a state of unexampled prosperity. The revenues greatly exceed the expense, the national debt is being rapidly decreased, the treasury is overflowing. We are at peace with every nation in the world; our interior affairs, our manufactures and internal commerce have grown and are growing with a rapidity which the history of no other nation affords." A spirit of mischief must have induced him to recall this passage in his "As I Like It" department in the August 1933 issue of *Scribner's Magazine*.

His advanced education he received at Yale and Harvard Universities, winning his Bachelor of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy degrees from the former, in 1887 and 1891, and his Master of Arts from the latter, also in 1891. In the following year, on December 21, he married Annabel Hubbard, of Huron City, Michigan.

At Yale, he studied Greek under Frank Tarbell, political science under W. G. Sumner and Arthur Twining

Hadley (later President); physics under Edward S. Dana, and, as the only pupil, a course in Restoration literature, under Henry A. Beers, whose two volumes on *English Romanticism* are known to all students of the subject. At Harvard, some of his no-less distinguished professors were Lewis Gates, George P. Baker, of "English 47," and F. J. Child ("the finest reader of Shakespeare's verse that I have ever heard, either on or off the stage") and G. L. Kittredge, two of the greatest scholars that America has produced.

Apart from two years, one as instructor in history at a private institution, the Westminster School, at Dobbs Ferry, New York, and one as Morgan Fellow and instructor in English at Harvard, where he read over seven hundred themes a week (without losing his faith in human nature) Phelps' entire teaching career is associated with Yale University. He began there in 1892, as instructor in English. In 1896, his work led to his promotion to an assistant professorship, and in 1901, he was appointed Lampson Professor of English Literature, a position in which he rose to national prominence, holding it until his resignation in June 1933. A few weeks before his retirement, Phelps wrote an article for the magazine section of the *New York Times* in which he contrasted Yale as it was when he came to it as a freshman, who had "never lived away from home," with Yale as it was upon the eve of his departure.

Finding fault with the college student, and sneering at the tameness of academic life—both of them favorite indoor sports in America—are no part of the philosophy that Phelps has developed in teaching and mingling with young men for almost half a century. With characteristic optimism, he writes: "I am a lover of university life. I do not regret that I have spent my life in the university. Academic existence is the most interesting and the most happy that I can think of. My friendships with my colleagues on the faculty—a splendid group of men they are—and my friendships with the successive generations of students, have added enormously to the



WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

stimulation and delight of daily living. And as I look at the college students of today, I feel reassured as to the future."

Phelps' many books cover a wide range, and are not confined to English literature. His *The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, altho written in 1893, is still one of the leading studies of an interesting period. It is an original survey of English literary production from 1700 to 1765. It was followed in 1907 by *The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature*, a collection of short essays on Wordsworth, Jane Austen, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Stevenson, Ruskin, George Eliot, and Hardy.

Essays on Modern Novelists deals with English, American, and Continental authors. The style in general is intimate and genial. A feature of the volume, however, is a devastating criticism of the work of Mrs. Humphry Ward, that was, at the time (1910) daringly original and completely out of sympathy with the view held by the general reading public.

His enthusiasm for Russian literature is seen in *Essays on Russian Novelists*, a collection of biographical and critical studies of Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Gorky, Chekhov, Artzybasheff, Andreyev, and Kuprin. Of Russian

fiction, he says it is "the best in the world."

Of a different type, altogether, is his *Teaching in School and College*. It is not, in any sense, a technical treatise on classroom methods—Phelps claims that he knows "nothing whatever of the science of pedagogy"—but a very personal account of his own experiences, not only as a teacher, but also as a student. Its opening paragraph, familiar to many teachers, has been often quoted:

"I do not know that I could make entirely clear to an outsider the pleasure I have in teaching. I had rather earn my living by teaching than in any other way. In my mind, teaching is not merely a life-work, a profession, an occupation, a struggle: it is a passion. I love to teach. I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race. Teaching is an art—an art so great and so difficult to master that a man or a woman can spend a long life at it, without realizing much more than his limitations and mistakes, and his distance from the ideal. But the main aim of my happy days has been to become a good teacher, just as every architect wishes to be a good architect, and every professional poet strives toward perfection."

In an editorial capacity, Phelps has written introductions for a volume of plays by Barrie, an edition of the dramatic works of George Chapman, Gogol's *Revizor*, and Ibsen's *Pretenders*. For the "Yale Shakespeare," he edited *King Lear* and *The Merchant of Venice*. He has also edited *Henry Esmond* for school use, and the *Letters* of James Whitcomb Riley. Besides his critical studies, he has written several "inspirational" essays, which have been unusually successful, if the number of printings may be considered a guide.

In addition to his professorial duties, Phelps was, for many years, Yale Public Orator. On June 20, 1923, he made the presentation speech for Edith Wharton when she received the degree of Doctor of Letters—the first woman to be so honored by Yale University. As a lecturer and commencement speaker, he has always been in great demand at other institutions.

Altho Phelps is personally acquainted with many of the leading writers of England and America and counts as friends many of the authors whom he has discussed, he also knows men in other fields of activity. Among his non-literary friends, perhaps the best known is Gene Tunney, ex-heavyweight boxing champion of the world. On April 23, 1928, at Phelps' invitation, Tunney visited Yale University to deliver a lecture on Shakespeare. The friendship between the two received a great deal of good-natured publicity. The strangeness disappears, however, when one recalls that Phelps, in his younger days, was proficient in various forms of sport. In speaking of the period when he was at the Westminster School, he says: "I was exceedingly glad when I came to perform my duties, that I could play baseball, football, tennis, and hockey as well as any of the boys I taught history. I had always loved, and always shall love, athletic sports." In *Teaching in School and College*, he advises all young men who wish to teach "to achieve as much distinction in athletics as their bodily frame will permit."

Phelps is an Anglophile. "All students of English literature," he declares, "both in school and college, should be forced to learn the geography of England," and "every teacher of English literature should regard it as a necessary part of his equipment as a scholar to visit England and study the literary geography of the country. It is just as scholarly to do this, and often more valuable, than it is to spend a whole summer poring over old books and manuscripts in the British Museum. I require of every student an elementary knowledge of English geography, so that at least they will remember that York and Devon are two quite different places. I have been in every county in England, in many of them on a bicycle, and I am sure that I understand English literature better and can teach it more intelligently than I could without this knowledge. English literature should be studied and taught with a map."

Since September 1922, Phelps has conducted for *Scribner's Magazine* a popular section of informal comment on men and books, under the title "As I Like

It." The department has frequently provoked controversy. Several volumes of selections from it have been published under the same title.

What I Like is a seven-hundred page anthology of English and American prose, with a few translations from classical and European literature.

H. S. R.

William Lyon Phelps' works:

The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement, 1893; The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature, 1907; A Dash at the Pole, 1909; Essays on Modern Novelists, 1910; Essays on Russian Novelists, 1911; Teaching in School and College, 1912; Essays on Books, 1914; Browning: How to Know Him, 1915; The Advance of the English Novel, 1916; The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century, 1918; The Twentieth Century Theatre, 1918; Archibald Marshall: A Realistic Novelist, 1918; Essays on Modern Dramatists, 1920; (second series, 1921); Some Makers of American Literature, 1923; As I Like It, 1923; (second series, 1924, third series, 1926); Essays on American Authors, 1924; Howells, James, Bryant, and Other Essays, 1924; Adventures and Confessions, 1925; Happiness, 1927; Love, 1928; Memory, 1929; Essays on Things, 1930; Music, 1930; Human Nature, 1931; The Excitement of Teaching, 1931; Appreciation, 1932; Easter, 1933; What I Like: An Anthology, 1933; The Courage of Ignorance, 1933.

About William Lyon Phelps:

Frank, W. D. *Time Exposures*; Phelps, W. L. *Teaching in School and College*; Rascoe, B. *A Bookman's Daybook*.

Christian Century 50:982 August 2, 1933; *New Yorker* October 24, 1925 ("Profile"); *Saturday Review of Literature* 9:557 April 29, 1933.

David Graham Phillips 1867-1911

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, American novelist, journalist, and reformer, was born in Madison, Indiana, on October 31, 1867, the fourth child and the first son of David Graham Phillips, a banker, and his wife, Margaret Lee Phillips, who came from the family made famous by "Light-Horse" Harry Lee.

After attending the Madison public schools, and studying foreign languages under a tutor at home, he attended Asbury College (now DePauw University) at Greencastle, Indiana, for two years, and then transferred to Princeton University, graduating with a Bachelor of

Arts degree in June 1887, the youngest member in a class of eighty-six.

Phillips had already begun to write while in college, and in the summer following his graduation, he visited the office of James A. Green, city editor of the *Cincinnati Times-Star*, to ask whether there was an opening for which he might be considered. His statement that he had "just graduated from Princeton" had no startling effect on Green, who looked at the "conspicuously patterned suit, the eighteen-inch trousers, the dangling cigarette, and shuddered," before answering in the negative. The city editor's reply, however, had no more effect on Phillips than Phillips' qualifications had on Green. With no trace of disappointment, Phillips made a very innocent request: he asked—and readily received—permission to come to the office to read the daily papers. The next morning, when Green arrived at the office at seven-thirty, he found Phillips ahead of him, calmly reading the exchanges. This performance continued for several weeks, and Green, and all the members of his staff, conceived a hearty dislike for the over-dressed Princetonian who refused to believe that a newspaper could exist without his services.

The endurance contest that followed, in which Green's problem was to keep his temper, finally ended with Princeton as the winner, when the opportunity that Phillips was waiting for arrived. Some one committed a murder at the time best calculated to aid Phillips: when all the reporters were out on assignments, and the city editor was alone in his office. Unable to leave his desk, Green asked Phillips, who was busily engaged in reading a paper, to find out the facts and to return with them by twelve-thirty, so that he (Green) could write the story. At twelve twenty-five, Phillips stood in front of Green's desk, not with the facts, but with the complete story of the murder written in the approved *Times-Star* manner. Green, who was above professional jealousy, printed it without changing a word, and, after another look at his trousers, offered Phillips a position.

Phillips worked on the *Times-Star* staff for less than a year, not because he was not good enough, but because he

was *too* good. He soon became the "talk of the town," and Murat Halstead, editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, and the father of a classmate of Phillips, offered him double the salary that Green could afford to pay. In speaking of the affair, Green said, "Halstead told me that I had done remarkably well in training the young man, but he did not need any training: he was a born reporter."

Phillips remained with the *Commercial Gazette* for three years, constantly duplicating the successful performances that had induced Halstead to send for him. Only a few years before, the reporting staff had been honored by no less a writer than Lafcadio Hearn, and Halstead and his associates held him up as an example to be followed by young reporters. To Phillips, who paid attention to style, it was enjoyable to work for a paper that definitely encouraged literary merit, as well as mere form.

His relations with Halstead were so pleasant that Phillips might have remained with him for a considerably longer period, had it not been for the continual urging of his married sister, Mrs. Carolyn Frevert, who was always telling him that New York was the "only place" for a man anxious to make a name for himself as a writer. Finally, in the summer of 1890, he decided to accept her advice and to come to New York, to widen his experience and to avail himself of the better opportunities offered by a large city. After a very short time on the *Tribune*, he joined the staff of the *Sun*, at a salary of fifteen dollars a week, his assignment being to cover the "human interest" stories of the Jefferson Market Police Court. His first real chance came when the city editor, Daniel F. Kellogg, sent him to investigate the story of a child lost in the Catskill Mountains. Phillips' highly dramatic account—"the kind of story that makes editors cheer and women weep"—attracted attention throughout the country, gave him a national reputation as a reporter, and brought him an increase in salary. It was not long before his superiors began to give him dull ordinary assignments that seemed to promise nothing, as a tradition arose in the *Sun* office that "D. G. could see a story where no other

reporter would believe one existed." An illustration of this is offered by a statement in an after-dinner speech of Joseph Choate: "it would be a good thing for this country if all the Irishmen, instead of trying to control politics here, would go back to Ireland and govern their own sorely misgoverned land." Phillips made a feature story out of it, while other reporters struggled for half a column.

Early in 1893, he left the *Sun* for the *World*, where he came under the notice of Joseph Pulitzer. Besides his genius for news, Phillips, according to all accounts, was an exceedingly likeable personality, and Pulitzer's respect for his talent soon deepened into affection for his character. He sent him to London as a special correspondent, and in June 1893, Phillips "achieved one of the historic beats of the decade" in his exclusive report of the sinking of H. M. S. *Camperdown*, in collision with H. M. S. *Victoria* off the coast of Asia Minor. Upon his return to New York, he was rewarded by promotion to the *World's* editorial staff, and he frequently took charge of the editorial page in the absence of William H. Merrill when he was ill or away on vacation.

In 1901, as "John Graham," he published his first novel, *The Great God Success*, an appropriate title in view of the enthusiastic reception it gained from readers and critics. The general verdict, that it was one of the best "newspaper novels" ever written, and the urging of his sister, encouraged him, early in 1902, to give up daily journalism for freelance magazine writing. An interesting feature of the novel is that Pulitzer figures in it prominently as one of the characters. He was not especially pleased with the fictional presentation of his personality, and he was wounded when he found out that Phillips was the author, not only because of the way in which he was portrayed, but because he felt that employees of the *World* should devote their talents exclusively to his organization.

Phillips began his magazine experience with a series of articles on some unpleasant aspects of journalism, for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He also contributed to *McClure's*, *Munsey's*, *Every-*



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

body's, *Success*, *Harper's Weekly*, the *Delineator*, and many others. It was as a magazine writer that he aroused the anger of Theodore Roosevelt, earning from him the title of "muck-raker" for his sensational articles, "The Treason of the Senate," in which he exposed the political corruption of that body. The title is still remembered, and it is to be feared that it does him, today, more harm than it did when it was first applied. Phillips is, and always was, much more than a "muck-raker" and the name has done its share in unjustly lowering his reputation.

From 1901 to 1911, Phillips wrote twenty-three novels and a four-act play. His drama, *The Worth of a Woman*, was produced, with only moderate success, at the Madison Square Theatre in February 1908, with Katherine Grey as Diana Merivale, the heroine. Historically, it is of interest as being one of the first plays to exploit what is now one of the staples of American entertainment: sex appeal. He also wrote a one-act play, *A Point of Law*, that was popular with amateur dramatic societies.

On January 23, 1911, Phillips was shot in the street without warning, by a paranoiac, Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, of a well-known Washington, Boston, and Maryland family, and the son of Dr. Edmund K. Goldsborough, a prom-

inent Washington physician. Goldsborough, who had a quixotic strain in him, resented the novelist's portrayal of American women in general, and was under the ridiculous impression that Margaret Severence, in *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig*, was intended as a portrait of his sister. Altho he had no radical interests, Goldsborough lived in a small room on the top floor of the Rand School of Social Science—opposite 119 East 19th Street, where Phillips lived with his sister Carolyn—and it appeared that he had been watching his intended victim for several weeks. As for Phillips, who was walking in the direction of the Princeton Club to keep a luncheon engagement, he was entirely unaware of the existence of his assassin, or of the latter's sister. He was almost at the entrance of the club, when Goldsborough emerged from his hiding-place and fired six shots into Phillips' body, crying "Now, I have you." The assassin then shot himself in the temple. Phillips died in Bellevue Hospital, on January 24, at 11:10 in the evening, and was buried in Kensico Cemetery. His last words to the physicians who tried to save him were "I could have won against two bullets, but not against six."

For two days, his death was front-page news. On January 27 came the disappearance of Dorothy Arnold, and Phillips was forgotten. As a newspaper man, familiar with the unstable foundation on which public notice is built, he would not have minded a great deal, but—it has been remarked—what a story he would have made of the beautiful girl who dropped from sight!

As a novelist, his working methods—carried over from the pressroom—were unique: he wrote at night, seven nights a week, from eleven o'clock until six in the morning. Like Trollope, who is perhaps the most prominent member of what may be called the matter-of-fact school of writing, he did not believe in waiting for inspiration. He used a soft lead pencil, writing on small sheets of rough yellow paper, averaging six thousand words a session. His handwriting

was unusually small and was very hard on his typist. He worked at a tall desk, standing up, because he had "a chronic fear of appendicitis, which he thought might result from constant leaning over a table." This curious habit, interesting in itself, takes on an added interest in view of the fact that Phillips had as little respect for medical men and medical science as George Bernard Shaw.

Phillips accepted unfavorable criticism pleasantly, but became impatient when accused of careless haste. "People sometimes say that I write too fast," he declared. "They said so about my *Light-Fingered Gentry*. They don't know anything about it! I don't believe any one ever wrote more slowly and laboriously. Every one of my books was written at least three times—and when I say *three times*, it really means nine or ten times, on account of my system of copying and revision."

Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise he regarded as his masterpiece, and it is probably the work by which he will be remembered. He "put everything he had" into it, over a period of nine years, writing and finishing several other novels in the meantime, but he always returned to *Susan Lenox*, rewriting it four times. It first appeared as a serial in *Hearst's Magazine* (June 1915—January 1917), and was published as a book, a month after the final instalment, in two large volumes of 505 and 560 pages. Its—for that time—frank treatment of sex caused it to be banned by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. When John S. Sumner got thru with it, the first volume was reduced to 474, and the second volume to 490, pages. In its "improved" form, a second edition came out in September 1917. It was dramatized by George V. Hobart, but was not a success. In 1931, it came to the screen with Greta Garbo.

Phillips' place in American fiction is still to be determined. He has been called America's greatest novelist by Frank Harris and H. L. Mencken, an "American Balzac" by J. C. Underwood, and an "American Zola" by his friend and biographer, I. F. Marcossou. Granville Hicks, on the other hand, holds that

Phillips was a journalist from beginning to end, a journalist and nothing more.

II. S. R.

David Graham Phillips' works:

NOVELS: *The Great God Success*, 1901; *A Woman Ventures*, 1902; *Her Serene Highness*, 1902; *Golden Fleece*, 1903; *The Master-Rogue*, 1903; *The Cost*, 1904; *The Plum Tree*, 1905; *The Social Secretary*, 1905; *The Deluge*, 1905; *The Fortune Hunter*, 1906; *Light-Fingered Gentry*, 1907; *The Second Generation*, 1907; *Old Wives For New*, 1908; *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig*, 1909; *The Hungry Heart*, 1909; *White Magic*, 1910; *The Grain of Dust*, 1911; *The Price She Paid*, 1912; *The Conflict*, 1912; *George Helm*, 1912; *Degarmo's Wife and Other Stories*, 1913; *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise*, 1917.

PLAYS: *The Worth of a Woman*, 1908; *A Point of Law*, 1908.

CRITICISM: *The Reign of Gilt*, 1905; *The Treason of the Senate*, 1906.

About David Graham Phillips:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Cooper, F. T. *Some American Story Tellers*; Marcossou, I. F. *David Graham Phillips and His Times*; Underwood, J. C. *Literature and Insurgency*.

Bookman 32:611 February 1911; 39:19 March 1914; 73:257 May 1931; *Smart Set* 33:163 January 1911.

Stephen Phillips 1868-1915

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, English poet and dramatist, was born at Somerton near Oxford, on July 28, 1868, a son of Rev. Stephen Phillips, precentor of Peterborough Cathedral. His elders found him an ungovernable child. At the grammar schools of Stratford-on-Avon and of Peterborough, where he was educated, he was contemptuous of his teachers, showing amusement at their limitations, and did poorly in class work. He was unpopular with his schoolmates, and one time came home so badly beaten that he had to be put in the care of a physician.

After leaving school, Phillips studied for a time for the civil service but abandoned it and in 1886 entered Queen's College, Cambridge. At the end of the first term he joined his cousin Frank R. Benson's company of Shakespearean players, and for six years traveled thru the country, playing *Iago*, the ghost in *Hamlet*, *Prospero*, *Brutus*, and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*. According to his brother, Harold D. Phillips, he

lived recklessly, engaging "in wildly extravagant practical jokes at the expense of the public, defying all laws and regulations of conduct, and along with his boon companions frequently coming in collision with the police."

Phillips wrote occasional bits of verse and in 1890 he published, in collaboration with his cousin Laurence Binyon and two others, a booklet of poetry entitled *Primavera*. His contribution consisted of four poems.

His self-consciousness and inability to abandon himself to a part kept Phillips from being a great success as an actor. Growing, as he said, "sated with the profession," he left the stage in 1892. He earned his living for a time as a lecturer on English history in Wolfram and Needham's classes for army candidates.

He next "somewhat rashly plunged into journalism," doing hack work and contributing for a time to the *Spectator* and the *Globe*. Because of his stupendous inertia he wrote only under pressure. It was Laurence Binyon who undertook the task of stimulating him, having perceived latent talent in his early poems. The agreement was that they should each produce a poem a week and meet to compare notes. This, according to his brother, was the beginning of Phillips' path to fame, "but he had to be pushed every step of the way . . . forced against his will to interview publishers, and to write more and more."

In 1894 Phillips published *Eremus*, a long philosophical poem in blank verse, which won the praise of Symonds, Jowett, and Stopford Brooke. His next work was *Christ in Hades and Other Poems*.

Phillips found himself suddenly famous in 1897 with the publication of his book of *Poems*, containing, among others, "Marpessa." It was awarded the London Academy's prize of one hundred guineas for the best verse of the year, and it caused the critics to vie with each other for words of praise. He settled down at Ashford in Middlesex, and set about the task of living by his pen.

George Alexander started Phillips on the most successful phase of his career

STEPHEN PHILLIPS *Erving Galloway*

when he commissioned him to write a poetic drama for St. James' Theatre in London. With an advance check in his pocket, Phillips returned to Middlesex, thought about his play a great deal while walking the country lanes, but wrote nothing. Months went by. Alexander grew impatient and set a date for delivery of the scenario. Phillips appeared calmly in London at the appointed time—without a scenario. But he began to recite the drama of *Paolo and Francesca* verbally, quoting passages in verse, and the producer was delighted. Phillips finished the four-act tragedy in a few weeks.

The moment *Paolo and Francesca* was written, Phillips started work on another play, taking for his theme King Herod's conflict between his passionate love for his queen and his overmastering self-love and ambition. He wrote the last act first, settling it down at white heat. Presenting himself at the stage door of Her Majesty's (later His Majesty's) Theatre in London, he demanded an interview with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, to whom he was unknown. Tree was enthusiastic about the last act of *Herod* and commissioned Phillips to finish the three-act blank verse tragedy. *Herod* was produced by Tree on October 31, 1900, the first of Phillips' plays to see the footlights, and it ran

three months, which was considered an extraordinary achievement for a verse play.

Beerbohm Tree helped Phillips with the scenario of his next verse drama, *Ulysses*, in which selected episodes from Homer's *Odyssey* were "rearranged, reimagined, and above all sparingly accelerated and cut down." *Ulysses* ran in London simultaneously with *Paolo and Francesca* in 1902, and Phillips was at the height of his fame. The critics were extravagant in their praise, ranking him "next to Kipling," the popular poet of the day. "He has achieved the impossible," said William Archer.

With plenty of money now at his disposal, Phillips, according to his brother, "plunged headlong into excitement of every kind and threw himself generally into the life of the senses as distinct from the life of the mind, so that gradually all joy in the sense of inspiration was lost to him, even the poet's ordinary satisfaction in the beauty of his own lines."

Phillips' popularity declined rapidly after the production of *Nero* on January 26, 1906. The play ran with brief interruptions until May 19, but its critical reception was cool. The poet's imagination had failed and his verse was getting poor, people said. Harriet Monroe believes he was ruined by overpraise. He wrote six more plays and several books of verse, but their appearance, for the most part, was hardly noticed. He regretted that his success had come so quickly and easily. His work brought in only a small fraction of what it had before. In 1909 he was declared a bankrupt with liabilities of more than six hundred pounds. He was ignorant of the value of money and was a poor manager of his business affairs. Yet he could drive a hard bargain when necessary, and in his days of destitution was known to force up a pawnbroker's bid with adroitness.

M. H. Jerome, who met Phillips at the height of his fame, said that he was the most despondent and embittered human being he had ever encountered. "His lips were tightly shut, his features grim and set as those of Dante . . . Tall, inclined to be portly, but not more so than was proportionate with his six-foot

frame, he was of imposing appearance. His eyes were large, clear blue, set wide apart. . . His features were finely carved, nose aquiline, the brow broad and lofty. . . But his most remarkable feature was probably his mouth, which was very small, particularly the upper lip. In contrast therewith, the chin was largish, slightly thrust forward, giving a pugnacious look." He spoke slowly, thoughtfully, and deliberately in a loud, vibrating voice.

His brother remarks about his singular physical beauty, his curiously deliberate and unspontaneous manner, and his inordinate sense of humor, his big-hearted and generous nature, simplicity and lack of sophistication, his consistent horror and disgust with the conventional morality, his bizarre tastes in music and painting and lack of sympathy or understanding of them.

It is stated that Phillips had unbounded conceit. His manner, tho courtly, was aloof and cold. He impressed C. L. Hind as being "rather severe, without any intention of making himself agreeable."

Men and women were nevertheless fascinated by him and it was said that his success was partly due to his personality. In his declining years he lost many of his friends. Kipling, who was his neighbor for a time and aided him in his work, eventually forbade him the house, so erratic were Phillips' ways. Once he moved out of a country house he had leased at Egham because he said it was haunted. He moved restlessly from one place to another in search of new sensations, and visited the slums and other odd places. He changed his residence so often people had difficulty in finding him. He shunned the society of literary people. Letter-writing was torture for him. He would take up his pen and write blank verse to the point of exhaustion to avoid the dread task of letter-writing; then at the eleventh hour he would dispatch a telegram. His wife was May Lidyard.

Phillips wrote best in unrhymed pentameter and his preoccupation in verse was with the world beyond. He was stronger in situation than in characterization. His later plays were written with definite players in mind.

He died at Deal, in Kent, on December 9, 1915, after an illness of several months. He was forty-seven years old. His father, who had become honorary canon of the Peterborough Cathedral, outlived him by four years. At the time of his death he was editor of the *Poetry Review*, the journal of the Poetry Society. His final play, *Harold*, was posthumously printed in the *Poetry Review* from January to March 1916. It did not appear in book form until 1927. The plays of Phillips were collected in 1921, including one hitherto unpublished play, *Aylmer's Secret*.

Three of Phillips' plays were put on tour in America: *Ulysses* in 1904, *Paolo and Francesca* in 1906, and *Herod* in 1910. They lacked the elaborate scenery which was used in London. *Paolo and Francesca* was revived by Jane Cowl in 1928.

Stephen Phillips' works:

POEMS: *Primavera* (in collaboration with three others) 1890; *Ercmus*, 1894; *Christ in Hades and Other Poems*, 1896; *Poems*, 1897; *New Poems*, 1907; *Lyrics and Dramas*, 1913; *Panama and Other Poems*, 1915.

PLAYS: *Paolo and Francesca*, 1899; *Herod*, 1900; *Ulysses*, 1902; *The Sin of David*, 1904; *Nero*, 1906; *Faust* (in collaboration with Joseph William Comyns Carr) 1908; *The Last Heir*, 1908; *The New Inferno*, 1910; *Pietro of Siena*, 1910; *The King*, 1912; *Armageddon*, 1915; *Collected Plays*, 1921; *Harold*, 1927.

About Stephen Phillips:

Agate, J. *A Short View of the English Stage*; Clark, B. H. *A Study of the Modern Drama*; Dickinson, T. H. *Contemporary Drama of England*; Hind, C. L. *Authors and I*; Murry, J. M. *Pencillings*; Phillips, S. *Collected Plays* (see preface by Stephen Phillips, Jr.); Phillips, S. *Harold* (see introduction by Arthur Symonds); Squire, J. C. *Books in General*; Waugh, A. *Tradition and Change*; Weygandt, C. *Tuesdays at Ten*.

Bookman 52:213 November 1920; *Fortnightly Review* 105:86 January 1916; *New Republic* 5:193 December 25, 1915; *Nineteenth Century* 88:267 August 1920; *North American Review* 203:278 February 1916; *Poetry* 7:260 February 1916.

Arthur Wing Pinero 1855-

ARTHUR WING PINERO. English dramatist, was born on May 24, 1855, in London, within the sound of Bow Bells, in a small three-storied house located on the Old Kent Road, made famous by the coster songs of Albert

("Dutch") Chevalier. He was the only son of John Daniel Pinero, a prominent Jewish solicitor of Portuguese origin, and Lucy Daines Pinero.

The Pinero family (originally Pinheiro) belonged to the Sephardim, a branch of Jews noted for their heroism under the Spanish Inquisition. The Pineros came from Portugal to England in the early part of the eighteenth century, and settled in London, where they soon made themselves popular members of the community, becoming naturalized English citizens, without losing their racial and religious distinction.

The playwright's grandfather, Mark Pinero (who changed the spelling of the name) was a steward at the coronation of William IV. He married into the distinguished Wing family, thus giving his grandson one of Nelson's Trafalgar heroes as an ancestor. As a page at the coronation of George IV, John Pinero had the unpleasant task of turning Queen Caroline away from Westminster Abbey when she presented herself at the door in defiance of the king's wishes. For the more gracious task of picking up and restoring to Mrs. Fitzherbert the lace handkerchief she had lost, he received a personal letter of thanks from the king.

Pinero was educated at London day schools, and at the Birkbeck Institute (now Birkbeck College) which he attended in the evening ("when there was no first-night," says H. Hamilton Fyfe). At the same time, he worked in his father's office at Lincoln's Inn Fields until he was eighteen, it being the intention of Pinero senior that his son should follow his profession. But in the law office he first developed a strong liking, not for law, but for literature and the theatre.

He decided to become an actor, and made his first appearance on the stage on June 22, 1874, at the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, then under the management of the celebrated theatrical couple, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wyndham. His first part was the minor rôle of a groom, in Wilkie Collins' *The Woman in White*, and his salary was twenty shillings a week. He remained with the company for a year, until the theatre burned down, and then went to Liverpool, where

he appeared at the Alexandra Theatre under the direction of Edward Saker.

On April 15, 1876, he made his first London appearance at the Globe, as Mr. Darch in Collins' *Miss Gwilt*. In September of the same year, he was offered a five-year contract with the Lyceum Company, then on a tour thru the provinces. This was his first association with Sir Henry Irving, and it led to a firm friendship. Irving often said, after Pinero had made his name, that he would like to act in a play by him, and in 1895 he went so far as to announce that he was going to do so in the following season. But the play was never written: "I felt about the Chief," said Pinero, "as a schoolboy feels, after he has grown up, about his head master. I simply could not imagine the Chief acting in any play of mine. The idea overcame me."

Pinero acted Claudius to Irving's Hamlet, later acting the rôles of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. A Birmingham critic once told him frankly that his Claudius was "the most wicked king that a Birmingham audience had ever seen." Between 1876 and 1881 he acted many rôles in classical and modern plays. Of his own works, he appeared only in two one-act plays: *Daisy's Escape* and *Bygones*.

In July 1881 he retired from the stage, but he made a special appearance on July 20, 1885, as Dolly Spanker in Boucicault's *London Assurance*, on the occasion of the final performance of the Bancroft management at the Haymarket. It was the success of *Daisy's Escape*, and the realization that he could not become a first-class actor, that made him give up the stage and devote his talents to dramatic writing. According to Mario Borsa, an Italian student of his work, he was "an extremely bad actor."

The Squire (1881) is the first full-length play of Pinero to exhibit his real power as a serious dramatist. In the following year, he was favorably noticed by William Archer as "a thoughtful and conscientious writer with artistic aims, if not yet with full command of his artistic means." Apart from its merit, the drama is interesting because of the controversy connected with it; its general similarity to the theme of *Far From the Madding*

Crowd gave rise, for a short time, to the charge of plagiarism. Pinero's priority was soon established by the simple expedient of producing his notebook, and it was realized that there was no plagiarism, on either side.

In 1883 he married Myra Emily Hamilton (died 1919) daughter of Beaufort A. Moore, and widow of Captain John Angus Hamilton. The union was a happy one, as Pinero has been described as "a firm believer in women—one however, in particular, his wife. In any difficulty, he treated her verdict as final." Mrs. Pinero, in her day, was noted as "one of the most expert lady whips in England."

In 1888, after an experience of eleven years in which he had written twenty-one plays, the tremendous success of a sentimental comedy, *Sweet Lavender*, made him financially independent and gave him a long-desired opportunity to occupy himself with serious social-problem plays. *The Profligate* is the first play of this type.

Pinero's reputation as a dramatic writer of the "front rank" was firmly established by *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which is held as marking the beginning of a new era. Students and critics of dramatic history have accepted Clayton Hamilton's statement that "the modern English drama was ushered into

being on the night of May 27, 1893, when *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was acted for the first time" at the St. James Theatre. Hamilton also regards it as "the only great play that had been written in the English language for one hundred and sixteen years, the greatest play produced on any stage in the English-speaking world since the night of May 8, 1777—the date of the first performance of *The School for Scandal*." The first act, he declares, "has never been surpassed in technical efficiency, and it stands as a monument of exposition that must be studied by all future playwrights."

Critics have vied with each other in praising the play from the standpoint of construction. Gustav Kobbé wrote of it: "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is one of the most compact dramas ever written. There is not a superfluous word in it, not a line nor an episode, which does not have its exact bearing upon the development of the story. There is no finer example of precise technique." The success of the play was "immediate, universal, and continued." It was translated into French, German, Italian and other languages. As Paula Tanqueray, which rôle she created, Mrs. Patrick Campbell made her first great success. It was also one of the favorite parts of Eleanora Duse, and since 1893, American, English, and Continental actresses have always been eager to play the part of Pinero's "immoral" heroine.

Pinero has attempted three types of drama. He began as a writer of farces with plays like *The Magistrate*, *The School-Mistress*, and *Dandy Dick*. From farce, he turned to sentimental comedy, as in *Sweet Lavender*. After *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, he devoted himself almost entirely to serious social dramas, as in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, *The Benefit of the Doubt*, *Iris*, *His House In Order*—a sensational success in England and America with Margaret Illington and John Drew—*The Thunderbolt*, and *Mid-Channel*, in which Ethel Barrymore scored one of the triumphs of her career as Zoë Blundell. It is in plays of the last type that he has done the work that has earned him his place in modern drama, and it is by these plays that he himself wishes to be judged.



ARTHUR WING PINERO

Malcolm C. Salaman gives an interesting picture of Pinero at work: "He does all his play-writing at night; and, while writing a play, he orders his day very methodically. After dictating his correspondence to his secretary early in the morning, he will take his constitutional exercise, on foot or bicycle, till lunch time. Afterwards he will enjoy a cigar, or a pipe for preference, and a book until he retires about three o'clock for a couple of hours rest, with sleep if possible, till tea time; then to his study to work, his tobacco-jar close beside him, ignoring the dinner hour, and supping lightly when the night's work is done." He does most of his "thinking out" while in motion, either pacing his study or walking, or cycling along the "quiet roads" of St. John's Wood or Regent's Park. Like all Englishmen, he has an intense love of animals, especially dogs, cats, and horses. "He writes more easily," says Salaman, "with a cat in the room."

Before he begins the actual writing of a play, Pinero spends a great deal of time in developing in his mind a clear picture not only of the action and characters, but also of the scenes and places where he imagines them to have lived. The names of many of his characters he obtains in a rather curious way: from tombstones in old cemeteries. "Tanqueray" and "Orreyed" he found in an old church graveyard near his former home in St. John's Wood. The time he spends on a play varies from over a year to a few days: *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* took fifteen months. *The Princess and the Butterfly*, eleven, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, nine, *The Gay Lord Quex*, six, and *Lords and Commons*, ten days.

In an essay on the causes of Stevenson's failure as a playwright, Pinero offered definitions of "dramatic talent" and "theatrical talent," which reveal his own theories of the stage. The former he defined as "the power to project characters, and to cause them to tell an interesting story thru the medium of dialogue." This talent, he said, is born, not made, and it may be developed into theatrical talent by study, observation, and practice. The latter is defined as "the power of making your characters,

not only tell a story by means of dialogue, but tell it in such skilfully-devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre."

A Continental impression of Pinero is given by Auguste Filon, French student of the English stage: "I have never gazed on Pinero in the flesh, but I have seen two portraits of him which have struck me. In one, I seem to discover the pensive *bonhomme* of a philosopher who looks on at the world from afar; the other suggests rather the frequenter of the drawing-rooms—the look in the eyes is more alive, the smile more knowing, less calculated to leave one at one's ease. Which of these portraits tells the truth? Both of them perhaps. There are aspects of Pinero's work which respond to these different moods of a single mind. Then, the two physiognomies, which I try to reconcile with each other, have this trait in common: they both show us a man who observes and who reflects."

Pinero is short and rather stout, and an immaculate dresser. The quickness of his movements has never failed to impress those who have seen him. In size and build, he has been compared to Napoleon. He wears "a conventional morning coat, with a flower in the buttonhole, checked trousers, and a gray bowler hat with a black band." In this "typical get-up," says Hamilton, he "endeavors assiduously to be inconspicuous." Hamilton then supplements these details of dress with a description of his features: "His face is wonderful to look upon. The clear-cut profile reveals his Jewish origin. His eyes are very black—or seem to be, because they are so sparkling—and they are overshadowed deeply by the bushiest and brownest eyebrows I have ever seen. Above these eyebrows—which constitute the deepest shadow of his face—the forehead slopes upward over a high dome which is completely bald. This bald head was fringed with dark-brown hair, until the fringing began reluctantly to turn gray. But the things to be remembered are the sparkling eyes, the thick and bushy eyebrows,



WILLIAM PLOMER

is at present divided between London and the South of France.

He is the author of three novels—*Turbott Wolfe*, *Sado*, and *The Case is Altered*. The scene of the first is laid in Africa; the second deals with Japan; the third with London. The last-named was a choice of the English Book Society. William Plomer has also written three books of short stories—*I Speak of Africa*, *Paper Houses*, and *The Child of Queen Victoria*. He has written, besides, three small books of verse, but has no intention of writing any more, and he is the author of a biographical essay on Cecil Rhodes. He has contributed to numerous periodicals, including the *Adelphi*, *Criterion*, *Calendar of Modern Letters*, *Nation* and *Athenaeum*, *New Statesman*, and *Spectator*, and to various anthologies.

* * *

William Plomer is the descendant of an old and prominent English family. Sir Thomas Plomer, mentioned in Macaulay's essays, helped in the defense of Warren Hastings, a Sir William Plomer was Lord Mayor of London in 1780, and another William Plomer was an early governor of New Hampshire.

Plomer explains his penchant for wandering by saying that altho he was born a highbrow and will die a highbrow, "I enjoy the society of savages, outcasts,

and nobodies better than that of the rich and respectable." He dislikes games and insists that he pays a servant to play golf and bridge for him. He enjoys swimming, however. He leans to the left in politics. He has an enthusiastic preference for Herman Melville in American literature. He is unmarried and "belongs to no club or other herd."

Turbott Wolfe, Plomer's first novel, was about Africa. The following book of short stories, *I Speak of Africa*, was devoted to the same subject. Because of his articles on Japan, certain Japanese expressed the hope that Plomer might become a second Lafcadio Hearn, but in his preface to *Paper Houses*, a collection of Japanese sketches and stories, he asserted that, "after considerable reading, study, and inquiry, I think that to be put on the step next below Lafcadio Hearn might be considered a doubtful honor."

Plomer's Japan, as seen in *Paper Houses* and *Sado*, is not the Japan of rice paper prints, cherry blossoms, ivory fans, and kimonos so much as the Japan of electric lights, tram cars, and trains to the suburbs. The American title of *Sado* is *They Never Come Back*.

Hugh Walpole says of Plomer, "He is going no way but his own. He may in some ways be considered the most promising young man now in English letters. His is unqualified genius."

Oliver Warner writes in the *London Bookman*: "William Plomer is as thoroly equipped as any writer of his age. He is emphatically 'post-war' in outlook and he should be read with scrupulous care by anyone to whom the discovery of good work and the fashioning of a craftsmanship are still of excitement. Above all Plomer is an athletic writer. He is not interested in sensation or solely in immediate effect, but he is supple and sure. He demands to be read cumulatively, as a good habit."

William Plomer's books:

Turbott Wolfe, 1926; *Family Tree*, 1929; *Paper Houses*, 1929; *Sado*, 1931 (American title: *They Never Come Back*, 1932); *Five-fold Screen*, 1932; *The Case is Altered*, 1932; *Cecil Rhodes*, 1933; *The Child of Queen Victoria*, 1933.

About William Plomer:

Bookman (London) 82:393 September 1932

Channing Pollock 1880-

CHANNING POLLOCK, American playwright, was born March 4, 1880, in Washington, D. C. His father, Alexander L. Pollock, a native of Austria, removed to Omaha, Nebraska, soon afterward and became editor of the *Omaha World-Herald*. He died of yellow fever in 1895, while Consul-General of the United States at San Salvador, and Congress commended him for sticking to his post of duty thruout the epidemic to which he fell victim. His widow, Verona E. Pollock (née Larkin) was of a Virginia family, and afterward married William N. Roach, United States Senator from North Dakota.

"I got a catch-as-catch-can education," Channing Pollock writes. "Public schools in Omaha and Salt Lake City, private schools in Austria, a tutor in Central America, and a finishing course that almost finished me at a military academy in Virginia. The first time I ever entered a university was in 1922, when I lectured at Harvard." At sixteen years, he was assistant dramatic editor of the *Washington Post*. Then he joined the staff of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, and returned to his native city as dramatic critic of the *Washington Times*. Dismissed for candor that cost the newspaper practically all its theatrical advertising, he returned to New York, where he trucked on the docks until he secured a position as general press representative for William A. Brady. Before he was twenty-one, he had written a play, *A Game of Hearts*, which was a failure, and made a dramatization of Frank Norris' novel, *The Pit*, which was a huge success. For this latter work, he received \$2,000.

By 1906, young Pollock was a monthly contributor to at least four magazines—*Smith's*, *Ainslee's*, *Green Book* and *Smart Set*; was editor and publisher of a fifth, the *Show*; general press representative for Sam S. and Lee Shubert; and had produced four more plays: *The Great Adventurer*, *The Little Gray Lady*, *In the Bishop's Carriage*, and *Clothes*. Also in 1906, he married Anna Marble, daughter of a well known actor and playwright, Edward Marble, and herself successively press representative for the



CHANNING POLLOCK

New York Hippodrome and Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House. She is still living, and still Mrs. Pollock. One week after his marriage, Pollock left the employ of the Shuberts, and determined to devote all his time to authorship.

The result, within the next fifteen years, was a steady flow of books and plays. He published a volume of essays on the theatre, *The Footlights: Fore and Aft*, and turned out—chiefly in collaboration with the late Rennold Wolf—eight musical comedies, revues, and light operas, including two Ziegfeld Follies; *The Red Widow* and *The Beauty Shop*, both great successes with Raymond Hitchcock in the leading rôles; *My Best Girl*, which was the first starring vehicle of Clifton Crawford; *Her Little Highness*, with music by Reginald de Koven; *Hell*; and *The Grass Widow*. He continued to contribute verse, essays, and short stories to leading magazines—the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Pictorial Review*, *Collier's*, and others—and wrote the lyrics of a number of popular songs, including Ina Claire's "Marie Odile," Fannie Brice's "My Man," and Raymond Hitchcock's "If Plymouth Rock Had Landed on the Pilgrims, Instead of the Pilgrims Landing on the Rock." Within the same fifteen years, also, he produced numerous vaudeville skits and motion

pictures, and eight serious plays—*The Traitor*, *The Inner Shrine*, *A Perfect Lady*, *The Secret Orchard*, *Such a Little Queen*, *Roads of Destiny*, *The Crowded Hour*, and *The Sign on the Door*.

Many of these were very genuine successes. *The Crowded Hour*, written in collaboration with Edgar Selwyn, was presented simultaneously by two companies, headed by Jane Cowl and Willette Kershaw, while Florence Reed was winning acclaim in *Roads of Destiny*. *The Sign on the Door* ran a year in New York, with Marjorie Rambeau; a year in London, with Gladys Cooper; and became, perhaps, the first American play to be presented in every country in the world that boasts a stage.

In 1921, Pollock wrote, "I'm tired of being merely entertaining. I see the stage as a platform and a pulpit as well as a place of amusement, and I hope never to produce another play without social purpose." The following year, he produced *The Fool*. Refused by almost every manager in New York, this play became the greatest success of its decade. After it had packed the Times Square Theatre, New York, for a year, six companies presented it thruout the United States, and as many more in Europe. Henry Ainley acted the title rôle in London, and Alexander Moissi in Vienna. Pollock followed *The Fool* with *The Enemy*, a broadside against the folly and futility of war, which also enjoyed long runs in New York and London. Both plays have been translated into numerous languages, and published in various countries, including China and Japan. *Mr. Moneypenny* came after *The Enemy*, in 1929, and *The House Beautiful* in 1931.

The success of these plays of "social purpose" greatly extended Pollock's reach and activities. First under the management of J. B. Pond, and then of William B. Feakins, he took to the lecture platform, and delivered more than 1,000 lectures in less than two years. He makes annual platform appearances for the League for Political Education, in Town Hall, New York, and for numerous other organizations, and in many colleges and universities. The hot antagonist of the literature and drama of sex and crime, the bitter foe of "wise-cracking clever-

ness and sophistication," he has been—in the words of the *Christian Herald*—"in the forefront of every movement for the betterment of literature and drama." At the same time, he was almost first in the saddle against Prohibition, and has remained there.

At fifty-three, Pollock started to write novels. His first one, *Star Magic*, ran serially in the *American Magazine*, before publication in book form. In late 1933 he was completing his second novel, *Synthetic Gentleman*. He expects to dramatize both stories. "I've got twenty years of hard work ahead of me," he writes, "and I shall be very much ashamed if it isn't the best work I have ever done." Meanwhile, he travels extensively, both in Europe and Africa, and is a member of various societies—the French Society of Dramatic Authors, the British Society of Authors, and the Authors' League of America, in the last mentioned two of which he has been respectively a director and vice-president. He lives in New York City and at Shoreham, Long Island, and regards swimming and writing as the two greatest pleasures in life. "My only real talent," he declared, a few years ago, "is for friendship. I know more bishops and burglars, chorus girls and capitalists, bootblacks and barons than any other one man in the universe."

Channing Pollock's works:

PLAYS (including dramatizations, collaborations, and librettos): *A Game of Hearts*, 1900; *The Pit*, 1900; *Napoleon the Great*, 1901; *In the Bishop's Carriage*, 1902; *The Little Gray Lady*, 1903; *Clothes*, 1906; *The Secret Orchard*, 1907; *The Traitor*, 1908; *Such a Little Queen*, 1909; *The Inner Shrine*, 1909; *The Red Widow*, 1911; *Hell*, 1911; *My Best Girl*, 1912; *The Beauty Shop*, 1913; *Her Little Highness*, 1913; *A Perfect Lady*, 1914; *Ziegfeld Follies*, 1915; *The Grass Widow*, 1917; *Roads of Destiny*, 1918; *The Crowded Hour*, 1918; *The Sign on the Door*, 1919; *Ziegfeld Follies*, 1921; *The Fool*, 1922; *The Enemy*, 1925; *Mr. Moneypenny*, 1928; *The House Beautiful*, 1931; *Stranglehold*, 1932.

BOOKS: *Behold the Man*, 1900; *Stage Stories*, 1901; *The Footlights: Fore and Aft*, 1909; *Star Magic*, 1933.

About Channing Pollock:

Mantle, B. *American Playwrights of Today*. *American Magazine* 115:39 April 1933; *Ladies' Home Journal* 48:6 November 1931.

Henrik Pontoppidan 1857-

HENRIK PONTOPPIDAN, Danish novelist and short story writer, part winner of the Nobel Prize in 1917, was born at Fredericia, in Jutland, Denmark, on July 24, 1857, the same year as his Danish contemporaries Hermann Bang and Karl Gjellerup. The son of a clergyman, he comes of a distinguished old family and is a descendant of the eighteenth century bishop, Erik Pontoppidan, the author of several books, including *The Natural History of Norway*.

Of Henrik Pontoppidan's many brothers, Morten Pontoppidan became a famous liberal clergyman and two others, Knud and Erik Pontoppidan, prominent doctors.

The author spent his childhood in the provincial town of Randers, in Jutland, whither the family moved. (He was made an honorary freeman of the town in 1933.) Of sturdy physique, he took part in boyhood sports and in holidays went on long walking tours. In school he was known for his radical opinions on astronomy and religion.

Pontoppidan rebelled against the family clerical tradition and studied engineering at the Polytechnic Institute in Copenhagen, but gave it up in 1877 before completing the training. After a visit to Switzerland, where he wrote his early sketches, he became a teacher at the folk high school conducted by his brother Morten in the north of Zealand. He was married to the daughter of a farmer in a neighboring parish and went to live there. A few years later he and his wife were divorced.

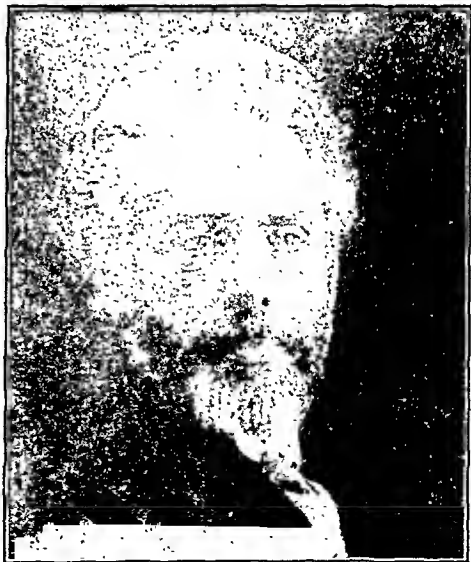
A collection of short stories called *Clipped Wings* was Pontoppidan's first book and it established him as a satirist. The stories pictured the unhappy social conditions among the peasants and made indirect attacks on the church and the higher middle class. The book appeared in 1881 when he was twenty-four years old, and from that time on, he devoted himself entirely to writing.

During the next nine years, he published a succession of short story volumes in the same satiric vein, culminating in 1890 with *Clouds*, a direct attack on the conservative government, and *Chronicles*, which contained the lines:

"It is no use being hatched from the egg of an eagle if one is brought up in a poultry yard." His first novel, *The Congregation at Sandinge*, appeared in 1883, satirizing the folk high school culture. To earn his living during these years, he worked as a journalist.

Awarded a traveling legacy in 1890, Pontoppidan visited Italy and Germany with his second wife (the daughter of a civil servant). Upon returning to Denmark, he lived for a time in the provinces, then settled in Copenhagen and became a leader in educational and literary life. He often gave advice to young writers. For a short period he took up journalistic work again, this time on a radical paper, the *Politiken*, which he made the target of a violent attack in two of his later novels.

In 1891 Pontoppidan began a group of novels with the main title *The Promised Land*. The opening volume, *Mould*, was followed in 1892 by *The Promised Land* and by *The Day of Judgment* in 1895. The trilogy is a cultural, ecclesiastical, and political satire, with a clergyman for the chief character. The period is 1880 and the setting northern Zealand. *The Promised Land* went thru six editions and sold 36,000 copies in Denmark.



HENRIK PONTOPPIDAN

From 1898 to 1904 Pontoppidan labored on an ambitious eight-volume cycle, *Lucky Per*. The title is ironic. Lucky Per was the son of a minister who, like Pontoppidan himself, revolted against his home and failed to realize his engineering ambitions. Readers of the book recognized a portrait of Georg Brandes among the minor characters. The work was praised for its scenes of Copenhagen at the turn of the century and for its picture of the Jewish aristocracy.

The third major project undertaken by Pontoppidan was *The Kingdom of the Dead*, picturing the political change which had taken place in Denmark in 1901. The five volumes, *Torben and Lytte*, *Storeholt*, *Publicans and Sinners*, *Enslav's Death*, and *Færsingholm*, appeared between 1912 and 1915.

Pontoppidan's method in each of his long works was to publish them first as a series of small books, each with its own title, then rewrite the books and collect them under the main title.

Lucky Per marked the peak of Pontoppidan's career and his popularity declined during the years that followed, altho he continued to write novels and short stories for more than twenty years afterward. On several occasions he tried his hand at drama, but none of his own plays had the success of Sven Leopold's adaptation of one of his short stories, "The Royal Guest."

When the Nobel Prize in Literature was awarded to Pontoppidan in 1917 "for his profuse descriptions of Danish life today," there was widespread surprise. The *American Scandinavian Review* voiced the opinion of many that the author's productivity was past and that he did not have the "mastering genius that would entitle him to the prize." He shared the honor with Karl Gjellerup.

Pontoppidan ceased writing books in 1927 with *Man's Heaven*, a novel dealing with official Denmark during the War. Going into quiet retirement in Copenhagen, he wrote only an occasional newspaper article, and remained aloof from society. When a banquet was arranged in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday in the summer of 1932, he had it canceled.

The author's hair and neatly trimmed beard are snow white and there are deep furrows under his eyes. He is an honorary member of the Danish Society of Novelists and of the London P.E.N. Club.

H. G. Topsøe-Jensen says: "Henrik Pontoppidan is a realist true to his convictions, a merciless opponent of all that is visionary and of all obscurantism, but he directs his keen criticism also against both Naturalism and Individualism, altho he has an intellectual kinship with both. In his later works one notes a steady growth of his conviction as to the intellectual bankruptcy of the "Modern Awakening." This finds its most notable expression in his poem on the occasion of the seventieth birthday of Georg Brandes (1912). In his skepticism and his mordant irony he is reminiscent of Ibsen, whom he surpasses in clarity of thought, but with Pontoppidan criticism is often accompanied by intense sympathy and by a desire to understand those whose modes of thought differ from his own. His particular field is the realistic picture of his own times—occasionally with a somewhat indiscreet use of a living model."

The works of Pontoppidan have been translated into German, French, Hungarian, Swedish, and English. An American translation of *Lucky Per* was in preparation late in 1933.

Henrik Pontoppidan's principal works (Danish titles given in English):

SHORT STORIES: *Clipped Wings*, 1881; *Village Sketches*, 1883; *From the Cottages*, 1887; *Clouds*, 1890; *Chronicles*, 1890.

GROUP NOVELS: *The Promised Land* (three volumes) 1891-95; *Lucky Per* (eight volumes) 1898-1904; *The Kingdom of the Dead* (five volumes) 1912-15.

OTHER NOVELS: *The Congregation at Sandinge*, 1883; *Mimosa*, 1886; *Night Watch*, 1894; *Mayor Hoek and His Wife*, 1905; *Hans Kvast and Melusine*, 1907; *Man's Heaven*, 1927.

PLAY: *The Wild Birds*.

English translations of Henrik Pontoppidan's works:

Emanuel, 1892; *The Promised Land*, 1896.

About Henrik Pontoppidan:

Marble, A. R. *The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature*; Topsøe-Jensen, H. G. *Scandinavian Literature*.

American Scandinavian Review 21:7 January 1933; *Contemporary Review* 117:374 1920

Ernest Poole 1880-

ERNEST POOLE, American author, was born in Chicago on January 23, 1880, in an old-fashioned red brick house on the North Side. His parents were Abram and Mary Howe Poole. He went to a private school, took some part in athletics, and played the violin. After completing his preparatory education, he devoted a year to the study of music. At Princeton he was a constant browser in the library and a member of the Cap and Gown Club. He says his attempts at college activities were hardly successful—he was dropped from the Mandolin Club, he failed election as an editor of the daily paper, and his libretto of a light opera was refused by the Dramatic Club—but he had a good time and was an honor student. After graduation in 1902 he went to live at the University Settlement on the Lower East Side of New York City.

"For six weeks that autumn," he recalls, "I spent most of my nights with the several hundred newsboys down on Park Row, the kind of kids that sleep out all night. A few of them were taking dope and that led me into Chinatown. The local undertaker there took me into some deep little holes that most tourists never see. I wrote an article about Chinatown and about the newsboys. It was taken by *McClure's*—and at once I decided I was a writer. Only fiction from now on! So I wrote five or six short stories. All were declined. And I went back to articles—taking my material, in those next two years, from the New York tenements, the docks, the sweatshops, a big teamsters' strike, Tammany Clubs of the grand old days, the Bowery, and small East Side cafés. I lived with a Yale man who was connected with the New York police force. A one-eyed white slaver used to drop in now and then for a poker game at night. I saw a good deal, and wrote a lot—more articles, and short stories, too."

In 1904 Poole went to Chicago as a news correspondent during the stockyard strike. He lived for five weeks in the stockyards, becoming press agent for the Union, so as to see the strike from the inside. The next year he went to Russia as correspondent for the *Outlook*

during the attempted revolution and spent "some dizzy exciting months." At the end he found himself down on the edge of Persia, with a Russian who was a secret service agent for Japan in the Russian-Japanese War. "My secret service agent friend and I got arrested down there and things looked bad for a little while. Then they decided to let us go—and in thirty-eight hours we drove a hundred and eighty-four miles, using thirty-two horses in eight relays, up over the great mountain pass where the Huns came into Europe—and so we reached the Russian Steppes and came back to England."

After wandering about Europe for a year or so, writing more articles, Poole returned to New York and married Margaret Winterbotham of Chicago on February 12, 1907. They lived in Greenwich Village and had three children, two boys and a girl. In the next five or six years Poole wrote twelve plays, tearing up about half of them. Three were produced—*None So Blind* and *A Man's Friends* in New York, *Take Your Medicine* in Boston and on the road. "No big success on any one," he remarks, "but I had a lot of fun out of it all." He spent a great deal of time on the river front and on the docks, writing sketches and stories. In 1913 he started



ERNEST POOLE .

Pinchot

a novel, *The Harbor*, and finished it in a year and a half, drawing on his observations of life in the New York tenements and among the striking laborers of Chicago. It was published in 1915. During the next fifteen years he wrote seventeen more novels and books.

In the autumn of 1914, Poole was sent to Berlin as war correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He spent about a year on the eastern front and later on the western front with the Bavarian army. The next two years he was back home, and in 1916 his novel, *His Family*, took the Pulitzer prize for the best American novel of the year. In 1917 he went again to Russia for the *Post*, and wrote a series of articles dealing with the life in the Russian villages during the first months of the Revolution. These were published later in two books, *The Dark People*, and *The Village*.

Following the War, Poole settled in a house on East 48th Street, New York, and produced a long succession of volumes, mostly novels. "Nine-tenths of my working time I have spent at my table with a pencil writing books," he says. He writes in New York in the winters, and in the summers at his home in the White Mountains, where he enjoys skiing and tramping for recreation. Sometimes he goes there in the winter, too, as he likes the winter best. "Cold and gorgeous, still and grand," is the way he describes his mountain retreat, which is near Franconia, N.H.

In 1929 he wrote a biography of Captain Dollar, of the Dollar Line, for the *Saturday Evening Post*. In the spring of 1933 he published *Great Winds*, a novel of the world economic crisis. Many of his books have been translated, and serialized in foreign magazines. *The Harbor* has been published in nine different countries.

Poole's method of writing is explained in his account of how he wrote his novel, *Danger*: "For some months I worked on sketches and outlines, making quite voluminous notes. I then wrote the first draft in a fashion so rough that nobody but myself could possibly have deciphered it. From this I dictated the second draft, and during the year that followed

I wrote and rewrote it perhaps five or six times."

He sums up his career by saying, "I've worked hard. I've been lucky—not too successful—just enough."

Ernest Poole's works:

NOVELS: *The Harbor*, 1915; *His Family*, 1917; *His Second Wife*, 1918; *Blind*, 1920; *Beggar's Gold*, 1921; *Millions*, 1922; *Danger*, 1923; *The Avalanche*, 1924; *Hunter's Moon*, 1925; *With Eastern Eyes*, 1926; *Silent Storms*, 1927; *Car of Croesus*, 1930; *The Destroyer*, 1931; *Great Winds*, 1933.

SKETCHES AND TALES: *The Little Dark Man*, 1925.

NON-FICTION: *The Dark People*, 1918; *The Village*, 1918; *Nurses on Horseback*, 1932.

About Ernest Poole:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; More, P. E. *Shelburne Essays: Eleventh Series*.

Katherine Anne Porter 1894-

Autobiographical sketch of Katherine Anne Porter, American author:

I WAS born May 15, 1894, at Indian Creek, Texas, brought up in Texas and Louisiana, and educated in small southern schools for girls. I was precocious, nervous, rebellious, unteachable, and made life very uncomfortable for myself, and I suppose for those around me. In fact, simply a certain type of child. As soon as I learned to form letters on paper, at about three years, I began to write stories, and this has been the basic and absorbing occupation, the intact line of my life which directs my actions, determines my point of view, profoundly affects my character and personality, my social beliefs and economic status, and the kind of friendships I form. I did not choose this vocation, and if I had had any say in the matter, I would not have chosen it. I made no attempt to publish anything until about ten years ago, but I have written and destroyed manuscripts quite literally by the trunkful. I say trunkful because I have spent fifteen years wandering about, weighted horribly with masses of paper and little else. Yet for this vocation I was and am willing to live and die, and I consider very few other things of the slightest importance.

All my intense growing years were lived completely outside of literary

centers; I knew no other writers and had no one to consult with on the single vital issue of my life. This self-imposed isolation, which seems to have been almost unconscious on my part, a natural way of living, prolonged and made more difficult my discipline as artist. But it saved me from discipleship, personal influences, and membership in groups. I began to read at about five years and have read ever since, but my reading until my twenty-fifth year was the most important, being a grand sweep of all English and translated classics from the beginning up to about 1800. And then I began with the newcomers, and found new incitements.

Within the past dozen years I have lived in New Orleans, Chicago, Denver, Mexico City, New York, Bermuda, Berlin, Basel, and now live in Paris, and in all these places I have done book-reviewing, political articles, hack writing of all kinds for newspapers, editing, re-writing other people's manuscripts, by way of earning a living, and a sorry living it was, too. Without the help of devoted friends I should have perished many times over.

My short stories have been published by *Century*, *transition*, the *New Masses*, the *Second American Caravan*, the *Gyroscope*, *Scribner's*, and the *Hound and Horn*; poems in *Measure* and *Pagany*. A small collection of short stories was published in 1930 under the title of *Flowering Judas*. In 1931 I received a Guggenheim Fellowship for writing abroad and as this is written I am still working on my novel *Many Redeemers* which I began in Mexico years ago. A book of old French songs which I translated last year will be published in Paris this summer [1933]. I have also resumed work on a study of Cotton Mather, which I began in 1927, got half way thru, and had to give up for other work.

Politically my bent is to the Left. As for esthetic bias, my one aim is to tell a straight story and to give true testimony. My personal life has been the jumbled and apparently irrelevant mass of experiences which can only happen, I think, to a woman who goes with her mind permanently absent from the place where she is. My physical eye is unnaturally far-sighted, and I have no



George Platt Lynes

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

doubt this affects my temperament in some way. I have very little time sense and almost no sense of distance. I have no sense of direction and have seen a great deal of the world by getting completely lost and simply taking in the scenery as I roamed about getting my bearings. I lack entirely a respect for money values, and for caste of any kind, social or intellectual or whatever. I have a personal and instant interest in every human being that comes within ten feet of me, and I have never seen any two alike, but I discover the most marvelous differences. It is the same with furred animals. I love best remembered landscapes two or three countries away. I should like to settle to live in a place where I might swim in the sea, sail a cat boat, and ride horseback. These are the only recreations I really care for, and they all take a good deal of elbow room. Not for nothing am I the great-great-great-grand daughter of Daniel Boone.

This spring in Paris [1933] I married Eugene Pressly, originally from Pennsylvania, and we plan to live here for several years.

Katherine Anne Porter's works:

What Price Marriage? (compiler) 1927; *Flowering Judas*, 1930; *French Song Book*, 1933.

About Katherine Anne Porter:

Publishers' Weekly 118:1747 October 11, 1930.

William Sydney Porter

See "*Henry, O.*"

Marcel Proust 1871-1922

MARCEL PROUST, French novelist, was born on July 10, 1871, in Paris, at 9 Boulevard Malesherbes. He came into an upper middle class family. His father Dr. Adrien Proust, a public hygienist of renown, who lectured at the Faculty of Medicine and visited the City hospitals, derived from an old Catholic family settled for centuries near Chartres; his mother, the former Mlle. Weil, of Jewish descent, seems to have been a lovable sort of person, intelligent and sensitive. Thru the marriage of one of her relatives, one Mlle. Neuburger, the philosopher Henri Bergson became a member of the family.

Marcel spent his childhood at 9 Boulevard Malesherbes; during the summer months he would go to one of his uncles' estate in Illiers (county-town of Eure-et-Loir) some ten miles from Chartres, nestled on smiling fields of green. Marcel loved the place, and the memorable descriptions of Combray, the imaginary village of *Remembrance of Things Past*, contain a great deal of Illiers added to a bit of Auteuil where his maternal granduncle owned a country home.

At the age of eleven Marcel entered the Lycée Condorcet, but his health did not permit him to attend regularly. Two years previously on returning with his parents and some friends from a stroll in the Bois de Boulogne he had suffered a terrible attack of asthma, the disease which tortured him to the very end of his life.

At the lycée, Marcel followed with keen interest the course in French history given by Jaliffier, and, especially, the course in natural history: he seemed equally dazzled by the deeds and gestures of lofty personages and by the behavior of birds and fishes. After school hours, and on Thursdays and Sundays, he found recreation at the Champs Elysées, but instead of playing with other children, he amused his more high-brow friends (Léon Brunschvig, now a member of the Institut, Robert Dreyfus, Paul

Leclercq, etc.) with his delectable chatter, already bent on probing into philosophical and psychological strata. He talked endlessly about David Copperfield and the death of Dora; he waxed enthusiastic about Leconte de Lisle; he puzzled his companions with the esoteric poems of Mallarmé, and uncovered the hidden beauties—comparable to Bossuet, he claimed—in the verses of Baudelaire. One can readily see that the intellectual fodder of the young boy could not be choicer or wider in range. Another of his ubiquitous adorations was the theatre: those were the grand days of Sarah Bernhardt and Mounet-Sully. The Comédie Française loomed on the horizon, a splendid cathedral of dramatic art. Marcel was fascinated with all the tinsel and emptiness that stood then for the best literary traditions.

As he grew older, Marcel's health became steadily feeble. Instead of the delightfully long summers at Illiers, he had to resign himself to a late autumn month at Trouville, Cabourg, or Houlgate. On finishing his baccalaureate, he enlisted (November 1889) as volunteer in the 76th Infantry Regiment stationed at Orléans. Of course his health exempted him from fatigue duty and other vexatious obligations, and Colonel Arvers treated him with utmost kindness. He exhausted his experiences completely. Nothing was ever lost in his presence: he observed everything, even details which the average man considers of no consequence. While in the barracks, he concentrated on "the world of the army," and those long discussions in *The Guermantes Way* between the narrator and Robert de Saint-Loup had a foundation in the experiences of this epoch.

At the completion of his volunteering, Marcel returned home. Dr. Adrien Proust had planned the careers of his two sons: Robert was to become a physician (and he *did*!); Marcel, a lawyer (and he *did not*!). He preferred attending the lectures on philosophy to those on Roman law or evidence. At the lycée his rhetoric instructor, one Darlu, had interested him in ideas, and soon Marcel found his way into the works of Boutroux, Lachelier, Ravais-

son, and more far-reaching and determining—Henri Bergson. His love for literature easily revealed the direction of Marcel's ambition: he had written poems and essays, and, especially, at fifteen, the famous descriptive passage of the steeples of Martinville which later he collected in *Pastiches et Mélanges*, and incorporated, without revision, in *Swann's Way*.

Besides literature (or perhaps because of it) Marcel was attracted by the literary salons and the aristocratic life of the Faubourg Saint Germain, into which he gradually penetrated to become the much petted "little Marcel." His first important contact was the salon of Madame Straus. There some of the young bloods decided to start a magazine. As usual, each one had to pay a monthly fee to keep it going. With the help of Robert Dreyfus, Robert de Flers, Fernand Gregh, Daniel Halévy, and Henri Barbusse, *Le Banquet* was able to appear in March 1892. Curiously enough every member of *Le Banquet* later became famous either in literature or politics. One cannot help admiring the breadth and variety of the publication. While Léon Blum (now Socialist leader) sang quatrains to the moon, Halévy translated Ibsen, Gregh launched himself into a searching analysis of Nietzsche, and others discussed at great length the works of Schopenhauer, Rossetti, Swinburne, etc. Proust's contributions varied from portraits of ladies and courtesans, to "landscapes" and book reviews. As a critic he appeared kindly disposed, rarely mordant or ironic. Totally ignorant of literary strategy (or too honest) he did not flatter enough—and as Pierre-Quint said, he suffered for it. His attitude was constantly misunderstood. Because he mixed with diverse, often inimical groups, he was never considered an ally. He remained on the margin, dubbed and classified as "little Marcel"—the amateur, the reactionary, the boulevardier, the snob.

Besides a plaquette, *Portraits de Peintres*, printed in 1896 and containing poems by Proust and four piano-pieces by Reynaldo Hahn, during that same year appeared *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*, a collection of sketches and stories. Not

a little of the publishers' emphasis was placed on the illustrations by Madeleine Lemaire and the preface by Anatole France—signed by France but probably concocted by Mme. Arman de Caillavet who saw in "little Marcel": "a depraved Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and an ingenuous Petronius. . ." The book caused no stir whatever and was soon forgotten.

In 1900 Proust went to Venice and stayed there for a while. On his return he went on cultivating his social life and his admiration for Ruskin. In fact, during that same year he published in *Le Mercure de France* an essay entitled "Ruskin à Notre Dame d'Amiens." However, his translations of the *Bible of Amiens* and *Sesame and Lilies* did not appear till 1904 and 1906 respectively.

Between 1900 and 1905, especially, Proust familiarized himself with the atmosphere and characters that later impregnated his masterpiece with such convincing reality. During this period he contributed a series of articles to *Le Figaro* describing the salons which he frequented. The receptions at Princess Mathilde's furnished him with the material for the elaborate soirées at the Princess de Guermantes' and the Princess de Parma's. He went into ecstasy on discovering at Coppett, in the drawing room of Count d'Assonville, the furniture which belonged to Mme. de Stael and Mme. Récamier. In the salon of Princess Edmond de Polignac he met that scion of history—the Prince de Polignac. At Mme. de Caillavet's Sundays he listened to the old master Anatole France, and at Madeleine Lemaire's to Mounet-Sully reciting poetry and to Massenet or Saint Saëns improvising at the piano, and, finally, at Mme. Auberson's he attended the first performance in France of Ibsen's *The Doll's House*. For a short while, one must add, "little Marcel" grew from a gracious guest and conversationalist into a full-fledged hero: he had a duel with Jean Lorrain! During this period Léon Daudet used to see Marcel quite frequently at the Café Weber: the pale young man "with the eyes of a doe" would arrive about half past seven, asked for nothing but a bunch of grapes and a glass of water, and would talk and talk about the social world, the theatre, and the literary pref-



MARCEL PROUST

ferences that were moulding him: besides Ruskin, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Emerson, and especially Saint Simon and Bergson.

In 1901 the Prousts moved from 9 Boulevard Malesherbes to 45 Rue Courcelles. In 1903 Dr. Proust died, and two years later, Mme. Proust. His mother's death was an extremely painful blow to Marcel, for she had spoiled and petted him from the earliest, and protected and humored him always. Tenderly she saw to it that her thirty-year-old "little boy" had warm sheets and drank his hot potions before going to sleep. With that haven of security (object libido, as the psychoanalysts say) gone, Marcel drifted for a while; then moved to 102 Boulevard Haussmann; locked himself up in a dark, corklined room; and for seventeen years toiled incessantly till the very day of his death. Here Marcel Proust composed the most voluminous and, according to many critics, the greatest of modern novels: *Remembrance of Things Past*. At very rare instances he left his room, generally after midnight, to examine his models: to see whether the Prince de Sagan carried his monocle in the usual fashion, to ask Mme. de C. . . if she still kept the hat she wore twenty years ago at such and such a soirée, to watch from a closed taxi his beloved apple blossoms.

Proust tolerated no sound, no light, no smell (not even the scent from the chestnut-trees of the Boulevard or the perfumed handkerchiefs of his visitors); he slept fully clothed down to gloves, and, when in a hotel, he always rented the rooms above and to either side of him for fear of noise. He kept in touch with the world thru those countless exhaustive letters which now fill over a dozen volumes.

Few persons gave any serious attention to the seclusion of the "eccentric" Proust, of the social-lion of former years, society columnist for *Le Figaro*, so that when in 1911, on completing the first seven hundred pages of his book, he looked about for a publisher, he could convince none as to the significance of his creation. Tired of refusals and afraid of death, he decided to publish it at his own expense. Under these conditions, Bernard Grasset printed *Du Côté de Chez Swann* (*Swann's Way*) in 1913. Only a few of his friends—Léon Daudet, Maurice Rostand, Jacques-Émile Blanche—and the old veteran Paul Souday, critic for *Le Temps*, paid any attention to it. A short notice by Gheon brought the book to the attention of Jacques Rivière who liked it and printed in his *Nouvelle Revue Française* (June and July 1914) excerpts from *Le Côté de Guermantes* (*The Guermantes Way*).

After the appearance of *Swann's Way*, five anguishing years elapsed. In the latter part of 1918, *A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs* (*Within a Budding Grove*) saw the light. Immediately Proust's friends came to the rescue—not merely to broadcast their praise in periodicals but to get for him the Goncourt Prize. They succeeded: Proust won the Goncourt Prize for 1919. This official recognition came after his forty-eighth anniversary. During the next three years, the last of his existence, he worked like a maniac racing with death. When he died on November 18, 1922, he had completed *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* but had proofread only as far as *Sodom et Gomorrhe* (*Cities of the Plain*) (half the entire work) and, alas, proofreading was decidedly important in his case: it meant rewriting, elongating beyond belief, adding volume

upon volume. A few hours before his death he asked his servant to bring to his bed a certain page from his manuscript wherein the agony of one of his characters was described—because “I have several retouchings to make here, now that I find myself in the same predicament.”

Such are, in brief, the external incidents in the life of Marcel Proust. For his inner life one has to turn to his semi-autobiographical *Remembrance of Things Past*.

This novel which was intended in 1913 to contain three volumes, grew centerwise, as Proust wedged into it thirteen more volumes. The author gradually discarded a mere recording of the deeds and privacies of a few individuals for vaster flights. And with unquestionable success he endeavored to emphasize the fifty-year birth-growth-death of a few social circles, and the curious graft and fusion of an aristocratic class (Guermantes) with a refined bourgeoisie (Swann) and a mediocre middle class (Verdurin).

In Mlle. de Saint Loup, Swann's way became one with Guermantes' way. As the inspiration and analysis extended from individual to clan, it included resorts, villages, towns (Balbec, Combray, Doncières), cities (Paris, Venice) and one nation. As Proust plumbed new depths, he sensed new dimensions. He telescoped the frivolous life of an epoch and the ramifications of its society, current sentiments, volitional expressions, dreams and nightmares, into a sustained epic.

Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* rests on those accidental recoveries of sensation which signify an absolutism of the personality lodged in the relativism of the body. The dipping of a maceleine in an infusion of tea sent him on his extensive pilgrimage thru uncharted zones. Then the steeples of Martinville, a musty smell in a public lavatory, three trees, a hedge of hawthorne, the unbuttoning of his shoes, served as narrative concatenations. In the last volume of the series, *The Past Recaptured*, all threads are brought into relevant composition. This final volume is the best explanation of Proustism, a discourse on

method wherein the novelist reveals the secret of his craft. *The Past Recaptured* might be called Proust's Book of Revelation. At the Princesse de Guermantes' afternoon reception the seals of his life are opened for him with the stumbling of his feet on some unevenly cut flagstones, with the sound of a spoon striking against a plate, with the starchy stiffness of a napkin drawn over his mouth. In revisiting certain green islands of sensation that surge up from the bottom of his mind at these fortuitous “calls,” it is as tho his whole being leaps outside of time to enjoy an experience in its pure state, divorced from past or present by being simultaneous on both levels. And he understands that his destiny is to incarnate and interpret that reality within: to embody in a work of art the secret of that ecstasy.

In Proust's vast canvas depicting French society from 1870 to 1914, one witnesses the gradual development of a super-sensitive child slowly becoming aware of himself and of the individuals around him. As he follows the trajectory of the Swanns, of the Guermantes, of the Verdurins, as he suffers indescribable tortures in the hands of his Gilbertes and Albertines, he senses the historical forces forming, transforming, and annihilating certain institutions. *Remembrance of Things Past* has been considered one of the great works of contemporary literature and one of the greatest of all time because of Proust's profound knowledge of human nature, his mastery of technique, his astonishing observation, and his truthful translation of atmosphere and character.

The works of Marcel Proust:

Portraits de Peintres (with four piano-pieces by Reynaldo Hahn) 1896; Les Plaisirs et les Jours, 1896; La Bible d'Amiens (translation of John Ruskin's Bible of Amiens) 1896; Sésame et les Lys (translation of John Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies) 1906; A la Recherche du Temps Perdu, 1913-1927: Du Côté de Chez Swann, 1913, A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleur, 1918, Le Côté de Guermantes, 1920, Le Côté de Guermantes—Sodomie et Gomorrhe, 1921, Sodomie et Gomorrhe, 1922, La Prisonnière, 1924, Albertine Disparue, 1926, Le Temps Retrouvé, 1927; Pastiches et Mélanges, 1919; Preface to Jacques Emile Blanche's *Propos de Peintres*, 1919; Preface to Paul Morand's *Tendres Stocks*; Chroniques (collected articles) 1927.

The works of Marcel Proust in English translation:

Remembrance of Things Past, 1922-1932 (complete translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, except for the last volume, *Le Temps Retrouvé*, done in England by Stephen Hudson as *Time Regained*, 1931, and in the United States by Frederick A. Blossom as *The Past Recaptured*, 1932); *Swann's Way*, 1922, *Within a Budding Grove*, 1924, *The Guermantes Way*, 1925, *Cities of the Plain*, 1927, *The Captive*, 1929, *The Sweet Cheat Gone*, 1930, *Time Regained*, 1931 (in American version, *The Past Recaptured*, 1932); Preface to Paul Morand's *Green Shoots*, 1924.

About Marcel Proust:

Abraham, P. *Proust: Recherches sur la Création Intellectuelle*; Aressy, L. *Recherche de Marcel Proust*; Beckett, S. *Proust*; Bell, C. *Proust*; Benoist-Méchin, M. *La Musique et l'Immortalité Dans l'Œuvre de Marcel Proust*; Blanche, J.-E. *Mes Modèles*; Blondel, C. *La Psychographie de Marcel Proust*; Bonnet, H. *Deux Études sur Proust*; Bos, C. de. *Approximations*; Clermont-Tonnerre, E. de. *Robert de Montesquieu et Marcel Proust*; Cor, R. *Un Romancier de la Vertu et un Peintre du Vice: Charles Dickens et Marcel Proust*; Crémieux, B. *Du Côté de Marcel Proust*; Curtius, R. *Französischer Geist in Neuen Europa und Marcel Proust*; Dandieu, A. *Marcel Proust: Sa Révélation Psychologique*; Dandieu, C. *Repertoire des Personnages de "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu"*; Dreyfus, R. *Sonvenirs sur Marcel Proust*; Duffner, J. *L'Œuvre de Marcel Proust: Étude Médico-Psychologique*; Emie, L. *Language et Humour Chez Proust*; Fernandez, R. *Messages and La Vie Sociale dans l'Œuvre de Marcel Proust* (in C. Daudet's *Repertoire*); Gabory, G. *Essai sur Marcel Proust*; Hommage à Marcel Proust (by *La Nouvelle Revue Française*); Jacob, J. *Marcel Proust*; Krutch, J. W. *Five Masters*; Mauriac, F. *Proust*; Nicolas, L. I. R. S. *Marcel Proust et la Femme: Essai de Critique Médico-Psychologique*; Ortega y Gasset, J. *Time, Distance and Form in Proust* (in *The European Caravan*, edited by S. Putnam); Pierre-Quint, L. *Marcel Proust: His Life and Work and Le Comique et le Mystère Chez Proust and Comment Travaillait Proust*; Scott Moncrieff, C. K. *Marcel Proust: An English Tribute* (by Various Hands); Seillière, E. *Marcel Proust*; Soudry, P. *Marcel Proust*; Wegener, A. *Impressionismus und Klassizismus im Werke Marcel Proust*; Wilson, E. *Axel's Castle*.

American Review 1:1 April 1933; *Bookman* 67:272 May 1928; *French Quarterly* 10:57 1928; *Hound & Horn* 1:254 March 1928; *Life and Letters* 2:208, 293, 455 1929; and 5:192 1930; *London Mercury* 22:227 1930; *Modern Language Notes* 47:176 1932; *Nation* 113:674 December 7, 1921; *New Adelphi* 2:160 December-February 1928-29; *New Republic* 54:140 March 21, 1928; *New*

York Herald Tribune Books August 31, 1930; *Nineteenth Century* 101:614 April 1927; *PMLA* (Publications of the Modern Language Association) 46:608, 619 June 1931.

Phelps Putnam 1894-

HOWARD PHELPS PUTNAM, American poet, was born July 9, 1894, in Boston, Massachusetts. He comes of old New England stock. The name Phelps is a family name. His grandfather, Samuel Putnam, was a writer on metaphysical subjects. His father, Henry Putnam, is a journalist and editor.

Putnam's education was gained on New England soil. After attending the public schools, he went to Phillips Exeter Academy when he was sixteen and was graduated from Yale College in 1916, at twenty-two.

After graduation the need to earn his living made him follow such diverse occupations as working in a copper mine in Arizona, as a government historian in Washington, D. C., in an importing business in New York, in a Connecticut foundry, and as an editorial assistant in Boston. In 1920 he went abroad and lived for a year in Provence, France.

Trained from boyhood in the anatomy of poetry, he wrote a number of poems in his spare time during these years and, after returning to America, adopted poetry for his profession. In 1927, when he was thirty-three, he published his first book, *Trine*. The title was derived from Rabelais. The book was divided into two sections, entitled "Green Wine" and "Brandy," the first section being lyrical verse and the second being given to the creation of a mythological framework.

"The symbols used by Putnam," says Louis Untermeyer, "are archaic, but the expression is distinctly of the moment. His method is similarly contradictory, being alternately oblique and abruptly four-square. Thus his chief effect is achieved by esthetic shock, a device which Putnam frequently overdoes."

Two poems of this volume appear frequently in anthologies, "The Ballad of a Strange Thing" and "Hasbrouck and the Rose." In selecting the latter poem for William Rose Benét's auto-anthology,



PHELPS PUTNAM

Fifty Poets, Putnam said: "I believe that I have achieved a better compression of intention and execution in this poem than in any other of like length."

Trinc represented some dozen years' work on the part of the poet. Stephen Vincent Benét said: "It has been a slow vintage, but the wine will keep. Bury it under what praise or criticism you will, it will still have gusto and body and strength to set the mind alight when the years tap it again."

Three years later, in 1930, Putnam published his second book, *The Five Seasons*. It was a study of the mind of Bill Williams, who had been the chief protagonist of the second part of *Trinc*. Paul Rosenfeld describes Williams as being "both the type of the chivalric, scholarly, religious wanderer, homeless amid a magic and ludicrous world, and an ultra-modern American, an engaging esthetic hobo of bright speed and New England antecedents."

Private assistance and a Guggenheim fellowship (awarded in 1930 but unused for some time) permit Putnam to continue his plan for a long poem which is to follow the experiences of Bill Williams in America. Alfred Kreymborg believes that when Putnam finishes this epic he "will produce a book not very far behind the picaresque classics of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Grandfather Rabelais."

In summarizing Putnam as a poet, William Rose Benét says that he "has written comparatively little poetry, but all of it is poetry of decided impact and conveying a distinctly original point of view. He commands scathing satire and a hatred of all pomposity in his celebration of Man, of the natural man, fond of conviviality and comradeship, who can think for himself, be ravaged by disillusionment or burn for the eternal rose of beauty.

Putnam works slowly, rewriting much more than he writes. He writes in a bold backhand. His work is not widely known.

He has traveled in most of the portions of the United States, and lived in Colorado and New Hampshire. New Mexico and Maryland have been the sites of his longest residence outside of New England. He worked for a time on the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In August 1933 he went to Italy.

Phelps Putnam's poems:

Trinc, 1927; *The Five Seasons*, 1930.

About Phelps Putnam:

Benét, W. R. *Fifty Poets*; Kreymborg, A. *Our Singing Strength*; Untermeyer, L. *Modern American Poetry*.

Bookman 74:607 March 1932; *Poetry* 40: 335 September 1932.

Peter Quennell 1905-

PETER COURTNEY QUENNEL, English critic, novelist, and poet, was born near London on March 9, 1905. After being educated at Berkhamsted Grammar School, he won a scholarship which took him to Balliol College, Oxford, where he spent two crowded, valuable, but unsatisfactory years.

After leaving Oxford he traveled abroad for several months, then returned to London, faced with the prospect of earning his living. After a fruitless search for some more regular and remunerative form of employment, he fell back on literary journalism, writing for the *New Statesman*, *Life and Letters*, under Desmond MacCarthy's editorship, the *Calendar*, the *Criterion*, and other periodicals.

While at school he had published a book of verse, of which he says that he



PETER QUENNEL

is now very much ashamed. Part of this volume, together with verses written at Oxford and in Italy, was reprinted later in *Poems*, published in 1926.

Of the various translations that he produced he cares to remember only *The Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont* from the French of Anthony Hamilton, published in 1930. He had previously undertaken two original prose works, a biography of William Blake and a fantastic novel on Alexander the Great, both of which he abandoned before they were finished.

His first published prose work, *Baudelaire and the Symbolists*, begun at the suggestion of T. S. Eliot, was brought out in 1929. It is the most thorough study in English of French nineteenth century verse since Arthur Symonds' *Symbolist Movement in Literature* (1899).

Quennell was married in 1929; and, in 1930, tired of London and anxious to see something of the less familiar quarters of the globe, he accepted a chair of English literature at a newly founded Japanese university. This professorship was offered to him on the recommendation of Harold Monro, editor of *Georgian Poetry*, who had printed four of his early poems.

Having arrived in Tokyo and installed himself with his wife in a Japanese

house of wood and paper, he began to wish himself back again in Europe. During this period he consoled himself by writing a novel, *The Phoenix-Kind*, published in 1931. He also visited China.

After a year's experience of Japan and the Japanese, he gave up the attempt—constantly urged on him by students—to become what they called "a second Lafcadio Hearn" and returned to England across Russia. These vicissitudes are dealt with in his travel book, *A Superficial Journey*, which was followed by a volume of short tales, *Sympathy and Other Stories*.

As a novelist, Quennell says that he is hampered by being more interested in style than in subject-matter. He feels that "a sense of words"—which few popular modern novelists seem to possess and which the reading public has long ceased to demand—is the one adjunct no true writer can dispense with. Hence his great, though qualified, admiration for the autobiographical works of George Moore.

Quennell has a peculiar detestation for what he calls the "feather-bed" novels of the *Hatter's Castle-Rogue Herries* school, but finds the products of Charles Morgan and Thornton Wilder and other widely esteemed "middle-brow" novelists equally tedious and unsympathetic. He admires Hemingway, respects Virginia Woolf and is irritated but stimulated by Gide, Cocteau, and Mauriac.

He lives, and will probably continue to live, in London; enjoys travel, the cinema, parties, and food. He is fond of all animals, particularly cats; dislikes literary gatherings and the more aggressive and unkempt forms of bohemianism; belongs to no clubs and practices no sports. He writes slowly, usually rather painfully, and confesses that he is intensely dissatisfied with everything he has written.

He wants to write several more novels and enough verse to fill a book of fifty pages. In 1933 he published an anthology of seventeenth century verse and was hoping to write a new novel.

Peter Quennell's works:

POEMS: *Poems*, 1926; *Inscription on a Fountain Head* (*Ariel Poems*) 1929.

PROSE: Baudelaire and the Symbolists (five essays) 1929; *The Phoenix-Kind* (novel) 1931; *Letters to Mrs. Virginia Woolf* (Hogarth Letters) 1932; *A Superficial Journey Through Tokyo and Peking*, 1932; *Sympathy and Other Stories*, 1933.

TRANSLATED: *Book of the Marvels of India* (after Buzurg ibn Shahriyār) 1929; *The Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont* (after Anthony Hamilton) 1930.

EDITOR: *Aspects of Seventeenth Century Verse*, 1933.

Herbert Quick 1861-1925

Unpublished autobiographical sketch of Herbert Quick, American author, written shortly before his death in 1925:

W HETHER or not my literary bent was inherited is a question. I think it is but there is nothing in my ancestry to prove it. I believe I inherited from my mother the psychic elements which made me a writer. She, however, was one of a line of pioneer women who may be traced back to the beginning of America. Many of our young people have this psychic list to letters, but they lack determination. My determination, such as I have, I may inherit from my Dutch ancestors.

I am fifteen-sixteenths Dutch. On my father's side we trace back thru Quicks, Denises, and Winfeldts or Winfields, and on my mother's thru families like those of Krum, Vandemark, and Rapalje. If we had enough of the record, it might even go to the Van de Waters—but I shall make more modest claims. When the British had a garrison in New York a certain Dutch girl named Hannah Koms married a British soldier named John Coleman. He was Irish. The people who follow these things up now have promoted him to the rank of an officer, but he may have been a camp-follower for all I know. He had his leg shot off by a cannon ball in the attack on Havana—I forget which war this was in—and his posthumous son John Coleman was the grandfather some degrees removed of my mother, whose name was Margaret Coleman. Sometimes I think Coleman was a prepotent strain for while there was little of this Irish blood in my mother, she was a good deal of an Irishwoman. She never went to school, for she was born in the forest, at least

more than two or three months, but she was the best-read member of our family; and she had a weakness which caused her to weep over great things in poetry or prose. She was psychically a poet.

Father [Martin Quick] was a typical Dutchman. You can find him in the pages of Knickerbocker.

I come of a race of humble pioneers. We are of the Rondout Valley Dutch who refused to go on up the Hudson into the domains of the Patroons but filed off by the left flank and went up the Rondout Valley and over the divide into New Jersey and across the Delaware into Pennsylvania. I suppose that celebrated or notorious Indian fighter Tom Quick was one of us. We plunged into the forest away back before the Revolution and kept ahead of civilization until it overtook us in Iowa, where I was born. This occurrence took place in 1861.

Some of the genealogy sharps have decided that one of our ancestors—thru Hannah Koms I suspect—was a member of the royal family of Holland, and was private secretary to old Pieter Stuyvesant. I have made myself obnoxious by suggesting (1) that any member of any great family who would consent to work under old Piet must have had mighty strong reasons for leaving Holland and (2) that Holland had no royal family. I have made no headway, however, with this theory.

My own position is that nobody can have a better ancestry than just plain Dutch with a dash of Irish and a little New England Yankee carried down thru a race of plain, working pioneers.

I am a very uncultured person, never having been to school save in the district schools of Iowa. I wanted to go to college but one thing and another stood in the way. Times were pretty hard. I taught school for a long time [1882-90] and did pretty well but suddenly realized that I had no degree, and could not expect to get good positions as an educator. So I studied law, teaching school at the same time. Then I practiced law for nearly twenty years [1890-1909] in Sioux City, Iowa, and accumulated a family. I married [1890] Ella Corey of Syracuse, New York, thus going back

to the old Lake Country for my wife. She was a singer, and a graduate of Syracuse University. I carry my college degrees in my wife's name. I carry most of my virtues in the same way.

After I decided that I would not be President of the United States right off, anyhow, I always looked upon myself as a potential writer. While practicing law I was always getting ready to write. I cannot remember when things which I saw and experienced did not appeal to me as the stuff of writings. I read and studied a lot; but as for writing I kept putting it off save for literary essays, orations and the like. Finally I wrote a child's book which was accepted by a New York publisher. I planned a series in which I meant to make the Puk Wudjie the Great American Fairy. Prior to this I had published a poem in the *Century*. It was a good poem, too. The fairy poem was published in 1901 when I was forty years old. So, you see, I started late. But then, you must remember, I am Dutch. Who was that ancestor of Diedrich Knickerbocker who spent so many years preparing to build the church? I think he was an ancestor of mine too.

I remember when I was not twenty, planning this series of Iowa novels upon which I have been engaged for the past

few years. I have changed the plan somewhat since then, but I told the whole plan to Ralph Hale in the park in Indianapolis at least twenty years ago.

I have had no struggles in the ordinary sense. In some ways I have had excellent luck. For instance, when I was twenty months old I was stricken—I believe that is the word—with infantile paralysis. This gave me bad feet and legs and robbed me of the robustness necessary for farm work. So I went over into things which did not require good feet and legs. I was polymerized into the educational field, thence into law, and finally into literature. Again, in 1919, after I had been in official life in Washington for some years, I resigned to devote myself to literature. But I am the worst hound pup you ever saw for following off false trails. There are so darned many things I like to do that I feel sure I should have neglected my Iowa novels, had it not been for a great piece of luck. I followed off a trail into Siberia as the head of a commission of the American Red Cross to close up their Far Eastern work—and there I had a fearful hemorrhage from an intestinal ulcer. Everybody said I'd die, and I didn't mind if I did, but strange to say I didn't. I got home, was carved and recovered just enough to enable me to write and allow me to follow off any rabbit tracks. This is the ideal condition for me.

Sometimes I should have starved if I had depended on my fiction; but I could always write special articles, do editorial work and the like. After I published my first really successful novel *Double Trouble* away back in 1906, I locked my law office door on the outside and became a writer by profession. This was at the early age—for a Dutchman—of forty-five! All my good friends said, "Poor old Quick! The old simpleton will starve surely now!" Well, on form, they were right; but I always got along. When the fiction failed, I took up editorial work. To be sure, I might have written better fiction if I had devoted my whole time to it; but I couldn't do that. I had to live. So, you see, I have no story of either inherited literary bent.



HERBERT QUICK

or early struggles or adversity to tell. I have been lucky.

* * *

John Herbert Quick was born near Steamboat Rock in Grundy County, Iowa, on October 23, 1861. He was reared on a farm. The pinnacle of his educational work was reached when he became principal of a ward school in Mason City, Iowa. He was admitted to the Iowa bar in 1889. He forsook the law for a time to be general manager of the Nebraska Clark Automatic Telephone Company. Three times he was nominated mayor of Sioux City and once elected, in 1898.

After a six-months' editorship of *La Follette's Weekly* at Madison, Wisconsin, Quick became editor of *Farm and Fireside*, published at Springfield, Ohio, and served that periodical from 1909 to 1916. He championed all movements for the benefit of the farmer and wrote books on inland waterways and rural education. One of the latter, *The Brown Mouse*, is said to have had great influence. He was appointed to the Federal Farm Loan Bureau in 1916 but resigned after serving two years, because of ill health. In 1920 he was a colonel in the Red Cross and superintended the closing of Red Cross operations in Siberia.

Of his seven novels, Quick gave the most thought and time to *Vandemark's Folly*, which was first published serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1921 and 1922. It began a trilogy of pioneer life in Iowa, which was completed with the appearance of *The Hawkeye* in 1923 and *The Invisible Woman* in 1924.

Quick was a large man, with a smooth, serious face, and pince-nez glasses.

In late life his home was "Coolfront" at Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. He died of heart disease on May 10, 1925, at Columbia, Missouri, after delivering an address to students attending journalism week at the University of Missouri. He was sixty-three. His autobiography up to the age of twenty-eight, *One Man's Life*, began to appear serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* the month after he died.

A partially written history of steamboating on the Mississippi and its tributaries, Quick's last work, was finished by

Edward Quick. In 1928 appeared a novel based on Mrs. Elena Stepanoff MacMahon's experiences in the Russian Revolution, which Quick had helped her write, altho it showed little trace of his hand.

Herbert Quick's works:

NOVELS: *Alladin & Co.* 1904; *Double Trouble*, 1905; *The Broken Lance*, 1907; *Virginia of the Air Lanes*, 1909; *Vandemark's Folly*, 1922; *The Hawkeye*, 1923; *The Invisible Woman*, 1924; *We Have Changed All That* (with Mrs. Elena Stepanoff MacMahon) 1928.

SHORT STORIES: In the *Fairyland of America*, 1909; *Yellowstone Nights*, 1911.

MISCELLANEOUS: *American Inland Waterways*, 1909; *On Board the Good Ship Earth*, 1913; *The Brown Mouse*, 1915; *From War to Peace*, 1919; *The Fairview Idea*, 1919; *The Real Trouble with the Farmers*, 1924; *There Came Two Women* (play) 1924; *One Man's Life* (autobiography) 1925; *Mississippi Steamboat* (with Edward Quick) 1926.

About Herbert Quick:

Quick, H. *One Man's Life*; West, R. *The Strange Necessity*
Saturday Evening Post 197 28 June 13, 1925.

Raymond Radiguet 1903-1923

RAYMOND RADIGUET, French poet and novelist, was born on June 18, 1903, in Parc-de-St-Maur (Seine) a meteorological observatory located some eight miles from the city of Paris. Little is known either about his forbears or his short life. He died in Paris on December 12, 1923, at the age of twenty.

Radiguet's earliest poems were written in Parc-de-St-Maur between 1917 and 1918—thus, his literary career began when he was scarcely fourteen. He arrived in Paris at fifteen. He never had a permanent address, he slept in some bistro or other or walked to Montparnasse or Montmartre and spent the night with some painter. He had extremely long hair and carried a cane too big for him. When he read in a corner of a cheap café he had to bring his book close to his myopic eyes.

Max Jacob was the first to know him. Jean Cocteau introduced him to the magazine editors and then to the public.

Certain poems dated April 1920 were finished by Radiguet in Carqueiranne (Var) a fishing village between Toulon and Hyères, fourteen kilometers from

the former. In 1921 he lived in Piquey (Gironde) adjoining the fashionable resort of Arcachon, where he penned several poems grouped as *Déplacements et Villegiatures*, and began his first novel, *Le Diable au Corps*, which was published in 1923 and which is available in English translation as *Devil in the Flesh*. He came back to Piquey in 1923, and during September and October, after putting the finishing touches to his second and last novel *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel* (in English *The Count's Ball*) he revised and rearranged his complete poetical production and wrote a preface for it. Two poetry brochures had already seen light: in 1920, *Les Jours en Feu*, a de luxe edition, with four etchings by Jean Victor Hugo, and in 1921, *Devoirs de Vacances*, illustrated by Irene Lagut. However, the revised edition, comprising the former and some unpublished material, did not appear till after his death. It was published in 1925.

So far, this comprises all the chronology available—birth, death, and the stations of a few of his sojourns. Radiguet's bibliography contains the two novels and the poems mentioned above, a drama *Les Pelicans* published in a very limited edition in 1921, and *Denise*, a posthumous publication in 1927. The notes and articles which he contributed to nine or ten periodicals have been collected in a volume bearing the title *Les Articles et Fiches de Raymond Radiguet*. Finally, Radiguet collaborated with Jean Cocteau and Erik Satie in the writing of the comic opera *Paul et Virginie*.

Radiguet's poetry tends toward orthodox, metrical verse. He did not share the prosodical license and stylistic baroque of his more sophisticated comrades. Its content imparts a bitterness, a cynicism, not at all to be expected from a boy of his years. This mature attitude reappears in his first novel, *Devil in the Flesh*. Aldous Huxley claims that it is "the work of a boy who has lived thru many of the experiences of manhood. It is a good book and, when one remembers the author's age, extraordinary in being so mature, so finished, so complete. It has a certainty about it, a directness, a swiftness and a clarity—all the qualities, in a word,

that we expect to find only in the work of the ripest and most experienced artists; all the qualities that are generally the product of a long slow process of chastening and concentration and refinement. Radiguet set out in possession of those literary virtues with which most writers painfully end." A penetrating study of adolescence—the hero is fifteen, the heroine, eighteen—*Devil in the Flesh* has been called a modernization of the Daphnis and Chloe idyllic tragedy. It shocked the critics with its boldness of approach: some confessed that nothing so immoral had been written since the days of Choderlos de Laclos (1741-1803) while others claimed that Radiguet was endeavoring to strike an original note by combining the salacious audacities of Marguerite with the exquisite delicacies of Mauriac.

His second novel, however, received almost unanimous praise: *The Count's Ball* was unreservedly acclaimed as a remarkable achievement. Cocteau says that if *Devil in the Flesh* is "a masterpiece of promise," *The Count's Ball* is "the fulfillment of that promise," and then he goes on: "One is rather appalled by a boy of twenty who publishes the sort of book that can't be written at his age.



RAYMOND RADIGUET

The dead of yesterday are eternal. The young novelist who wrote *The Count's Ball* is the ageless author of a dateless book." The plot of *The Count's Ball* is simple and unoriginal, the style precise and adamant, the characterization exact, clinical, inhuman. Catherine is the wife of Count Anne d'Orgel. They live happily and comfortably. And then François de Sérèuse arrives. He falls in love with Catherine, and Catherine gradually falls in love with him. It is all very chaste and proper, and nothing happens. The novel ends with Catherine's confession and her husband's reply: "Come, Catherine, let us be very calm. We aren't living in the Antilles. The damage is done; let us try to repair it as best we can. François *must* have a place in the grand march. You will choose his costume."

In two places especially one senses Radiguet's literary influences—his Count Anne d'Orgel has been etched after Proust's Charlus, and Catherine's confession reminds one of a similar situation in Mme. de La Fayette's *La Princesse de Clèves*, a masterpiece published in 1677. But, unlike Proust, Radiguet does not stress the background, the atmosphere of society; his problem is concentrated and his solution homeopathic, almost cryptic; and, unlike Mme. de La Fayette, he is not exquisite, and he never allows his characters to carry him away. He is the staid despot.

Three days before his death, Radiguet told Cocteau: "Listen, I have something terrible to tell you. In three days I am going to be shot by the soldiers of God." He died of typhoid fever, the administration of serum having been made too late to save him.

"Radiguet had appeared as a young god," says Maurice Sachs; "he died the same. His short career was like a beginner's dream; his first book, with its unexpected success, burst like a clap of thunder. His name was to penetrate all houses as quickly as flooding water rises. He was handsome, he was grave, he was imperturbable. He had read everything, it seemed. He sat almost every evening in the Boeuf sur le Toit; he drank considerably, but his face—the heavy mouth, the stubborn eyelids—never moved. He was isolated in the

silence separating him from the rest of the world, yet his life was full of chaos. He carried his apparent nonchalance from hotel to hotel; he watched people and things with an eye not exempt from cruelty."

Jean Cocteau, his intimate friend, has a bust of Radiguet in his room.

A. F.

Principal works of Raymond Radiguet:

POEMS: *Les Jours en Feu*, 1925 (revised edition).

NOVELS: *Le Diable au Corps*, 1923; *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel*, 1924.

Raymond Radiguet's works available in English translation:

The Count's Ball, 1929; *Devil in the Flesh*, 1932.

About Raymond Radiguet:

Radiguet, R. *The Count's Ball* (see introduction by Jean Cocteau); Germain, A. *De Proust à Dada*; Radiguet, R. *Devil in the Flesh* (see introduction by Aldous Huxley); Martin du Gard, M. *Feux Tournants*; Massis, H. *Raymond Radiguet*; Mauriac, F. *Le Roman*; Sachs, M. *The Decade of Illusion*.

Revue Hebdomadaire 33:371 July 1924; *Revue Mondiale* 167:254 October 1, 1925; *Revue Universelle* 18:488 August 15, 1924.

Burton Rascoe 1892-

ARTHUR BURTON RASCOE, American editor and critic, was born in Fulton, Kentucky, October 22, 1892. His parents were Matthew Lafayette Rascoe and Elizabeth Burton Rascoe. His boyhood was spent not in Kentucky, but in Oklahoma, where his family went when he was still an infant. He was educated in public schools of Shawnee, Oklahoma, and worked for the local newspaper.

When he was nineteen he arrived at the University of Chicago, with \$1.85 in his pocket. Before classes opened he found three part-time jobs to support himself. Within four months he was making \$60 a week in newspaper work. His career at the university lasted only two years. He refused to follow the regular curriculum, but read intensively in assorted classics, chosen by himself, and finally left college because it was



BURTON RASCOE

"interfering with his education" and went to work for the *Chicago Tribune*.

He remained with the *Tribune* eight years, filling at one time or another almost every job on the staff. He made his chief fame, however, in the literary department, where his unorthodox reviews provoked storms of controversy. "Readers questioned his taste and his judgment," says Harry Hansen, "but never his learning. It took too long to hunt up his references in the encyclopedia." The *Tribune* years were climaxed by his championship of James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen* when that novel was put on trial for "obscenity" (and later exonerated) in 1919. Rascoe had been declaring his admiration for Cabell as an author for years, and when *Jurgen* was dedicated to him he reciprocated by defending it in the columns of the *Tribune* with such gusto that eventually differences of opinion arose between him and the directors of the paper. He resigned and went to New York.

Arriving in New York he made it his business to hurry about town, meeting everyone of prominence in the literary world and recording their sayings and doings for his column, "A Bookman's Daybook," in the *New York Tribune*—

an informal and gossip department which Frederick Edwards has called "the most eagerly read and warmly debated critical commentary of the decade."

In 1924 he left the *Tribune* and from 1924 to 1928 conducted a nationally syndicated column—an outgrowth of the one on the *Tribune*—known as "The Daybook of a New Yorker." Since the latter date he has held numerous editorial positions, for brief periods, including membership on the staffs of *McCall's*, *Plain Talk*, the *Bookman*, *Arts and Decorations*, the *New York Sun*, the *Literary Guild*, and a newspaper feature syndicate. He has also edited and written introductions for a number of translations from the French and Italian and has collaborated in the preparation of several volumes of anthological nature.

His actual "works," however, are limited to a few volumes, of which the best known are *A Bookman's Daybook*, a book of selections from the newspaper column of the same name, edited by C. Hartley Grattan; and *Titans of Literature: From Homer to the Present*, a volume of unorthodox personal literary preferences and prejudices. Virtually since he left Chicago he has been at work on a novel which James Branch Cabell says is "the most famous American novel never yet published."

Burton Rascoe has been called "the flaming apostle of twentieth century literature." He was, if not the discoverer, at least one of the first advertisers of such now-established talents as Theodore Dreiser, Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Ring Lardner, H. L. Mencken, Joseph Hergesheimer, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ben Hecht, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, John Erskine, and Anita Loos.

In *The Literary Spotlight* (a volume to which he himself was a contributor) Isabel Paterson wrote of Burton Rascoe: "He simply does not know the value of timidity or repression. Reverence, restraint, and respect are alien to his nature. As a human being he possesses not even rudimentary principles; and as a critic he hasn't any esthetic standards. He has preferences, but they are either purely personal or utilitarian. These are sweeping statements and require to be eluci-

dated carefully to avoid misunderstanding. His lack of a code of ethics is of no material import, being counter-balanced by an equal absence of envy, greed, or rancor. He is amiable to a fault, full of generous enthusiasms, excessively sociable.

"As a critic he is a wonderful newspaper man. His flair for the author who is going to write something startling is downright uncanny. The men who have arrived don't interest Rascoe very much. What he is looking for is someone who will make fresh copy for tomorrow's paper. If Plato had just given us *The Republic*, and Burton Rascoe got a review copy, he would play it up as a proposal for the nationalization of women.

"He searches for the unusual word rather than the *mot juste*. Neither euphony or precision appeals to him so much as oddity. His sense of humor is unripe, tending toward crudity. But he is brilliant, intuitive, quick to perceive an author's intention, and hence prone to give as much credit to a promise as a definite performance. The future owes him a considerable debt—which he isn't entirely competent to collect."

Burton Rascoe is slight of stature, being five feet eight-and-one-half inches tall and weighing 132 pounds. He has brown hair, which is just beginning to thin, and blue eyes. He looks many years younger than his actual age. His hobbies are tap-dancing and playing the trap-drums. He owns a library of 7,000 books, several fine paintings, and a home in Larchmont, a commuting suburb of New York City in Westchester County. In 1913 he married Hazel Luke, who had formerly been on the stage. They have two children.

Burton Rascoe's works:

Theodore Dreiser, 1925; *A Bookman's Daybook* (edited, with an introduction, by C. Hartley Grattan) 1929; *Titans of Literature: From Homer to the Present*, 1932; *Pro-metheans: From St. Mark to Cabell*, 1933.

About Burton Rascoe:

Farrar, J. (editor) *The Literary Spotlight*; Hansen, H. *Midwest Portraits*; Rascoe, B. *A Bookman's Daybook* (see introduction by C. Hartley Grattan).

Bookman 59:148 April 1924; *New Republic* 59:49 May 29, 1929; *Westchester County Fair* December 1927.

Robert Reynolds 1902-

Autobiographical sketch of Robert Reynolds, American novelist:

BORN Sante Fé, New Mexico, April 29, 1902. I have two older brothers and one sister younger than I. When I was seven my father died and we moved to Omaha, Nebraska, where I got most of my primary education in the public schools. Summers were spent in New Mexico, Wyoming, and Colorado, generally in the mountains.

When I was seventeen I went to Princeton, and this was the first time I had been even as far east as Chicago. After two years in Princeton, I spent a winter in Colorado working at a coal mine. I then entered Lafayette College, and in 1925 received an A.B. degree.

I have worked in various places at various times: at a coal mine, on ranches, in a cement mill, steel mill, publishing house, Mexican silver mine, publicity office, and the Standard Shipping Company. In 1929 I resigned from the Standard Shipping Company, and since then have had no other business than writing.

I don't remember when I began writing. When I was twelve or thirteen I had a small bit published on the children's page of the *Omaha Sunday Bee*, for which I won a prize of a book about Black Hawk. From about that time until I was awarded the Harper Prize for *Brothers in the West* (1931) I never really stopped writing; I wrote poems, essays, articles, short stories, novelettes, and even novels. In 1926 or 1927 I sold a short article about coal miners to the *Nation* for twenty dollars. It was the first thing I ever sold and, aside from a few book reviews done in 1929 and 1930, the last, until *Brothers in the West* was published. A second novel, *Saunders Oak*, was published in 1933.

I was married in 1927 to Miss Marguerite Gerdau of New York; we have a son and two daughters, and we live on a farm in Newtown, Connecticut. I expect to begin another novel before long, but do not know what it will be.

* * *

Raynolds was born in the governor's palace in Santa Fé, in the room where



ROBERT REYNOLDS

Lew Wallace worked on the manuscript of *Ben Hur*. His father was James Wallace Reynolds, secretary and later acting governor of New Mexico under McKinley when it was a territory. Robert is a grandson of Jefferson Reynolds, one of the first bankers in El Paso, Texas, and on his mother's side is a grandson of Daniel Baum, one of the early settlers of Lincoln, Nebraska.

During 1931 Reynolds not only completed the manuscript of *Brothers in the West*, but he repaired the house he had purchased at Newton, Connecticut, and built himself a studio where he now writes the greater part of each day.

"While I was writing the novel," he says, "I found that the distractions even in the country were too much for me, and so I built a study on a hill and worked in a place of quiet and security. Even so, it was not always easy, but it was always worth while. I read the work from time to time to my wife, and her understanding was a strength to my good right arm. Sometimes page after page came easily, sometimes word after word came hard. I was astonished to find that what took me so long to write could be read in a few hours. I might have thought I had failed, did I not believe that in art there is no such word as success. The greatness of the experi-

ence is not to be found in the result of the labor, altho the result must show if the effort was resolute and sincere."

The critics were not entirely pleased with the award of the Harper \$10,000 prize to Reynolds for *Brothers in the West*. Many found the work exceptionally vivid in incident, but a bit over-ambitious and wanting in significance. Tho it was a story of action, it had no definite plot, no climax or conclusion, except the slow aging and death of the brothers. Some readers wanted to know what the book was about and why the places and dates were so vague.

For those who were bewildered, Isabel Paterson wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "We more than suspect it is an allegory; an attempt at embodying 'the winning of the West' in half a dozen bold, main types. . . [The author] had at least a striking idea, tho the task of blending realism and romance was rather too difficult; we cannot say that it appears to us completely successful. He meant to define a mythology, out of what has hitherto been only a sentiment or a figure of speech. It was worth trying."

A mixed reception also greeted Reynolds' second novel, *Saunders Oak*, in 1933. It was the story of a man who returns to the home of his ancestors in New England after twenty years' absence and tries to pick up the threads of his former life there. The characterizations were criticized as exaggerated. "Yet the narrative as a whole," said the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "is consistent, possessing an interior energy of its own which carries the reader on even when he is not particularly moved by the people of whom it treats."

Reynolds himself has this to say: "We all think we are artists. I don't know. I am often baffled. My brain sometimes feels like a mess of sawdust. But one must go on word by word, carving out one's own salvation. It is like being buried deep under ground and trying to dig one's way up to the sun."

Robert Reynolds' novels:

Brothers in the West, 1931; *Saunders Oak*, 1933.

About Robert Reynolds:

Literary Digest 110:15 September 12, 1931.

Herbert Read 1893-

Autobiographical sketch of Herbert Edward Read, English poet and critic:

BORN December 4, 1893, at Muscoates, Kirbymoorside, Yorkshire, the son of a farmer, descendant of a long line of Yorkshire farmers.

The first ten years of his life were spent on this farm, and are described in *The Innocent Eye*. Educated at a boarding school in Halifax, Yorkshire, and, after an interval of three years during which, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, he worked in a bank, at the University of Leeds.

Studies at the University cut short by the War, which occupied the next four years of his life—end of 1914 to beginning of 1919.

The War was inevitably a decisive experience. This experience is registered, first in *Naked Warriors*, free verse poems written at the front; then in a narrative of the most important action he took part in—the retreat of March 1918 (*In Retreat*, written 1919, published 1924); in some prose sketches published under the title *Ambush*; and finally in a long poem, *The End of a War*, in which the author's experience is given a philosophical quietus.

Critical activities began with an edition of the remains of T. E. Hulme, the brilliant philosopher and critic who was killed in the War. First collection of critical essays appeared in 1926 as *Reason and Romanticism*, and defined an attitude which has been consistently developed. The categories usually known as classicism and romanticism are related to their psychological origins in the individual, and shown to be, not alternatives equivalent to right and wrong, but tendencies which must be accepted as equally inevitable, and reconciled in some more universal concept, which with due caution might be described as Humanism.

This critical attitude has been developed in a series of books of which the more important are:

English Prose Style—a methodical investigation of the elements which constitute style in English prose; *Phases of English Poetry*; *Wordsworth*; *Form*

in Modern Poetry—three books which explore the theory of poetry. The first is a rapid survey of the whole field of English poetry, leading up to a definition of the problems involved; the second, originally delivered in the form of lectures under the Clark Foundation at Trinity College, Cambridge, is a study of the particular problem of Wordsworth—a case which involves all the major problems of poetic criticism; the third is a study of the particular problems of the modern poet, and returns to the opposition of classicism and romanticism, the confusion of this issue being found responsible for the vagaries of poetic inspiration in the individual and in the race.

In *The Sense of Glory* are collected nine essays on literary figures who embody the spirit which alone justifies romanticism and excuses classicism. Among these are studies of Froissart, Malory, Descartes, Swift, Sterne, Hawthorne, and Henry James.

Beginning with *Naked Warriors*, there appeared several small volumes of verse which were gathered together in *Collected Poems*, published in 1926. For the most part these are written in "free verse," a technique to which the author has remained passionately devoted and which he considers to be the only sincere and adequate mode of contemporary



HERBERT READ

poetic expression. This technique he has elaborated with a care and precision which are usually unnoticed and therefore unappreciated.

Parallel with his literary criticism, and more directly related to his mundane activities first as an assistant at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, then as professor of fine art at Edinburgh University, Read has devoted himself to art criticism, and has published a short general study of the historical principles of art (*The Meaning of Art*) and a more detailed introduction to the esthetic theory of modern painting and sculpture (*Art Now*).

Other publications include two technical studies connected with the author's museum work, and two anthologies.

* * *

In his autobiography, *The Innocent Eye*, Read recalls: "The English farm on which I spent my earliest years was a self-contained little world; only occasionally did we make excursions to regions beyond its boundaries. . . My mother was the youngest daughter of a family of nine, so we were richly provided with aunts." He was the eldest of three boys. When he was in his ninth year his father died.

At twenty-one, five months after War was declared, he was commissioned to the Yorkshire regiment (The Green Howards) and rose to the rank of captain in two years. He fought in France and Belgium from 1915 to 1917, receiving the Military Cross and being made a companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

After demobilization in 1919, Read was married to Evelyn Roff and for the next three years served as assistant principal of His Majesty's Treasury. In 1922 he became an assistant keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum, remaining at this post for nine years. In 1931 he went to Edinburgh University as Watson Gordon Professor of Fine Art. He makes his home at Broom House, Seagrass Green, Beaconsfield. He has one son.

The *Bookman*, in reviewing Read's essays in criticism, *The Sense of Glory*, said: "A charming ease of manner is the first characteristic of Herbert Read's

criticism that wins the reader over to pay close attention to his thought. He is a man of trained taste, an expert in discrimination among styles. His scholarship is extensive, yet accessible, without straining on his part."

C. Hartley Grattan regards him as "one of the most important of living English critics."

Herbert Read's works:

POEMS: *Naked Warriors*, 1919; *Eclogues*, 1919; *Mutations of the Phoenix*, 1923; *Collected Poems*, 1926; *The End of a War*, 1933.

CRITICAL ESSAYS AND STUDIES: *English Pottery* (with Bernard Rackham) 1924; *English Stained Glass*, 1926; *Reason and Romanticism*, 1926; *English Prose Style*, 1928; *Phases of English Poetry*, 1928; *Staffordshire Pottery Figures*, 1929; *The Sense of Glory*, 1929; *Wordsworth*, 1930; *Julien Benda and the New Humanism*, 1930; *The Meaning of Art* (American title: *The Anatomy of Art*) 1931; *Form in Modern Poetry*, 1932; *Art Now*, 1933.

MISCELLANEOUS: *In Retreat*, 1925; *Ambush* (sketches) 1930; *The Innocent Eye* (autobiography) 1933.

EDITOR: *Speculations* (T. E. Hulme) 1924; *Notes on Language and Style* (T. E. Hulme) 1929; *The London Book of English Prose* (with Bonamy Dobree—American title: *Anthology of English Prose*) 1932; *The English Vision*, 1933.

About Herbert Read:

Mouroe, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Read, H. *The Innocent Eye*.

Atlantic Monthly 151:267, 447 March-April 1933; *London Mercury* 18:506 September 1928.

Wladyslas Reymont 1868-1925

WLADYSŁAS STANISŁAW REYMONT, Polish novelist, was born in the village Kobiąka Wielka, at that time Russian Poland, on May 6, 1868. His father was a peasant and the owner of the local windmill. Reymont's youth was spent in the village where he tended cattle on his father's farm and attended to other farm duties. His schooling consisted in attending the village school and, later on, several gymnasiums. His educational experiences were not altogether of the happiest, for he was several times expelled from gymnasiums because he refused to obey his Russian preceptors in their insistence that no Polish should be spoken in the school.

Reymont: rā'mōnt



WLADYSŁAS REYMONT

Reymont was forced to earn his living early in his life. As farming was not much to his liking, he became an actor of the provincial stage. This occupation was soon abandoned, and he became a railway employee. He even served a short-lived novitiate with the Paulist Fathers of Czenstochowa. But soon his real profession gained ascendancy over all others and he began to devote all of his time to writing. It was in 1893, while still a railway official, that Reymont wrote his first short stories. These early efforts show the marked influence of Zola and Maupassant and laid him open to the charge of being a follower of the decadents. Three years later appeared his first full length novel, *The Comédienne*, and with this Reymont definitely entered upon a literary career.

Tho a first novel, *The Comédienne* is of considerable literary quality and immediately placed its author in the forefront of Polish literary masters. After two more remarkable novels which, like the first, are mainly autobiographical, Reymont undertook to describe the trials and aspirations of the industrial proletariat. The result was *The Promised Land*, a novel of the industrial workers of Lodz. Much as this novel tends to give an understanding picture of the struggle of the underdog, it is evident

enough that the factory is not Reymont's specialty. The novel was also thwarted by the strict Russian censorship which, if anything, was more severe in Poland than in Russia proper. All the same, in this novel Reymont succeeded in showing "a land flowing, not with milk and honey, but with wealth for the Jewish and German capitalists and with blood and tears for the Polish proletariat; the fierce plundering of ruthless exploiters, the jungle morality of a social order founded exclusively upon gain, and foundering upon snobbishness and self-indulgence." It reminds one, in its stark naturalism, of Zola's *Germinal*.

Another effort in a field alien to his real interests was the novel *The Year 1794*, a proper enough subject for a romancer like Sienkiewicz, but not very well adapted to the naturalistic treatment to which Reymont subjected it. It is the story of Poland's last year of independence and the variety and enormous amount of detail involved renders the three volumes of this book perhaps the least clear-cut and readable of all Reymont's novels.

The work on which Reymont's fame rests most securely and in which he found a congenial field, is the tetralogy, *The Peasants*, a vast panorama of peasant life. This novel, tho localized in Poland, is of such broadness of interest that it may easily be taken as a representative picture of many another rural community in Europe. It is not so much a novel as a panorama of peasant life in all of its aspects: more pictorial than cinematic. There is something Hamsunesque in the broad humanity of the characters, and their dependence upon the phenomena of nature recalls insistently the tragic note of Hardy.

Reymont, in his days of affluence, was a great traveler. Paris, the center of European intellectual life, was his second home. Twice he visited the United States, in 1919 and in 1920, but both times escaped much of the pomp accorded to literary lions. He had friends in this country, Rupert Hughes, Alfred A. Knopf, and others, but he much preferred the quiet tho hospitable retreat of his Polish country estate Kolączkowo. There he led a life of ease and quiet

activity writing to the very last. In 1924 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, an honor he shares with his more famous countryman Sienkiewicz. Of his personal appearance in the later years of his life Professor Albert Morawski-Nawench writes: "Hearing him talk and looking at the frail physical constitution of the man—he is not over five feet five in height and tips the scale at some 125 pounds—one must admire the tremendous energy which made his splendid achievements possible. Consider that this delicate little man has lived thru years of unspeakable privations; that he had no chance to study at any institution of higher learning; that he is an autodidact *par excellence*, a self-made man in the highest meaning of the term—and then listen to his words. It is simply astounding that he acquired all that knowledge, all the erudition, that deep, all-human philosophy, that refinement of his literary touch, that subtlety of his understanding of art, that width of vision." Reymont died on December 5, 1925, at the age of fifty-seven.

Reymont was a representative of the "Young Poland" movement in literature. This movement embraces not only the creation of a national literature of Poland as it is today, but also a broad and inclusive democratic conception of life. The purely Polish in theme, the broader aspects of the movement presuppose a deeply human approach to all problems of life. All the phases of national existence thus become of equal importance and those of humanity as well. In the realization of this ideal, much depends upon the personal experience of the author, and of this experience Reymont had a generous share. His novels, even the most objective, would not be what they are if it were not that he could put so much of his own life in them. "His descriptions," in the words of Ernest Boyd, "are marvels of vividness and accuracy, smacking of the soil and revealing direct observation rather than literary cunning." Unlike many another Polish author, Reymont "has no social doctrines to drive home; and a truly epic impartiality is associated with a tragic sense of the elemental forces which dominate the efforts of the tillers of the soil." He may never become

therefore as popular in his own country as his contemporaries, Przybyszewski and Zeromski, but it is not perhaps altogether wrong to ascribe to him the most substantial genius of the three. A. B.

The most important short stories and novels of Wladyslas Stanislaw Reymont are:

Fermenty, 1897; Spotkanie, 1897; Lili, 1899; Przed Switem, 1902; Komedyanka, 1903; Z Pamiętnika, 1903; Chłopi: Jesień, Zima, Wiosna, Lato, 1906-09; Na Krawędzi, 1907; Marzyciel, 1910; Wampir, 1912; Rok 1794, 1913-20; Bunt, 1924; Pęknięty Dawon, 1925.

English translations of Reymont: The Comédienne, 1920; The Peasants: Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer, 1924-25; The Promised Land, 1927.

About Reymont:

Boyd, E. *Studies from Ten Literatures*; Dyboski, R. *Modern Polish Literature*; Marble, A. R. *Nobel Prize Winners in Literature*.

Alice Hegan Rice 1870-

ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN RICE, American novelist, was born January 11, 1870, at the homestead of her grandfather, Judge James Caldwell, Shelbyville, Kentucky. Her parents were Samuel Watson Hegan and Sallie Caldwell Hegan of Louisville, Kentucky, where she spent her childhood years at the home of her parents and has lived with only brief interruptions ever since.

As a child she was not strong and for that reason did not go to school until she was ten. By that age, however, she was already scribbling childish stories and verses. When she went to school she also developed a talent for drawing, leaning toward caricature.

After school years she continued to write, having humorous and character sketches published from time to time, and did social work among the poor families of Louisville. During this work she met a humorous and philosophical woman, the head of a large and impoverished family, who inspired what was to be the author's first and best-known book, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*.

Alice Hegan wrote *Mrs. Wiggs* in a trunk room, in the blank spaces of an old ledger. When she came to the end of the ledger the story stopped. This left it considerably shorter than the

average novel of the day, but she did not know that and copied it painfully on a borrowed typewriter and sent it to New York, where it was accepted (altho with some anxiety about its sales possibilities, it has been confessed) by the first publisher to whom it was submitted. This was in 1901. In the first six months the modest first edition of 2,000 copies quietly sold out and another small printing was ordered. This was gone in four months. After that the size and frequency of printings increased rapidly until more than 200,000 copies had been sold in the first three years. After more than thirty years it continues to have a steady sale, is reprinted frequently, and, the publishers believe, will likely reach its hundredth edition in its author's lifetime.

The success of *Mrs. Wiggs* was in the nature of a wedding present for the young author. Some time before, she had become betrothed to Cale Young Rice, then coming into prominence among the younger American poets; and their wedding took place not long after publication of the book. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor and author, wrote of the marriage:

Wit—to fantasy,
The muse—to merriment,
Pathos—to poetry,
Such marriage, heaven-sent,
Lives eternally.

Mrs. Rice's second book appeared in 1903. It was, almost inevitably, a sequel to *Mrs. Wiggs*. It was called *Lovey Mary* and also enjoyed wide popularity. Thereafter for some time she published a novel virtually every alternate year, most of them tales of humble people, distinguished by definite characterizations. *Mr. Opp*, published in 1909, became unusually popular in England, surpassing even *Mrs. Wiggs* there. A later novel which shared in "reader-interest" with Mrs. Rice's first work was *Quin*, a story which grew out of her war-time experiences as volunteer librarian at Camp Zachary Taylor and as a Red Cross worker in service hospitals. It was published in 1921. Since that date she has written less. Among her later books are two volumes of short stories written in collaboration with her husband (tho more accurately to be termed



ALICE HEGAN RICE

combination than collaboration, for they wrote separate stories, independently of each other).

Besides her books Mrs. Rice has written numerous magazine articles and short stories. She has never written directly for the stage, but a dramatization made from *Mrs. Wiggs* and *Lovey Mary* (at Sir James Barrie's suggestion) was produced by George Tyler in the early years of the century and had long runs on four continents.

The Rices make their home on a quiet and secluded street in Louisville known as St. James Court. The house is of the comfortable, roomy, old-fashioned type, and is surrounded by shade trees. They maintain separate work-rooms. They travel extensively and have been in most sections of the world. Annie Russell Marble says: "When these authors travel, they create an atmosphere of home and anchorage; they are no feverish sight-seers. If it be a summer in England and Scotland they are at home with their many friends or at some quiet inn; if it be in Japan they make their own atmosphere both for work and observation; if it be a month on the Maine coast, with dashing spray and rocks at Prout's Neck, they are at home in their habits and careful reading and writing. Life to them is full of rich experiences of travel and friend-

ships, of seclusion and comradeship away from outside distractions."

In 1928 Alice Hegan Rice and Cale Young Rice were awarded doctors' degrees by Rollins College on the same day.

Alice Hegan Rice's works:

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, 1901; Lovey Mary, 1903; Sandy, 1905; Captain June, 1907; Mr. Opp, 1909; A Romance of Billy Goat Hill, 1912; The Honorable Percival, 1914; Calvary Alley, 1917; Miss Mink's Soldier and Other Stories, 1918; Turn About Tales (with C. Y. Rice) 1920; Quin, 1921; Winners and Losers (with C. Y. Rice) 1925; The Buffer, 1929; Mr. Pete and Co., 1933.

About Alice Hegan Rice:

Overton, G. *The Women Who Make Our Novels*.

St. Nicholas 55:104 December 1927.

Cale Young Rice 1872-

Autobiographical sketch of Cale Young Rice, American poet, dramatist, and novelist:

THERE is no word more terrifying than "I" when one must write an autobiographical sketch. For one knows that its single letter is sure later to deliver him into the power of chagrin and regret.

The little house in Dixon, Kentucky, where I was born, December 7, 1872, now bears a tablet informing the public of that fact; and I am told there is a movement afoot to purchase the place for a "shrine." As Dixon is but a small town, I am proud of this interest—more so I believe than I would be of a solid bust in the haughty Hall of Fame.

When I was six my family moved to Evansville, on the wide banks of the Ohio. There I spent ten years—far away, as yet, from the ambitious struggle for a great career in poetry in an unpoetic period of American life. If I had any ambition during those happy care-free years, it was perhaps to do things a little better than my companions—of whom I had many that were dear. For I took an intense delight in my kin,

male and female, and in all the sports and prepossessions of childhood and youth. That sorrow and tragedy, death and disappointment, should enter into these years was inevitable. But only toward their close, when I was preparing for college did a serious mental awakening begin to take place in me.

Yet this awakening was still further delayed. For the four years I spent at Cumberland University, where I went instead of to Yale to which I was at first headed, were still years of living and loving, between constant whiles of study. Only after I was set adrift from Cumberland, with rudder enough but without direction or compass, did I begin to consider the fundamental religious, philosophical, political, and economic problems of existence. At Harvard, where I spent the better part of the next three years, I was another man. Under William James Royce, Münsterberg, and one or two economists, sociologists, and teachers of English, easy youth was transformed in me to almost over-serious studiousness—so much so that I would not sacrifice an afternoon's work to take what I was told would be certain honors



CALE YOUNG RICE

in the gymnasium—and on the baseball field, which has never ceased to lure me; now it is golf that has taken its place.

But poetry, which I had really begun to read for the first time, was a still stronger lure. I had always had the poorest of training in English at school and college, and had never been so fortunate as to come across a lover of poetry to kindle the flame in me. But once the flame was kindled, it was consuming. For twenty years thereafter, tho often invited by editor or publisher, I would not so much as consider writing prose.

In 1897 my people had moved to Louisville, which was henceforth to be my home. In 1902 I was married there to Alice Caldwell Hegan, an incomparable companion, and one whose stories have captivated the hearts of millions. Our journey for thirty years has been varied with all the chances and changes of life—for ourselves and others. And as we have traveled widely, there are few lands which are not endeared to us by friends—or in which we have not found inspiration for the art we practice. [See sketch of Alice Hegan Rice, this volume.]

Of my relation to the three decades of poetry with which my name has been associated, much might be said of more interest than these biographical details. Perhaps it will suffice here, however, merely to say that nineteenth century romanticism having become a bit sterile, when I came into the poetry arena, a new romanticism and a new reality seemed to be demanded of the poet: a more natural, less literary, speech and a truer account of experience in one's own land—or in any other. Poetic drama seemed at the time the best opportunity for me to achieve this modernity, and it would be idle to deny that when *Charles di Tocca*, *David*, *A Night in Avignon*, and *Yolanda of Cyprus* were published and widely praised as modern stage products, popular success and a livelihood from poetry seemed near—and sweet. But the stage quickly became commercialized in the first decade of this century and I was disappointed of production for these plays in New York; tho later *A Night in Avignon* was seen, and in 1929-30, *Yolanda of Cyprus* had a

success as the book of an opera. Clarence Loomis, the composer of the operatic score of *Yolanda*, has also written scores for *David* and *A Night in Avignon*.

Twenty-one volumes of poetry, exclusive of a half dozen collections or selections, together with five volumes of prose fiction or drama, constitute my literary output. It has often been said, sometimes to my detriment, that these volumes have been praised more highly in England of late than in America. If this is so, it has I fancy been partly due to the lack of adequate consideration that has sometimes been given, to even my better achievements, in New York. And I have ventured to suggest that critical integrity in that metropolis might be improved if the country did not depend so entirely on New York opinion—if, in other words, our leading newspapers went back to the pre-War practice of having strong literary pages of their own. Authors, editors, reviewers, and publishers are in too close contact in New York to permit of impartial judgments.

But this inadequate unrevealing sketch has run long enough. If the reader has any time to waste, he can employ it better in reading the books mentioned above rather than this screed. In them he will at least find thirty years of brooding upon the mysteries and beauties of human existence. Here he will find little but an article, written by request.

Cale Young Rice's works:

POETRY: From Dusk to Dusk, 1898; With Omar, 1900; Song Surf, 1900; Nirvana Days, 1908; Many Gods, 1910; Far Quests, 1912; At the World's Heart, 1914; Earth and New Earth, 1916; Trails Sunward, 1917; Wraiths and Realities, 1918; Songs to A.H.R., 1918; Shadowy Thresholds, 1919; Sea Poems, 1921; Mihirima and Other Poems, 1922; A Pilgrim's Scrip, 1924; A Sea Lover's Scrip, 1925; Bitter Brew, 1925; Selected Plays and Poems, 1926; Stygian Freight, 1927; Seed of the Moon, 1929; High Perils, 1933.

PLAYS: Charles di Tocca, 1903; David, 1904; Yolanda of Cyprus, 1906 (opera, 1929); A Night in Avignon, 1907; The Immortal Lure, 1911; Porzia, 1913; Collected Plays and Poems, 1915; The Swamp Bird, 1931.

NOVELS AND OTHER PROSE: Turn About Tales (with Alice Hegan Rice) 1920; Youth's Way, 1923; Winners and Losers (with Alice Hegan Rice) 1925; Early Reaping, 1929.

About Cale Young Rice:

Literary Digest 104:24 February 1, 1930.

Dorothy M. Richardson

Autobiographical sketch of Dorothy M. Richardson, English novelist, being primarily a discussion of the "Stream of Consciousness," a phrase with which her work has been identified.

THERE is but little to tell of me. My childhood and youth were passed, in secluded surroundings, in late-Victorian England. Day-school linked me with "the world," upon which I was thrown when, in my seventeenth year, my home broke up. Some of my impressions of what is implied in the capacious term are set down in *Pilgrimage*, not yet complete. This book was begun in 1913. Its first chapter, *Pointed Roofs*, appeared in 1915. [Its tenth, in 1931.]

... What do I think of the term "Stream of Consciousness" as applied, in England, to the work of several modern novelists? Just this: that amongst the company of useful labels devised to meet the exigencies of literary criticism it stands alone, isolated by its perfect imbecility. The transatlantic amendment, "Interior Monologue," tho rather more inadequate than even a label has any need to be, at least carries a meaning.

Definitions of consciousness vary from school to school and are necessarily as incomplete as definitions of life. The only satisfactory definition of a man's consciousness is his life. And this, superficially regarded, does seem to exhibit a sort of stream-line. But his consciousness sits stiller than a tree. "The mind" may be or may become, anything from a rag-bag to a madhouse. It may wobble continuously or may be more or less steadily focused. But its central core, luminous point, (call it what you will, its names are legion) tho more or less continuously expanding from birth to maturity, remains stable, one with itself thruout life.

We all date our personal existence from our first conscious awareness of reality outside ourselves. And this awareness is direct and immediate, *preceding* instruction as to the nature of the realities by which we are surrounded. Instruction and experience can enrich and deepen but can never outdo or re-

place this first immediate awareness. It recurs, in different forms, thruout life.

Literature is a product of this stable human consciousness, enriched by experience and capable of deliberate, concentrated contemplation. Is not this consciousness the sole link between reader and writer? The writer's (and the reader's) brain may be "on fire," his imagination may construct this and that, but the contemplative center remains motionless. Does not the power and the charm of all literature, from the machine-made product to the "work of art," from the book which amuses or instructs to the one which remakes the world and ourselves (*why* do we recognize it?) reside in its ability to rouse and to concentrate the reader's contemplative consciousness?

The process may go forward in the form of a conducted tour, the author leading, visible and audible, all the time. Or the material to be contemplated may be thrown on the screen, the author out of sight and hearing; present, if we seek him, only in the attitude towards reality, inevitably revealed: subtly by his accent, obviously by his use of adjective, epithet, and metaphor. But whatever be the means by which the reader's collaboration is secured, a literary work, for reader and writer alike, remains essentially an adventure of the stable contemplative human consciousness.

... I have tried to answer your question. And if, to what I have already written, is added the fact of the survival and increase, in the writer, of wonder and of joy, (many other strong emotions competing but never quite prevailing) I shall have responded also, in essentials, to your suggestion that I should supply biographical material.

* * *

Altho Dorothy M. Richardson has been declared a writer of first rank and enduring significance by such discriminating admirers as May Sinclair (who confessed her discipleship in *Mary Olivier*) and Edward Garnett, J. D. Beresford, and John Cowper Powys, she has remained consistently in the background, preserving an impregnable reticence. This is the first time, in the editors' knowledge, that she has prepared

an autobiographical statement for publication or permitted a photograph of herself to appear.

She is married to Alan Odle, the English artist and illustrator; her home is in St. John's Wood, London.

Miss Richardson has devoted practically the whole of her creative life to a single work of narrative, of which the protagonist is Miriam Henderson, a London office-worker. According to John Cowper Powys, "her nine volumes [there are ten now] are nine chapters of a universally significant psychic biography: the biography of a solitary human soul."

In the person of Miriam Henderson, says Mr. Beresford, a friend of the author, "Miss Richardson sat down to write the story of her own life . . . with the clearest possible conception of what she intended to do." (The original title of her first book was *Pilgrimage, Part 1*: this was subsequently changed to *Pointed Roofs*, and all the ensuing volumes—or "chapters," as Miss Richardson prefers to call them—bear individual titles.)

One of Miss Richardson's intentions was to eschew "high spots," the milestones and crises of the phenomenal life with which novelists are usually concerned. The true subject of the novelist, she felt, was "the adventure of the personality." In order to relate this secret adventure, it was necessary for her to invent a new method. "Many other novelists before her had told their stories thru the consciousness of one of their characters, but Miss Richardson's liaison with the consciousness of Miriam Henderson is so close that we see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing except thru Miriam's senses. . . . The ebb and flow of Miriam's consciousness, touched now and again to vivid response, at other times somewhat drearily aware of the limitations of physical experience, is the sole agent of the author's expression." The author never forsakes Miriam's consciousness in order to make explanations or transitions. Altho the narrative is unfolded in the third person, the illusion is of a complete immersion in the first person singular.

There are reviewers who find Miriam Henderson "dull"; others reject her story as "difficult reading"; the *Adelphi*



DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

in 1924 published an article by Lawrence Hyde expressing the tentative judgment that "Miriam Henderson is somehow unworthy of the clairvoyance that has been bestowed on her. She is separated from life by a fatal coldness: she can love warmly, but her love is intimately bound up with her esthetic appreciation—at the first touch of ugliness she turns away with a sort of nausea. There is absent in her that passionate driving force which compels the seer . . . to live out what he has seen at all costs." Seven years later John Cowper Powys asserted in the same magazine that "Miriam, simply considered as an interesting human soul, is quite the equal of the hero of Proust's work and a good deal superior to the hero of Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*. To find her superior in intellectual interest one is compelled to turn to such world-famous figures as Hamlet and Faust." Miriam differs from these figures, however, in that she is a projection of the *female* quest for the essence of human experience. It is this difference that makes Miss Richardson's work unique. "What she has done has never been done before. She has drawn her inspiration neither from man-imitating cleverness nor from narcissistic feminine charm but from the abyss of the feminine subconsciousness."

Shortly after its appearance in the *Adelphi*, Mr. Powys' monograph on Dorothy M. Richardson was published in book form (1931). Miss Richardson is described therein as "a born philologist," with an "abnormal ear for musical euphonies and dissonances" . . . a purist in the "King's English," expert in the most sardonic mimicries. She writes slowly, "treating every paragraph as if it were as unique and exquisite a problem as a Pindaric Ode." Her acute sensitiveness to backgrounds and interiors is plainly apparent in her work. ("How different is this London, of a woman's profoundest consciousness, from the London of Dickens, or the London of Henry James, or the London of Galsworthy.")

Whatever developments in Miriam the future volumes of *Pilgrimage* may reveal, the prediction is that "there will be no neat 'dénouement,' no rounding off of everything in the attainment of a certain spiritual 'formula.'"

Altho Miss Richardson's work is known to only a limited audience, Mr. Powys contends that "there is no living writer of English with a reputation equal to hers among the adepts and the initiates." He wonders "how many of the famous popular English writers of our time realize, that while it is practically certain that in a hundred years not a soul will be reading any of them, it is equally certain that thousands and thousands of literary people in those days will be searching and snatching at every word, trace, sign, and relic left of Dorothy M. Richardson."

Recently Miss Richardson has translated some books from the German. A number of poems by her appeared in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* in 1924, 1925, and 1927.

Dorothy M. Richardson's works:

PILGRIMAGE (group novel): *Painted Roofs*, 1915; *Backwater*, 1916; *Honeycomb*, 1917; *The Tunnel*, 1919; *Interim*, 1919; *Deadlock*, 1921; *Revolutionary Lights*, 1923; *The Trap*, 1925; *Oberland*, 1927; *Dawn's Left Hand*, 1931.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Quakers: Past and Present*, 1914.

TRANSLATOR: *Du Barry* (Karl von Schumacher) 1932; *Mammon* (Robert Neumann) 1932.

About Dorothy M. Richardson:

Beach, J. W. *The Twentieth Century Novel*; Collins, J. *The Doctor Looks at Literature*; Johnson, R. B. *Some Contemporary Novelists: Women*; Mais, S. P. B. *Books and Their Writers*; Mansfield, K. *Novels and Novelists*; Powys, J. C. *Dorothy M. Richardson*; Richardson, D. M. *Painted Roofs* (see introduction by J. D. Beresford); *Trodition and Experiment in Present-Day Literature* (see chapter on "Experiment in the Novel" by J. D. Beresford).

Adelphi 2:508 November 1924; *Adelphi* (new series) 2:103, 224 May-June 1931; *Current Opinion* 66:387 June 1919; *New Republic* 20:sup 14 November 26, 1919.

Laura Riding 1901-

Autobiographical sketch of Laura Riding, poet and critic:

I WAS born in New York City: January 16, 1901. Since then I have been steadily engaged in certain minute investigations. I have had few assistants because the results of these investigations are not merely interesting statistics: they are a heart-breaking residue—those living phenomena which have been able to survive time. There are few characters ready to admit that time is over, and still fewer to exchange historical illusion for final knowledge. I have been a living author because my purpose, which is not to be a living and then dead author, can only be carried out by means of words. But I do not use words as instruments of literary invention, only as instruments for determining exactly how much of human thought is compatible with truth.

I have written over a dozen books in the course of these investigations. Many are in prose, but I do not regard anything except what is stated in poetic form as finally true. And there are perhaps just a few more than a dozen characters capable of active acceptance of what is true, as there are certainly no more than some hundreds capable even of passive acceptance. However, I go on quixotically publishing the results of my investigations as if for an unlimited number of minds, as I go on from day to day being personally gracious to an unlimited number of people perhaps not half-a-dozen of whom, all told, will turn out not to have been either fools or villains. But this is as it must be; and

as I have a happy disposition I am not inclined to brood over the dismal meagreness of the world in characters which are both virtuous and pleasant. I am never impatient, really, with any one but myself, and then only when I have made some mistake of judgement. But I make few mistakes, and no mistake of mine stays long uncorrected. It has been, on the whole, an enjoyable autobiography.

I am winding up my autobiography in Deyá, a village on the island of Mallorca. There are always two or three characters with me who are concentrations in one form or another of the limited virtue and pleasantness which is to be found in the world; I am never entirely without assistance in my work of investigation. And it is good to be in Deyá, which is a concentration of the limited virtue and pleasantness to be found in the earth itself.

No more than half-a-dozen living characters produce writing which I consider relevant to the functions of writing. Painting is a mute form of writing; I think there exists only one eloquent living painter. Music is to me a poetic crime: I like it if it is honestly perverse, as I like crime stories into which moral considerations do not enter. For sculpture I like accidental formations, because sculpture is the process of accidental formation. I do not like what people call 'creative' activity of any kind. For drama I like what is happening.

I think on the whole there is no hope for Americans; they will pass, nearly every one. I do not really mind the French. I very much mind the Germans. I sympathize with negroes and the Spanish. Indians are wicked but feeble. The English—those who *really* speak the English language—are the only people who can be taken seriously. I do not consider that there exists an English people in any nationalistic sense; there exists an English language, and it is the only language. Jews also are not a people; they are the irritating third eye with which man criticizes himself.

I admire no single person except a native of Deyá called Juan Marroig. He is fifty-three years old and makes the electric light here. He is rarely wrong in his judgements, and when he makes a

mistake it does not stay long uncorrected. I do not believe in admiration, but when I am asked whom I admire, this is what I say.

I like men to be men and women to be women; but I think that bodies have had their day. The fundamental relation which has to be made is between the male mind and the female mind, and in this relation the female mind is the judge, and the male mind the subject of judgement. Physicality only postpones judgement. But the male mind has now had all the time there is for working up case.

I am tidy, quick, hard-working, good-humoured, and let absolutely nothing go by.

* * *

Miss Riding was for a time associated, as an honorary member, with the Fugitives, a group of poets in Nashville, Tennessee, who published between 1922 and 1925 a magazine called *The Fugitive* and issued an anthology of their work in 1928. The regular members of this group included John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Merrill Moore, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren. The Fugitives championed original expression, mature and intricate verse. They regarded Miss Riding as the only poet who could "save American poetry from the



From a portrait by John Aldridge
LAURA RIDING

Millays and the Wyliies." Her association with them, however, did not last long, because they were preoccupied, in Miss Riding's words, "with the scholastic rather than the poetic aspects of poem-making."

Critics are suspicious of Miss Riding's work because they cannot derive it from anyone else's work and because, if they accepted it entirely, they would have to accept, along with it, a strange new order of values. English critics have gradually become reconciled to her because they are aware of her influence on the younger English poets.

Laura Riding's works:

Voltaire, 1926; The Close Chaplet, 1926; Love As Love, Death As Death, 1927; Contemporaries and Snobs, 1928; Anarchism Is Not Enough, 1928; Poems: A Joking Word, 1930; Experts Are Puzzled, 1930; Four Unposted Letters to Catherine, 1930; Twenty Poems Less, 1930; Though Gently, 1930; Laura and Francisca, 1931; Everybody's Letters, 1933; The Life of the Dead, 1933; Poet: A Lying Word, 1933.

COLLABORATIONS: A Survey of Modernist Poetry (with Robert Graves) 1927; A Pamphlet Against Anthologies (with Robert Graves) 1928; No Decency Left (with Robert Graves, under common pseudonym of Barbara Rich) 1932; 14a (with George Ellidge) 1934.

Felix Riesenbergr 1879.

Autobiographical sketch of Felix Riesenbergr, American author and nautical authority:

FELIX RIESENBERG was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 9, 1879. At the age of sixteen he went to sea in the famous old New York schoolship *St. Mary's*. He followed the sea for twelve years and took part in the Wellman Polar Expedition, wintering at Dane's Island, Spitzbergen, in charge of the camp in 1906-07. He was navigator of the airship *America*, of that expedition, first dirigible balloon to attempt a flight over the North Polar Regions. This was followed by four years at Columbia University when he took the degree of Civil Engineer. Important engineering work, notably that of the Catskill Aqueduct, and later on the construction of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, on which work he was resident engineer, accounts for the engineering knowledge shown in

his books, notably his novel of the Greater City of New York, *East Side, West Side*.

The War again took him to sea, in command of the U.S.S. *Newport*, on schoolship duty. This service, 1917-1919, was followed, after an interval ashore, by a second tour of the same command in 1923-24. Much of his sea and shore background is found in his books.

His first published work was *Under Sail*. This book has continued to be highly regarded as a narrative of life at sea in the last of the great wooden three-skysail ships built in Maine.

Then followed two technical books, both widely used at sea: *The Men on Deck*, a book defining the duties of the deck officers and men of the merchant marine, and *Standard Seamanship for the Merchant Service*, a complete text on this difficult art, a book now found on most English speaking ships and used by all of the American schoolships and by the Belgian schoolship *Mercator* as their text. [ED. NOTE:—These two books established Mr. Riesenbergr as an authority in a field greatly neglected, works on seamanship being few and far between in the writings of the sea.] A preface to *Standard Seamanship* sums up the writing on seamanship to the present time.



FELIX RIESENBERG

Hachsch

A novel, *P.A.L.*, later issued again as *Red Horses*, sweeps the weird panorama of contemporary life in the years after the War and preceding the great Coolidge boom. This was followed by the novel *East Side, West Side*. This book was made into one of the last of the large scale silent movies—the last to be filmed in New York. It was again used as the basis of a silent picture titled *Skyline*.

Bob Graham at Sea, a juvenile, carries its hero and his shipmates thru two years of schoolship training. *Vignettes of the Sea* and *Shipmates* are collections of experiences and descriptive writing. *Endless River* is a novel on a pattern beyond that of the usual, a structure in which the characters are subservient to the thread of action and change with the movement. It was not understood at the time of publication, and is only known to the few who have followed the progress of this writer. In it the reader becomes the unconscious binding force of the central theme. *Passing Strangers* reflects the nadir of the depression.

Log of the Sea, a book of sea yarns, forms a continuous tapestry of the author's life at sea. *Mother Sea* is a novel of the sea, a wide canvas depicting the transition from sail to steam and the effect of this amid the international competition of ships and men. Five of the author's books have been published in Great Britain.

Among the author's miscellaneous writings are *Clipper Ships* and *Early Steamships*, the text accompanying the reproductions of Currier and Ives prints on these subjects, published by the London Studio.

Mr. Riessenberg is an associate editor of the *Nautical Gazette* and for the last twelve years has written a weekly page called "The Rough Log." He has written for the screen, for magazines, and for the radio.

In collaboration with Christopher Morley, he wrote the play, *The Second Mate*, produced in Hoboken, 1930; in collaboration with Archie Binns, the novel, *The Maiden Voyage*.

Felix Riessenberg's works:

Under Sail, 1915; *The Men on Deck*, 1918; *Standard Seamanship*, 1922; *Bob Graham at Sea*, 1925; *P.A.L.*, 1925 (reissued as *Red*

Horses, 1928); *Vignettes of the Sea*, 1926; *East Side, West Side*, 1927; *Shipmates*, 1928; *Endless River*, 1931; *The Maiden Voyage* (with A. Binns), 1931; *Passing Strangers*, 1932; *Log of the Sea*, 1933; *Mother Sea*, 1933.

Lynn Riggs 1899-

LYNN RIGGS, American dramatist, was born in 1899 near Claremore, Oklahoma (then Indian territory). His father was a cowpuncher and he grew up to know the fast-disappearing cowboy and the open range. He was educated in the common schools, drove a grocery wagon, and read lurid fiction.

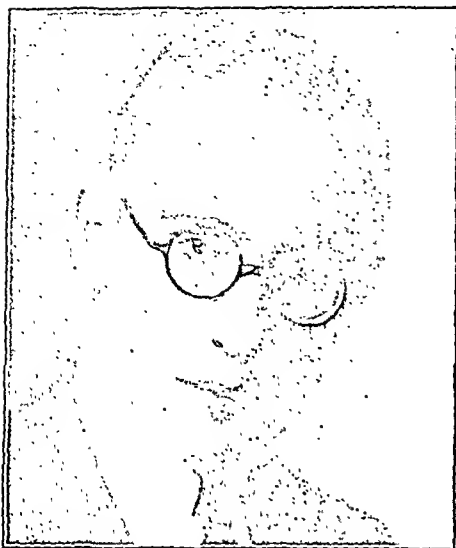
Before he entered college he went to New York and to the Pacific coast. He worked during these years in a glass factory and an express office, sang in moving picture houses, acted as an extra in the "movies," sold books in a New York department store, and read proof for a financial newspaper, among other occupations.

Returning to his native state he entered the University of Oklahoma. In his second year, while still a student, he taught freshman English courses.

In 1921 he wrote his first play, a farce, for amateur production. In 1922 he toured the Middle West as second tenor in a Chautauqua circuit quartet. "Upon recovering," as he puts it, he went to Santa Fé, New Mexico, and worked on a ranch.

In 1925 he wrote a one-act play called *Knives From Syria* which was produced by the Santa Fé Players. He followed it with *Sump'n Like Wings* and *Big Lake*, both "folk dramas," and in 1926 came to New York where he continued to work and write. In addition to plays he wrote verses, which appeared in such magazines as *Poetry* and the *Nation*.

In 1927 the American Laboratory Theatre produced *Big Lake* and he wrote *A Lantern to See By*. Another play written at the same period, *Rancor*, was produced by a repertory theatre in Philadelphia. *Domino Parlor* was tried out in 1928 by the Shuberts, but did not reach Broadway. *The Lonesome West* had a like fate, but the writings of the "slender, quiet-voiced youth" had begun to attract the attention of the more serious managers and producers.



LYNN RIGGS

In the late 'Twenties he was recommended for a Guggenheim fellowship by Barrett Clark, was appointed by the committee, and sailed for a year in Paris. The year produced two plays, one known as *Borned in Texas*, and *Green Grow the Lilacs*.

Riggs returned to New York to have both accepted. The former was produced by Arthur Hopkins in 1930 under the less colorful title of *Roadside* and was, in theatrical parlance, an instantaneous "flop." A few months later, early in 1931, the Theatre Guild offered *Green Grow the Lilacs*. The opening performance won the cheers of critics and audience alike and brought the youthful author suddenly into the public eye. The play, a dialect story of the Oklahoma cowboy, like all of Riggs' plays up to that time, had a season's run.

Riggs' works since *Green Grow the Lilacs* include *The Cherokee Night*, a play dealing with the vanishing Indian tribes of the Southwest, and a dramatization of James Gould Cozzens' *Son of Perdition*, both awaiting production in 1933. In 1930 a collection of his poems was published under the title *The Iron Dish*. He hopes some day to write a novel about Oklahoma. In recent years he has lived in New York, Chapel Hill, North Carolina (with his friend, the

dramatist Paul Green), Santa Fé, and Hollywood, and has been attached to the staffs of Northwestern University and the University of Iowa as a guest author and director.

Dr. Isaac Goldberg describes Riggs as "a soft-mannered youth, fairly tall, with blond hair and a light complexion; his eyes, behind horn-rimmed glasses, look blue; when his speech, after a cautious beginning, gathers momentum and confidence, they become even dreamy. He is unmistakably the poet. Yet the softness of his speech may easily prove deceptive, for just as unmistakably there is behind his mild exterior a directing will that is not likely to be shaken. . . . It is a great man indeed who has the courage of his exaltations. This is the quiet but unshatterable courage that characterizes Lynn Riggs."

Barrett Clark writes of him as a dramatist: "Mr. Riggs has been able on occasion to look at the world about him thru the eyes of a child. . . . [He] has taken the folk material and the idiom of his native district and skillfully made of them a rich medium of expression. . . . Mr. Riggs' plays are stage pieces; the poetry in them is never a matter of mere words, but an integral part of the speeches uttered and the gestures made by the characters, directing each scene and permeating the whole. It lies first in the writer's conception of a harmonic unity and floods it from beginning to end. His work is permeated by an odd and strangely haunting beauty."

Lynn Riggs' works:

PLAYS: *Big Lake*, 1927; *Knives From Syria*, 1928; *Sump'n Like Wings*, 1928; *A Lantern to See By*, 1928; *Roadside*, 1930; *Green Grow the Lilacs*, 1931.

POETRY: *The Iron Dish*, 1930.

EDITOR: *Cowboy Songs, Folk Songs and Ballads*, 1932.

About Lynn Riggs:

Clark, B. H. *An Hour of American Drama*; Riggs, L. *Roadside* (see introduction by Arthur Hopkins).

New York Times (Section VIII) February 1, 1931; *Poetry* 37:347 March 1931.

Rainer Maria Rilke 1875-1926

RAINER MARIA RILKE, Austrian poet, was born at Prague on December 4, 1875. His father came of a Catholic aristocratic family, and his

Rainer Maria Rilke: rī'nēr mā-ī 'ā ril'kē

mother of Jewish stock. Maria, as he was generally called, had no fond memories of his childhood, owing partly to the strained relations between his parents, partly to their utter misunderstanding of his character and vocation. His mother, Phia Rilke, did not possess what one would call a strong maternal instinct. As Maria complained: "She loved me only when it was a question of showing me off in a new dress before a few admiring acquaintances." Otherwise, he was entirely neglected, turned over, as he puts it, to "a conscienceless and immoral serving maid." When he attained the age of ten, he was sent to a military school at St. Pölten. His parents could not possibly have foreseen the makings of a soldier in the ten-year old weakling, but their excuse seems to have been that it was "a family tradition"—albeit his father who spent several years training for the army never received a commission.

The five years (1885-1890) at St. Pölten and its successor, Mähr-Weiskirchen, were a frightful nightmare to the sensitive child. He has called his confinement inquisitorial, a torture arising from a "cowardly, brazen heartlessness which does not stop short of physical cruelties prompted by absolutely bestial, murderous impulses (the expression is not too strong)." . . . What I suffered at that time is tantamount to the world's worst anguish, altho I was only a child, or rather because I was one! As is to be expected, the healthier boys picked on him to play their pranks and administer their punishments. Too callous for pity or sympathy, they saw in the queer, ill-developed Rainer Maria the logical recipient of their insults and practical jokes. Maria felt manacled by his own frailness, and, in turn, developed a Christ-complex. He convinced himself that Fate had willed it that he should be *the chosen one* for all these hardships and tribulations. His later philosophical attitude and poetical utterance reek with this conviction, yet very few of Rilke's admirers have traced it to his painful childhood experiences.

In 1890 Maria returned to Prague. After several heated and not all pleasant discussions, his elders "condemned" him

to a business career. Accordingly, they sped him off to Linz, to follow the commercial course at the Handelsakademie. Maria found lodgings at Drouot's, "a sometime non-commissioned officer of his father's acquaintance." Totally disinterested in his studies, he devoted his time to wooing a governess. Soon enough, and more from a need to escape than from devotion, he eloped with his rather prosaic friend. One can rightly claim that women always played a decisive part in determining Rilke's life. They always forced him to action, made up his mind for him. The elopement brought about the expected consequence. Expelled from the Handelsakademie, the supposedly disgraced Maria had to return home. His enraged father refused to see him, to have anything whatever to do with him, and Maria, unrepentant of his fiasco, was thrown on the mercy of his mother, then a resident of Vienna. However, this disaster ended happily. At this junction, a hitherto unknown but decidedly influential character came upon the stage: Jaroslav Rilke, Ritter von Růlickien. Uncle Jaroslav (he was the eldest brother of Maria's father) took the boy's point of view. He showed faith in his character and ability and made arrangements for his career. He set aside ten thousand gulden, hired tutors, and prepared Maria for the University. By the summer of 1892 the boy was grinding away at his textbooks, endeavoring to cram five wasted years into a short period. In December, Uncle Jaroslav died, and Maria drifted, fraught with the darkest thoughts, actually contemplating suicide, until Valery David-Rhonfeld came to the rescue. Valery braced him up, supervised his work, saw to it that he passed his entrance examinations. But, actually, she did much more than that; she opened his literary career, if not exactly by "inspiring" him, at least by performing perhaps a more useful service: she paid for all the printing expenses of Rainer Maria Rilke's first sheaf of verse, *Leben und Lieder; Bilder und Tagebuchblätter* (1894). Whether Valery loved or did not love the puny boy "afflicted with nervous indigestion and victim of nose colds," she was certainly thrilled at the notion of

sponsoring the poet who admired her, and who praised so sweetly (if verbosely and vaguely) the beauties of twilight, death, and love. The book fell still-born from the press. Not bowing to the verdict of the critics and the high-brow public, Maria appealed to the masses—he decided to become a popular poet!

In the meantime he passed his examinations (July 1895) and went for a month's vacation to Misdroy, a little bathing resort on the Baltic. His father, presumably better disposed towards his son, accompanied him. Maria wandered in the woods, and, as the Germans would say, communed with nature. He re-energized and won a greater peace. Father and son returned by way of Berlin, and Maria attended the University of Prague for two semesters. His love for Valery had evaporated, altho he always remembered her gratefully. On December 28, 1895, he was writing to her: "You were a bright meteor in my dark life."

As to his intention of becoming a popular poet—between 1895 and 1896 he published periodically (at his expense) three cheaply-printed volumes (dime-novel effect) under the general title *Wegwarten*. Some legend-mongers have claimed that Maria stood at street corners and gave them away, but the truth is that the edition was limited to three hundred copies, hardly enough to supply the hospitals and poorhouses he sent them to. The numbers of *Wegwarten* show no great promise; in fact they abound in childish blunders (especially wretched is the play entitled *Jetzt und in der Stunde Unseres Absterbens*.) Of far greater significance are the volumes printed in 1896 and 1897, *Larenopfer* and *Träumgekrönt*, for the poems in these collections contain beautiful stanzas, signaling the emergence of a poet. These poems marked the beginning of a career.

In June 1896 Rilke left for Munich where he remained for a year. From then on, it becomes rather difficult to trace his itinerary, so extensively did he travel. After an impressive Easter in Moscow (1899) he devoted a whole year to the discovery of Russia. His visit stirred him so that he had to confess:

"Russia has made me what I am. There I began to be, there is the home of my instincts, the country of my soul." Russia meant to Rilke the land of mysticism, the country of Tolstoy, whom he met and for whom he expressed adoration thruout his life. The tone and implications of *Geschichten vom Lieben Gott* are decidedly Tolstoyan.

After Russia, he joined a colony of landscape painters in Worpswede (1901-1902) where he met (and married) a former pupil of Rodin, one Clara Westhoff. Her unstinted admiration for the French sculptor influenced, to a certain extent, Rilke's immediate departure for Meudon. He had decided to write a critical work about him. Rodin came to greet him in Paris, and in thanking him, Rilke wrote (September 1902): "I did not come to you only because I wanted to write a study of you. I came to ask you how to live. You answered: by working. How right you are! I feel that my work is to escape death. I am full of gratitude and joy. For, since the days of my early youth, this is what I had been longing for. Yesterday, in the silence of your garden, I found myself." Rilke deified Rodin. He saw the master frequently and the correspondence of this period reveals a profound transformation: "Only things speak to me. Rodin's things, the things that belong to Gothic cathedrals, the antique—all things that are completely things. They lead me back to their models; back to the moving, living world, that is seen simply and without interpretation and only as a provocation to the making of things. I am beginning to see in a new way: flowers already mean so much and animals have caused me strange excitement. And now too I can often experience men thus, and hands live somewhere for me and mouths speak and I look at everything more quietly and with more justice."

In the meantime, Rilke sojourned in Italy, Scandinavia, and Germany. Of utmost consequence was, certainly, his visit to the Scandinavian countries. He had found affinities between Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847-1885) and himself. In fact, he learned Danish in order to read everything he wrote, and one can readily sense a certain analogy between the

Grubbe family, in Jacobsen's novel *Maria Grubbe*, and the Brigge family in Rilke's story *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge* (excellently translated in English as *The Journal of My Other Self*) begun in Rome in 1903 and completed in 1910; and then, again, between the metaphysical gropings of Brigge and those of Niels Lyhne, the hero of Jacobsen's *Niels Lyhne*. Years later Rilke declared: "Jacobsen and Rodin, to me they are the two fountain-heads, the masters. Were I to tell you where I learned something of the essence of creation, its depth and permanence, there are only two names I should care to mention, that of Jacobsen, the great, great poet, and Rodin's, the sculptor, whom no one of the artists now living can match." Besides Jacobsen, Rilke loved two other Scandinavian writers in particular: Sigbjørn Obstfelder and Hermann Bang. He befriended Bang and placed him, with Jacobsen, Rodin, Tolstoy, and Verhaeren upon the altars of his idolatry.

About 1905 Rilke became Rodin's secretary. During the three years of their friendship, Rilke had "assimilated all that the sculptor would give him." Two ferocious egoists, they could not get along together. Rilke's admiration had been to a very large extent imaginary: he adored the creative force, the

warmth and almost animal passion displayed by the sculptor (force, warmth, and passion which Rilke lacked and was never able to attain) rather than the man. By March 1906 Rilke was writing from Meudon "as from a jail." The sculptor, too, had had enough and did not hesitate in telling this to the poet who, resignedly, accepted the refusal: "I understand—the wise organism of your life that must reject what appears to impede its functions, as the eye casts out what interferes with sight."

This break was perhaps fortunate: it gave Rilke time for his creation. From 1903 to 1906 he had remained silent. Now he re-read, revised, and sent to press a narrative poem begun as far back as 1899, *Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Christoph Rilke* (in English *The Tale of the Love and Death of Cornet Christopher Rilke*) which became his only popular success, attaining a circulation of 300,000 copies; and produced, besides, his most original and masterly work: two volumes of poems, *Neue Gedichte* and *Der Neuen Gedichte Anderer Teil*. In these *New Poems*, says Hester Pickman, "it is clear that a great change had been brought about. The nostalgic prettiness of his early poems has disappeared, and the despairing mysticism has been given a solid medium. They are almost all short poems of twenty lines or less and in each we find a compactness that recalls medieval sculpture. . . His tenderness is no longer a mere longing; it has developed into the sense not only of infinitely varied surface, but also of infinitely varied color. For it is not only Rodin's influence that can be traced in them. Judging from his letters of 1907 the effect on him of French painting and especially of Cézanne's work was of even greater importance."

Rilke's travels continued: in 1910, when his famous journal *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge* appeared, he visited Algeria, Tunis, and Egypt. He spent part of 1911 and 1912 in a castle in Duino, a seaport on the Adriatic, and in 1914 toured Spain—Toledo, Seville, Cordova, Ronda.

At the beginning of the War he was obliged to leave Paris. He joined the Teutonic army but broke down under



RAINER MARIA RILKE

She was not yet twenty-five when her first book, *Cullum*, appeared in England and the United States in 1928. It was the story of a young poet whom women loved easily and greatly. The *Spectator* called it "a first novel of quiet dignity and well-restrained emotion" and credited the author with "some excellent descriptions of country and Fleet Street life. . ."

Miss Robertson lived unknown as a writer for several years in the small fishing village of West Mersea on the east coast of England. She noted down the absurdities and meannesses of unsuspecting folk, and gave a savagely humorous picture of such a village in her second novel, *Three Came Unarmed*, the story of three children of a missionary in Borneo who are transplanted to a conventional little English seaside hamlet.

When the novel appeared in 1929, a stranger asked one of the fishermen of West Mersea if the Miss Robertson who owned a boat there was the same one who had written a book. "Shouldn't think so," replied the fisherman scornfully. "Our Miss Robertson's really nice and a good 'and in a boat.'" When the truth came out, West Mersea revised its opinion of the author; she is now recognized as a writer, but no longer thought "really nice."

An ardent sailor, she lived one season in her one-ton yacht off the east coast and sailed it single-handed. The blot on her happiness at that time was another boat sailed by a single-handed yachtsman from a port ten miles north. She coveted the boat fiercely but was told that the owner would never sell. One day she met the owner when he offered to pull up her anchor that was foul of a fishing smack's mooring. She married the man—he is Henry Ernest Turner, secretary of the Empire Press Union—and got the boat.

In 1931 Miss Robertson published her next novel, *Four Frightened People*, a ruthlessly lighthearted tale of two Englishmen and a woman lost in the Malay jungle.

When Miss Robertson and her husband saw the "stills" of the Hollywood motion pictures made from *Three Came*



E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

Unarmed and *Four Frightened People*, they became their own film producers.

"We bought a movie camera," she says, "and spent most of the last film's money on doing a small-boat film as we feel it ought to be done, a ten-minute short called 'Saturday-to-Monday Sailors.' When we worked several hours preparing a shot the result was generally rotten, but there were marvelous moments when the boat was excessively lively and someone nearly dropped the camera, and someone else, putting out a hand to save it, knocked the starting knob, and the result was a staggeringly good picture of something we didn't mean to photograph, much better than the original intention."

Some of the vicissitudes of the amateur sailor's life were captured by Miss Robertson in her fourth novel, *Ordinary Families*, published in 1933. It is the chronicle of a sporting sailing family in a little English seacoast town and was chosen by the English Book Society.

Miss Robertson says she writes because neither of her great hobbies is a whole-time occupation. Sailing and marriage—she puts sailing first—can't be bettered as healthy recreation, she believes, but the first is physically unsuitable and the second mentally inadequate, she finds, as a whole-time occupation for any intelligent woman.

Nevertheless she does manage to spend a great deal of time sailing. Every year she and her husband cruise to France, Belgium, and Holland. One time they sailed into Dunkirk harbor just as a French ferry boat sank, nearly drowning twenty-two people. They rescued some of them and became heroes.

When she sails, Miss Robertson wears trousers, a disreputable oilskin coat, and a man's tattered soft felt hat. She prides herself on being an impeccable second-in-command. Next to sailing she loves dancing. She is tall, slim, left-handed, and her hair is red. She insists that she is much better known as the original of James McBey's Academy portrait, "The Red-Haired Girl," than she is as an author. The picture is in the possession of Lord Blanesburgh.

The novels of Miss Robertson, say the reviewers, are not for those readers who prefer sentimentality to the cold-blooded truth. "She is witty," writes one, "and passionate and honest and completely disillusioned and she handles all sacred things with a ruthlessness that robs them of any sham." According to another, "She is charming for her wit, brilliant for her style, and exciting for her originality."

William Soskin says: "There are only a handful of people in the whole world who could carry off the combination of actual physical danger and smooth, bright humor as she does."

E. Arnot Robertson's works:

Cullum, 1928; Three Came Unarmed, 1929; Four Frightened People, 1931; Ordinary Families, 1933.

Lennox Robinson 1886-

ESMÉ STUART LENNOX ROBINSON, Irish dramatist, novelist, and writer of short stories, was born at Douglas, Cork, in Ireland, on October 4, 1886; the youngest son in a family of four sons and one daughter. His father, the Reverend A. C. Robinson, theologian and teacher, has been described as "a man who loved to utter fantasies." His mother, we are told, "had a passion" for dressing her son in fancy costumes.

Not very robust as a child (or in his later years) he was usually "left out" of games and rough play by his brothers

and sister. In common with two of his brothers, Arthur and Thomas, he found unlimited pleasure in the company of "Topsy," a rag doll, which his sister scorned. He was educated at the Bandon Grammar School in the county of Cork, and showed an interest in literature at an early age, beginning, when he was ten years old, to write for a small magazine that he edited.

His first play, a one-act tragedy, *The Clancy Name*, was produced on October 8, 1908, when the author was just four days past his twenty-second birthday. It is a study of Irish pride in the family name, illustrating the length to which an Irish mother will go in order to preserve the family honor that has been tainted by a weak son. Altho criticized as being melodramatic and for having an ending brought about by accident rather than by character, it was also hailed, in spite of these defects, as the work of a writer who was worth watching.

In 1910, after the success of *The Clancy Name* and *The Cross Roads*, Robinson was invited to become stage manager for the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. "That is the sort of thing, I suppose," he has said, "that could not happen except in Ireland." He held this position until 1914, and again from 1919 to 1923. Since the latter year, he has been director.

Harvest, his first play after coming to the Abbey, was a failure. It is a savage attack on the practice of educating children of the poor people above their social station and out of sympathy with their home training.

Apart from his devotion to the ideal of a national theatre, Robinson is keenly interested in building up libraries in the rural districts of Ireland. For ten years (1915-25) he successfully developed this work as organizing librarian of the Carnegie Trust.

In the autumn of 1918, in association with William Butler Yeats, James Stephens, and Ernest Boyd, he established the Dublin Drama League—the first institution of its kind in the British Isles—to produce plays, Continental and others, that were felt to be outside the scope of the Abbey Theatre. In this group, he was secretary and producer. In



LENNOX ROBINSON

January 1924 he joined the staff of the *London Observer* as a writer on dramatic topics, but he resigned in 1925, when the pressure of his duties as director became too heavy.

He has visited America frequently. During the winter of 1928, he gave a series of lectures in several large cities in the United States. In the summer of 1929, he offered a six weeks course at the University of Michigan, and in the following summer, for the same period, he lectured on "The Making of a Play" and "The Irish Theatre" at the State University of Montana, in Missoula. He has also spoken before dramatic clubs at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, and at Amherst College, where he directed plays for the Student Theatre. On his visits, he has expressed surprise that American dramatists have written "so few homely, realistic plays smelling of the soil."

During the New York season of the Abbey Players in 1932-33 some of the selections in the repertoire offended members of the Fianna Fail and the United Irish-American Societies of New York, who protested that the plays gave a false idea of Irish life and character. None of Robinson's plays, however, was attacked. When Irish societies in Ireland also joined the movement, the government of the Irish Free State,

which grants the Abbey Theatre seven hundred and fifty pounds a year, thought it wise to pay some attention to the protests. In May 1933, President De Valera announced that, on their 1935 tour, the Abbey Players would drop "some of their more salty plays." In bringing the matter before the directors of the theatre, De Valera is also reported to have suggested that, in view of the subsidy, the company might "stay home a bit and give Dublin an opportunity to see them."

Robinson's enthusiasm for the organization he directs is unbounded: "Small as we are, we are, in every sense of the word, a national theatre. Something can be seen at its best in Dublin and nowhere else in the world, and every summer an increasing number of visitors cross the Atlantic or the Irish Sea for the sole purpose of seeing our work in its home surroundings. Haven't we behind us a tradition of years of willing, unpaid service on the part of directors and players and playwrights, a knowledge that the work of our theatre has played no small part in the creation of our state?" Of the Abbey Theatre, so named from its location on Abbey Street, he says: "It is small and inconvenient. It seats 550 people, and I cannot swear that all of them have a good view of the stage. The stage itself is a mere pocket handkerchief, 16 feet deep and 19 feet wide, but that stage has been the cradle of many a masterpiece and has been the training-ground for many a player of genius."

Robinson has been called "the dramatist of Irish discontent." The title, however, apparently applies mostly to his earlier plays (when he was under the influence of Ibsen) in which the theme, in one form or another, is the hardness of life. In his more recent works, there is nearly always a strong relieving note of humor.

His plays may be divided into two groups: those dealing with Irish life in small rural communities, and those dealing with Irish politics. *The Clancy Name*, *The Cross Roads*, which he has called "a violent play, written when I was very young," *Harvest*, and *The White-Headed Boy*, his most successful play, a comedy of middle-class domestic life, belong to the first group. *Patriots*,

considered by many his finest work, *The Dreamers*, about Robert Emmet, and *The Lost Leader*, about Charles Parnell, are examples of the second type. *The White-Headed Boy* has also been placed in the latter group by some students, but Robinson declares that "I haven't the remotest idea what it means politically." Altho he makes no attempt to deny that some of his plays bear on political unrest in Ireland, he does not wish to have any drama of his regarded as "a political tract disguised as a play."

In October 1933 Robinson came to New York to supervise the production of *Is Life Worth Living?* which he wrote during a week's vacation, and which had earlier been produced highly successfully in London. Despite its title, it is not a depressing play, but a good-humored satire on the intellectual drama of Ibsen and Strindberg. The setting is a small Irish town, the inhabitants of which are perfectly happy and carefree, unworried by doubts or complexes—until they are visited by a theatrical company. What happens to the honest citizens after they have seen a few of Ibsen's tragedies is the story of the play. To an interviewer, Robinson said, "I suppose you would call it farce, but I'd rather not call it that, because—well, you know what people think you mean when you call a play farce." He also characterized it as "an exaggeration in three acts," in order "to spare the critics the trouble of calling it that." The New York production failed to duplicate the play's success in London and closed after a run of only a week.

In an article on Lennox Robinson's childhood, Deborah Tyndall describes him as "a thin, big-eyed, delicate-looking little boy, with a solemn face, with hair very fine in texture; almost straight and none too thick." But in his early twenties, his hair suddenly became thick and wavy, which led his father to ask "Has Stuart taken to writing because his hair has grown thick and curly, or has his hair grown thick and curly, because he has taken to writing?" Today, he is described as "tall [he is six feet six inches], slight, and dark, faintly recalling W. B. Yeats in appearance. He wears a butcher-blue shirt for almost every occasion, and is prouder of smoking Irish-

grown tobacco than of his gifts as a dramatist." Graham Sutton has cleverly suggested his appearance by the statement that "Max would do him in three long curves and a lock of hair."

Altho primarily a dramatist, Robinson is also the author of a novel and of two volumes of short stories. The novel, *A Young Man From the South*, is a psychological study of a sincere, but weak, character. In Willie Powell, its hero, says Andrew E. Malone, "is sketched some of the spiritual history of his creator." Of his short stories, "The Chalice," in *Eight Short Stories*, is generally considered the best.

Robinson speaks "a little slowly and awkwardly," but his English is easily understandable when he wishes it to be so; when moved by a spirit of mischief, or when pressed to make a statement that he does not wish to be quoted, he can use a perfect brogue so thick that no reporter can understand him. He modestly claims that he is "a frightful subject for cross-examination." His wife, Dorothy Travers Smith, is a daughter of the late Edward Dowden, the famous Irish Shakesperian critic.

H. S. R.

Lennox Robinson's works:

PLAYS: *The Lesson of Life* (not published); *The Clancy Name*, 1908; *The Cross Roads*, 1909; *Harvest*, 1910; *Patriots*, 1912; *The Dreamers*, 1915; *The Lost Leader*, 1918; *The White-Headed Boy*, 1920; *Crabbed Youth and Age*, 1922; *The Round Table*, 1922; *Never the Time and the Place*, 1924; *The White Blackbird*, 1925; *Portrait*, 1925; *The Big House*, 1926; *The Far Off Hills*, 1928; *Give a Dog—*, 1928; *Ever the Twain*, 1929; *All's Over, Then?* 1932; *Is Life Worth Living?* 1933.

NOVEL: *A Young Man From the South*, 1917.

SHORT STORIES: *Dark Days*, 1918; *Eight Short Stories*, 1919.

ANTHOLOGIES: *A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse*, 1925; *Poems of Thomas Parnell*, 1927; *A Little Anthology of Modern Irish Verse*, 1928.

ESSAY: *Recipe for a National Theatre*, 1929.

BIOGRAPHY: Bryan Cooper, 1931.

About Lennox Robinson:

Agate, J. *The Contemporary Theatre*; Archer, W. *The Old Drama and the New*; Boyd, E. *The Contemporary Drama of Ireland and Ireland's Literary Renaissance*; Chandler, F. W. *Aspects of Modern Drama*; Morgan, A. E. *Tendencies of Modern English Drama*; Morris, L. R. *The Celtic Dawn*; O'Connor, N. J. *Changing Ireland: Literary*

Backgrounds of the Irish Free State; Weygandt, C. *Irish Plays and Playwrights*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Bookman (London) 52:188 September 1917; 55:196 March 1919; 62:110 May 1922; 81:18 October 1931; *Chicago Record* June 27, 1912; *Cleveland Leader* April 6, 1914; *Dublin Magazine* 1:706 March 1924; *Freeman* 4:262 November 23, 1921; *Indianapolis News* January 9, 1915; *New Republic* 28:161 October 5, 1921; 43:354 August 19, 1925; *New Statesman* 15:364 September 18, 1920; *New York Herald Tribune* November 5, 1933; *New York Times* October 22, 1933; *Realist* 1:130 June 1929; *Sewanee Review* 30:277 July-September 1922; *Times Literary Supplement* (London) August 18, 1927.

José Enrique Rodó 1872-1917

JOSE ENRIQUE RODÓ. Uruguayan critic, was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1872. The Rodós were an ancient family of good social standing, and young José was given a careful education. Tho a Catholic, he was sent to the first non-sectarian school in the city. Later he entered the University of Montevideo and soon distinguished himself as a youthful prodigy. His early interests were chiefly literary and, like many another youth of genius, his earliest fancy found expression in poetry.

After the completion of his studies, Rodó became an instructor at the University and delivered lectures on literature. But soon the comparative quiet of professional duties began to weary him, and in 1901 he abandoned his university career for the more strenuous one of a politician and publicist. It was in this year that he founded, together with the brothers Martínez Vigil and Víctor Pérez Petit, the *Revista Nacional de Literatura y Ciencias Sociales* and became one of its best-known contributors. The essays were later collected in the volume *El Mirador de Próspero* and issued in 1913. His first important essay however was one on *Rubén Darío* which appeared in 1899 and in which, already at that early date, were "revealed his austere and subtle intelligence, his flights of paradoxical fancy, his vigorous yet exquisite sensibility. . . all of which reflects what is "best and most typical in his exotic talent."

Rodó's increasing interest in matters political was not lost upon his contemporaries, and soon after the founding of

his review he was elected deputy of the Uruguayan Chamber. There he distinguished himself mostly by the breadth of his views and the sound philosophic basis which he knew how to impart to his frequent public addresses. Rodó seldom traveled, and then only on very short visits. When the World War came, however, he went to Europe as representative of the well-known *Caras y Caretas*. He went first to Spain and then proceeded to Italy to be nearer the actual scene of events. At Palermo he was overtaken by death on May 1, 1917.

Rodó, like his South American contemporary and friend, Darío, was a literary genius of the first rank. Of his personal appearance we have an interesting pen-portrait left us by his friend, Barbagelata: "Henceforth," he writes, "his slender and very tall figure will no longer be seen striding rapidly thru the streets of his native city, one arm swinging like an oar, and lifted aquiline face that recalled a condor of the Andes." Havelock Ellis says that Rodó was "of the tribe of Quinet and Renan, of Fouillée and especially Guyau. Like those fine spirits, he desired to be the messenger of sweetness and of light, of the spirit of Jesus combined with the spirit of Athens, and the intolerance of



New York Times

JOSE ENRIQUE RODÓ

rationalism seemed to him as deadly a poison to civilization as that of Christianity."

Rodó was an apostle, one of the most engaging literary apostles of this century. In one of his early works, *El Que Vendrá*, he wrote of the Coming One with eloquence: "I behold only a hazy, mysterious vision of you, such as the soul intent upon rending the starry veil of mystery may picture to itself, in its ecstasies, the glory of the Divine Being. But I know that you will come. . ." And this may be taken to be the keynote of all of Rodó's inspiring visions. They are not concrete statements of the known, the arrived, but a probing of the future animated forever with a faith in the things to be. In 1900 Rodó published his *Ariel* which at once became the clarion-call of beauty against ugliness, of the spirit against utilitarianism. In this essay he contrasts the essentially utilitarian civilization of the United States with the more idealistic tendencies of South America. At no time blind to the many shortcomings of his own race, he nevertheless stresses the point that the youth of Spanish-America must not look for inspiration to the many admirable attainments of their neighbors of the North, but must submit to the eternal spirit of youth which he symbolizes in Ariel. It is to the spirit of Greece, of France, that one must look for inspiration.

Motivos de Proteo, appearing nine years after *Ariel*, marks a significant step in Rodó's delineation of a consistent philosophical system. Here he reveals himself a master-psychologist, and his theme is "self-knowledge, self-adaptation in the light of that knowledge, continuous readjustment in the light of newer knowledge. . ." And this self-renewal is the essence of life. It is Proteus the ever-changing, Proteus the many-shaped elusive restless spirit that most comprehensively embraces this new ideal. Without change there is no life; and yet the change must follow an ideal. He does not counsel, he does not outline his ideas in cold professorial tones. His contemplations are not of the sterile introspective type of Amiel, but resemble rather the spiritual explorations of Emerson.

El Mirador de Próspero does not possess the brilliance of *The Motives of Proteus*. It is made up, as was remarked, of a series of essays which Rodó wrote for the *Revista Nacional*. But the collection is valuable in that it shows us the way Rodó applied his personality to the more everyday problems of politics and the intellectual life.

Rodó's style is one of exalted contemplation. Whatever he touches becomes alive. "I have called him," says the critic González Blanco, "the magician of Spanish prose, the publicist who writes the best Spanish in all the globe, he who has best known how to play the instrument of our language in all its mastery, surpassing Valera in flexibility, Pérez Galdós in elegance, Pardo Bazán in modernity, Valle Inclán in crudition, Azorín in critical spirit." His great originality, according to Ureña, consists in "having joined the cosmological principle of creative evolution to the ideal of a standard of action for life." And Rodó is further ascribed, by the same critic, a place in the "family of Epictetus, and of Plutarch, of Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, Luis de León, Raimonde Sponde, Emerson, Ruskin—the family over which, sheltering it with one of his archangel's wings, the divine Plato presides." A. B.

The most important works of Rodó are:

La Vida Nueva, 1897; *Rubén Darío*, 1899; *Ariel*, 1900; *Motivos de Proteo*, 1909; *El Mirador de Próspero*, 1913; *Cinco Ensayos* (includes essays on Rubén Darío and Ariel) 1915; *El Camino de Paros*, 1918; *Nuevos Motivos de Proteo*, 1927.

English translations of Rodó:

Ariel, 1922; *The Motives of Proteus*, 1928.

About Rodó:

Ellis, H. *The Philosophy of Conflict: Second Series*; Goldberg, I. *Studies in Spanish-American Literature*; Scarone, A. *Bibliografía de Rodó*; Ureña, M. H. *Rodó y Rubén Darío*.

Revue Hispanique 43:205 June 1918.

Jules Romain 1885-

JULES ROMAINS (pen name of Louis Farigoule) French poet, dramatist, and novelist, was born at Saint Julien-Chapteuil in Velay, department of Haute-Loire, on August 26, 1885. His

ancestors, on both his father's and mother's side, were mountain folk who had inhabited this particular region from time immemorial. A rugged land, of volcanic origin, its inhabitants seem to have appropriated its ruggedness: strong, healthy people, rather primitive, because unspoiled by culture and sophistication. They like to vote *red*, yet they attend assiduously and fervently the services of the Catholic church. A solid, pure race, religiously inclined but profoundly revolutionary!

Romains left his native province almost immediately after his birth, for his father had a position in Paris, teaching in a Montmartre institute. It was in this thoroly Parisian quarter, in Montmartre, that Jules spent his childhood and adolescence. The Paris of 1895 was a relatively quiet city, flavorsome and picturesque, and it was extremely pleasant to go out for a stroll. Jules learned this art from the very earliest: first he examined every nook and corner of his neighborhood, and then he went for longer tours. . . and this slow, well-filtered vision of Paris appears in *Men of Good Will*, published in 1932. He became acquainted not merely with the city but with its people. His friendship with artisans and workers made him immune to the rising snobbism of the Lycée Condorcet at which he had matriculated.

A very precocious student, he showed distinct predilection for the natural sciences, and his family was proud of his distinguished accomplishments. Outside of the classroom his interests were the streets of Paris and his father's library. Unable to purchase books, he had to resign himself to the collection at home—the classics! Fortunately, not having a tyrannical teacher to impress him with big names and bigger titles, the sensitive boy became familiar with the old writers, and showed a particular liking for Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Lucretius, Ovid, Shelley, and more especially, the Goethe of the *Ballads* and *Faust* (Part I) and Hugo, the poet.

By 1903 Romains had received his bachelor's degree and begun a three-year course, entrance requirement for the Ecole Normal Supérieure. Instead



JULES ROMAINS

of following his scientific course, in which he had shown such talent, he decided to take up teaching, a profession which pays enough (relatively) and offers many free hours for other things—in his case, free time for writing. The year 1903 seems to have been quite crucial in the life of Jules Romains. One October evening as he was walking up the Rue d'Amsterdam, he felt a flood of sentiment rise, mixing and fusing the streets, the houses, the sidewalks, the passersby—a universal conscience seemed to permeate everything, to bind everything together. The ego had ceased to exist: the poet discovered a world synthesis. Unanimism was born then and there. Romains was eighteen years old. Later on he found philosophical elucidation and substantiation of this phenomenon in the philosophical theories of Durkheim. Romains' unanimism was Durkheim's group mind.

After the stirring experience, Romains commenced his poetical career. His first book of verse, *L'Ame des Hommes*, appeared in 1904. During that year, happy in his new orientation, knowing that literature was his vocation, he attended the quiet parties at Gustave Kahn's and met there Charles Vildrac and René Arcos, and later Georges Duhamel—in other words, the men responsible for the "Abbaye." But one

must mention the fact that before the Abbaye originated, Arcos, Vildrac, Romans and his dear schoolmate and friend Chennevière used to dress up as rough-necks and stroll down to the slums of La Villette in an effort to enter into that life. Romans wore an old alpaca jacket, duck trousers held at the waist by a blue flannel sash, nondescript checkered cap, and old shoes with knotted laces. The writers cherished the slang, the color and rhythm of the lower depths, and in their works, especially in Romans', these depths are always evoked lovingly.

One day on their return from one of their exploration tours they dared to enter, in their outlandish clothes, one of the most fashionable cafés located at the carrefour Richelieu-Drouot. The snobbish clientele became furious and the roughnecks were about to be thrown out when Gustave Kahn, with his Legion of Honor ribbon on his lapel, chanced to come in. Kahn recognized them, greeted them affectionately, and sat with them to discuss poetry.

Despite the profitable amusements and countless pranks, Romans obtained, with the highest honors, a *licence* in literature and passed brilliantly (second highest) the entrance examinations to the Ecole Normale Supérieure at which he registered in November 1906. He attended lectures both at the Ecole and at the Sorbonne, and during the school year obtained *certificats* in general physiology and in botany, as well as his second *licence*, this time in sciences. Also his first prose work, a novelette entitled *Le Bourg Régénéré* made its appearance.

The young man of twenty-one had lived a very intense youth, colored by diverse interests and experiences: he underwent a religious crisis between seven and fourteen; he served his military term at Pithiviers and reacted furiously against war; he had shown great talent for science and literature; he enjoyed the friendship of some of the most promising writers of France; and he cherished many precious remembrances—Jaurès' speech at the rue Foyatier, the famous May 1st celebration of 1906. . .

In 1906 his friend Vildrac thought he had discovered a means for solving without too great effort the drab exigen-

cies of life: he would get together his literary friends, they would rent or purchase a house in the country and go there to live—they would write and publish their own works and live comfortably on royalties. Vildrac found immediate cooperation in Arcos, Duhamel, Jouve, Mercerau, Martin-Barzun, the painters Gleize and Mahn, and the composer Albert Doyen. They found a tumble-down, thoroly dilapidated house in Creteil (near Paris), and after repairing, renovating and furnishing it, they brought the printer Lenard with a Minerva pedal-press, and the work began. The "Abbaye," as they called this artists' colony, produced many exquisite volumes, exquisite both in contents and typography. Romans could not leave his school but he visited his friends almost every week and gave them the manuscripts of his latest poems, *Vié Unanime*, which they printed in 1908. For two years the "Abbaye" accomplished a great deal. It failed for lack of money, because an outsider, a very wealthy man, came in and defrauded the publishers.

In 1907 Romans obtained another diploma: he had completed his study on *Variations de l'Identité Chez les Thallophtics*. However, during his last year at the Ecole Normale he sidetracked from the natural sciences and took up philosophy. In 1909 he finished his studies and passed the *agrégation* in philosophy: in short, he was the proud owner of two *licences*, one in dead languages and another in natural sciences; one *certificat* in mathematics; one diploma in botany; and one *agrégat* in philosophy. Besides, he was the author of three works!

In October 1909 he was sent as professor to Laon, and since then has taught at Brest, Nice, and Paris. Nonetheless his permanent address has always been Paris; while teaching at Laon he commuted, but even when forced to live away from the capital, he kept his Montmartre apartment. In 1909 he met the rue Ravignan group: Max Jacob, André Salmon, Apollinaire, Picasso, Marie Laurencin. . . and Romans generously tried to bring them together with the Abbaye group. With this in mind he organized

a dinner which took place every month from then on under the arcades of the Palais Royal and which was, therefore, called the "dîner de Valois."

On March 4, 1911, Antoine produced, at the Odéon, Romans' first play *L'Armée dans la Ville*. It was a great success. From then on, Romans has been gaining in prestige and he is frequently called a leader, a *chef d'école*. At the time of the War, Romans took a surprisingly intelligent attitude in an article entitled "Pour que l'Europe Soit." He wrote it in 1915, especially for an American magazine, but it was not published till 1930. It was the first genuine plea for pan-Europeanism: he proved the oneness and unity of Europe and the illogicalness of war, and predicted the formation of the United States of Europe. Several American statesmen (Wilson, among others) read it and liked it, but, soon after, the United States entered the War and the manuscript was sent back to Romans.

The life of this complex writer is full of surprises: for instance, in 1920 he published a remarkable treatise on *Eyeless Sight*: "a study of the extra-retinal vision and the paroptic sense," one of his best novels, *Donogoo-Tonka*, and saw Jacques Copeau present at the Vieux Colombier his extremely successful play, *Cromedeyre-le-Vieil*. Since 1920 Romans' name stands at the top, and his 1932 novel *Men of Good Will* was unanimously acclaimed as one of the greatest achievements in the history of French literature. Altho the author of such magnificent novels as *Lucienne*, *Death of a Nobody*, and *The Lord God of the Flesh*, and of such significant plays as *Knock*, *Le Dictateur*, *Jean de Maufrane*, etc., Romans has considered all these achievements but a preparation, an apprenticeship, a "forging of working implements," for *Men of Good Will*, four volumes of which have already been published.

Romans' career represents most vividly the intellectual expansion of an individual: in him one finds a scientist, a poet, a playwright, a novelist, a philosopher, and a humanitarian. He is, besides, an inveterate traveler—in his

youth he bicycled thru the provinces of France, and later hiked or bicycled thru foreign countries; since the successes of 1919 he has traveled more comfortably in the company of Mme. Romans—Europe, America, Africa. And the Russians who hold his works in great esteem will probably see him in Moscow one of these days. Romans lives in a comfortable apartment in Auteuil, but whenever he can he rides down to his little farm at Saint-Avertin, in Touraine, where he feels very much at home, tilling the soil, picking the grapes from his vines, and chatting with the peasants. The country folk are fond of this city-farmer: the handsome, heavy set writer, with the broad forehead, black hair, clear blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, smiling naturally, without cynicism or fatigue. His whole personality emanates dignity, health, and friendliness.

A. F.

Jules Romans' works:

POETRY: *L'Âme des Hommes*, 1904; *La Vie Unanime*, 1908; *Premier Livre des Prières*, 1909; *A la Foule Qui Est*, 1909; *Un Être en Marche*, 1910; *Deux Poèmes*, 1910; *Odes et Prières*, 1913; *Europe*, 1916; *Les Quatre Saisons*, 1917; *Le Voyage des Amants*, 1921; *Amour Couleur de Paris*, 1921; *Ode Gênoise*, 1925; *Chant des Dix Années*, 1928; *L'Homme Blanc*, 1928.

FICTION: *Le Bourg Régénéré*, 1906; *Puissances de Paris*, 1911; *Mort de Quelqu'un*, 1911; *Les Copains*, 1913; *Sur les Quais de la Villette*, 1914 (second edition, 1923, entitled *Le Vin Blanc de la Villette*); *Donogoo-Tonka ou les Miracles de la Science*, 1920; *Lucienne*, 1922; *Le Dieu des Corps*, 1928; *Quand le Navire*, 1929; *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* 1932 (a sequence-novel of which four volumes have been published: *Le 6 Octobre*, *Le Crime de Quinette*, *Les Amours Enfantines*, and *Eros de Paris*).

DRAMA: *L'Armée dans la Ville*, 1911; *Cromedeyre-le-Vieil*, 1920; *M. le Trouhadec Saisi par la Debauche*, 1923; *Knock, ou le Triomphe de la Médecine*, 1923; *Amédée, ou les Messieurs en Rang*, 1923; *La Scintillante*, 1924; *Le Mariage de M. le Trouhadec*, 1925; *Jean le Maufrane*, 1925; *Le Dictateur*, 1926; *Démétrios*, 1926; *Volpone*, (adaptation from Ben Jonson's play, in collaboration with Stefan Zweig) 1928; *Boën, ou la Possession des Biens*, 1929; *Le Déjeuner Marocain*, 1929; *Jean Musse, ou l'École de l'Hypocrisie*, 1930; *Le Roi Masqué*, 1932.

OTHER WORKS: *Manuel de Dédication*, 1910; *La Vision Extra-Rétinienne et le Sens Paroptique*, 1920; *Petit Traité de Versification* (in collaboration with G. Chénévrière) 1923; *Problèmes d'Aujourd'hui*, 1931.

Jules Romains' works available in English translation:

The Death of a Nobody, 1914; Eyeless Sight, 1924; Doctor Knock, 1925; Lucienne, 1925; Six Gentlemen in a Row, 1927; The Body's Rapture (comprising Lucienne, The Lord God of the Flesh, and When the Ship) 1933; Men of Good Will (The Sixth of October and Quinette's Crime) 1933.

About Jules Romains:

Hesse, R. *Le Livre d'Après Guerre*; Hinez, V. *L'Unitisme et l'Oeuvre de Jules Romains*; Israël, M. *Jules Romains*; Stinson, M. G. *Jules Romains* (unpublished thesis, Syracuse University); Turquet-Milnes, G. *Some Modern French Writers*; Crémieux, B. *XXe. Siècle*.

Mercur de France 172:85 May 15, 1924; *Le Mouton Blanc* (entire number for September-October 1923 devoted to Romains); *Nouvelle Revue Française* 16:473 April 1, 1929; *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 7th Period 19:688 February 1, 1924; *Revue Hebdomadaire* 34:334 January 17, 1925; *Seven Arts* 1:638 April 1917.

Panteleimon Romanov 1884-

PANTELEIMON SERGEYEVICH ROMANOV, Russian novelist and dramatist, was born in the government of Tula in the year 1884. His father was a landed proprietor belonging to a middle-class family. Of his early life, Romanov has left a record in his autobiographical novel *Detstvo*, which reveals him as a child immensely delighted in festivities and nature. After a preliminary training at home, Romanov entered the Tula gymnasium. He was a poor student, often failing in Russian composition. All the same, it was while at the gymnasium that he decided to become a writer and began to devote a considerable part of his time to the reading of the classics, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Gogol.

After finishing the gymnasium at about the turn of the century, Romanov entered the faculty of law at the University of Moscow. His university career appears to have been no more profitable than his experiences at the gymnasium. Instead of taking notes at lectures, he noted the peculiarities of professors and students; instead of preparing himself for a legal career, he began to dream of a magnificent panorama of Russian life that would rival Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. And so in the years 1907 and

1908 he made his first plans for the prose-epic *Rus'*. The Revolution of 1905 provided him with much material, but it was not until the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 that the final plans for the novel were definitely decided on. As he himself describes it: "In the first three volumes of *Rus'* I shall draw a picture of Old Russia as it appeared before the War. The two volumes to follow will deal with the 'Great War,' and the last three with the Revolution." Of these contemplated eight volumes only three had appeared by 1933, bringing the tale up to the eve of the World War.

Even before the idea of the novel *Rus'*, Romanov began to write the autobiographical novel *Detstvo*. It was begun in 1903 and continued, at various intervals, until 1920. It was not published until 1924. Other works of Romanov show the same long years of preparation. *Osen'* was begun in 1910 and finished four years later; *Zima* in 1915 and finished in 1923. The first tale to be published however was a short story called "Sud" that appeared in the *Russkii Mysl'* in 1911. From then on Romanov became a regular contributor to the magazines.

There is no record that Romanov actively participated in the Revolution and even his present writings do not indicate any marked communistic leanings. But like most of his contemporaries he appears to have accepted the Revolution and even endorsed it. At any rate, he has proved himself loyal enough to the cause of the proletariat. Like Babel, Pilnyak, and Leonov, he is one of the "fellow travelers" whom the Soviet public delights to read.

When the Revolution came, Romanov had already published enough to be considered one of the "older generation." The censorship which the government established in 1922 appears to have affected him but little. He was a member of the *Krug* together with Pilnyak, Ognev, Zoshchenko, Neverov, Gladkov, and Babel, organized the year before to facilitate the publication of worthy literature. These authors met once every two months to discuss and pass judgment on contemporary letters and to provide for their publication. Earlier still

Romanov had become a contributor to *Na Literaturnom Postu*, the Bolshevik periodical presided over by the critic-in-chief Averbach. With such activities to recommend him, and his popularity among Soviet readers, Romanov escaped much of the unpleasantness of the other *poputchiks*. He lives at Moscow and contributes frequently to the Soviet press; and, because of his unusual fairness to both sides, is often reprinted in the Russian émigré press.

For the purpose of evaluation, it is convenient to classify Romanov's writings into three more or less definite groups. There are, in the first place, his comic tales of the provinces and peasant life, written, for the most part, before the Revolution. These are the weakest, not so much because they fail in the correctness of their observation of people and events, but because we are led to compare them with the tales of Chekhov and Bunin. The second group is the one dealing with "creatures that once were men," with the fate of the now defunct intelligentsia and bourgeoisie. To this group belong the tales *Osen'* and *Belie Tsveti*, and here one marks a definite improvement both in conception and execution. Himself a member of the intelligentsia, Romanov sympathetically attempts to portray their often pathetic struggles for rehabilitation. The third group takes up the tale of the present. Here he attempts to picture the life of the city and the factory and the aims of the younger generation as exemplified by the lives of communist students. To this group belong the novels and tales most familiar to English readers, *Bez Cherenmukhi* (*Without Cherry Blossom*), *Tri Pary Shelkovykh Chulok* (*Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*), and *Novaia Skrizhal* (*The New Commandment*).

Without Cherry Blossom is a collection of short stories in which the "new morality" is made the theme. These stories portray the love life of communist youth under the Soviets. An American critic has observed that "Panteleimon Romanov knows women very well." He writes of them with far less certainty than the foreigners who delight in giving us their impressions of Soviet morals. For having participated himself in the life which outsiders have

only observed, Romanov knows that human character does not change as readily as human ideals. And this is one of the accusations which the Soviet critic S. Ingulov levels against him. He says, in fact, that Romanov's characters do not appear to have been changed by the Revolution. It is true, says Ingulov, that their names are no more Voeikov, Elagin, Samarin, and the baroness Nina Cherkasskaia, but have become merely Gvozdev, Zhevakin, and comrade Shvartz; yet they act as if the Revolution had never happened. They are just as pitiful, or just as admirable as if they had never heard of Marx, Lenin, and the minor prophets.

Three Pairs of Silk Stockings is, perhaps, Romanov's most mature performance. At any rate, it is the work on which his fame chiefly rests with English readers. It embodies to an unusual extent the author's undeniable powers of observation and realistic description. It is a picture of the educated classes of the old bourgeoisie as they appear, now that the tables are somewhat turned, robbed of authority, undergoing poverty and hardships, working under commoners who are inferior to them in learning and experience oftentimes, as well as in breeding. It is the author's part to observe the cracking of their



PANTELEIMON ROMANOV

morale. The man or woman emerges, bit by bit, from the shell of his former 'code of honor,' his impregnable faith in the old conventions, ceremonies, habits, convictions. He pictures their attempts at adjusting themselves to the new conditions and in doing so gives us a picture of contemporary Russia, "like an album of Russian landscape and people, reproduced with the faithfulness of an artistic photographer."

The New Commandment, another of Romanov's favorite studies of "the old and the new," was received a little disappointedly, when it appeared in 1933, by the same reviewers who had acclaimed *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*. Their attitude was typified by one of their number who dismissed it as "a psychological novel of some brilliance."

Romanov is a naturalist of the Tolstoy and Gorky school, and even tho the charges of intellectuality and didacticism have been brought against him, he remains a literary figure of consequence, a writer of the transition from the old to the new.

A. B.

Principal works of Romanov:

DRAMA: *Pisatel'*, 1915; *Zemletriasenie*, 1924; *Zhenshchina Novoi Zemli*, 1925; *Mariia Kropotova*; ili, *Svobodnaia L'ubov*, 1930.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES: *Sud*, 1911; *Osen'*, 1910-14; *Zima*, 1915-23; *Rus'*, 1923-; *Detstvo*, 1924; *Krepkii Narod*, 1925; *Rassrazi*, 1925; *Bez Cheremukli*, 1926; *Pervais L'ubov*, 1926; *Arabskaia Skazka*, 1928; *Noviaia Skrizhal*, 1928; *Try Kita*, 1928; *Ogen'ki*, 1929; *Try Pary Shelkovykh Chulok*, 1930.

COLLECTED WORKS: *Polnoe Sobranie Sochinenii*, 1928-30.

English translations of Romanov:

Without Cherry Blossom, 1930; *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*, 1931; *The New Commandment*, 1933; *On the Volga*, 1933.

About Romanov:

Nikitin, E. F. *Belletristyy Sovremenniki; Russkaia Literatura ot Simbolizma do Nashikh Dnei*; Oztup, N. A. *Die Neueste Russische Dichtung*.

Paul Rosenfeld 1890-

Autobiographical sketch of Paul Rosenfeld, American critic of the arts, and novelist:

THE origins of Paul Rosenfeld would seem to lie amid a confused and frustrate but sincere idealism. Neither of his parents considered any religious

truths as certain, but both were deeply, sentimentally moved by the simple beauty of romantic music and literature and of the religious painting of the cinquecento. They felt an almost devout respect for the great artists, for the creators of the American nation, and for the values of culture.

Rosenfeld's father, Julius S. Rosenfeld, was a man of independent character and generous spirit; with keen capacities for sensuous enjoyment. He had an excitable and argumentative disposition, liberal views, an imperfectly balanced mind, a classical education, and an unfailing respect for solid attainments and the great humane values. An emigrant from Baden to Baltimore in 1869, he had first reported for a German newspaper in that city, and later, with moderate success from about 1885 to about 1898, manufactured braid in New York.

He had married in 1889 Clara Liebmman, the American daughter of a family of brewers which had emigrated from Wurtemberg to Brooklyn in the early 1850's, and which was distinctly something more than merely upright, sober, industrious and proud.

She was a talented amateur pianist, a devoted Chopinite and Wagnerienne. She received a good education at Pratt Institute. A spiritual, fastidious, and physically frail woman, she was essentially submissive and child-like, but could express and defend herself verbally with considerable hauteur and with bitterness. Toward her children, she was ordinarily playfully and tenderly disposed. Occasionally, she let them feel the full measure of her disappointments. It was another manner of communicating her and her ancestors' idealism to them. One of the fine visions which she brought repeatedly before the mind of her son, Paul (born Sunday morning, May 4, 1890, at 1186 Lexington Avenue in New York City) was the splendor of the opportunities for education awaiting him. She thought he might study first at an American university and later at Heidelberg or Bonn and Oxford, and learn to speak Latin and to play the piano and violoncello. While the aim of this lordly education was not explained to him, she

made him feel that it was intrinsically wonderful. She died relatively young.

Paul Rosenfeld attended first a kindergarten and primary school, Miss Merrington's Academy, and received piano lessons from a friend of his father's, Professor Henry Metzger. He had to be driven to the keyboard to practice. From the age of eight to that of thirteen, he attended grammar schools Nos. 103 and 6, went walking in the Park with a governess, and played two o'cat ungiftedly with the boys on the block. He began contributing compositions to school papers while at public school. From the age of thirteen to that of eighteen, he attended Riverview Military Academy in Poughkeepsie, where he proved himself a poor scholar and a lethargic soldier, and where, during his seventeenth and eighteenth years he fell in love with Schumann's music, the poetry of Shelley and of Yeats, the prose of Morris, Meredith, and Pater, and the values of the vocabulary. Toward the end of his schooling, he edited and practically wrote the prep's magazine, filling it with historical romances.

Matriculated with breathless expectation at Yale, in the class of 1912, he continued uneducable, and contributed spasmodically, mildly originally, and unimpressively, to the "Lit." Eventually he became an editor of the magazine, but not the chairman of the editorial board. He learned to read French sitting among the stacks of the library, consuming the volumes of the De Goncourts and J. K. Huysmans.

At graduation he was entirely at sea concerning the manner of going about writing. By writing, he meant the production of belles-lettres. It was the sole occupation which attracted him. The only productive authors with whom he was personally acquainted and who might possibly have counseled or assisted him, were the strict and socialistic Charles Rann Kennedy and some of the members of George Sylvester Viereck's libertarian and equally socialistic crew; and Rosenfeld could contrive to talk freely to none of them. In fact, he had little or nothing to say. During the summer he composed an insipid play with a Watteau-setting in rhymed couplets, and in the fall drifted to the Columbia University

School of Journalism where, together with a modicum of experience, he acquired the art of typewriting with two fingers. The school helped him to a reportorial job on the *New York Press*. On this moribund Munsey newspaper he survived six months, rebelling against the sordid assignments given him, and ridden by the illusion that he was being groomed for an association with the dramatic or musical departments; an association for which he was at the time entirely unfitted. At intervals at his desk in the city room, he worked on a semi-satirical Graustark novel.

One afternoon late in November 1913, Rosenfeld climbed out of the subway at 42d Street and Madison Avenue, unwillingly en route to cover an assignment involving personal publicity for a cheap lawyer with political ambitions. Somewhere on the west side of the avenue between 42d and 44th Streets, there sprang into his mind with the unheralded and overwhelming suddenness of a wonder, a simple, and, to him, entirely novel thought. He grasped that nothing out in the world compelled him to persist in this morally distasteful newspaper game. He was free, amid the gray but by no means confining circumstances, to go towards "literature" if he desired to. The little income left him by his maternal grandparents stood ready to assist him. The inner conviction that it was definitely not in his nature to labor unless a task-master stood over him, a conviction which had helped deter him from settling confidently to work, had mysteriously fallen away. He perceived that it was by no means a certainty that he could not discipline himself.—Within the next few days, Rosenfeld refused to let his city editor send him on an extra-sordid assignment; joyfully accepted the two weeks' pay which the *Press* sweetly gave him in dismissing him; and rented a small dark office in the old Aeolian Hall on 42d Street, furnished with a table and a chair.

A heavy ledger slowly but regularly began absorbing the swelling contents of his imaginary world. The only interruption of the daily flow of words on to the ruled pages was occasioned by a visit of Waldo Frank's. Slightly his senior and considerably his superior in



PAUL ROSENFELD

Stieglitz

development, Frank had been known to Rosenfeld since their childhood. But a friendly acquaintanceship had sprung up only recently between them. At Yale, Rosenfeld and his friends had thought Frank, an upper classman, arrogant and unfortunately pretentious; and Frank and his friends had condescended to Rosenfeld. But in New York the two groping authors had found each other far more congenial than either of them found most of his old college crowd. One day Frank came up to the black hole of Aeolian Hall, the nature of whose intimacies he had somehow divined, and smilingly settling on the edge of the table, baldly asked Rosenfeld what it was that he was working on. At the question Rosenfeld recognized that his stuff was childish dribble. He knew that Frank was seriously at work, passionately directed toward high literature, and able and energetic and ambitious. He refused to talk about his aims. Frank laughed and went away. Rosenfeld remained only temporarily discouraged.

At the time, he was unaware that on a yellowish evening about a year before, as he was mounting the steps of the library at 42d Street, he had come upon Frank pausing among a group of fellow newspapermen and looking small and pale, but independent and superior and

distant in his formal black coat and hat; standing there talking, as it were, on a level above him and gazing out past himself on it; and had learned to his surprise that Frank was surrendering his job on the *New York Times* and departing for Paris, to write. Half irritated as usual by the little man's self-importance, and half envious of whatever it was that was directing and sending him confidently forth, he had wandered gloomily away.

And sometime during the winter weeks while he sat scribbling in his ledger, Rosenfeld realized as from out a blue sky that it was unnecessary for him to be in a stridently commercial and banal New York, (so it then seemed to him) where the best was music and sunset, when he could be in distant congenial old-world parts inspiring to authors in the past. Florence, particularly, allured him with her flowery gleam.

On an early March afternoon, surprised by the beauty of New York on the floodingly sunlit pre-spring day where flower-vendors offered jonquils for sale at the corner of 42d and 5th, he boarded the "Mauretania" with his half filled tome. And during two golden months in the austere old city, among the sensuously nourishing witness of artistic aspiration, and the ungainfully employed and sympathetic English, German, and American boarders of his *pensione* under San Miniato, he breathed the air of the first friendly and delectable environment he had found. It was sheer delight doing work, or what he then thought of as work, mornings in a room looking on a sunny old garden where lizards darted among tubs of water, and misty olives mounted the slope to the softly shining church-front; and exploring the galleries, the noble buildings and the hills on the long afternoons with an interesting companion or two; and spending the moon-bright evenings at café tables in the squares. Images and feelings magical as those which music aroused in him or which appeared in dreams, arose spontaneously in him here. The vernal Florence moved him to set them down in words, like song.

Today, gazing back at the little initial moment of faith in November 1913, consequently justified, if not by his literary

spiritual product, at the very least by a crop of private satisfactions of a surprising richness, fullness and variety, and by the steady growth of the capacity to comprehend the truth thru literary means, Rosenfeld sees in that adventure an almost pre-destinate occurrence. That his parents' idealism, their secret faith in the power of the means of reception called culture, education, expression, enthusiasm, naturally transferred by them to him, to embrace the truth should not eventually have become active in himself, even by the way of least resistance; and have set him to focusing those instruments as best he could, appears to him well-nigh impossible. Still, he also feels that his inheritance could not have started him alone. Something, it seems to him, must instantaneously have focused the disparate elements of his own nature that afternoon, starting them moving convergently forwards. What this was, he has not yet satisfactorily discovered. He has merely come to know of the existence of something possibly within, possibly without, and possibly both within and without individual men, and groups of individuals, well, or half-way, or entirely un-known to each other, and whole societies; which periodically coordinates them and puts them in more or less conscious touch with the creative power of the universe. The function of art itself, he has come to realize, is to record and transmit the light and feel and shape of the ever original organizations of an ever new material existing at those periods. At intervals, he feels that the artistic transmission makes for such coordinatives and that their relative permanence on earth, identical with an universal experience of them, is provisionally called "democracy" or "the republic of God." But that is not the proceeds of a mere hour, but of twenty eventful years.

* * *

With Waldo Frank and James Oppenheim, Rosenfeld edited the magazine *Seven Arts* in 1916-17, until it was suppressed by the government for its anti-war policy. [See sketch of Oppenheim in this volume.]

Rosenfeld became music critic of the *Dial* in 1920 and in the same year

published his first book, *Musical Portraits*, containing "interpretations of twenty modern composers." In 1923 he collected into a volume called *Musical Chronicle* his magazine articles of the preceding five years, dealing with the New York musical season. His next book, *Port of New York*, was made up of intimate sketches in criticism of a group of fourteen artists that found a center in the New York studio of the photographer Alfred Stieglitz. Most of the subjects were painters or writers, the latter including Van Wyck Brooks, Randolph Bourne, Sherwood Anderson, William Carlos Williams, and Carl Sandburg. Portraits of twenty-four modern authors of various countries followed in 1925 with the title, *Men Seen*.

Severing his connection with the *Dial* in 1927, Rosenfeld published his first novel, *The Boy in the Sun*, a year later, followed quickly by a collection of essays on music, literature, painting, sculpture, and the dance, *By Way of Art*. Between 1928 and 1931 he was associated with Alfred Kreymborg and Lewis Mumford in editing *The American Caravan*, a yearbook of American literature.

In 1933 he was at work on a novel entitled, provisionally, *A Roman Bath*.

Llewelyn Powys says: "There is something about Mr. Rosenfeld's work that is extremely reassuring. One may be irritated by his partiality, by a certain self-indulgence in his style, but one cannot fail to recognize his critical writing as a very rare and valuable influence upon the life of America today."

Paul Rosenfeld's works:

CRITICAL ESSAYS AND SKETCHES: *Musical Portraits*, 1920; *Musical Chronicle*, 1923; *Port of New York*, 1923; *Men Seen*, 1925; *By Way of Art*, 1928; *Modern Tendencies in Music* 1928; *An Hour With American Music*, 1929.

NOVEL: *The Boy in the Sun*, 1928.

EDITOR: *The American Caravan* (with Alfred Kreymborg and Lewis Mumford) 1928-31.

About Paul Rosenfeld:

Current Opinion 68:791 June 1920; *New Republic* 32:172 October 11, 1922; 43:48 June 3, 1925; *Review of Reviews* 79:140 April 1929.

"Martin Ross"

See "*Somerville and Ross*"

Edmond Rostand 1868-1918

EDMOND EUGÈNE ALEXIS ROSTAND, French dramatic poet, was born at Marseilles on April 1, 1868, the son of Eugène Rostand, a prominent journalist and economist of Marseilles. His uncle, Alexis Rostand, was a financier of national repute. He had a Spanish grandmother.

After attending the Lycée de Marseilles and the Collège Stanislas in Paris, Rostand became a law student. At the age of twenty he wrote a play, *Le Gant Rouge*, which was produced without success at the Théâtre Cluny in Paris. He published a number of poems which received little attention.

Preferring a literary career, Rostand gave up the law after being admitted to the bar. He never practiced. When he was twenty-two he published a book of poetry, *Les Musardises*. In the same year, 1890, he was married to Rosemonde Etienne Gérard, granddaughter of General Gérard, grand marshal of France under Napoleon, herself an author. Her volume of verse, *Les Pipeaux*, was crowned by the French Academy in that year. They had two sons, Maurice and Jean. Rostand's second dramatic experiment, *The Two Pierrots*, was ineffectual in 1891.

His career in the theatre received its first momentum with the presentation of a three-act burlesque, *Les Romanesques*, at the Comédie Française in May 1894. It was awarded the Toirac prize by the Academy.

Rostand wrote *La Princesse Lointaine* for Sarah Bernhardt and it was produced in April 1895 at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. The play was taken from the story of the troubadour Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli. The association of Rostand and Bernhardt continued with the production of *La Samaritaine* at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in April 1897. It was a Biblical drama in three scenes, taken from the gospel story of the woman in Samaria.

At the age of twenty-nine Rostand achieved an overnight triumph with a rollicking five-act comedy in verse, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The play was written for the actor Coquelin and had its première at the Théâtre de la Porte



Underwood & Underwood
EDMOND ROSTAND

Saint-Martin on December 28, 1897. It continued to play to large audiences for many months. No play in history, says Clayton Hamilton, ever achieved a popular success so instantaneous and so great. It has been pointed out that the play was happily timed, appearing at a moment when the public was tiring of naturalism and wanted romance.

Cyrano de Bergerac, quickly translated into English, German, Russian and other languages, brought international fame to the author who had been unknown except in Paris. Richard Mansfield played it in New York in the autumn of 1898. Two years later Coquelin and Bernhardt played it in New York.

The history of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in America skips nearly twenty years during which there was no performance other than two matinées. In 1923 Clayton Hamilton persuaded Walter Hampden to revive the play in America, and, there being no adequate English translation, Brian Hooker retired to the country for a few months and made a blank verse translation for Hampden which preserved the spirit of the original and was readilyactable. Hampden revived the play with great success in 1923 and on subsequent tours of the country.

Rostand followed *Cyrano* with *L'Aiglon*, a long tragedy based on the unhappy life of the duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I, and Marie Louise under the surveillance of Metternich at the palace of Schönbrunn. Madame Bernhardt produced the play at her own theatre in Paris in 1900 and created, as the effeminate young duke, one of her most famous rôles.

Rostand was the youngest member ever elected to the French Academy, being chosen in 1901 at the age of thirty-three. He was at that time regarded as the most popular French poet since Victor Hugo, but thereafter his reputation declined. Ill health soon afterward forced him to leave Paris, and, being fond of the Basque country, he acquired an estate at Cambo-les-Bains in the Pyrenees and went there to live. He took with him an architect named Tournier and together they evolved the plan of his château in the Basque manner. The house was built on a hillside, and it extended into the garden with stairways and pergolas hung with grapevines. Rostand designed the garden himself, which had the mountains for a background. In this home, which he called Arnaga, he lived in retirement the rest of his life. His illness is said to have been responsible for the plaintive, at times peevish, note of his later work, which tends to be précieux and over-elaborate. Léon Daudet's *Memoirs* contain a violent reference to "that voluble and ingenious versifier, who extracts rhymes as vigorously as tho he were pulling teeth, that insufferable neurasthenic, perched on the running board of Barnum's car—you know whom I mean, Edmond Rostand."

At Arnaga Rostand wrote a tragic-comedy, *Chantecler*, but for years refused to permit its production because he was not satisfied with it. It was eventually produced in Paris in February 1910, with Lucien Guitry in the title rôle, after being given a great amount of advance publicity. The play, which was a satire on Parisian high society and required the players to strut about in the trappings of birds and beasts, appealed only to a limited group and did not have great success. Maude Adams played it in America.

In February 1911 Rostand visited Paris to give a reading of some of his unpublished poems. He was recalled to the platform ten times and the ladies threw their bouquets at his feet. In 1911 he wrote his last play, *La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan*, but he regarded it as unfinished and did not permit its presentation while he lived. The play, which is a satire on the Grand Passion, undertakes to prove "that Schopenhauer was right when he declared that everything represented by Don Juan was an illusion."

During the World War Rostand wrote mostly patriotic verse. His last written words were: "I only wish to live long enough to see Victory. If we are vanquished I should not be able to live. If we are conquerors I should not be able to die." Altho very feeble, he took part in the Armistice celebration in Paris, shouting thru the streets with the crowds. He died in Paris three weeks later, on December 2, 1918, at the age of fifty.

La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan was produced in 1922 and Rostand's other posthumous works were published. His plays, excluding the first two and the last two, were collected in two volumes in English in 1921.

In 1928 Rostand's eldest son, Maurice Rostand, himself a playwright, made a sensation in Paris with the production of *Napoleon II*, which attempted to ascribe the responsibility for the death of the Prince Imperial to Queen Victoria.

Walter Hampden revived *Cyrano de Bergerac* in a road tour of the United States in 1932.

Edmond Rostand's works:

PLAYS: *Le Gant Rouge*, 1888; *Les Deux Pierrots*, 1891; *Les Romanesques*, 1894; *La Princesse Loïtaune*, 1895; *La Samaritaine*, 1897; *Cyrano de Bergerac*, 1897; *L'Aiglon*, 1900; *Chantecler*, 1910; *Le Bois Sacré*, 1910; *La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan*, 1921.

OTHER WORKS: *Les Musardises*, 1890; *Un Soir à Hernani*, 1902; *Les Mots*, 1905; *La Cantique de L'Aile*, 1922; *Le Vol de la Marseillaise*.

Edmond Rostand's works available in English translation:

Cyrano de Bergerac, 1898; *The Romanesques*, 1899; *The Princess Faraway*, 1899; *The Eaglet*, 1900; *Chantecler*, 1910; *The Two Pierrots*, 1914; *Plays of Edmond Rostand*

(two volumes, including *The Woman of Samaria*) 1921; *The Last Night of Don Juan*, 1925.

About Edmond Rostand:

Baring, M. *Punch and Judy and Other Essays*; Bennett, A. *Things That Have Interested Me*; Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Chesterton, G. K. *Five Types*; Clark, B. H. *Contemporary French Dramatists*; Duclaux, Mme. A. M. F. R. *Twentieth Century French Writers*; Eliot, T. S. *Selected Essays*; Hamilton, C. M. *Conversations on Contemporary Drama*; Haraszti, J. *Edmond Rostand*; Phelps, W. L. *Essays on Modern Dramatists*; Rosenfeld, P. *Men Seen*.

Bellman 25:651 December 14, 1918; *Contemporary Review* 115:188 February 1919; *Nation* 119:527 November 12, 1924; *New Republic* 37:118 November 28, 1923.

Joseph Roth 1894-

JOSEPH ROTH, Austrian novelist, was born on September 2, 1894, in the German colony Schwabendorf in Volhynia, the son of a Russian Jewess and an Austrian. He has written of himself:

"As my father left my mother before I was born and didn't turn up even with his relatives—he died in a lunatic asylum in Amsterdam—I have never seen him. As a boy I lived in turns with relatives of my father in Vienna and with those of my mother in Russia. I was poor, independent, and comparatively happy.

"A ridiculous ambition made me study, so that I could get 'social position.' After hasty preparation I made my exams for college, came back to Vienna, passed my tests, and enrolled for philosophy in the University of Vienna.

"Two years later the War broke out. I volunteered out of patriotism but did not get to the front before 1916. I stayed there eight months, became sick, and on account of my knowledge of the Russian language and the Russian country, was sent to the commission of occupation in the Ukraine. Everything was fine. I liked the army, my country, and the War; became an officer, and intended to stay a soldier all my life.

"But then came the Revolution. It surprised me in Shmirinka. The revolting soldiers did not let me depart with the last train. I started to hike home, reached the former Russian border after

a fortnight, was captured by Ukrainian troops, stayed prisoner for two months, fled, and after many detours got to Vienna.

"Here I lived without means except from occasional jobs—ushering in movies, illegal ticket speculating, etc.—for about a year and a half, until the breakdown of the Hungarian revolution gave me a chance to go to Hungary, and to return with newspaper reports to Vienna.

"From then on I began to write. For a certain time I wrote travel reports for the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, visited Russia again, and so far have written eight books, about which very little is known. I have no great public and no great income. I expect neither one nor the other."

Such is Roth's modest autobiographical account at the end of the English translation of his *Flight Without End*. We can add only a few dates. His return from the Ukraine to Vienna occurred in December 1918. Two years later, in 1920, he went to Berlin and there he became a contributor to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a post he held up to 1927. Since then he has also contributed articles on Russian conditions. Politically, he describes himself as a conservative and adds that he considers Austria as his fatherland, desiring the return of the Empire.

In 1933, after the rise of Hitler to power, Roth fled to Paris to live in exile. To the editors of this work he wrote sadly from the French capital: "Considering my situation as the result of recent occurrences in Germany, it will be impossible to write an autobiography as extensive as you desire. I have not the strength to depict my life in detail, and I beg of you, taking into account my position, to be satisfied with the brief data and the photograph I am enclosing."

Roth's earliest literary work attracted little attention. The leading literary reviews of Germany, such as *Die Literatur* and *Die Schöne Literatur*, devoted no more than a few words to them. But he slowly acquired prestige. In 1924, when his *Hotel Savoy* appeared, Erich Dürer wrote in *Die Literatur*: "One listens to him and thinks to oneself: too

bad that he did not say more. For he talks of new things, things that are important to us; about men of the post-war period or, more correctly, about men coming from the War. He sees the unofficial side of things."

Hotel Savoy is a novel of the homecoming soldier. It does not deal with merely one individual, but many individuals destined to meet one another as guests of the same hotel. Some of them are merely weary of what they have gone thru, others are trying to adjust themselves to existing conditions, still others dream of a revolution. *Die Rebellion* which appeared in the same year, tells of a crippled war veteran who wanders from place to place because he has the misfortune to belong to a society of disabled soldiers which the popular mind has managed to mix up with Bolshevism. And the poor fellow, making a precarious living and brooding both on the past and the future, rebels within himself against what appears to him the indifference of God and the greed and inhumanity of man.

Flight Without End appeared in 1927. This, in the words of Guido Brand, "is not a novel nor a story. Somewhere it has a beginning, and somewhere an end. It is, in fact, nothing but a report, a report written by a poet and one that

could not have been written otherwise." Its theme is the same as that of Remarque's *Road Back*, and the result is likewise one of disillusion and sorrow. "The hero, Tunda," wrote another reviewer, "we cannot help feeling, is Roth the man regarded with the extended vision of Roth the writer; and his restless flight across Europe in search of his war-time fiancée represents the search for lost romance in a world of stale disenchantment."

The following year Roth published *Zipper und Sein Vater*. Herr Keuter, comparing it with Werfel's *Class Reunion*, expresses his preference for Roth's book in this manner: "The thing that Franz Werfel wanted to do, but did not succeed in doing, was accomplished by Roth: the portrayal of the lost man; the portrayal of the transition and the post-war man; the portrayal of the bourgeois world before and during the War with its small joys and very great sorrows, and also the way things happened thru narrowmindedness, ignorance, political passivity, and craze for ill-conceived ideals."

Roth's greatest success came with the publication of *Job* in 1930. Writers of many persuasions praised it. Feuchtwanger, Toller, and Zweig wrote enthusiastic reviews of it. Mrs. Sinclair Lewis translated the novel in 1931, and the Book-of-the-Month Club selected it as its November offering. It is the story of Job, a Russian Jew, who like his namesake in the Bible story, loses all he has, is tempted to renounce his faith in God, and is finally restored to his possessions and happiness as a reward for his faith. It is a sentimental story in that the author does not hold back the sentimental possibilities with which the theme is so richly endowed. But it also preserves the natural restraint and dignity which such a subject requires in order that it may hold the attention of the modern reader.

"Roth's is an illuminated simplicity," says Louis Untermeyer, "unlike any of his contemporaries here or abroad; it is a little like the colloquies of Gottfried Keller, a little like the comments of Hans Christian Andersen." In Germany, Roth's manner is sometimes likened to that of Hamsun and of Dostoevsky. He



JOSEPH ROTH

excels in the psychological delineation of "small souls," their joys and their sorrows. And this he does simply and directly.

Late in 1933 Roth's book *Radetzky March* appeared in the United States. Isabel Paterson said: "In this recreation of commonplace lives in Austria-Hungary, under the old Emperor Franz Joseph, before the War, Joseph Roth endeavors, with real success, to reconstruct the imponderables of history. Thru several rather obscure and ordinary characters he shows the moral weakness of the Dual Monarch; and by a quietly daring and absolutely plausible invention of events, he links these simple folk directly to the Emperor."

Principal works of Joseph Roth:

NOVELS: *Hotel Savoy*, 1924; *Die Rebellion*, 1924; April, 1925; *Der Blinde Spiegel*, 1925; *Die Flucht Ohne Ende*, 1927; *Zipper und Sein Vater*, 1928; *Rechts und Links*, 1929; *Hiob*, 1930; *Panoptikum*, 1930; *Kadezky-marsch*, 1932; *Der Rote Bart*, 1933.

English translations of Joseph Roth's works:

Flight Without End, 1930; *Job: The Story of a Simple Man*, 1931; *Radetzky March*, 1933.

About Joseph Roth:

Bookman 71:331 June 1930; *Literatur* November 1928; May 1925; *Saturday Review* 150:262 August 30, 1930; *Saturday Review of Literature* 8:261 November 7, 1931.

Naomi Royde-Smith

NAOMI GWLADYS ROYDE-SMITH, British novelist and playwright, was born the eldest daughter of Michael Holroyd Smith of Maenan Hall, Llanwrst, in northern Wales, and his wife Anne Williams. She was educated at the Clapham High School in Geneva. Her childhood, she says, is described in the first part of her novel, *In the Woods*, in which the young heroine creates a world of her own into which she can withdraw at will.

In 1910 Miss Royde-Smith began sixteen years' association with the *Westminster Gazette* as literary editor and dramatic critic.

Her first book was *A Private Anthology* of English poetry, published in 1924. She began writing fiction in 1925 with *The Tortoiseshell Cat*, a novel about two

sisters. The book was dated "Old Guard House November 1925" and dedicated to Walter De La Mare, the English poet. An author's note in the front of the volume read: "The action of this novel is set in London in 1912-13, but William is the only character in the tale who is drawn from life."

The London *Spectator* commented: "In theme the book is as modern as could be; but Miss Royde-Smith conducts her novel with immense discretion, so that no one could well blush at any point in the story." "It is enchanting," wrote an American reviewer, "to discover in a first novel such a mellow wit; such a sympathetic understanding; such a delicious humor."

After her marriage in 1926 to Ernest Milton, the English actor, Miss Royde-Smith gave up her journalistic activities to devote herself to writing novels and plays. From then on, she published one to four volumes a year, including miscellaneous works. In the year of her marriage she wrote a three-act play called *A Balcony* for her husband. Three years later her play, *Mafo, Darling*, was produced at Queen's Theatre in London. Ivor Brown's comment on the latter was: "The weakness of the piece is its hesitation between comedy of manners, for which Mafo is too fantastic, and frank farce from which Miss Royde-Smith and the company were constantly turning away."

At her home at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, she wrote the novel *The Island* between August and December 1929. When the work was done, she went in mid-December for the first time to the United States, accompanying her husband who was starring in a play written by himself, *Rope's End*. She spent three months in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, much of the time in art galleries looking at as many Italian and other pictures as she could, to see "how they look in America." Her diary of this American visit took the form of letters to Roger Hinks of the British Museum in London, and their correspondence was published in 1931 as *Pictures and People*.

One of Miss Royde-Smith's most successful novels, *The Delicate Situation*,



NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

was written after her return to Hatfield, between August and December 1930.

In 1931 she completed a four-act play on Mrs. Sarah Siddons, the famous English actress, and a biography of Julie de Lespinasse entitled *The Double Heart*. When the latter made its appearance she said:

"As for *The Double Heart*, it may be interesting to know that as a girl I always admired the great French ladies who held salons and when I first lived in a flat of my own with a sister, we started a small one that grew and grew until my Thursday evenings were always crowded with writers and artists. Rose Macaulay joined me after the War and the crowds grew bigger than ever—and always I had Madame du Deffand and Julie de Lespinasse in mind. So that when James Hamilton asked me to do a biography for him, this subject was ready waiting. Now this book is out and has pleased people who never spoke or wrote to me about my books before—and I feel that the ghost of Madame de Lespinasse herself is stirred a little with vanity to see the incense burning once more around her name."

Miss Royde-Smith moved from Hatfield to Chelsea, London, and between March and July 1932 wrote her novel *The Bridge*. Then she made "a psychological investigation" of *The Private*

Life of Mrs. Siddons and published the biography in 1933.

During 1933 she was engaged on two plays, one a comedy of modern life and the other a historical play. Work in progress also included a travel book, advocating travel by train rather than by motor car. It takes Miss Royde-Smith four months to write a novel.

The London *Times* has said of her work: "Miss Naomi Royde-Smith writes with a crisp touch and a kind of friendly gaiety; it responds with a sparkle to the humor of life but is not afraid of the shadows. With an obvious relish for character and the freshness of quite ordinary things, she likes to execute variations that give them a twist to the whimsical or unusual."

Miss Royde-Smith is a member of the Halcyon Club. Her recreations, she says, are walking and knitting.

Naomi Royde-Smith's works:

NOVELS: *The Tortoiseshell Cat*, 1925; *The Housemaid*, 1926; *Skin-Deep*, 1927; *John Fanning's Legacy*, 1927; *In the Wood*, 1928; *The Lover*, 1928; *Summer Holiday*, 1929; *The Island*, 1930; *The Delicate Situation*, 1931; *The Mother*, 1931; *The Bridge*, 1932; *David*, 1933.

PLAYS: *A Balcony*, 1926; *Mafro, Darling*, 1929; *Mrs. Siddons*, 1931.

BIOGRAPHY: *The Double Heart: A Study of Julie de Lespinasse*, 1931; *The Private Life of Mrs. Siddons: A Psychological Investigation*, 1933.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Pictures and People* (with Roger Hinks) 1931; *Madame Julia's Tale* (ghost stories) 1932.

About Naomi Royde-Smith:

Royde-Smith, N. and Hinks, R. *Pictures and People*.

Bookman (London) 75:165 December 1928; *Saturday Review* 147:282 March 2, 1929; *Spectator* 137:342 September 4, 1926.

José Martínez Ruiz

See "*Azorín*"

Countess Russell

See "*Elizabeth*"

Michael Sadleir 1888-

Autobiographical sketch of Michael Sadleir, English author:

I WAS born in Oxford on Christmas Day, 1888. An only child, my upbringing was one of great intimacy with my parents, both of whom belonged to

the liberal-intellectual group of the Oxford of the 'Nineties—with Morris wall-papers and chimneys, discussions of Browning's poetry, and instinctive hostility, on the one hand to Imperialism and its expression in politics and foreign policy; on the other, to militant trade unionism which was already developing in opposition. In this atmosphere I developed a temperamental dislike of both extremes in public affairs, a distrust of all party politics, and a disbelief in catchwords, slogans, and propaganda, which scepticisms have since kept me personally aloof from any political activities.

The relationship between me and my father and mother remained an extremely close one and should, I think, be ranked as the first and most important "influence" to which my mind has been subjected. From my mother I learned orderliness; a habit of making lists; a fondness for collecting (it began with stamps and wild flowers, then turned to books, and is still my greatest pleasure); and a tendency to anticipate the worst of everything before it happens. From my father I learnt to look at architecture and, later, at paintings of all dates and schools; and by his great knowledge of the last two centuries of social history I was trained to see "periods" in terms of manners and conventions, rather than in terms of dates, battles or acts of Parliament.

The next influence which came to reinforce that of my parents was from a distant cousin—Eva Gilpin, who has now a famous children's school in Surrey, who thirty-five years ago came to live with us to teach me and one or two neighbouring children. From Miss Gilpin I apprehended history as only a teacher of genius could have contrived, and the fascination of the past, which I feel ever more strongly, derives, I am sure, from her instruction.

I rate my actual school days low among mental "influences"; but college years at Oxford—preceded as they were by several months in France and Germany learning the languages—were intensely formative. I had an "esthetic period" at Oxford, wore bright colored clothes and put tuberose on the mantle-piece. I also wrote verse, very little of

which was ever printed. The extravagances of those Oxford days served to work out of my system a deal of garish absurdity which might otherwise have survived and been later mistaken by me for adult philosophy. They also colored my beginnings as a book collector. What better could an esthete, with a pose of decadence, collect but editions of the French Symbolistes? These (together with their English counterparts) I did collect. My knowledge of French took me over to France easily and as often as funds allowed; and my collection of obscure plaquettes and nowadays rare first editions, those of Verlaine, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé downwards, increased rapidly. Of course I outgrew this taste as time went on, and my French collection has by now almost all been dispersed. But I learned a lot from my few years of *Symboliste* enthusiasm, reading a great deal of French poetry and prose, and growing familiar with French book-making technique, which knowledge proved useful to the publisher I was to become. It is, perhaps, worth observing that one group of my French books survives. I still have my collection of Émile Verhaeren; for that Belgian poet was destined to be not only an admiration but an intimate acquaintance, and was one of my gods during the last years before his death.

Apart from forgotten verse, the only writing done at Oxford was, I think, an essay on the political career of Sheridan, which (rather unexpectedly) won a prize and was officially printed in 1912. This was the first book I ever had published in the regulation way; its only predecessor of any kind being a tiny volume of verses, produced at my order by a local stationer in the place where my parents lived, in—I think—1907.

In 1912 I went into the office of the London publishers Constable & Co. Ltd. In 1913 the firm arranged to send me to the United States, and for six months I worked in the offices of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. I am afraid I did not help them as much with their publishing as they helped me to derive pleasure from the American scene or as I came to value the many American friends made at the time.

I married in June 1914 and settled in London. When the War started, my knowledge of modern languages involved me in the early beginnings of the blockade organization. I worked on the blockade thruout the War and was a member of the British delegation to the Peace Conference. After the Conference I became a member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations and helped to organize what is now the huge printing and publishing department of the League. In those days it was an affair of desperate improvisation, very hard work, and much fun in London, Brussels, and Geneva. In 1920 I returned to Constable, became a director, and have been there ever since.

Side by side with official work and, later, publishing activities, I began to write books and to extend my book-collecting interests. The latter now turned definitely from contemporary works to novels of the preceding century. My collection of novels from 1770 or thereabouts to 1900 is now very large, and, inasmuch as the bulk of the books are in fine original condition, presents an unusual survey of the changing methods of book production. By dint of living with all these books and studying them, I have developed a keen sense of book structure at various times during the last 150 years and the hobby has led to bibliographical publications of several kinds.

Of original works of a non-specialist character I have produced only a moderate number—mainly because I have only had week-ends and evenings in which to write. My office work has been very exigent and has, until lately, taken six days of generous business hours. Between 1918 and 1925 I published five novels. The first two were immature and, from a literary point of view, negligible; the other three sold very well in England but much less well in the United States. In 1927 my biography of Anthony Trollope appeared, to be followed the next year by a large bibliography of that interesting and typical Victorian author. Trollope had been one of my collecting enthusiasms since 1920, and by the time the books came to be written I had a very fine collection of his first editions. These are now in



MICHAEL SADLEIR

the library of my friend M. L. Parrish of Philadelphia where they are partnered by other admirable runs of Victorian authors. Then in 1931 I published what had been intended as the first volume of a trilogy on the life of Bulwer-Lytton. It was called *Edward and Rosina, 1805-1836*, and presented the social and literary scene in England during the 'Twenties and 'Thirties of last century, as well as telling the sad story of Bulwer-Lytton's unhappy marriage. The book is a good one, and full of information which the student of fifty years hence will find invaluable. But it failed to appeal to contemporary readers, and, altho admirably received by the critics, its sale both in England and America was very small. This was my first experience of 'failure' in a commercial sense, and discouraged me very much. I dropped the idea of a trilogy and for nearly a year hardly wrote anything. Then I set to work on a book about Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, whose strange rococo story and utter defeat at the hands of a censorious world had come to interest and puzzle me. The accepted version of their lives did not seem to me to make sense; and I determined to try to reconstruct the whole bizarre affair on more convincing lines.

My personal existence nowadays is a pleasant and a very busy one—so busy in fact that I see few people except those with whom I am in regular contact. I have a sixteenth century grey-stone house in a lovely part of Gloucestershire, where I spend three days of each week; the other four I spend in London at my office. My wife breeds bloodhounds, gardens, and motors all over the country; my three children are quickly growing up. I cannot drive my car or mend electric light, being completely devoid of mechanical sense. Too busy for social existence, I spend my leisure over my book-collecting (it is now a very complicated and extensive affair) and in going to movies. Whenever possible I take holidays in Europe. Such in brief is the humdrum, highly subjective existence which circumstances and preference have evolved for me.

It remains to give (if possible) in a few words my intellectual bias (the phrase sounds very priggish, but I can think of no other). I am, as I have said, definitely *not* politically minded. Reformist enthusiasm is as absent as determined conservatism. Perhaps picturesque failure moves me as much as anything else, alike in history, contemporary life, and social conditions. The eve of any revolution has a great fascination for me—the end of a régime; the collapse of an exhausted domination; a great house fallen into decay; a street once decently inhabited but now a slum—all these symptoms of vanished magnificence or of exploited pretension or of shifting tastes and habits seem to me tremendously dramatic. In consequence I have written, both in my novels and social histories, more about failure than success. Probably the same impulse to dramatize failure has led me to my most recent interest—the tragic tale of democratic Germany from 1920 to the present horrid emergence of Hitlerism. The forlorn attempt of a beaten nation to create a régime of real tolerance and good sense, to meet its obligations despite the bullying of Poincaré and the horrors of the inflation, deserved a better fate than was reserved for it. It has failed miserably and has been swallowed up in pre-

cisely the barbarian stupidity which the war fought to destroy. And the main fault lies with the politicians, soldiers, and industrialists of precisely those countries whose armies were spurred on to win the War in order that brutality and barbarism should be destroyed. There indeed—to any one with a sense of the tragedy of gallant failure and a cynical belief in the folly of humanity—is a subject as dramatic as any in all history.

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Michael Sadleir is the son of Sir Michael Ernest Sadler, the scholar and educator. The author's change in the spelling of his name is generally credited to a desire to avoid being confused with his father, who has written numerous articles and books in the educational field.

Michael Sadleir's works:

Political Career of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1912; Hyssop, 1915; The Anchor, 1918; Privilege, 1921; Excursions in Victorian Bibliography, 1922; Desolate Splendour, 1923; Daumier, 1924; The Noblest Frailty, 1925; Trollope: A Commentary, 1927; Trollope: A Bibliography, 1928; The Evolution of Publishers' Binding Styles: 1770-1900 (Bibliographical Series No. 1) 1930; Bulwer: A Panorama, 1931; Authors and Publishers: A Study in Mutual Esteem, 1932; The Strange Life of Lady Blessington (English title: Blessington d'Orsay) 1933; Bulwer and His Wife, 1933.

About Michael Sadleir:

Swinerton, F. *A London Bookman*.

"Saki" 1870-1916

HECTOR HUGH MUNRO, English author of humorous short stories and novels under the name of "Saki," was born in Akyab, Burma, India, on December 18, 1870. His father was an officer in the Bengal Staff Corps and inspector-general of the Burma police. His grandfather Munro was a colonel in the Indian army and a writer on Indian politics. Both sides of his family were Celtic.

His mother died before he was two years old and he was taken to England to be raised by a pair of strict aunts in the village of Pilton, near Barnstaple, Devonshire. He spent his childhood in seclusion, rarely seeing any children



"SAKI"

other than his older sister Ethel and brother Charlie.

A delicate child, he had brain-fever at nine, and received his early education from a succession of governesses. He did not go to school until he was twelve. During the next five years he attended Exmouth and the Bedford Grammar school. His teachers reported: "Plenty of ability, but little application."

When he was seventeen, Munro's education was taken over by his father, who had retired from the service in India. For six years much of his time was spent on the Continent, chiefly at Davos, Switzerland, where he played chess with John Addington Symonds, attended lectures, studied painting, danced, and took part in plays and outdoor sports. Two years were spent in England at Heanton, four miles from Barnstaple, studying under his father's direction.

In the spring of 1893, Munro went to Burma and took a post in the military police which his father had secured for him. After thirteen months, during which time he had seven fevers culminating in a bad case of malaria, he resigned and went back to England. Slowly he recovered his health at the new family home at Westward Ho.

In 1896, at the age of twenty-five, Munro went to London and began to earn his living by writing. From the

cup-bearer in the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, he took the pen-name "Saki" and wrote political satires for the *Westminster Gazette*, which were illustrated by Carruthers Gould, his literary sponsor. He had a keen interest in politics and remained a Conservative all his life.

His first book, published under his own name in 1900, was *The Rise of the Russian Empire*, a history of Russia from the beginning to the time of Peter the Great. It was the only completely serious book he ever wrote, and the only one not signed "Saki." The *London Bookman* cited the work as "an historical outline of no little value," but Munro's own opinion of it was less flattering.

About 1901 Munro had a severe attack of double pneumonia in London. After his recovery he remained in good health the rest of his life, with the exception of his illness in the service during the War.

His political sketches in the *Westminster Gazette* were collected in book form for the first time in 1902 with the title *The Westminster Alice*. They portrayed the public men of the time as the animals and other characters in *Alice in Wonderland*.

For six years from 1902 Munro served as foreign correspondent of the *London Morning Post* in the Balkans, Russia, and Paris, remaining approximately two years in each place. From time to time he wrote humorous short stories for the *Westminster Gazette* which attracted the attention of some of his contemporaries as being amazingly cosmopolitan. A. A. Milne says: "While we were being funny, as planned, with collar-studs and hot-water bottles, he was being much funnier with werewolves and tigers." The initial collection of these stories, *Reginald*, appeared in 1904.

Munro settled in London in 1908, his travels concluded. He wrote in his lodgings during the day and spent the evenings mostly at his club, the "Cocoa Tree," playing bridge. Occasionally he visited his sister in a cottage he had bought in the Surrey Hills, twenty-three miles from London, and together they went in the summertime to various seaside places. He was fond of bathing.

The short story collection *Reginald in Russia* was issued in 1910 and *The*

Chronicles of Clovis in 1911. An irrepressible young man of the world was the chief figure in the latter.

In 1912 Munro wrote his first novel, *The Unbearable Bassington*, a character study of a witty, handsome, lovable yet exasperating youth, whose deficiency in character made him a failure. The author's prefatory note read: "This story has no moral. If it points out an evil at any rate it suggests no remedy." Altho filled with humorous situations and witty dialogue, the novel was at bottom a tragedy. Most of the characters, including the hero, were taken from life.

Late in 1913 there came from Munro's pen a second novel, an imaginary account of London under the rule of the Hohenzollerns, *When William Came*. Many characters in this book were also taken from life. *Beasts and Super-Beasts*, a collection of short stories, mostly from the *Morning Post*, appeared in 1914. In the spring of 1914 Munro wrote a series called "Potted Parliament" for the *London Outlook*, attending the House regularly for his data.

Munro was one of the first to enlist when war was declared in August 1914. He went into training with the 22d Royal Fusiliers, and from then on had little time for writing. In June 1915 he sent to the *Bystander* an account of his life as a corporal. Repeatedly he refused a commission.

In November 1915 he went to France and was at the front continuously except for a short leave in England in June 1916. At that time he told his sister Ethel of a plan to go out to Siberia after the War and live on a farm. "I could never settle down again to the tameness of London life," he said.

Munro was promoted to lance-sergeant in September 1916 and at the end of the month had an attack of malaria. Eager to get back into the fighting, he left the hospital before his condition was normal and returned to the trenches. He was killed a few days later, while lying in a shell hole, on November 14, 1916. He was forty-five years old.

Munro did not live to enjoy the success that came to his work after years of comparative neglect and failure. A

posthumous collection of stories, *The Toys of Peace*, appeared in 1923, dedicated to the 22d Royal Fusiliers, and another, *The Square Egg*, in 1924.

Between 1927 and 1929 the works of "Saki" were reissued in America in a series of eight blue pocket-sized volumes, each with an introduction by a prominent English author. These volumes, in particular *The Chronicles of Clovis*, found an enthusiastic reading public.

The growth of the "Saki" cult led to an omnibus volume in 1930, containing all his short stories previously scattered thru five different volumes (with an introduction by Christopher Morley) and in 1933 a one-volume collection of his novels and plays.

A biography of Munro by his sister Ethel M. Munro, which was appended to the short story omnibus, revealed many intimate sidelights on the author. "To me," she wrote, "his strongest characteristics were—whimsicality, keen sense of humor, love of animals, and pride in being Highland." He liked wild animals as well as domestic, one time acquiring a tiger kitten for a pet. His friends found him a congenial companion and an unfailing antidote to boredom. He was fond of practical jokes. "He could throw himself into whatever he was doing at the moment," says his sister, "as tho no other kind of life existed." He took a great interest in food and always got on well with servants. "He had a tremendous sympathy for young men struggling to get on, and in practical ways helped many a lame dog." H. W. Nevinson, author of one of the introductions, recalls "his small and twisted face, in expression like a young and humorous bird's. . ."

Hugh Walpole says: "He had his own individual place in the roll of English literature, a place far greater, I imagine, than he in his own modesty would ever have claimed." His writing, despite its suavity and lightness of tone, holds in suspension a diabolical irony and savagery of wit.

The works of "Saki":

SHORT STORIES AND SKETCHES: The Westminster Alice, 1902; Reginald, 1904; Reginald in Russia, 1910; *The Chronicles of Clovis*, 1911; *Beasts and Super-Beasts*, 1914; *The Toys of Peace*, 1923; *The Square Egg*, 1924.

NOVELS: *The Unbearable Bassington*, 1912; When William Came, 1913.

HISTORY: *The Rise of the Russian Empire*, 1900.

COLLECTED WORKS: *The Short Stories of Saki*, 1930; *Novels and Plays*, 1933.

About "Saki":

Mais, S. P. B. *Books and Their Writers*; Milne, A. A. *By Way of Introduction*; "Saki," *Short Stories* (see introduction by Christopher Morley); see also introductions to each of eight volumes issued in 1927-29; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Publishers' Weekly 119:223 January 10, 1931.

Edgar Saltus 1855-1921

EDGAR EVERTSON SALTUS, American author, was born in New York City October 8, 1855, of a family which went back to Solomon Saltus in the time of Emperor Tiberius. His father was Francis Henry Saltus, a student and philosopher and musician, who invented the rifled steel cannon and was decorated by European royalty. His mother, Eliza Evertson, was descended from a line of Dutch admirals.

His elder brother, Francis Saltus, Jr., was a poet who published during his lifetime *Honey and Gall*, 1873; *Shadows and Ideals*, 1890; *The Witch of Endor*, 1891; *Flasks and Flagons*, 1892; *Dreams After Sunset*, 1892; *The Bayadere and Other Sonnets*, 1894; *Fact and Fancy*, 1895; and wrote several operas.

When Edgar Saltus was seven years old his parents separated, he remaining with his mother. After attending St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, he went to Europe and continued his education at Heidelberg, Munich, and the Paris Sorbonne. He studied the classics, especially Flaubert. In Paris he was presented to Victor Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, and Verlaine. In Venice he wrote a sonnet, "History."

Returning to America, Saltus went to Columbia Law School, where "by the grace of God and absent-minded professors," he managed to take a degree in 1880. He never practiced law. He plunged into social life and wrote sonnets.

Saltus was married in 1883 to Helen Read, daughter of a business partner of J. P. Morgan. In the same year he

published his first book, a translation of Balzac. Conceiving the idea of condensing the philosophies of Schopenhauer and Spinoza and others into epigrammatic form, he wrote *The Philosophy of Disenchantment* in 1885 and *The Anatomy of Negation* in 1886. The latter work he called a tableau of antitheism, exclusive of England and America, and said that "no attempt has been made to prove anything." He became widely known as a pessimist, and the newspapers quoted his witticisms.

Mr. Inoué's Misadventure was Saltus' first novel, published in 1887, and it was followed the next year by *The Truth About Tristram Varick*. In *A Transaction of Hearts* he put down some of his own experiences altered. Marie Saltus says that he "turned out novels like flapjacks, entertaining his acquaintances in the intervals." In those years he dined and received his mail at the Manhattan Club and lived in a nearby apartment, the whereabouts of which was known to few people.

In 1892 Saltus published *Mary Magdalen*, a fictionized chronicle which he wrote in London. Living in rooms in Cavendish Square, he spent the mornings in research for the book's background in the British Museum and the afternoons in writing. It was said that he conceived the idea for the book at the same time Oscar Wilde decided to write about Salomé when both were dinner guests of Lord Francis Hope and they saw pictures of the two women on the wall. He saw a great deal of Wilde and afterward wrote a book about him.

The divorce of Saltus and Helen Read was heavily publicized and caused Saltus to write a book with a thin plot called *Mme. Sapphirc*, which was an attempt at self-vindication. It reacted unfavorably upon him. He was married in 1895 to Elsie Smith in Paris, and they had one child, Elsie, who later became Mrs. J. Theus Munds. They returned together to New York in the autumn of 1897 and Saltus launched himself as a journalist, his popularity as a novelist having dwindled since the divorce. He wrote Sunday special articles for the *New York Journal* and edited a column called "The Note Book" for *Collier's Weekly*. He



EDGAR SALTUS

spent his summers with his mother at Narragansett Pier, a fashionable resort.

The summer of 1902 Saltus was in London, studying cuneiform at the British Museum and riding atop busses for diversion. A London bookseller brought out a collection of epigrams from Saltus' books under the title of *Wit and Wisdom From Edgar Saltus*.

Having been estranged from his second wife for several years, Saltus brought suit for divorce in 1903 but failed to win it. Several years later she died in Paris. Meanwhile he spent a good deal of his time in California, continuing the production of books. In 1905 he published *The Perfume of Eros*, a novel of New York life, which first appeared serially as "The Yellow Fay." After completing *Historia Amoris*, a history of love, ancient and modern, in 1906, he made a study of the sacred books of the East, especially the *Bhagavad-Gitâ*. From the Egyptian Book of the Dead he took the title for *The Lords of Ghostland*, a series of essays on the history of the ideal.

Saltus married Marie Giles in 1912 and for the next several years they lived in London, he crossing the Atlantic frequently to New York. Becoming deeply interested in Theosophy, he destroyed the finished manuscript of *The Monster*

and rewrote it from his new viewpoint. It was published in 1913.

In 1916 Saltus settled in New York in an apartment near Columbia University, where he spent his remaining days in seclusion. In 1918 he wrote *The Imperial Orgy*, an account of the czars from the first to the last, based on a series of articles on Russia he had written for *Munsey's Magazine* about fifteen years before. It was published in 1920. He based *The Ghost Girl*, a mystery tale, on the plot of an old short story of his, "A Bouquet of Illusions."

Saltus worked in an isolated room in the rear of the apartment which was always untidy. As he explained it, he wrote in a state of "high hallucinatory fever," which demanded freedom from distractions. An interruption sent him into hysterics and ended his work for the day, tho normally he wrote until four, then went for a walk—his only exercise. One morning when he was working on *The Imperial Orgy* his wife burst into his study to deliver a message, causing him to scream and pull his hair and beat his head against the walls and the furniture. Another interruption once sent him into such a rage that he tore the manuscript he was working on to bits and threw it out the window.

Working at a large Italian table of carved wood, Saltus wrote every book at least three times. He wrote rapidly, with dozens of pencils at his elbow, discarding them as they became dull. Poetry came to him easier than prose, he said.

Slightly undersized, Saltus had thick black hair and a small black moustache, which was neatly curled. In his prime he was always well tailored, carried a walking stick, and was known as a dandy and a ladies' favorite. The newspapers nicknamed him the "Pocket Apollo." Said Sadakichi Hartmann: "Saltus was always extremely courteous, and his gestures were like hieroglyphics made with his finger tips. . . His face in later years had peculiarly deep lines about the nose and mouth." He was slow of speech and often self-absorbed. He was an inveterate smoker.

According to his wife, Saltus lived in a world of his own, apart from actual-

ities. He was impractical, could not endure practical people. He hated rules and routine. Average amusements bored him. He could enjoy a joke on himself. Money went "thru his hands as thru a sieve." He was "proud, arrogant, accustomed to having his own way at any cost, selfish and self-centered as the result of his indulgent childhood." He was ingenious at evading things he disliked, and he could not bear anything unpleasant. He liked to be *en negligée* and never permitted a guest to remain in his house overnight. He was fond of cats. In his library were Oriental *objets d'art*. He had a small independent income.

Bob Davis and James Huneker were Saltus' close friends. He read Algernon Blackwood with pleasure and admired the work of Benjamin de Casseres, a New Yorker whom he never met. His literary admirers included George Moore, Carl Van Vechten, and Elbert Hubbard.

Failing health kept Saltus indoors much of the time in the last year of his life. He was suffering from lameness, indigestion, and heart trouble; went from one specialist to another. Insomnia bothered him. Occasionally he spent an afternoon sitting in Morningside Park or on the roof of his apartment building. He saw no one. When his illness became acute he refused to go to a hospital or to have a nurse come to his home and he would not permit his wife to leave his sight. He talked a great deal about death.

Saltus died of Bright's disease July 31, 1921, at the age of sixty-five. According to his wish, his body was cremated and the ashes mingled with those of his dog Toto which had died in 1918. He left the rough draft of eleven and a half chapters of a novel called "The Golden Flood." *The Uplands of Dream* appeared in 1925, a collection of fourteen essays and two sonnets which had appeared in magazines during Saltus' lifetime. It was edited by Charles Honce. In 1925 Saltus' widow wrote a book about him.

Edgar Saltus' works:

Balzac, 1883; *The Philosophy of Disenchantment*, 1885; *The Anatomy of Negation*, 1886; *Mr. Inconf's Misadventure*, 1887; *The Truth About Tristrem Varick*, 1888; *Edcn* (an

episode) 1888; *The Pace That Kills*, 1888; *A Transaction in Hearts*, 1889; *Love and Lore* (essays) 1890; *Mary Magdalen*, 1892; *Imperial Purple*, 1893; *When Dreams Come True*, 1895; *Purple and Fine Women* (short stories) 1903; *The Poms of Satan*, 1904; *The Perfume of Eros*, 1905; *Historia Amoris*, 1906; *Vanity Square*, 1906; *The Lords of Ghostland*, 1907; *Daughters of the Rich*, 1909; *The Monster*, 1913; *Oscar Wilde: An Idler's Impression*, 1917; *The Paliser Case*, 1919; *The Imperial Orgy*, 1920; *Parnassians Personally Encountered*, 1923; *The Ghost Girl*, 1923; *Victor Hugo, Golgotha*, 1925; *The Uplands of Dream*, 1925.

About Edgar Saltus:

De Casseres, B. *Forty Immortals*; Mencken, H. L. *Prejudices: Fifth Series*; Saltus, E. *The Uplands of Dream* (see introduction by Charles Honce); Saltus, M. *Edgar Saltus, the Man*; Symons, A. *Dramatis Personae*; Van Vechten, C. *Excavations*.

Bookman 58:17 September 1923; 61:644 August 1925.

Lew Sarett 1888-

Autobiographical sketch of Lew Sarett, American poet:

I WAS born in Chicago, Illinois, on May 16, 1888. My father and mother came to America from southeastern Europe. My father was a day laborer. They were simple foreigners with no background of wealth or family or culture. But they were of good healthy stock; they were courageous, honest, hard-working folk. They stood up under adversity without complaining or becoming bitter.

When I was a little boy we moved to Marquette, Michigan, on Lake Superior. At that time the region was wild and beautiful. Logging operations were still going on. I loved the region and I took to the woods like a wild creature. Before I was ten I knew Nature and I loved every tree and flower and bird and brute.

A little later, as a result of family trouble, we left Marquette, and my mother and I found ourselves in Chicago alone. We had rough sledding for awhile . . . for a long time. We knew poverty and hunger. At the age of twelve I supported my mother and myself with various jobs that paid a pittance: I worked as a bundle boy in a now big department store (Carson,

Pirie, Scott & Co.); I peddled papers; I worked as an errand boy in a sweatshop; I worked in the employees' lavatory under "the world's most busy corner," at State and Madison Streets, Chicago. For two months I kept alive by getting my "meals" from the free-lunch counter of Hinky Dink's saloon, at Van Buren and Clark Streets—thanks to a big Irish bartender who let me gorge myself on his free-lunch. He knew I needed the food.

In this period in Chicago the poet in me was born. I missed the Lake Superior country terribly. In the foul tenement district where I lived I missed the clean sweet air of the Lake Superior country; the companionship of wild creatures, the wild sweet freedom of the woods.

I can recall vividly many hot summer nights in those hopeless days, when I couldn't sleep in our stifling rooms. I'd walk two miles to a pier that jutted into Lake Michigan and I'd sprawl out on the pier all night. I'd lie listening to the cool lake water slapping against the piles and clanking against a chain. The breeze was cool. I'd find the constellation of the Great Bear and I'd locate the North Star. I'd lie there thinking, "Under that star is Lake Superior and my old home, and forests and clean cool winds—and no tears, no trouble." Now and then I'd hear a distant lake steamer let out a deep belly-born blast. I'd think, "Maybe she's bound for Lake Superior to get a cargo of iron ore, for Marquette, with its granite cliffs and the pines that root in the cracks and lean over the blue water . . . bound for home!—where there is no trouble. . ." I'd lie there flat on my back for hours, looking up at Polaris and listening to the lake water, and finally I'd fall asleep with Lake Superior in my heart and green woods and clear waters. It was on those nights that I was really born. It was on those desperate hungry and lonely nights that the will to go back to the woods and the mountains was born, the will to give my whole life to the things that I knew best and loved most was born—to the wild earth. Those lonely nights—and those hard days in Chicago—have shaped my entire life, the routine of my day to day existence, my

professional interests, my platform work, and my writing. There is scarcely a word I say or write that is not directly or indirectly rooted in those experiences.

Nature to most people is a pretty place for a picnic; to me Nature is the bread and wine and meat of life. That fervor was born in the slums, in this period of desperate poverty. And that fervor is a vital element in my poetry today.

There was a lucky turn in our family affairs and we moved to Benton Harbor, Michigan, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan—a country of sand dunes and woods, of streams and fruit farms. There I attended high school, and every minute I was free from school was spent in the woods.

When I was eighteen I became a life-saver on a municipal beach in Chicago. My swimming ability got me the job. The next year I determined to get a college education. I started at the University of Michigan; but the following year I shifted to Beloit College, Wisconsin. I worked my way thru seven years of college study—at the University of Michigan, Beloit College, University of Illinois, and Harvard University.

In the years that followed the jobs I had were many: guiding in the Canadian woods, U. S. Ranger in the Rockies, athletic director, and a dozen others. But the main job relates definitely to the field of my writing. When I was nineteen, in order to get back to the North Country and the woods, I got a job as an instructor in woodcraft, canoeing, swimming, and natural science, in a sportsmen's camp in northern Wisconsin; in the six years that followed I worked as a guide in northern Minnesota during the summers. In this period and the later period when I worked in Wyoming and Montana as a guide and ranger, I covered about 25,000 miles of Canada and the United States by canoe and pack train. I began to know about the wilderness with a vengeance—every bird and beast that walked or crawled or flapped on wings, and the people of the woods, pioneers, voyageurs, and Indians. I came to know the wild regions of America, their primitive people, their struggle for survival,

and the beauty and meaning of Nature. This is the field of my poetry.

Those years, when I worked part of each year in the north woods or in the mountains as a guide and a ranger, gave me much of the money I needed to pay my way thru college. In 1911 I received my A.B. degree from Beloit College, and in 1916, my LL.B. from the University of Illinois.

But to go back a bit. In 1912 I received an appointment from Stuart P. Sherman, then head of the Department of English at the University of Illinois, to teach English and public speaking there. I took the position and carried my law work to its completion while I was teaching—I still carried on my work in the woods during the summer seasons. I taught there from 1912 to 1920.

In 1914 I married Margaret Elizabeth Husted of Austin, a suburb of Chicago, Illinois. We have two children, Lew Sarett, Jr., and Helen Sarett.

It was while I was teaching at Illinois that I began to write poetry. On a moonlit October night in 1912, while I was grading a batch of English themes—a chore on that beautiful night!—I heard a flock of wild geese gabbling overhead, flying south in the fall migration. I knocked off work, went out,

looked into the moonlit sky, and listened to them talking together. I thought of the wild country to the north that they had come from, the country I knew and loved, and that I had just come from after a season of guiding. I thought of their wild freedom, their wild rebellious hearts, their hatred of restraint and confinement. Something in their bugle calls as they beat south in the moonlight stirred me deeply. I knew the wild heart of those birds. I knew their life. I belonged to them. I was so moved that I went into the house when they were gone and I wrote a poem with the wild geese in it, their cries, their hunger, their wild hearts—and my own wild heart. That was my first poem. I have been writing poetry steadily since that night. Before that night I had no idea that I should ever write poetry.

I wrote steadily from then on. Between 1912 and 1920 I was encouraged and helped much in counsel by Stuart P. Sherman, Harriet Monroe, and Carl Sandburg.

This first stretch of writing resulted in a book of poetry, *Many Many Moons*, published in 1920, a collection of Indian and nature poems.

In 1920 I accepted a position on the faculty of Northwestern University School of Speech, Evanston, Illinois. I went there as a professor of argumentation and persuasion in 1920. I have been on its faculty since.

Between 1920-1925 I went back to the woods and mountains every season to take various jobs: I worked as a U. S. ranger in the Rockies, in Yellowstone National Park and in Glacier National Park. Then for two seasons I was situated at Meadow Lake, Montana, where the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries maintains a station. In these years of work in the Rockies I came to know the mountains and mountain people.

In 1926 I established my home in Laona, Wisconsin, a lumbering hamlet in a primitive and beautiful region where the last logging operations were going on. I taught at Northwestern University only three months each year. I commuted 600 miles every week from my home in the North to Evanston and



LEW SARETT

J. D. Toloff

my university work. I remained in Forest County, Wisconsin, until 1930. During this period in Forest County I wrote much—all in the field of Nature, the American wilderness, wild life, and backwoods folk. My fourth volume, *Wings Against the Moon*, is rooted in these Wisconsin years.

In 1930 I returned to Northwestern University, to a full professorship and a full teaching schedule. I established my home, "Hickory Hollow," in Ravinia, Illinois. It is a picturesque old house on a hillside, in a forest overlooking the famous Skokie Valley.

For twenty years I have continually followed four vocations and avocations. Much of each year I teach; part of the year I work in the woods or the mountains; part of the year I do platform work from coast to coast—I read my poetry and I speak on Nature, wild animals, Indians, voyageurs, and pioneer-folk; and all year I write. It is a full, active, and fascinating life.

You ask me to state my likes and dislikes.

I dislike the social and economic complexity and hubbub of some big cities and of "big business"—their nerve-racking tempo, their impersonality, and their false sense of values. I shun afternoon teas and "social events" where people exhibit clothes, affectations, parlor manners, and vapid small talk. I do not like hypocrites, affected people, bigoted people, or malicious people. I do not like opportunists, those who change their convictions and their utterances with every change of the literary wind, with every vogue in thinking, those who lack the intellectual honesty, the brains, and the courage to do their own thinking and to go their own way resolutely however much they may fail to conform to fashion. I do not care for certain decadent tendencies in modern literature, the philosophy of futility, frustration, and defeat that prevails in some quarters. I dislike those who think that it is smart to strike the posture of boredom with life, who strive to be cynical and blasé, and who discount enthusiasm, zest, gusto for life. How amusing!—and how tragic! Life is full of beauty—the beauty of a great adventure; and at its worst it is full of excitement—the zest

of a grand fight, a bitter fight for survival.

I like everything that is rooted in earth—flowers and trees and mountains; and everything that walks or crawls on earth. I love wild animals—deer, bears, wolves. I like backwoods folk and pioneer people—homesteaders, lumberjacks, French-Canadian habitants, mountaineers, woodsmen, hunters, fishermen, farmers; and I like their talk—of droughts and rains, of bugs and blights, of the county fair, the district school, and the new parson, of the spawning of fish, the new game laws, and the winter cut of lumber. They are real and their lives are real—not vicarious. I like all people who are simple, natural, and honest; who play out the hands that Nature dealt them, good or bad, and who play their cards face up on the table; people who have faith in something or somebody. I like gardens and gardening; dogs and horses; trout-fishing; the study of botany and zoology; good books; good painting; and good music. I like young people, the better types of college student—young people who are honestly and courageously thinking and not merely posturing or playing; and I like the privilege of teaching them.

I am devoted to the following American poets: Walt Whitman, Bryant, and Sidney Lanier. Among contemporary American poets, I like Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Harriet Monroe, William Rose Benét, Stephen Vincent Benét, Louis Untermeyer, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. In the field of American prose I am fond of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Stuart P. Sherman, John Burroughs, and Henry Thoreau. I respond most deeply to the following British writers: in poetry—Chaucer, Blake, Browning, Burns, Keats, Wordsworth, and Swinburne; in prose—Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt. I like the British contemporaries, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Walter De La Mare.

I am fond of all books that have to do with American frontier history, with the sources of American character, with the West; of books on the flora and fauna of America; of books in the fields of anthropology, and horticulture; of

books on Indian history, and Indian culture.

* * *

The title poem of Lew Sarett's second volume of poetry, *The Box of God*, 1922, was awarded the Levinson Prize by *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse*. His third volume, *Slow Smoke*, a collection of poems on the Rocky Mountains, Indians, and wild animals, was awarded the prize offered by the Poetry Society of America for the best volume of poetry published in America in 1925. Harriet Monroe says of him: "Lew Sarett knows more about wild creatures than any poet, living or dead, who has written about them." For eighteen years "the woodsman-poet" has been one of the star attractions of the American lecture platform. Indeed, he has probably had a more regular and successful platform life than any living writer.

Neil M. Clark describes him: "In Indian dress, which he often wears upon occasion, he might be mistaken for an Indian. Altho not tall, his face is weathered and bronzed by the outdoors; his muscles under the soft shirts he always wears are powerful and flexible, and he is a splendid athlete, swimmer, dancer of Indian dances, woodsman, and rider. In manner he is friendly, yet he guards his personality with a reserve which cannot be broken until he chooses to let down the bars, and that is not too often. . . He prefers the language of flowers—of which he is passionately fond—of birds and breezes and all outdoors, to the stuffy gossip of standardized minds."

Lew Sarett's works:

Many Many Moons, 1920; *The Box of God*, 1922; *Slow Smoke*, 1925; *Wings Against the Moon*, 1932.

About Lew Sarett:

Drinkwater, Canby, and Benét, *Twentieth Century Poetry*; Hansen, H. *Midwest Portraits*; Monroe, H. *Poets and Their Art*; Untermeyer, L. *American Poetry Since 1900 and Modern American Poetry*; Weirick, B. *From Whitman to Sandburg in American Poetry*.

American Magazine 101:37 February 1926; 101:24 March 1926; *Literary Digest International Book Review* Vol. III, No. 9, August 1925; *Nature Magazine* 16:113 August 1930; *Poetry* 27:88 November 1925; *Saturday Review of Literature* 7:978 July 18, 1931.

Dorothy Sayers 1893-

DOROTHY LEIGH SAYERS, English writer of and about detective stories, was born in 1893 at Cathedral Choir School, Oxford, where her father, the Reverend H. Sayers, was headmaster. Her mother, before marriage, was Helen May Leigh, a great-niece of Percival Leigh, "the Professor" of *Punch*.

In 1915 Miss Sayers was graduated from Somerville College, Oxford, with first honors in medieval literature, one of the first women to take an Oxford degree.

At thirty, in 1923, she published a book called *Whose Body?* Her marriage in 1926 to Captain Atherton Fleming, a famous war correspondent, did not prevent her from working as a first-line copy-writer in a leading London advertising agency and also becoming one of the best known authors of detective stories in England and America.

Clouds of Witnesses was her first American publication, in 1927. Will Cuppy wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "Here is abundant proof that a thriller may be richly humorous without balling up the clews or destroying the suspense by so much as a tittle."

Miss Sayers' principal character, Lord Peter Wimsey, is the dilettante type of detective, not dissimilar to S. S. Van Dine's American detective, Philo Vance. In the words of one reviewer, Lord Peter is "what Philo Vance might have been if he had been amusing."

One book in which Lord Peter did not appear was *The Documents of the Case*, written in collaboration with Robert Eustace and published in 1930. This story was told by a series of letters and statements and the interest lay not so much in the crime as in the analysis of character, the building up of background, and the genesis of motive.

In 1929 and again in 1931 Miss Sayers turned anthologist and brought out two series of *Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror*. These appeared in America in 1929 and 1932, respectively, as *The Omnibus of Crime* and *The Second Omnibus of Crime*, the first being a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. The author's aim, as stated in her introduction to the first volume, was



DOROTHY SAYERS

to give "a kind of bird's eye view of pure deduction on the one hand, thru various types of mystery—natural and super-natural, explained and unexplained—to tales of sheer horror, without any mystery at all." Both omnibuses were divided into two parts: one containing stories of detection and mystery, and the other stories of mystery and horror. At her publishers' insistence, a selection from one of her own works was included in the second volume.

These two omnibuses established Miss Sayers as an authority on detective stories. They are considered by students of the detective story among the most discriminating anthologies of the type ever compiled, and her introductions to the volumes are quoted in almost every modern discussion of mystery story technique. Her thirty-seven page introduction to the first volume is a complete resumé of the history of detective fiction and the development of the mystery formula.

Continuing the production of original novels, Miss Sayers published *The Five Red Herrings* in 1931 (American title: *Suspicious Characters*) and *Have His Carcase* in 1932. She prefaced the latter with a note: "In *The Five Red Herrings*, the plot was invented to fit a real locality; in this book, the locality

has been invented to fit the plot. Both places and people are entirely imaginary."

Murder Must Advertise, published in 1933, was laid in an advertising agency, a locale with which Miss Sayers was intimately familiar thru her own work as a copy-writer. She wrote by way of preliminary explanation: "I do not suppose that there is a more harmless and law-abiding set of people in the world than the Advertising Experts of Great Britain. The idea that any crime could possibly be perpetrated on Advertising premises is one that could only occur to the ill-regulated fancy of a detective novelist, trained to fasten the guilt upon the Most Unlikely Person."

Miss Sayers, according to her publishers, cannot dance and is hopeless at games, being completely unable to work out combinations at chess or card games. She is fond of motorcycling. Her principal recreation is taking a "busman's holiday" by reading other people's detective stories. She considers Wilkie Collins' *Moonstone* the greatest detective story ever written.

She is a member of the Detection Club, a private association of writers of detective fiction in Great Britain, existing chiefly for the purpose of eating dinners together and talking shop. The president is G. K. Chesterton and the members include Austin Freeman, Clemence Dane, and A. A. Milne.

H. Douglas Thomson says of Dorothy Sayers in his *Masters of Mystery*: "Miss Sayers is always original and entertaining, and moreover from her study of the subject she knows what is what and does not lay herself open to attacks for inconsistency"; but he finds that in following her theory of the detective story as primarily a problem she sometimes goes too far, most noticeably in her short stories. He characterizes one of her briefer tales as "merely a dramatized cross-word puzzle."

Dorothy Sayers' works:

DETECTIVE STORIES: Whose Body? 1923; Unnatural Death, 1927; Clouds of Witnesses, 1927; The Dawson Pedigree, 1928; The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club, 1928; Lord Peter Views the Body, 1928; Strong Poison, 1930; The Documents in the Case (with Robert Eustace) 1930; The Five Red Herrings (American title: *Suspicious Characters*) 1931; Have His Carcase, 1932; Murder Must

Advertise, 1933; Hangman's Holiday, 1933; Omnibus (containing The Five Red Herrings, Strong Poison, and Lord Peter Views the Body) 1933.

Editor: Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror (American title: The Omnibus of Crime) 1929; Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror: Second Series (American title: The Second Omnibus of Crime) 1931.

TRANSLATOR: Tristan in Brittany, 1929.

About Dorothy Sayers:

Thomson, H. D. *Masters of Mystery*.

Olive Schreiner 1855-1920

OLIVE EMILIE ALBERTINA SCHREINER, British author and feminist, was born in South Africa at a little station called Wittebergen in Basutoland on March 24, 1855. She was the ninth child of Gottlob Schreiner, a missionary of German birth who had been sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1837. Her mother was Rebecca Lyndall, an Englishwoman.

She had practically no schooling. What education she had was obtained at home and thru her own reading. She wanted to study medicine but when she realized that she did not have the strength to be a doctor she took up nursing. Some relatives took her for a long journey in a Cape cart in the rain, leaving her a victim of asthma the rest of her days. Because of her unorthodox religious beliefs she broke off relations with all the members of her family except three brothers; Fred, Theo, and Will, her mother having joined the Catholic church when her father died.

At fifteen Miss Schreiner went to work as a governess for a Boer family named Fouché at Klein Ganna Hoek, a solitary farmhouse on the edge of the Karoo desert. She could hardly spell, but got along by telling the children stories. "The best years of my life," she said, "were when I was a poor little governess earning twenty-five pounds a year and tying my shoes with red flannel strips because they would have fallen off otherwise."

Here, at the age of twenty, she began writing an autobiographical novel which she first called "Thorn Kloof." She wrote at night by the light of the moon in a room with a leaky roof which

forced her to hold an umbrella when it rained. She completed the novel in four years, changed the title to *The Story of an African Farm*, and sent it to London to find a publisher. It came back unwanted.

In 1881 Miss Schreiner took her manuscript to England, hawked it around London herself and succeeded in selling it for ten pounds. *The Story of an African Farm*, by "Ralph Iron," was published in 1883. Questioning as it did the literal Bible and proclaiming complete independence for women, the book, in Victorian England, was like a bombshell. Its immediate success (amid bitter criticism) and the author's unique personality made her a leader in the growing feminist movement. Gladstone asked to meet her and after the interview she called him with laughter "a cute old devil." She met and was praised by Arthur Symonds and Edward Carpenter.

Miss Schreiner's friendship with Havelock Ellis, which began in 1884 when he wrote a letter expressing his admiration for her novel, had an important and comforting place in her life for the next five years. They had a common interest in writing, in woman suffrage, in the psychology of sex, and in medicine.

During these years Miss Schreiner was misunderstood, censured, turned from boarding houses because she had too many men callers, most of them authors and figures of importance in the literary world, and criticized because she traveled alone. She practically always suffered from chronic asthma, which made her miserable.

When she returned to South Africa in 1889, Miss Schreiner met Cecil Rhodes, the British Colonial and Imperial statesman, a man for whom she felt a strange affinity. She recorded in her journal: "It's not love, but admiration, it's not that I think him noble or good—it's the deliberate feeling 'That man belongs to me.'" The Boer War made them bitter enemies, tho he remained her admirer until death and kept her novel constantly at his bedside. Rhodes was succeeded as prime minister at the Cape of Good Hope by Miss Schreiner's brother Will Schreiner. She published a book of *Dreams* in 1891.

In 1894, when she was nearly forty, Miss Schreiner married Samuel Cronwright of South Africa, whom she had met when he asked her to read something he had written. He combined her name with his, and gave up two careers, as farmer and as lawyer, to help her write. They had one child, a daughter, who died sixteen hours after she was born.

During the remainder of her life Miss Schreiner wandered from place to place, traveling between England and South Africa, to escape the asthma. In spite of ill health she became a figure in South African politics and wrote some treatises on the subject. The Boer War occasioned the only two public speeches she ever gave, in 1900, one at Graaf Reinet, the other at Capetown.

Miss Schreiner wrote a great deal but published little. She never learned to spell and always kept a dictionary at her elbow. The emancipation of women and the study of sex formed the background for all her writing. "The main point," she wrote to Ellis, "is human development has reached a point at which sexual difference has become a thing of minor importance. We make too much of it; we are men and women in the second place, human beings in the first." In 1911 she published *Woman and Labour*. She planned a treatise on woman, psychological, historical, and modern, but never wrote it.

During the World War Miss Schreiner was in England, remaining a pacifist. Her correspondence with Ellis had proceeded regularly after his marriage in 1891 and hers in 1894, but in 1917 she insisted with tears that he destroy her later letters and he did so reluctantly, feeling that they ought to be preserved in view of the paucity of her published works.

According to Miss Schreiner's husband, letter-writing and talking had for her the renovating qualities that physical exercise had for others. She was opposed to continuous, systematic work and, he suspected, wrote letters frequently as a justification for postponing more arduous literary work. Her letters were written rapidly and carelessly on odd, unmatched scraps of paper, which



OLIVE SCHREINER

were often difficult to piece together. She never reread or revised them.

The *Nation* and *Athenaeum* said: "Her obsessions and her egotism are perfectly obvious in her letters; but so, too, are her convictions, her ruthless sincerity, and the masterly sanity which so often contrasts on the same page with childish outbursts of unreason."

Miss Schreiner was deeply emotional and she gloried in the power of emotion, allowing it to dominate her intellectual outlook. She wrote to Ellis, "Some people dare not feel fully—their life is a long self-repression." She was a woman who flew into passions, beat the table with clenched fists, walked the floor all night, slammed doors, talked to herself aloud, hid under the table to avoid callers. Many times she longed to die.

Her slight figure was bent with asthma, and her head cramped into her shoulders. Laughingly she would quote Balzac to the effect that God had given him no neck so that his head might be nearer his heart. She was rather heavy set, and prematurely aged. She loved music. She dabbled at painting as a diversion but never let anything overshadow her writing. She liked animals and children.

In November 1920 Miss Schreiner returned to the Cape Colony in South Africa. She died there on December 10,

1920, at the age of sixty-five. According to her wish, she was buried on the summit of Buffels Kop, a high mountain, with her daughter and her pet fox terrier. In her will she founded a scholarship for women.

Some of Miss Schreiner's unpublished papers were collected in 1923 under the title of *Stories, Dreams and Allegories*. In the same year appeared a group of essays, *Thoughts on South Africa*, which had been published in various South African and English periodicals between 1890 and 1900. In 1924 her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, wrote her life and, as a complement to it, edited and published her letters. The first half of the latter volume consisted almost wholly of her letters written to Ellis from 1884 to 1889.

A posthumous and unfinished novel, *From Man to Man: or, Perhaps Only—*, begun when she was a girl of eighteen and worked at intermittently all the rest of her life, was published in 1927, with an introduction by her husband. It was a passionate outpouring of her convictions about the relations between man and woman, with a setting mainly in South Africa. A single chapter on social and racial injustices is seventy-five pages long.

In 1928 appeared the last of Miss Schreiner's posthumous works, *Undine*, the first novel she wrote as a young girl. She had entrusted the manuscript to Havelock Ellis in 1884 with the remark, "I ought to have burnt it long ago, but the biographical element in it made me soft to it." It is the story of a lonely and misunderstood little girl.

Olive Schreiner's works:

NOVELS: *The Story of an African Farm*, 1883; *From Man to Man: or, Perhaps Only—*, 1926; *Undine*, 1928.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Dreams*, 1891; *Dream Life and Real Life*, 1893; *The Political Situation* (jointly with S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner) 1895; *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, 1897; *The South African Question*, 1899; *Woman and Labour*, 1911; *Stories, Dreams and Allegories*, 1923; *Thoughts on South Africa*, 1923; *The Letters of Olive Schreiner*, 1876-1920 (edited by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner) 1924.

About Olive Schreiner:

Bennett, A. *The Savour of Life*; Cronwright-Schreiner, S. C. *The Life of Olive Schreiner*; Cronwright-Schreiner, S. C.

(editor) *The Letters of Olive Schreiner*; Dell, F. *Women as World Builders*; Harris, F. *Contemporary Portraits: Fourth Series*; see also introductions to her posthumous books.

Contemporary Review 125:624 May 1924; *Living Age* 308:493 February 19, 1921; *New Republic* 42:103 March 18, 1925.

Alan Seeger 1888-1916

ALAN SEEGER, American poet, was born in New York City on June 22, 1888, of New England parents. When he was one year old his family removed to Staten Island and he lived there until he was ten, attending the Staten Island Academy. When they returned to Manhattan, he went to the Horace Mann School. He loved to follow the fire engines. A childhood attack of scarlet fever left him in fragile health the rest of his life.

The Seegers removed to Mexico City when Alan was twelve and he lived there two years, studying under a tutor along with his brother and sister. He was sports editor of the family's monthly home magazine called the *Prophet*, contributing also poetry and essays. At the age of fourteen, he returned to America and entered the Hackley School at Tarrytown, N.Y., where he completed his preparatory education in the next four years, with one year out to live in Southern California with the family of his former tutor. He made frequent visits to his home in Mexico City and spent one vacation in the hills of New Hampshire. From 1906 to 1910, he was at Harvard College, reading widely, "deriving more keen pleasure from the perusal of a musty old volume than in pursuing adventure out in the world," taking a special interest in Celtic literature. He was one of the editors of the *Harvard Monthly*, and contributed verse to it.

After he completed his college course in 1910, Seeger lived for two years in New York, writing occasional verse, languishing for life in Europe. At the French café which was his haunt, the Petitpas, he met John Butler Yeats, who found him a rare soul and made many sketches of him. He had a haughty reserve toward all people, even his friends. His assumption of intellectual

aristocracy was a little irritating to some who did not believe his work justified it. He rarely showed a manuscript to a friend, and when he did, the friend's comment was of no consequence to him. He was self-assured, arrogant, retiring, handsome.

"His features," writes Walter Adolphe Roberts, who knew him in these New York days, "were classic, his complexion of a singularly luminous brunette tinge, his lips full and red, his black hair very thick. . . . He was about six feet tall, straight and well-proportioned. Among his oddities was the arranging of his hair in a 'bang,' which came almost to his eyebrows and created the impression of a low, faun-like forehead, tho the latter was actually broad and high. He also affected closely clipped side-whiskers, extending about three-quarters of the way down in front of his ears. Usually, he wore a soft slirt and a scarlet tie, which harmonized with his warm complexion." He admired French literature. His three heroes were Napoleon, Byron, and Pico della Mirandola, an Italian nobleman and scholar of the fifteenth century.

He spent the summer of 1911 at the MacDowell Memorial Colony at Peterborough, N.H., where he startled the villagers by walking down the street

hatless, wearing a white shirt and a bright crimson sash around his waist.

Disgusted with America, Seeger went to Paris in 1912, never again to see his native land. He took a room near the Musée de Cluny, mingled joyfully with the artists and students of the Latin Quarter, frequenting the cafés of Montparnasse. The romantic glamor of Paris appealed to him and he felt at home. In the two years he lived there (1912-14) he produced most of the poems which he called his "Juvenilia." He took stubborn pride in the fact that he would not offer any of them for sale to magazine editors.

Early in the summer of 1914, Seeger went to London to find a publisher for his "Juvenilia," but was unsuccessful. While in the city he spent his days in the British Museum and his evenings with a group of friends in the Café Royal. In mid-July his father crossed the ocean to visit him for a week. Late in July, when European war was imminent, he hurried back to Paris, leaving the manuscript of his poems en route in the keeping of a printer at Bruges, Belgium.

Three weeks after war was declared in August 1914, Seeger enlisted in the Foreign Legion along with about fifty other Americans. Eager for the adventure of battle and the chance to show his love for France, he fatalistically regarded this as the greatest event of his life. "I have always had the passion to play the biggest part within my reach and it is really in a sense a supreme success to be allowed to play this. If I do not come out, I will share the good fortune of those who disappear at the pinnacle of their careers."

Seeger was not popular in the Foreign Legion; he was a poor mixer. His comrades resented his habit of sitting apart and writing, then refusing to show anyone what he had written. Before the training period was over, their bitterness was so strong that they held a mass meeting and sent a delegate to request him, with threats of violence, to transfer to another company. His reply was: "I never alter my course because I am threatened or disliked. My reason for being here is to serve France. For me, the men who sent you simply do not



ALAN SEEGER

exist." They respected him after that. His best friend in the regiment was an Egyptian, Rif Baer.

Seeger spent the winter of 1914-15 in the trenches, alternating six days of fighting with three-day intervals of rest. "I go into action," he wrote his mother, "with the lightest of hearts. I have always thirsted for this kind of thing, to be present always where the pulsations are liveliest. Every minute here is worth a week of ordinary experience." In July 1915 the Legion returned to the rear for two months' rest and reorganization, went forth and took part in the battle of Champagne, then withdrew again until May 1916. It was falsely rumored that Seeger was killed in the battle of Champagne. In February 1916 he was hospitalized with an attack of bronchitis, and after recovering had a two months' convalescent leave in Biarritz and Paris. When he saw his manuscript of "Juvenilia" again, he wrote: "I found much that was good in it, but much that was juvenile too, and am not so anxious now to publish it as it stands, but will probably make extracts from it and join with what I have done since."

The best known war poem written by Seeger was "I Have a Rendezvous With Death." His last poem, "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France," was completed in two days while he was engaged in hard trench labor, after returning to the front for the last time. He was to have read it himself in Paris on Decoration Day, May 30, but permission to leave did not arrive in time.

On the evening of July 4, 1916, the Foreign Legion, taking part in the "great offensive," advanced to drive the enemy out of the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. Seeger, who rushed forward in the first wave, was shot down by machine gun fire, severely wounded. As the other squads charged by, he shouted encouragement to them and sang an English marching song. In the morning they found him dead. He was twenty-eight years old. Two French papers noted his death briefly, and *Le Matin* published a translation of part of his poem, "Champagne, 1914-15." He was buried on the battlefield of Belloy-en-Santerre.

The *Poems of Alan Seeger*, which

had never found their way into print while he lived, were posthumously published in 1916. They included all the verse he wrote excepting two early efforts which he had marked "worthless." The next year appeared his *Letters* (written from September 1914 to June 1916 and published in the *New York Sun*) together with his fragmentary war diary.

Seeger, says Conrad Aiken in evaluating him as a poet, never saw the world as it was, but always as he wished it to be, and his poetry in consequence is idealistic, vague, honeyed, self-conscious. "Alan Seeger was a belated romantic poet—and a romantic poet without any peculiar originality. He had a keen ear, a flexible technique—but nothing new to say, and no new way of saying what had been said before. His verse, thru-out, is a verse of close approximations; it is always mother-of-pearl, but seldom pearl."

Alan Seeger's works:

Poems, 1916; *Letters and Diary*, 1917.

About Alan Seeger:

Aiken, C. *Skepticisms*; Hunt, E. E. *Essays in Memory of Barrett Wendell*; Moore, T. S. *Some Soldier Poets*; Morse E. W. *Vanguard of American Volunteers in the Fighting Lines and in Humanitarian Service*; Seeger, A. *Letters and Diary and Poems* (see introduction by William Archer).

New Republic 10:160 March 10, 1917.

Ramón Gómez de la Serna

See Gómez de la Serna, Ramón

"T. E. Shaw"

See Lawrence, T. E.

Stuart P. Sherman 1881-1926

STUART PRATT SHERMAN, American literary critic, was born October 1, 1881, at Anita, Iowa, the son of John Sherman, a druggist and farmer. His mother, who survived him, was Ada Martha Pratt. He spent his childhood on a farm at Rolfe, Iowa, and in Los Angeles, California, where his tubercular father sought health. At the age of seven he had one of his verses published in the *Los Angeles Times*. His father died when he was eleven, and two years later, after eight months with a gold prospecting party in Arizona,

he went to Dorset, Vermont, the home of his maternal grandfather. He wrote his autobiography at thirteen.

Sherman studied a year at the Dorset village school and two years at Troy Conference Academy at Poultney, Vermont, where his mother was school matron in his second year. In 1897 the family moved to Williamstown, Massachusetts, and he finished his high school education there, making a mark as athlete, singer, actor, and student. He acquired an enthusiasm for the world classics, won a prize in Greek, and for three weeks in his senior years was a substitute teacher in Latin and English. His first appearance in controversial journalism was in the sporting columns of the *North Adams Evening Herald*, as critic of an objectionable football referee.

Passing examinations in all freshman subjects except mathematics, Sherman entered the sophomore class of Williams College in 1900. He contributed verse to the college literary magazine of which he was the editor in his senior year. He won many scholastic prizes and was graduated as salutatorian in 1903, after being voted the "brightest" and "most versatile" man in the class. At Harvard he took his A.M. in 1904 and his Ph.D. in 1906, writing his doctor's thesis on the plays of John Ford. On December 25, 1906, he was married to Ruth Bartlett Mears, of Williamstown, whose father was professor of chemistry at Williams. They had one son, John Mears Sherman.

Following a single year as instructor in English at Northwestern University, Sherman went in 1907 to the University of Illinois where, by a series of rapid promotions, he became a full professor in 1911 at thirty years of age, and a few years later was made head of the department of English. He visited England in the summer of 1910, and had a sabbatical leave in 1916.

In the *Nation* for May 14, 1908, Sherman printed a signed letter entitled "Graduate Schools and Literature" ridiculing the methods of teaching at Harvard. The discussion it evoked left him something of a national figure. For ten years he wrote book reviews and critical essays for the *Nation*. He edited vol-

umes I, II, and III of the *Cambridge History of American Literature* with W. P. Trent, John Erskine, and Carl Van Doren, and he wrote "Mark Twain" in Volume III. During the World War he dedicated his pen to patriotic causes, writing for the Committee of Public Information a pamphlet on "American and Allied Ideals."

Sherman's first book, published in 1917, was *Matthew Arnold: How to Know Him*, a critical and biographical study. *On Contemporary Literature* was an attack on naturalism, which he defined as "a representation of life based on a theory of animal behavior." He expressed his aversion to Dreiser, George Moore, H. G. Wells, and Synge. In *Americans* he selected ten eminent Americans and traced in them the presence of the tradition of Puritanism. The preface opened a six-year duel with H. L. Mencken. (He had a habit of starting off each volume with a preface warning the reader of his exact purpose.)

The most popular work of Sherman was *My Dear Cornelia* a semi-fictional, timely book of conversation between the author and Cornelia on such subjects as chastity, eligible young men, and modern girls.

In 1924 Sherman ended seventeen years of teaching at Illinois and became editor of *Books*, the Sunday literary supplement of the *New York Herald Tribune*, which position he held the remaining two years of his life. His critical essays in *Books* were collected in *Critical Woodcuts* which was illustrated with portraits engraved on wood by Bertrand Zadig. Full of aboutfaces, this book praised Wells, Sherwood Anderson, Oscar Wilde, and defended D. H. Lawrence. In it Sherman lauded Mencken as educator, denying him greatness as critic.

Sherman's critical position was a median one, between conservative and radical. He began his career as a follower of the philosophy of Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt, holding a definite point of view, and wound up open and receptive, a deserter of humanism. He was interested in ideas, had a profound concern for morals; incapable of complete condemnation, he saw virtue



STUART SHERMAN

in everything. "I have never taken a vow," he once said, "to carry any opinion unaltered to the grave; and if it can be proved tonight that I have learned absolutely nothing since morning, I shall be dismayed." As a commentator on current literature, he aimed "to present a fairly full and veracious report of what is going on." Because his ideas were in flux, he was both praised and condemned.

In a notebook Sherman wrote "a beautiful new thought about twice a week, waiting for a summer vacation to develop it into 6,000 words." For a pastime, he modeled in clay. He was tall, dark, and had a forehead which someone said was "three stories high." His personality was baffling, even to intimate friends. His biographers remark that he was "vivid, austere, playful, serious, tempery, suave, humorous, sardonic, gentle, severe, passionate, stoical, egotistic, generous, poetic, rational." The moods of his letters varied from high-spirited spontaneity to cronies like Carl Van Doren, to a ceremonious courtliness to acquaintances such as W. C. Brownell. He always disregarded his health and was careless of a warning of physical ailment: "I fatuously complained that when I lay on my left side I could

not sleep for the violent drumming of my heart upon the taut tympana of my ears." He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

The summer of 1926 Sherman lectured at the University of Colorado, then went in August to Michigan for a vacation in a cottage near Manistee. On August 21 he and his wife were paddling a canoe near the shore on Lake Michigan, when the canoe capsized. While he was swimming ashore he died very suddenly of heart failure and sank to the bottom in about four feet of water. Prolonged efforts to revive him were futile. He was forty-four years old. Funeral services were conducted in the Congregational Church in Dorset, Vermont, in which his grandfather Pratt had served as pastor, and he was buried on a hillside in the village cemetery.

Three posthumous collections of Sherman's essays were published. *The Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman* was edited in two volumes by Homer Woodbridge, a close friend at Williams and Harvard, and Jacob Zeitlin, a professorial colleague at Illinois.

Stuart P. Sherman's works:

CRITICAL ESSAYS: On Contemporary Literature, 1917; Americans, 1922; The Genius of America; My Dear Cornelia, 1924; Points of View, 1924; Men of Letters of the British Isles, 1924; Critical Woodcuts, 1926; The Main Stream, 1927; Shaping Men and Women (edited by Jacob Zeitlin) 1928; The Emotional Discovery of America, 1932.

BIOGRAPHY: Matthew Arnold, 1917.

EDITOR: Treasure Island, 1911; Coriolanus (in Tudor Shakespeare) 1912; A Book of Short Stories, 1914; 'Tis Pity She's a Whore and The Broken Heart, 1915; Cambridge History of American Literature (associate editor) 1917; The Scarlet Letter, 1919; The Sand-Flaubert Letters (with A. L. Mackenzie) 1921; Essays and Poems of Emerson, 1921; Leaves of Grass, 1922; The Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller, 1923; American Prose Masters, 1923; Letters to a Lady in the Country, 1923.

About Stuart P. Sherman:

De Mille, G. E. *Literary Criticism in America*; Drake, W. A. (editor). *American Criticism*; Farrar, J. C. (editor). *The Literary Spotlight*; Van Doren, C. C. *Many Minds*; Zeitlin, J. & Woodbridge, H. E. *Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman*.

Bookman 63:389 June 1926; Century 106:631 August 1923; Saturday Review of Literature 2:881 June 26, 1926.

R. C. Sherriff 1896-

ROBERT CEDRIC SHERRIFF, the English dramatist who wrote *Journey's End*, was born on June 6, 1896, at Kingston-on-Thames, just outside of London. His parents were Herbert Sherriff and Constance Winder Sherriff. He had no boyhood ambitions to write, his chief interest being in sports—particularly Rugby football, cricket, and rowing.

When he completed his elementary course at the Kingston Grammar School in 1913, Sherriff went to work as a clerk in the Sun Insurance Office, London, occupying Eden Phillpotts' old chambers. A year later the War came and he enlisted in the Ninth East Surrey Regiment and advanced to a second lieutenancy in the infantry. He was eighteen years old. He fought at Vimy Ridge, Lens, Loos, and Messines, was wounded (in the arm and head) at Ypres in 1917, and spent six months in St. Thomas Hospital, London. In 1918 he was demobilized with the rank of captain on the Scottish Command Staff.

Resuming work with the insurance company, Sherriff spent about ten years as an adjuster, traveling around the countryside in a car, living comfortably in Kingston on 800 pounds a year. He liked the work because it took him out-of-doors. At night he found relaxation in writing plays for the Kingston Rowing Club (of which he was captain at one time) or the Surrey Amateur Dramatic Society. He wrote the plays to please his friends and neighbors, giving them the kind of parts they wanted to play, and building up a plot around them. Sometimes he had to stretch the plays to accommodate twice as many characters as were actually needed. He never studied playwriting. After the plays were produced, he sent them to an agent, but they always came back.

One day Sherriff stumbled over the letters which he had written daily to his family from the front, assembled in sequence. He was struck by the idea that they might bear expansion into a novel. He set about the task, but at the end of three chapters switched to the dramatic form, which was easier for him. Thus *Journey's End* was conceived.



R. C. SHERRIFF

Sherriff regarded it as just another of his amateur plays. The parts were written for the members of the rowing club. "With one exception," he says, "the fellows I drew were those I met every day in the office and on the river and in the street." The play had no plot at first. He invented a story to hold together the details.

The play, when completed, was too ambitious for the rowing club, and it was never produced by them. For nine months Sherriff had it in the hands of an agent, but there were no takers. Practically every important London producer turned it down. Someone suggested to Sherriff that he enlist the help of George Bernard Shaw. There was no copy of the script available, so Sherriff laboriously typed one out from his notes and dispatched it to Shaw, who was on the Continent. Shaw's comment was scarcely enthusiastic, but he did help to get the play produced by the London Stage Society, a struggling group of semi-professionals, in December 1928. *Journey's End* then was taken over by Maurice Browne, who was making his début as a London producer, and given its first public performance at the Savoy Theatre on January 21, 1929. It created an immediate sensation in the fashionable West End. By March 22, Gilbert Miller had the play in production in New York

at the Henry Miller Theatre, where, under the direction of James Whale, it enjoyed a year's run. The London production ran considerably longer than a year. The play was performed simultaneously by fifty-five companies, most of them in Germany, and was translated into more than twenty languages.

Sherriff, then thirty-one, took his phenomenal success modestly. "I just had the luck to express what nearly all my contemporaries had experienced, and most of them felt," he said. "If I had not been a quite ordinary man, I should have got *Journey's End* all wrong." The fortune he made from the play enabled him to quit his insurance job and acquire some land at Esher, Surrey. But he felt his great reputation a frightful handicap. With producers and publishers clamoring for another play, he said, "How can I hope to do any better? Don't I know that whatever I do will be compared with *Journey's End*?" He declined offers to bring out his earlier works and remarked that he wouldn't worry if he never wrote another play. In 1930, however, he published *Badger's Green*, a quiet comedy about a village cricket team. Compared with *Journey's End*, it received scant praise, and did not appear in America at all. In 1931 he published a novel, *The Fortnight in September*, a simple, leisurely chronicle of a bourgeois family. Critics branded him a "oncer."

In October 1931, when he was thirty-five, Sherriff enrolled at New College, Oxford, to read for a degree in modern history with a view to entering politics or schoolmastering. He was given a year's credit in order that he might complete the work in two years instead of three. In March 1932 he skipped the third term to spend six months in Hollywood writing motion picture scenarios.

Sherriff has been described as being of medium height, slim and dark. Usually he wears loose, out-of-doors clothes. Mannerly and unassuming, he likes to meet people. He is unmarried. His clubs are Garrick, Savage, and Leander. He has no particular interest in the professional London stage (he never saw Hamlet until after he was famous) and he writes only part of the time. "I can

think of nothing more awful than being a professional writer," he says.

The literary creed held by Sherriff is simple. "In a writer the two things that matter above everything else are that he should be keenly, hungrily interested in his fellows, and that he should have the common experiences of his time."

R. C. Sherriff's works:

PLAYS: *Journey's End*, 1929; *Badger's Green*, 1930.

NOVELS: *Journey's End* (novelized version of the play, done in collaboration with Vernon Bartlett) 1930; *The Fortnight in September*, 1931.

About R. C. Sherriff:

Chesterton, A. K. *Adventures in Dramatic Appreciation*

Living Age 330:590 February 1931; *Theatre Arts Magazine* 13:493 July 1929.

Robert Emmet Sherwood 1896-

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, American dramatist, was born at New Rochelle, New York, on April 4, 1896, the fourth child and third son of Arthur Murray Sherwood and Rosina Emmet Sherwood. He left New Rochelle at the age of two, "because my parents, who had the upper hand of me at the time, decided that I should be moved." The other members of the family are Arthur, Jr., Cynthia, an actress, Philip, and Rosamond.

The playwright's mother, an American artist and illustrator, was born December 13, 1854, the daughter of William J. Emmet and Julia Colt Pierson Emmet and married Arthur Sherwood on June 1, 1887. She studied under William Chase of New York, and at the Julian Academy in Paris.

Robert Sherwood began his literary career very early. At the age of seven, he edited, for one year, a magazine called "Children's Life." At eight, he planned a revision of *A Tale of Two Cities*, because he was dissatisfied with the way Dickens ended the story. A play, "Tom Ruggles' Surprise," was "ready for production" (but never produced) in 1906, when the author was ten years old.

He was educated at the Milton Academy, in Milton, Massachusetts, from which he was graduated in 1914. He

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD *Vandamm*

received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1918, from Harvard University. Before completing his course, he enlisted in the World War in 1917, joining the Black Watch, 42d Battalion, in Canada. He was wounded at the Battle of Amiens in March 1918, and was gassed at the last Battle of Arras (August-September 1918). He was honorably discharged from the service in February 1919.

While a student, Sherwood edited the "Vanity Fair" number of the *Harvard Lampoon*. He did it so successfully that Frank Crowninshield, editor of the real *Vanity Fair*, offered him a position as motion picture critic on his return from France. In this post, which he held for a year, Sherwood was associated with Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley, as dramatic critics. When Dorothy Parker was dismissed because her frank comments offended a Broadway manager, Sherwood immediately resigned in sympathy.

He then joined *Life*, as editor of the motion picture column, later being promoted to associate editor (1920-24) and, finally, editor-in-chief (1924-28). He also acted as motion picture critic for the *New York Herald* for some years.

On October 29, 1922, he was married to Mary Brandon, of Indianapolis, Indiana. They have one daughter, Mary Brandon Sherwood.

His first drama, *The Road to Rome*, was produced by William A. Brady, Jr., at the Playhouse in New York, on January 31, 1927, and at the Strand Theatre, in London, on May 16, 1928. It was inspired, he confesses, by "an unashamedly juvenile hero-worship of Hannibal." With Jane Cowl as Amytis and Philip Merivale as Hannibal, it was one of the successes of the season of 1927, not only in New York but thruout the United States, and it was equally fortunate during its London engagement with Merivale and Isabel Jeans.

The Queen's Husband, his second play, was produced at the Playhouse on January 25, 1928. It was followed by a failure, *The Love Nest*, a dramatization of a short story by Ring Lardner, produced by the Actor-Managers Company, at the Comedy Theatre on December 22, 1928.

Waterloo Bridge, a two-act tragedy, laid in London during the War, was produced a year later and was damned with faint praise by the critics. Stark Young, who called the play "rubbish," admitted that it was the "well-scrutinized rubbish of an intelligent man."

This Is New York, his next play, was about "the New York that everybody knows, and that everybody wants to visit, and that nobody wants to live in." It is a humorous treatment of the morals—or the lack of them—of New York City. As in the case of most of Sherwood's plays, it gave more pleasure to audiences than it did to newspaper critics.

Reunion in Vienna was produced by the Theatre Guild on November 16, 1931, and became even more successful than *The Road to Rome*. Dealing with the adventures of an erratic archduke, his former sweetheart, and her husband, a celebrated psychoanalyst, it is an American equivalent of the "Continental" comedy of the Schnitzler-Molnar type. It ran for eight months with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in the leading rôles. The author's sister, Cynthia, appeared in a minor part. As a talking picture, in 1933, with John Barrymore in Lunt's rôle, it duplicated its stage success.

An interesting feature of Sherwood's plays, as published in book form, is the

prefaces with which they are equipped. They are not so long as those of Shaw—altho the one to *The Road to Rome*, "With Fairly Copious Remarks on the Historical Background of the Play," is thirty-seven and a half pages—but they are long enough to give the reader a clear idea of Sherwood's conception of his work as a dramatist, even after allowing for a certain amount of humorous exaggeration.

In the preface to *The Queen's Husband*, he sums up the qualities required by the man who wishes to succeed as a writer for the stage: "To be able to write a play, for performance in a theatre, a man must be sensitive, imaginative, naive, gullible, passionate; he must be something of an imbecile, something of a poet, something of a damn fool. He must be a chaser of wild geese, as well as of wild ducks. He must be prepared to make a public spectacle of himself. He must be independent and brave, and sure of himself and of the importance of his work; because if he isn't, he will never survive the scorching blasts of derision that will probably greet his first efforts. He must not shrink from the old hokum; he must love it." In another passage of the same preface, Sherwood says, "The source and authenticity of his material must be matters of no particular interest to the dramatist. The theatre is no place for conspicuously superior persons. It is a place for those incurable sophomores who have not been blessed by God with the power to rise above their emotions."

Sherwood is also the author of *The Virtuous Knight*, an historical novel dealing with the period of the Third Crusade. A combination of history, romance, and satire, it was condemned by the critics as a failure in all three respects.

For a young man who has successfully invaded Broadway, Sherwood is inclined to be reticent. He has stated that he "does not see any particular reason why a playwright should talk about himself, or why the public should be avidly curious concerning his activities outside the theatre." He is a member of numerous clubs and gives the Harvard Club as his New York address.

In the spring of 1932, after *Reunion in Vienna* had celebrated its two hundredth performance, Sherwood left for Europe to spend the summer in Vienna and other European capitals. He then went to Normandy to work on a new play, *Acropolis*, which had a London opening in November 1933.

Robert Emmet Sherwood's works:

PLAYS: *The Road to Rome*, 1927; *The Queen's Husband*, 1928; *The Love Nest*, 1928; *Waterloo Bridge*, 1929; *This Is New York*, 1930; *Reunion in Vienna*, 1931; *Acropolis*, 1933.

NOVEL: *The Virtuous Knight*, 1931.

About Robert Emmet Sherwood:

Mantle, B. *American Playwrights of Today*. Bookman 74:564 January 1932; Books June 21, 1931; Husband, 1928; The Love Nest, 1928; Waterloo Bridge, 1929; This Is New York, 1930; Reunion in Vienna, 1931; Acropolis, 1933.

Gregorio Martínez Sierra

See Martínez Sierra, G.

Dora Sigerson 1866-1918

DORA MARY SIGERSON, Irish poet, novelist, and short story writer, was born at Richmond Terrace, Dublin, Ireland, on August 16, 1866, the eldest daughter of highly intellectual and artistic parents, George and Hester Sigerson.

The father, a man of varied talents as a poet, physician, and author of a volume, *Microscopic Researches on the Atmosphere*, that won praise from Darwin and Tyndall, is best known as a translator of Gaelic poetry thru his *Bards of the Gael and Gall*. As a professor in the Royal University of Ireland, and as president of the Irish Literary Society from 1893 until his death in 1925, he did valuable service in encouraging and promoting the development of the literature of his native country.

The mother, born at Cork, the daughter of Amos Varian, was a poet, a writer of short stories, and the author of a novel, *A Ruined Race*, published in the year of Browning's death. She came



DORA SIGERSON

from a family that loved literature and music—"all thinkers and all thoroly Irish in feeling"—as she proudly described them. She married Sigerson in 1861, and died in 1898.

Dora Sigerson was educated at home and spent her childhood in Ireland. She early became identified with the Irish literary revival, which, indeed, she could hardly escape, considering the interests and activities of her parents, and the fact that her home was a center of literary and artistic movements. She followed her mother's example in writing verse as a child, and some of her juvenile efforts appeared in the pages of the *Irish Monthly*. When she was thirteen, she won a prize of ten shillings for a poem in the *Children's Magazine*.

In July 1895, she married Clement King Shorter, English journalist and Brontë specialist, and went with him to England to live, but she never forgot Ireland and she never ceased loving it, as all her poetry shows. Douglas Hyde, a leading authority on Irish literature, declared that "her very absence from Ireland made her more Irish than if she had never left it." Katherine Tynan explains that Dora Sigerson "struck no roots" in England because she was "inalienably Irish." In this fact, we have the key to Dora Sigerson's life, work, and death. Her adopted home gave her

a "tender and devoted husband," with whom she was happy, or as happy as she could be away from Ireland, but she always nursed the hope that she would some day return to her birthplace.

Her friend and fellow-poet, Katherine Tynan, at whose home she first met Shorter, thus describes her in a prefatory tribute to *The Sad Years*, a small volume of her poetry, published after her death: "Dora Sigerson was like a young Muse. She had a beautifully-shaped head which she did not conceal by masses of hair. Her dark hair was worn short, not cropped. She had a beautiful brow and eyebrows, very fine gray eyes, a short straight nose, firmly-molded features, creamy-pale skin, and vividly red lips. I remember that my brother said to me, 'Miss Sigerson is very beautiful.' She was. Her face had some curious suggestion of the Greek Hermes."

Dora Sigerson died on January 6, 1918, after a short illness, but her friends claim that homesickness and grief at the Irish Massacres of 1916—the Easter Week Rebellion—were vital contributing factors in her death. In *Ireland: A Nation*, Robert Lynd frankly declares that "she received her death sentence when Pearse and Connolly received theirs."

Her short stories have been highly praised by Meredith, Francis Thompson, and Masefield. Meredith called her "the best ballad writer since Scott." Most recent histories of literature and discussions of modern writers give her little space or neglect her entirely. Her themes—love of home, the countryside, and a passionate love of animals, especially dogs—are not new, but they are timeless.

H. S. R.

Dora Sigerson's works:

The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems, 1897; Ballads and Poems, 1898; The Father Confessor, 1900; The Woman Who Went to Hell, 1902; As the Sparks Fly Upward, 1904; The Country House Party, 1905; Through Wintry Terrors, 1907; Collected Poems, 1907; The Troubadour and Other Poems, 1910; New Poems, 1912; Madge Linsey and Other Poems, 1913; Love of Ireland: Poems and Ballads, 1916; The Sad Years, 1918; A Legend of Glandalough and Other Ballads, 1919; Sixteen Dead Men and Other Poems of Easter Week, 1919.

About Dora Sigerson:

Hyde, D. *A Treasury of Irish Poetry*; Lynd, R. *Ireland: A Nation*; Mais, S. P. B. *Peaks and Their Writers*; O'Connor, N. J. *Changing Ireland: Literary Backgrounds of the Irish Free State*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Bookman (London) 53:154 February 1918;
Irish Monthly 48:100 February 1920.

Elsie Singmaster 1879-

Autobiographical sketch of Elsie Singmaster, American author:

I WAS born on August 29, 1879, in the Lutheran parsonage at Schuylkill Haven, Pennsylvania, the second of a family of five, the other four being boys. My father was chiefly of Pennsylvania German stock, my mother chiefly English Quaker. The ancestors of both emigrated to America in pre-Revolutionary days. My father spoke and preached in both English and German; my mother refrained from learning Pennsylvania German which was the common speech of many of her husband's people because she wished the language of her children to be English.

I remember dimly the canal and the long boats loaded with coal at the foot of a steep, grassy slope, but little else of my first home except one vague incident. The family and several friends were gathered on the porch ready to start on a picnic when a man rushed into the yard and up the steps crying out bad news. When, long after, I offered this as my earliest recollection, I was told that the announcement was that of the assassination of Garfield, but that I could not possibly have remembered it as I was only two years old. Nevertheless the scene was and is clear in my memory.

When I was four years old, my father became pastor of a charge comprising six churches lying between Allentown and Reading, and we lived for several years in Macungie, where he was born and many of his kinsfolk lived. It was a quiet, tree-shaded village, lying at the foot of a wooded hill which we called "the mountain." Because of my father's affection for his home and because it was a safe place for children, we returned there for many summers, leaving

first Brooklyn, New York, then Allentown, Pennsylvania, with rapture the instant that school closed on the last day of June and returning with drooping heads on the first of September.

During a part of the time we lived in the oldest building in the neighborhood, an enlarged, weather-boarded loghouse, with darkened ceiling beams, a tremendous central chimney and many interesting traditions. Across the road, beside an ancient mill, steps were built into the race for the convenience of Baptists who had held services in the house and immersed in the race-box. A mile away there rose abruptly from the green fields one of the blast-furnaces then common in eastern Pennsylvania. It was a perfect period of our lives—the fields and streams were ours, affection and goodwill surrounded us.

I attended school for a little while in Macungie, then in Brooklyn, then in Allentown, where I graduated from the High School. Too young to enter college, I was sent to the West Chester Normal School, then to Cornell. At the end of my Sophomore year, having taken most of the English courses under a far too elective system, I returned home. Five years later, I entered Radcliffe, completed my course, and was graduated in 1907.

When I was about eleven years old, my teacher in the Allentown Grammar School directed us to write a story. Already I dreamed of becoming an author and I composed a story of a paper-doll. The plot was not wholly original; when the story was printed in a teachers' journal, my conscience began to trouble me and has ever since.

It was at Cornell, in the Freshman English course, and the following year in a daily theme course, that I set out upon the long, arduous, and blissful path of the writer. A daily theme course is an almost intolerable affliction to the student who is interested only in science or languages or history but happy the would-be writer who is compelled each day to find something to write about and to present it clearly.

In my early acquaintance with the Pennsylvania Germans I was extremely fortunate. My teachers at Cornell point-



ELSIE SINGMASTER

ed out to me the valuable ore in this almost untouched field, and the "local color," then greatly sought after, buoyed. I suspect, many stories into port which had not a great deal to recommend them. I knew in my childhood the Pennsylvania Germans of Allentown [Ed. NOTE—Allentown is the "Millertown" of many of Miss Singmaster's stories] and its neighborhood, members of the Lutheran and Reformed churches, thrifty, ambitious and still devoted to many German ways; later I became acquainted with those of the so-called "sects"—the Mennonites, Dunkers, Seventh-Day-ers and Amish, whose fine farms, great barns and religious garb give Lancaster County its unique character.

As my childhood in eastern Pennsylvania acquainted me with the Pennsylvania Germans, so my father's later connection with the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, which gives Seminary Ridge its name, provided me with material about the battle and the war. All my childhood I had dreamed of my mother's father, a Quaker, whose passion for the Union and his hatred for slavery outweighed his love of peace and who died in war. It was doubtless this long pre-occupation which made me see Gettysburg as a vast area spread with stories which I could not gather fast enough, and which sent me down

thru romantic Harper's Ferry into the Shenandoah Valley, then eastward over counties tramped hard by the passing and repassing of the armies. Here, too, I was fortunate; interest in the Civil War seemed inexhaustible.

I married, in 1912, Harold Lewars, a musician, who died in 1915. During this time I lived in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; since returning to Gettysburg, where I have lived since.

* * *

Elsie Singmaster is described by Dayton Kohler in the *Bookman* as: "A little black-eyed woman who lives at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. . . She is small and squarely built, her eyes are dark, her cheek bones broad, and her jaw firm and resolute. Her features and manner combine to give one the impression of tireless energy. And she possesses that same sturdy uprightness and honesty and kindly humor that one admires in the men and women of her creation."

"Elsie Singmaster can best be described as a writer of local color. The American scene is too vast for any one writer; for that reason we have a Ruth Suckow and a Glenway Wescott in the Middle West; a Julia Peterkin and a DuBose Heyward in the new South; and an Elsie Singmaster in Pennsylvania. There the land has possessed her spirit and moulded the form of her art; it has colored her philosophy and her perceptions of life. Her writing, like the men and women of her books, is close to the soil, as austere and formalized as their ways, but true to the spirit of the time and place."

Elsie Singmaster's works:

NOVELS: *Katy Gaumer*, 1915; *Basil Everman*, 1920; *Ellen Levis*, 1921; *Bennett Malin*, 1922; *The Hidden Road*, 1923; *Keller's Anna Ruth*, 1926; *What Everybody Wanted*, 1928.

JUVENILE BOOKS: *When Sarah Saved the Day*, 1909; *When Sarah Went to School*, 1910; *Emmeline*, 1916; *The Long Journey*, 1917; *John Baring's House*, 1920; *A Boy at Gettysburg*, 1924; *Sewing Susie*, 1927; *Virginia's Bandit*, 1928; *You Make Your Own Luck*, 1929; *A Little Money Ahead*, 1930; *The Young Ravensels*, 1932.

HISTORY: *Short Life of Martin Luther*, 1917; *Book of the United States*, 1926; *Book of the Constitution*, 1926; *Book of the Colonies*, 1927.

SHORT STORY COLLECTIONS: *Gettysburg*, 1913; *Bred in the Bone*, 1923.

About Elsie Singmaster:

Overton, G. *The Women Who Make Our Novels.*

Bookman 76:621 February, 1931; *Boston Evening Transcript Book Section* July 3, 1926; *Ladies' Home Journal* 42:33 March 1925.

Naomi Royde-Smith

See *Royde-Smith, Naomi*

"Somerville and Ross"

E. Æ. SOMERVILLE and **MARTIN ROSS**, joint authors of novels, reminiscences, and sporting works, both came of Irish landed aristocracy.

Edith Anna Ænone Somerville was born in 1861 at the ancestral home of Drishane, on the cliffs above the Castlehaven Harbor near Skibereen in the County Cork, Ireland. Her father was Lieutenant-Colonel Somerville, a distinguished soldier who had seen active service in the Crimea. Her mother was Adelaide Coghill, daughter of Admiral Sir Josiah Coghill, third baronet. Her ancestry goes back to the first Earl of Cork and the Knights of Kerry. All her brothers served with distinction in the army and navy, two of them being colonels and two admirals. Her sister Hildegard is Lady Coghill.

Miss Somerville learned to ride at the age of five when she was given a pony by her grandfather, and she soon became an enthusiastic fox hunter in the family tradition. She was educated at home. At the age of seventeen she took up the study of art and in the next several years studied in London and in Düsseldorf and in Paris.

Violet Florence Martin, who wrote under the name of Martin Ross, was born in 1865 at Ross House in the County Galway, Ireland, the youngest daughter of James Martin, deputy-lieutenant, and his second wife, Anna Selina Fox. Her maternal great-grandfather was Justice Fox of the Court of Common Pleas. She was educated at home and at Alexandra College in Dublin.

The mothers of the two girls were first cousins, being grand-daughters of Charles Kendal Bushe, chief justice of Ireland, who had earned the title of "the

incorruptible Irishman" in 1800 because he refused bribes to support the union with England.

Miss Somerville and Miss Martin did not see each other until they were twenty-four and twenty respectively. The meeting, which occurred on Sunday, January 17, 1886, in the parish church at Castlehaven, was described by the elder cousin as being "the hinge of my life, the place where my fate, and hers, turned over." Miss Somerville immediately enlisted her cousin to sing in the church choir and to pose for drawings which she was making for the *Graphic*.

On their second or third meeting Miss Somerville suggested that they should write a book together and she illustrate it. They had both made their debut in print, Miss Martin in the *Irish Times* with an article on the administration of relief to the sufferers from "bad times," and Miss Somerville in the *Argosy* with a short story.

In October 1887 the two cousins began what was known to them as "The Shocker" and to their families as "that nonsense of the girls" and at length to the reading public as *An Irish Cousin*. The novel was published in 1889 under the pseudonyms of Geilles Herring and Martin Ross. Miss Somerville's pen name, borrowed from an ancestor, was discarded with the appearance of the second edition.

Thus began a collaboration which lasted nearly thirty years, during which time the two cousins were almost constantly together. They made their home at Drishane, the Somerville estate, where they spent much of the time riding and hunting. Their travels took them to the Continent, most frequently to Paris, where Miss Somerville continued her art studies in the studios of Colarossi and Décluse.

The collaborators followed their first work with a series of travel books. In 1890 they toured Connemara in a governess cart. In 1891 they went to Bordeaux, France, to investigate the vintage of that district. They made a trip thru Wales in 1893 mounted on hiring ponies and went to Denmark.

They spent two years writing *The Real Charlotte*, which they thought was their

best work. Published in 1895, it was a novel of a middle-aged woman's jealousy.

In the summer of 1898 at Etaples in northern France, Miss Somerville and Miss Martin began what proved to be their most popular work, the sporting stories of the "Irish R.M." The first group of twelve stories, entitled *Some Experiences of An Irish R.M.*, was originally printed in the *Badminton Magazine*, beginning in the autumn of 1898. Upon their return to Drishane that fall Miss Martin was injured when thrown from a horse, leaving her unable to hold a pen for two months. They went to Paris that winter. The effort of writing against time before she had recovered from the hunting accident told severely on Miss Martin's health and for the next four years she was unable to do any continuous work. She was taken to Amélie-les-Bains in southwestern France for a rest cure in 1903.

Miss Somerville became the first lady "master" of foxhounds in Ireland when she took over the mastership of the West Carberry Foxhounds from her brother Aylmer in 1903. She hunted the home country for sixteen years, with a three year interim between 1909 and 1912, finally giving up the pack in 1919 largely as a result of the World War.



EDITH C. SOMERVILLE

The collaborators pooled memories of their respective childhoods in some of the essays in *Some Irish Yesterdays*, published in 1906. In 1908 they brought out *Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.* After the completion of the novel *Dan Russel the Fox*, Miss Martin set forth on a tour of the County Galway visiting kinsfolk and friends. At Coole Park she called on Lady Gregory, one of her oldest friends, and there met W. B. Yeats who helped her carve her initials on a tree dedicated to the Muses whereon "Æ" and Dr. Douglas Hyde and others had inscribed themselves.

The final work of the Somerville and Ross collaboration was *In Mr. Knox's Country*, a third collection of twelve "R.M." stories, which appeared in 1915.

C. L. Graves called their partnership "the most brilliantly successful example of creative collaboration in our times," and cited the "strange faculty of detachment which enabled them to view the humors of Irish life thru the unfamiliar eyes of a stranger without losing their own sympathy."

In response to countless queries as to which of them "held the pen," Miss Somerville explained that their work was done conversationally. "One or the other—not infrequently both, simultaneously—would state a proposition. This would be argued, combated perhaps, approved, or modified; it would then be written down by the (wholly fortuitous) holder of the pen, would be scratched out, scribbled in again; before it found itself finally transferred into decorous MS. would probably have suffered many things, but it would at all events have had the advantage of having been well aired."

They never took themselves seriously. "Their humor," says Orlo Williams, "is the true humor which runs hand-in-hand with pity, and the sympathy mingled with their laughter robs it of any taste of bitterness." Their books were the victims of many interruptions and took from one to eight years to write.

Miss Somerville always called her cousin "Martin" and described her as "a rare and sunny" spirit. She was fragile and short-sighted. According to Stephen Gwynn, "'Martin' looked sur-

prisingly unlike a person who spent much of her life in the open air; and it was hard to associate her with the riotous humor of many 'R.M.' stories. What remains positive in the impression is a sense of extreme fineness and delicacy."

She had a special gift for friendship and was a generous letter-writer. She was vice president of the Munster Women's Franchise League (they were both ardent suffragists).

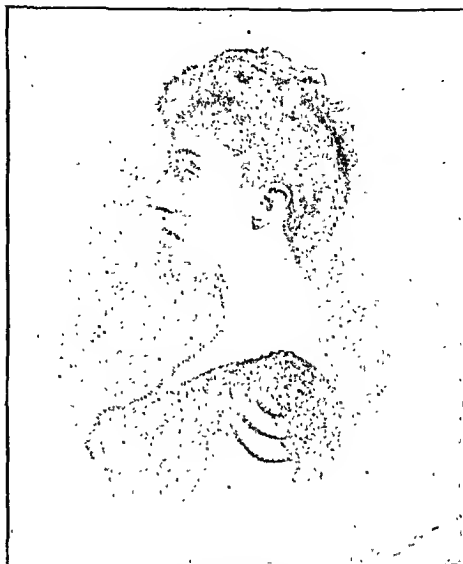
Miss Martin died in 1915 at the age of fifty. Thereafter Miss Somerville continued to publish books under the joint name of Somerville and Ross. Many of them were illustrated with her own drawings. In 1917 she wrote *Irish Memories*, which was chiefly a memoir of her deceased collaborator. *Stray-aways*, which appeared in 1920, contained some posthumous articles of Miss Martin.

Miss Somerville gave "one man" shows of her painting in London and Dublin in 1920, 1923, and 1927. Queen Mary visited one of her London exhibitions.

A limited de luxe edition of the sporting works of Somerville and Ross was brought out at Christmas 1927 in seven volumes. The edition was dedicated to Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, wife of the master of the Meadow Brook Hunt from 1880 to 1892 and herself master of the Aitken Hunt in South Carolina and mother of the famous polo player Tommy Hitchcock.

In 1929, at the age of sixty-eight, Miss Somerville made her first visit to the United States. She exhibited her paintings in Aitken, South Carolina, where she visited Mrs. Hitchcock, and in New York and in Boston. She put her impressions of the country into a book. In 1932 she received a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Dublin University.

Miss Somerville plays the organ and, with her sister and brothers, runs the church choir at Castlehaven, where they have sung since childhood. Farming and horse breeding are further activities of hers. At her stables at Drishane was bred "Brian Boru," a bay horse which was sent across the Atlantic to Mrs. Hitchcock and eventually became the



"MARTIN ROSS"

property of "Sonny" Whitney and took honors in American show-yards. Despite Miss Martin's death, Miss Somerville still considers herself a collaborator: "In whatever, during these later years, I have written, I have known her help and have thankfully received her inspiration. She has gone, but our collaboration is not ended."

The works of Somerville and Ross:

NOVELS: *An Irish Cousin*, 1889; *Naboth's Vineyard*, 1891; *The Real Charlotte*, 1895; *The Silver Fox*, 1897; *Dan Russel the Fox*, 1911; *Mount Music*, 1919; *An Enthusiast*, 1921; *The Big House of Inver*, 1925.

SHORT STORIES AND SKETCHES: *Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.*, 1899; *All on the Irish Shore*, 1903; *Some Irish Yesterdays*, 1906; *Further Experiences of an Irish R. M.*, 1908; *In Mr. Knox's Country*, 1915; *the Smile and the Tear*, 1933.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL: *Through Connemara in a Governess Cart*, 1893; *In the Vine Country*, 1893; *Beggars on Horseback*, 1895; *Irish Memories*, 1918; *Stray-aways*, 1920; *Wheel-Tracks*, 1923; *The States Through Irish Eyes*, 1930.

PICTURE BOOKS: *A Patrick's Day Hunt*, 1902; *Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting*, 1903; *The Discontented Little Elephant*, 1912.

BIOGRAPHY: *An Incorruptible Irishman* (life of Charles Kendal Bushe and his wife) 1932.

COLLECTED WORKS: *The Hitchcock Edition of the Sporting Works of E. CE. Somerville and Martin Ross*, 1927; *The Irish R. M. and His Experiences* (selections from the three R. M. books) 1928.

About E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross:

Gwynn, S. L. *Irish Books and Irish People*; Somerville and Ross. *Sporting Works* (see foreword by Harry Worcester Smith); Williams, O. *Some Great English Novels*; see also the autobiographical works of Somerville and Ross, especially *Irish Memories*.

Edinburgh Review 234:346 October 1921; *Living Age* 279:16 October 4, 1913; *Spectator* 116:9 January 1, 1916.

Carl Spitteler 1845-1925

CARL SPITTELER, Swiss poet, Nobel Prize winner in 1919, was born in Liestal, a canton of Basel, on April 24, 1845. He was the son of a postoffice official who afterwards became secretary of the treasury at Berne. His early education was obtained in his home town from which he entered the University of Basel. There he came under the influence of the writings of the German philologist Wilhelm Wackernagel and of Jacob Burckhardt, the historian of the Italian Renaissance. Later on he went to the Universities of Zürich and Heidelberg and studied history and jurisprudence. He was also interested in theology, but soon decided that his natural leanings were more towards a freer form of speculation and creative writing.

Shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, Spitteler entered the service of a Russian general in the capacity of a tutor. This necessitated his going to Russia where he sojourned for eight years. In 1879 he returned to Switzerland where he took up teaching. He was employed in a girls' school at Neuenstadt and at Berne, and while at the latter place found some time for journalistic activities. In 1883 he married and soon after published a volume of poems entitled *Extramundana*. Two years earlier had appeared his famous epic *Prometheus und Epimetheus* and even tho Nietzsche had called him "perhaps the most subtle esthetic writer of Germany," his fame was extraordinarily slow-footed. Not until 1891, when he inherited a small fortune, did Spitteler find leisure enough to abandon his preceptorial duties and take up poetry in all seriousness. After that date he resided at Lucerne.

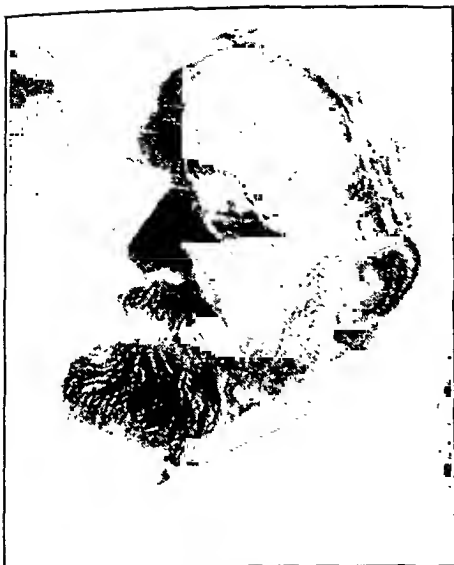
Spitteler did not come into his own until the publication, in 1900, of his *Olympischer Frühling*. This epic called forth a most enthusiastic pamphlet by the German musician Felix Weingartner, and the name of Spitteler became widely known among German critics and lovers of poetry. This popularity, however, was somewhat short-lived. For with the coming of the World War, Spitteler took the stand that the German-speaking cantons of Switzerland should preserve neutrality with the rest of the country. It brought him, however, recognition in France. In 1915 a banquet was given in his honor at Geneva on the occasion of his seventieth birthday; a large number of prominent French literary men took this occasion to greet their fellow-poet. The year 1919 brought Spitteler new recognition. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature "having especially in mind," as the citation goes, "his mighty epic *Olympischer Frühling*." Spitteler died on December 28, 1925, and he was laid to rest in the picturesque Friedental Cemetery at Lucerne.

Towards the end of Spitteler's *Prometheus und Epimetheus* a character exclaims in reference to the noble hero:

Welch hohe Ehre hat dein Gott dir zuge-
dacht,
Dass er ein Werk dir zuwieß über Men-
schenmacht.

Nothing could be more appropriately said of Spitteler himself. He too was about a task that may be considered beyond human power. But, as he himself had remarked to Romain Rolland, "Against all the trials of life I possess an ever-effective prescription: Courage, courage to worry about nothing." This courage helped him to persevere in the face of indifference, of non-recognition, for a quarter of a century. This courage made it possible for him to sing of heroes and the Superman in an age when Man was lowered to a mere puppet in the grip of environment, of blind combinations of natural forces.

Experimenter and seeker to the last, Spitteler began with a magnificent exploration of the field of mythology to which he lent a new meaning. *Prometheus und Epimetheus* reminds us of ancient Greek sculpture; the *Olympischer*



CARL SPITTELER

Frühling, a pure esthetic conception, leads us into the field of beauty, the lovely presence of Hiero. In *Imago* Spitteler guides us to the secret recesses of his own being.

Years before Nietzsche, Spitteler had proclaimed the advent of the Superman in his *Prometheus*. But whereas Nietzsche approached the task in generalities as a philosopher-poet, unfolding for us his ideas of the future Man, Spitteler, the creative artist, gave us the Man himself as a living example.

Spitteler loved music. Beethoven was his master. "Of painting," he told Roland, "I do not speak; I cannot speak; it touches an ancient wound. The wound is healed now, but may reopen again. This is also why I cannot look at pictures. It pains me. But music, that is another matter. To her I surrender myself gladly." And as if to bear out the truth of this, there is his melodious volume of *Glockenlieder*. His volume of essays, *Laughing Truths*, shows a somewhat different angle of the poet. Here he shows a spirit both combative and alert and, as a reviewer has expressed it, "now and then he seems a Shaw before the Shavian era." This was indeed Spitteler's fate, to be the herald of prophets more lucky than he. He was a forerunner of Nietzsche and of Shaw.

Spitteler's style is something that has no counterpart in German, as it is "an expression in the German language of the spirit most remote from that which we know as Teuton. Drawing deeply upon the linguistic resources of his nation, the effect produced by his speech is strangely un-German." This is also the case in regard to his cultural background. For the Swiss, even the German Swiss, have absorbed much of what is purely French. Their culture is a fusion of the two, with happy results as we see in the tales of Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. In Spitteler it produced a poet whom Romain Rolland acclaimed, "Our Homer, the greatest German poet since Goethe, the only master of the epic since Milton died three centuries ago. But a more solitary figure amid the art of his day than either the one or the other of these."

A. B.

Principal works of Carl Spitteler:

POEMS: *Extramundana*, 1883; *Schmetterlinge*, 1889; *Balladen*, 1896; *Olympischer Frühling*, 1900-06; *Glockenlieder*, 1906; *Prometheus der Dulder*, 1924.

NOVELS AND MISCELLANEOUS PROSE: *Prometheus und Epimetheus*, 1880-81; *Gustav*, 1892; *Friedli der Kolderi*, 1891; *Conrad der Leutnant*, 1898; *Lachende Wahrheit*, 1898; *Imago*, 1906; *Die Mädchenfeinde*, 1907; *Meine Frühesten Erlebnisse*, 1914.

English translations of Spitteler:

Two Little Misogynists, 1923; *Laughing Truths*, 1927; *Selected Poems of Carl Spitteler*, 1928; *Prometheus and Epimetheus*, 1931.

About Carl Spitteler:

Boyd, E. *Studies From Ten Literatures; Carl Spitteler: In Memoriam*; Marble, A. R. *Nobel Prize Winners in Literature*; see also introductions to *Laughing Truths* and *Prometheus and Epimetheus*.

Living Age 325:511 June 6, 1925; *Saturday Review of Literature* 3:10 July 31, 1926.

J. C. Squire 1884-

JOHN COLLINGS SQUIRE, English poet, parodist, politician, critic, editor, and anthologist, was born on April 2, 1884, the son of John Squire. The "Collings" he derives from his mother's maiden name. He was educated at Blundell's School (then under the headship of Augustus L. Francis)

in Tiverton, Devonshire, which readers familiar with *Lorna Doone* will remember as the school attended by John Ridd, the hero of Blackmore's romance. From there, he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, on a scholarship in history, receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1906 (and his Master's degree in 1919).

After his graduation from Cambridge, he worked for a short time in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and then went into publishing and journalism. In 1908 he was married to Eileen H. A. Wilkinson, daughter of the Reverend A. Anstruther Wilkinson. They have three sons and a daughter. (Mrs. Squire is the author of a novel, *Five in Family*, and co-author with her husband of *Pride and Prejudice*, a dramatization of Jane Austen's novel, which was first produced on March 24, 1922, at the Palace Theatre in London, for the benefit of the Bedford College Extension and Endowment Fund, but was not published until 1929.)

Under the pen-name, "Solomon Eagle," Squire became a frequent contributor to the *New Statesman*, of which he was literary editor in 1913, and acting editor in 1917-18. The papers written during these periods, as well as others for the *London Observer*, have been published as *Books in General* (three volumes) and *Books Reviewed* (two volumes). In appropriating the name of the harmless maniac who was a familiar figure on the streets of London during the Great Plague, Squire explained that he had no desire "to posit any claim to unusual wisdom or abnormally keen sight."

Squire entered politics in 1918, and again in 1924, to contest the seats for the Cambridge University division, and for the combined district of Brentford and Chiswick. He was unsuccessful both times.

In November 1919, Squire founded the *London Mercury*, which under his editorship has since become "one of the most ambitious literary periodicals that the century has produced." Thru its pages, he has extended his influence over a wide area. Almost every English

writer of any prominence has contributed to its pages.

In addition to his editorial activities, Squire has various other interests which are partially indicated by the positions he has held. He is an honorary associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and for six years, beginning in 1922, on, was chairman of the Architecture Club. During 1926-29 he served as chairman of the English Association in London.

In 1921 Squire paid a visit to the United States. His impressions were not favorable. He was shocked by the sights and sounds and smells of the Chicago slaughter houses (about which he wrote a long "unrime and unmetred" poem); and New York, he said, was "like a big poker game."

On December 15, 1932, he was honored at a dinner held in the Dorchester Hotel, in London, at which over five hundred men and women were present: authors, journalists, government officials, leaders of society, and members of the nobility. G. K. Chesterton presided and proposed the toast, which was supported by Sir William Rothenstein and Duff Cooper, M. P.

On June 3, 1933, Squire's services to literature were officially recognized when he was knighted on the occasion



J. C. SQUIRE

of King George's sixty-eighth birthday. The long list of birthday honors included, as is the custom, men of science, statesmen, artists, and industrialists, but Squire was the only representative of letters. Early in the autumn of the same year, he went to Helsingfors to deliver a series of lectures on English literature, and to engage in one of his favorite recreations: duck-shooting.

Squire has established reputations in three fields: poetry, parody, and the making of anthologies.

As a poet, he began by translating Baudelaire, one of his early enthusiasms. His first volume, *Poems and Baudelaire Flowers*, which he later suppressed, was published in 1909 and consisted of translations and original poems. He has since published nearly a score of volumes in the field of verse.

As a parodist, Drinkwater regards Squire as "among the best of his time." Theodore Maynard feels, however, that this skill has spoiled him as a lyric poet. "It would almost seem," he says, "as tho this poet was not born, but made. He did not attempt to write an original line himself until he had pulled to pieces thousands of other people's lines and had stuck them together again according to his own whimsical fancy. He knows far too much to be spontaneous. He cannot yield himself with simple abandon to his inspiration."

As an anthologist, Squire has been versatile and prolific. His *Selections From Modern Poets* and his *Second Selections* are the best known of his efforts in this field and have gone through eight and five printings, respectively.

In the field of drama, Squire has not yet trusted himself alone, with the exception of *The Clown of Stratford*, a one-act comedy. All his other plays have been written in collaboration. Of these, his collaboration with John Balderston, *Berkeley Square*, based on Henry James' short story, "The Sense of the Past," has been the most successful. First produced in London at the St. Martin's Theatre on October 6, 1926, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Lawrence Anderson in the leading rôles, it has since had several revivals. In 1933 it was made into a talking picture with Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.

Squire, for the most part, has been well treated by critics. Robert Lynd is confident that he has "a secure place among the men of genius of today," and Drinkwater calls him "one of the most alert minds of his generation." On the other hand, John Gould Fletcher, who freely admits Squire's cleverness, feels that it is "only a pity that he has so few new ideas, and that he is content instead with writing poems in which neither the idea nor the utterance is of the slightest importance."

J. C. Squire's works:

POETRY: *Poems and Baudelaire Flowers*, 1909; *The Three Hills and Other Poems*, 1913; *Twelve Poems*, 1916; *The Survival of the Fittest and Other Poems*, 1916; *The Lily of Malud and Other Poems*, 1917; *Poems*, 1918; *The Birds and Other Poems*, 1919; *The Moon*, 1920; *Poems: Second Series*, 1921; *American Poems and Others*, 1923; *A New Song of the Bishop of London and the City Churches*, 1924.

ANTHOLOGIES: *A Book of Women's Verse*, 1921; *Selections From Modern Poets*, 1921; *Second Selections From Modern Poets*, 1924 (published together in one volume, 1930); *The Comic Muse*, 1925; *The Cambridge Book of Lesser Poets*, 1927; *Apes and Parrots*, 1930; *Younger Poets of Today*, 1932.

PARODY: *Imaginary Speeches and Other Parodies in Prose and Verse*, 1912; *Steps to Parnassus and Other Parodies and Diversions*, 1913; *Tricks of the Trade*, 1917; *Collected Parodies*, 1921.

BIOGRAPHY: *William the Silent*, 1912.

CRITICISM: *Socialism and Art*, 1907; *The Gold Tree and Other Studies*, 1917; *Books in General*, 1918 (Second Series, 1920 and Third Series, 1921); *Life and Letters*, 1920; *Essays on Poetry*, 1921; *Books Reviewed*, 1922 (Second Series, 1923); *Essays at Large*, 1923; *The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker* (editor) 1928.

FICTION: *The Grub Street Nights Entertainments*, 1924.

DRAMA: *The Clown of Stratford*, 1922; *Robin Hood* (with Joan R. Young) 1928; *Pride and Prejudice* (with Eileen Squire) 1929; *Berkeley Square* (with John L. Balderston) 1929.

SHORT STORIES: *Outside Eden*, 1933.

About J. C. Squire:

Arrow, J. J. C. *Squire vs. D. H. Lawrence*; Lynd, R. *Old and New Masters*; Mais, S. P. B. *Books and Their Writers*; Maynard, T. *Our Best Poets*; Monro, H. *Some Contemporary Poets*; Newbolt, Sir H. *New Paths on Helicon*; Priestley, J. B. *Figures in Modern Literature*; Waugh, A. *Tradition and Change*; Williams, O. *Contemporary Criticism of Literature*; Williams-Ellis, A. *An Anatomy of Poetry*.

Athenaeum 2:169 August 6, 1920; *Bookman* (London) 52:178 September 1917; 58:194

September 1920; 64:235 August 1923; 67:105 November 1924; *Commonweal* 1:525 March 18, 1925; *Freeman* 2:284 December 1, 1920; *Nation* 112:438 March 23, 1921; *New Statesman* 19:150 May 13, 1922; 20:362 December 23, 1922; *New York Times Book Review* May 8, 1921; March 19, 1922; January 28, 1923; August 12, 1923; May 4, 1924; *Poetry and the Play* 11:348 April—June 1928; *Saturday Review* 140:405 October 10, 1925; 143:830 May 28, 1927; *Spectator* 122:72 January 18, 1919; 128:343 March 18, 1922; *Yale Review* 12:643 April 1923.

Laurence Stallings 1894-

LAURENCE STALLINGS, American playwright and critic, was born in Macon, Georgia, on November 25, 1894, the son of Tucker and Aurora Brooks Stallings. He received an A.B. degree from Wake Forest College of North Carolina in 1915 and worked for a time on the *Atlanta Journal* before enlisting in the United States Army.

As a captain in the marines, Stallings was seriously wounded while leading an attack upon the German positions at Belleau Wood in France in June 1918, and his right leg had to be amputated. After many months of hospitalization, he found himself back in civilian life, not only a cripple, but with only a small pension on which to support himself and his wife, whom he married on March 6, 1919. She was Helen Poteat, of Wake Forest. (They have two children, Sylvia and Diana.)

For a while he lived in Washington, D.C., where he had a job on the *Washington Times* and took an M.Sc. degree at Georgetown University in 1922.

In 1922 Stallings went to New York and joined the staff of the *New York World*. His advance on the *World* was as rapid as his beginning was lowly. Starting as a copy-reader, he became an assistant dramatic critic in a few months, and then the theatre reporter. Presently he was a feature writer, contributing three times a week a book review under the soon familiar heading of "The First Reader," which led eventually to his appointment as literary editor of the *World*.

A fellow staff member on the *World* was Maxwell Anderson, an editorial writer with playwrighting ambitions, who saw in Stallings' reminiscences of the

marines in France the material for a play. One day Anderson appeared with the draft of three acts, the theme of which was the struggle between a captain and a top sergeant for the affections of a girl. Stallings took the manuscript written by Anderson, who had seen no war service himself and therefore could not write about it first hand, and went energetically to work. He made the marines talk like marines and he converted the second-act dugout scene into a realistic thing. Together Stallings and Anderson polished it off in a high fever of enthusiasm, spending little time in rationalizing episodes or perfecting character. Time so spent, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, "would have been time spent in taking away from the play its real strength and truth."

The day the typewritten manuscript was ready, Stallings encountered Alexander Woolcott, the dramatic critic, in the Hotel Brevoort in New York. Over the coffee cups, Stallings told Woolcott that he and Anderson had just finished a play and he wondered how to get it to the attention of Lionel Barrymore or Arthur Hopkins, his manager. At this moment, as the *Times* relates the story, Arthur Hopkins entered the room. Hopkins was persuaded against his customary procedure to read the play that same night, with the result that contracts were signed and advance royalties paid immediately.

What Price Glory, produced by Hopkins in 1924, was a sensational success in New York and on a tour of the country. The cast was made up of twenty-six soldiers and one girl, the outstanding character being hard-boiled Captain Flagg, played by Louis Wolheim. Hopkins inserted a note in the theatre program to the effect that soldiers didn't mean anything by their profanity and that it was employed to preserve verisimilitude. An abortive interference by the police at the instance of busybodies only brought the crowds in greater numbers.

Two more plays by Stallings and Anderson were produced in the following year, 1925, with scant success. *First Flight*, which was based on an incident in the life of Andrew Jackson, lacked "the force and the speed as well as the



Paramount Productions
LAURENCE STALLINGS

"timeliness" of its predecessor, in the opinion of the *Nation*. And with *The Buccaneer*, which had for its hero Morgan, the seventeenth century pirate, the collaboration came to a close, except for an unproduced play in 1926 called *Deep River*. Stallings' and Anderson's *Three American Plays* appeared in book form in 1926.

Meanwhile, in 1924, about the time *What Price Glory* was presented, Stallings published a novel, *Plumes*, in which he sought to picture his feelings, not so much about war, as about the aftermath of war. The reviewers found it an almost undiluted record of personal anguish, "absorbing and terrible"; a book "written obviously because the author could not contain the resentment consuming him against an evil of life," and as such, an achievement. Of this novel 20,000 copies were sold and after nine years it remained Stallings' only solo creative work to be published.

Turning to the cinema for his medium, Stallings devised a scenario for a war film, *The Big Parade*, which packed movie houses for many months all over the country in 1925-26 and he followed it with another picture, *Old Ironsides*.

Said the *Bookman* in 1926: "Stallings has done an amazing thing. In three

mediums—the play, the novel, and the motion picture—he has shown that he could report life in a way that was emotionally satisfying and yet intellectually believable. He has a great creative mind, sharpened by the War, driven by nerves, and aided by a profound basic honesty."

In 1926 Stallings relinquished his position on the *World*, turning "The First Reader" over to Harry Hansen, and went to live on a farm in his native Georgia. His dramatization of Ernest Hemingway's war novel, *A Farewell to Arms*, was a failure on the New York stage in 1930. During 1930-1932 he acted as book columnist for the *New York Sun*.

A fourth medium for his ironic commentary on bloodshed was added by Stallings in 1933 when he completed the task of editing a book of some five hundred photographs entitled *The First World War*. The publishers' foreword to the book stated:

"As general editor, Mr. Laurence Stallings advised the technical editor and the publishers on the basic pattern of the book, consulted with them on the main points of emphasis, wrote the captions for the pictures, checked the layouts, and wrote the introduction."

Stallings, in his introduction, called the work "a camera record of chaos, with the reader annoyed by only the briefest captions." The book became a best seller and was lauded as a work "honestly conceived" and "intelligently executed." The publication date found Stallings traveling temporarily in Europe.

Laurence Stallings' works:

PLAYS IN COLLABORATION WITH MAXWELL ANDERSON (with dates of production): *What Price Glory?* 1924; *First Flight*, 1925; *The Buccaneer*, 1925.

BOOKS: *Plumes* (novel) 1924; *Three American Plays* (with Maxwell Anderson) 1926; *The First World War: A Photographic History* (editor) 1933.

About Laurence Stallings:

Littell, R. *Read America First; Readings From the American Mercury*.

Bookman 63:261 May 1926; *Current Opinion* 77:617 November 1924; *Literary Digest* 83:30 October 4, 1924; *Notion* 121:390 October 7, 1925; *New Republic* 64:208 October 8, 1930; *Outlook* 142:18 January 6, 1926.

George Sterling 1869-1926

GEORGE STERLING, American poet, was born on December 1, 1869, at Sag Harbor, a small village in Suffolk county, located a hundred miles east of New York City on Gardner's Bay in Long Island. His parents were George Ansel Sterling and Mary Parker Havens Sterling.

He was educated at several small private and public schools in the East, and at St. Charles College, in Ellicott City, Maryland. At college, he studied English under John Bannister Tabb, better known as Father Tabb, who had a varied career as Confederate soldier, musician, poet, priest, and professor. Tabb was an inspiring teacher, and to him Sterling was indebted for his early love of letters and for his desire to become a poet. He never tired of expressing his gratitude to Tabb, who was the first to recognize that he had the "soul of a true poet," even before he began writing poetry. Sterling was a member of the football team, and day after day during practice, Father Tabb came to the field. While his pupil was engaged in the more strenuous task of carrying out the instructions of the coach, Tabb would wait patiently—until he caught Sterling's eye. Then he would beckon to him, and of course the youth had to obey. "Take this, George," Tabb would say, "and memorize it. When you have it by heart, come and recite it to me." The "this" was Keats' "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," or Shelley's "Skylark," or Lanier's "Tampa Robins," or short poems by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, and others. In this way, Sterling said, Tabb stored his mind with masterpieces of lyric poetry and made him conscious of the beauty of words.

Soon after his graduation, Sterling moved to the Pacific Coast. In 1890 he went to Oakland, California, to work in the real estate office of his uncle, Frank C. Havens. Three years later, he met Joaquin Miller, Jack London, and Ambrose Bierce, who was to be his strongest literary influence. On February 7, 1896, he married Caroline Rand, of Oakland. The marriage was, apparently, a happy one until 1914, when

Sterling and his wife separated because of temperamental difficulties. In 1918, after carefully arranging her affairs, and leaving notes for friends in which she expressed her final wishes, Caroline Sterling committed suicide by taking poison.

For ten years, from 1898 to 1908, Sterling acted as private secretary to his uncle. At the beginning of this period, with no intention of becoming a poet, he devoted himself earnestly and capably to his business duties, although he found them distasteful.

Sterling's first volume of poetry, *The Testimony of the Suns*, appeared in November 1903. It consisted of a poetical dedication to Ambrose Bierce and forty-three poems, most of them short, with the exception of the first, "Memorial Day 1901," and the twelfth, which gave the book its title. Of personal and autobiographical interest are the verses, To Miss Constance Crawley, in Everyman, To My Wife, To My Sister, and On Reading the Poems of Father Tabb. A second edition was called for in November 1904, and a third in October 1907. Sterling did not become prominent, however, until the publication of *A Wine of Wizardry*, which Bierce called one of the greatest poems ever produced in America, and worthy of being placed beside the best work of Coleridge, Keats, and Poe—a view that contrasts with the statement of John Gould Fletcher that it is "sheer drivel." Bierce submitted the manuscript to *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Atlantic*, *Century*, *Metropolitan*, and *Booklover's Magazine*. After they all rejected it, Bierce published it himself, in the *Cosmopolitan* in the summer of 1907. After that Sterling's volumes appeared with almost yearly regularity.

Sterling died on Wednesday, November 17, 1926, a suicide by poison at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. In every detail, he followed the last actions of his wife in doing away with himself. He burned many of his papers and left others, arranged in neat piles, with instructions to his friends concerning personal business matters. He was found dead in his room at the club, where he had lived for several years.

The room was a gift to him, for life, from one of his admirers. (According to Upton Sinclair, the club was "a place of satyrs, and the worst environment that could have been imagined under the circumstances.") His body was discovered at noon by club attendants who reported to the manager that they had not been able to arouse him and that he had not left his room for three days. An empty bottle of cyanide of potassium was lying near his bed. It developed that he had been ill for some time without consulting his regular physician, altho he was visited by several medical members of the club.

Various reasons have been offered for Sterling's suicide: depression, discouragement, dipsomania, and poverty. A note, written to a friend two weeks before his death, seems to confirm the latter explanation: "I've been working desperately at prose for three months, but I've made a little money that I need." Frank Belknap Long, Jr., wrote: "He was too fine and brave a spirit to quail before mere poverty, and like most poets he did not live altogether for the things of this world, but he was not a young man, and the smallness of his income unquestionably caused him a great deal of anxiety."

His death called forth prose tributes from Charmian (Mrs. Jack) London and Upton Sinclair, and poetical tributes from Ina Coolbrith, the Poet-Laureate of California, Witter Bynner, Edwin Markham, Idella Purnell, Robinson Jeffers, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, and others.

Whatever disagreement there may be as to the quality of Sterling's work—Theodore Dreiser mentions his *Lilith* in the same breath with Euripides, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, and Shelley, whereas Harriet Monroe notes that he "deals in things of tinsel and fustian, the frippery of a by-gone fashion"—there seems to be complete agreement among those who knew him as to the quality of his character. "There was not a mean or ungenerous impulse in his entire make-up. The only man that George Sterling ever short-changed was himself," wrote Charles Caldwell Dobie. All his friends—"he had more than any



GEORGE STERLING

other man I ever knew," said Sinclair—loved him for his kindness, his sympathy, and his unusual modesty, which showed itself in his absolute unwillingness to capitalize either his striking physical appearance or the tremendous popularity that he enjoyed, at least in California. Altho often appealed to, he refused to join any efforts to publicize himself or his work.

Sterling was, as implied above, strikingly handsome. Inez Haynes Irwin describes him as "a combination of Hamlet and forest-faun" with a "beautiful, long-featured medieval face." To Gertrude Atherton, he always seemed "born out of time and place, a reincarnation perhaps from the Athens of the Fourth or Third Century B.C." Will Irwin writes that "he had the body of Mercury and the face of Dante—the gay light-someness of the Greek god and the tragic intensity of the Roman seer." "He looks like a Greek coin run over by a Roman chariot," was Jack London's cryptic description.

Possessed of great physical strength, a lover of outdoor life and of the sea, and a champion swimmer, Sterling was by all accounts as gentle as he was powerful. There was one subject, however, on which he would become "rabid," and that was the topic of reformers.

Whenever they were mentioned, he lost all traces of mildness.

Politically a Socialist, and firmly convinced that Socialism alone could cure the ills of society, he could never be persuaded to mix his politics with his poetry. Art and propaganda, he maintained, were on two different levels, and, as he saw it, they could not come together without injury to one or both. For his complete devotion to the theory of art-for-art's-sake, according to Sinclair, Ambrose Bierce is directly responsible. But Sinclair also recalls that there were a few occasions on which Sterling allowed his humanity to overcome his judgment: "He would go about the streets of New York on a winter night, and come back without his overcoat, because he had given it to some poor wretch on the bread-line; he would be shivering, not with cold, but with horror and grief, and would break all the art-for-art's-sake rules, and pour out some lines of passionate indignation, which he refused to consider poetry, but which I assured him would outlive his fancy stuff."

The radicalism of his political and economic views finds no reflection in his poetry, which is conservative in the sense that it follows the standard or traditional types and metres.

His own tastes are suggested by one of his longer poems, "Music," in which he mentions as his favorites Keats, Poe, Milton, Homer, Shelley, and Sappho. Of contemporary poets, he was keenly enthusiastic about Robinson Jeffers. "Have you read *Tamar*?" was a question always on his lips. "You don't know *Tamar*? It is unquestionably the greatest poem of our time. . . Robinson Jeffers is a Titan of a poet, perhaps the greatest of living poets. *Tamar* is an amazing performance—its theme, its handling. I will see that you get a copy."

Sterling was a member of the Bohemian Club, the Family Club of San Francisco, and the Athenian and Ruskin Clubs of Oakland. The latter was an association of artists and writers with Socialist leanings. He frequently read his poems at their meetings.

A considerable amount of Sterling's writing has not yet appeared in book-form. Published in periodicals under

various pen-names, it is probable that much of it may be permanently lost, because of the difficulty of identifying it. He contributed over six hundred poetry reviews, over two hundred articles, and more than seventy short stories to various magazines. John Bierce, William Appleton, Thomas Porter, and Miguel Williams were some of the names that he used, and his friends claim that he wrote under many others. One of his early short stories, "An Old Man," he thought "so terrible" that he re-typed it very carefully, wrapped it up in several thicknesses of heavy paper, and then buried it in the sand dunes back of the Sunset trail.

Between 1903 and 1926, Sterling wrote twelve volumes of lyric poetry (one published after his death), five volumes of dramatic poetry, and a critical work, a study of Robinson Jeffers.

In 1928 Upton Sinclair published Sterling's *Sonnets to Craig*. They were written to Sinclair's second wife Mary (Craig Kimbrough) with whom Sterling was openly and hopelessly in love. These sonnets, according to Sinclair, are "the most beautiful in the world." Other critics have been less enthusiastic.

II. S. R.

George Sterling's works:

POETRY: *The Testimony of the Suns*, 1903; *A Wine of Wizardry*, 1907; *The House of Orchids*, 1911; *Beyond The Breakers*, 1914; *Ode on the Opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition*, 1915; *The Evanescent City*, 1915; *The Caged Eagle*, 1916; *Yosemite*, 1916; *The Binding of the Beast*, 1917; *Thirty-Five Sonnets*, 1917; *Sails and Mirage*, 1921; *Selected Poems*, 1923; *Sonnets to Craig*, 1928.

PLAYS AND MASQUES: *The Triumph of Bohemia*, 1907; *Twilight of the Kings*, 1918; *Lilith*, 1919; *Rosamund*, 1920; *Truth*, 1923.

CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY: *Robinson Jeffers*, 1926.

About George Sterling:

Holliday, R. C. *Literary Lanes and Other Byways*; Untermeyer, L. *American Poetry Since 1900*.

Bookman 66:30 September 1927; *Boston Transcript* August 25, 1923; May 12, 1926; *Freeman* 7:548 August 15, 1923; *Literary Review of the New York Evening Post* August 18, 1923; May 22, 1926; *New York Times Book Review* June 10, 1923; August 22, 1926; *Overland Monthly* 83:333 September 1925; 85:69 March 1927; 85:324 November 1927; 85:357 December 1927; *Poetry* 7:307 March 1916; *University of California Chronicle* 31: 404 October 1929.

L. A. G. Strong 1896-

Autobiographical sketch of Leonard Alfred George Strong, British novelist and poet:

I WAS born on the 8th of March, 1896, in the parish of Plympton, in Devon. My father is half West Country English and half Connaught Irish, my mother altogether Irish, from Dublin and the North. When I was seven my parents moved out to the healthier air of Southern Dartmoor. There I grew up in the wild and lovely country that makes the background for my first novel, *Dewey Rides*. I made friends with the country folk, as with the Irish fisher folk: and this mongrelism has given me two homes, two dialects, and two voices. We were not well off. I had to work hard, and contribute to the cost of my education by winning a scholarship from my Plymouth preparatory school to Brighton College, and, five years later, a scholarship from there to Wadham College, Oxford. An illness contracted when I was fifteen left me delicate: I broke down while at Oxford, was rejected by a record number of medical tribunals during the War, and finally got permission to leave Oxford and do civilian work till the War ended. Then I went back, and spent a last year (largely in a bath chair) taking my degree.

The first literary effort of mine I can remember, bar a few short celebrations of the lives of woodlice, caterpillars, fleas, and suchlike, none of which are extant, was a ballad in so-called Chaucerian language about a sow. It was written in eight-line stanzas, the last line of each being "Amelia ye aged SOWE"; and it related with much gusto the terrible fate which overtook two small boys who used an air-gun at Amelia's expense. I liked the ballad very much. My parents, I believe, liked it too: but their only reaction at the time was to censure me for having called the sow after Granny. I protested almost with tears that no disrespect was intended, for I worshipped my Granny: but—there it was—Amelia did seem to me the perfect name for a sow whose outlook on life and whose demise were in accord with the



L. A. G. STRONG

best-accepted tenets of Victorian morality.

My Granny lived in Ireland. Readers of *The Garden* will find a portrait of her, and another of my Grandfather. They will find a good deal that bears on my early life, and a good deal that does not. I used indeed to go over to Glashule, in County Dublin, for two months every summer: I used to spend the time between my grandparents' house and my uncle's. I was put in the charge of a lame fisherman called Paddy Kennedy, who is still living in Glashule, tho not as well in health as I should like to see him. I used to penetrate the poorest hovels, ride in the Wicklow Mountains, and fish for conger eels: but do not take *The Garden* for an autobiography, nor the parents in it for my parents, nor a good many things in it for the things which happened to me.

Oxford, with the assistance of such men as T. W. Earp, Aldous Huxley, and Wilfred Roland Childe, put some much needed polish on an ingenuous yokel, who spent his postwar year in the company of Edmund Blunden, Robert Graves, Richard Hughes, Edward O'Brien, A. E. Coppard, and many another, who were either undergraduates or residing at Oxford. Then by good luck W. B. Yeats, liking my first book of verse, asked me to come and see him.

I owe more to him than to any man living, and my intense admiration for his work was reinforced by my intense admiration for himself. By this time I had become a schoolmaster, teaching English and the Classics at a famous Oxford school. I was there twelve years, and left two summers ago, reluctantly, when teaching and writing would no longer lie down together. (A great deal of *The Garden* was written in forty-minute spells before breakfast.) Now I am on my own entirely.

By way of sidelines, I have been a theatrical cartoonist, and an agent for interviewing prospective men and women teachers. I have acted in Irish plays, and sing Irish and Devon folk-songs reasonably well. I once sang pseudonymously in a London restaurant, deriving a disproportionate satisfaction from this rather absurd achievement. For the rest, I am fond of swimming and fond of the country, and go every summer to a remote corner of the Western Highlands. This corner is the scene of *The Jealous Ghost*.

People and places are the source of my work, both in prose and verse—and this remark is not the truism it seems, for I do not distinguish as sharply between a place and a person as most people seem to do. Real people are places to me as much as persons: I want to see them, as I want to see the places I am fond of, in all weathers and at all times of the year. Country people give me more than writers, and country places than towns. One of my best friends is a farmer who was once sparing partner to Johnny Summers and Bombardier Billy Wells. I have always been lucky in making and keeping women friends, and I was luckiest of all in my marriage. I am superstitious, not adventurous, sometimes clairvoyant (especially where women are concerned), bad at hiding my feelings, and am immoderately amused at bucolic jests and the knockabout side of life in general.

L. A. G. Strong's works:

POEMS: *Dublin Days*, 1921; *The Lowery Road*, 1924; *Difficult Love*, 1927; *At Glenan Cross*, 1928; *Northern Light*, 1930; *Selected Poems*, 1931.

SHORT STORIES: *Doyle's Rock*, 1925; *The English Captain*, 1929; *Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow*, 1932.

NOVELS: *Dewey Rides*, 1929; *The Jealous Ghost*, 1930; *The Garden*, 1931; *The Brothers*, 1932; *Sea Wall*, 1933.

CRITICISM: *Common Sense About Poetry*, 1931; *A Letter to W. B. Yeats*, 1932; *Life in English Literature* (in collaboration with Monica Redlich) 1932.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN: *Patricia Comes Home*, 1929; *The Old Argo*, 1931; *King Richard's Land*, 1933.

PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKLETS: *Dallington Rhymes*, 1919; *Twice Four*, 1921; *Says the Muse to Me, Says She*, 1922; *Eight Poems*, 1923; *Seven*, 1924; *Seven Verses*, 1925; *Christmas*, 1930; *March Evening*, 1932; *The Big Man*, 1931.

POETRY ANTHOLOGIES EDITED BY STRONG: *By Haunted Stream* (anthology of modern English poets) 1925; *Best Poems of 1923-1926*, 1927; *Best Poems of 1927, 1928*.

About L. A. G. Strong:

Strong, L. A. G. *The Big Man* (see foreword by A. E. Coppard).

Bookman 73:570 August 1931.

Francis Stuart 1902-

Autobiographical sketch of Francis Stuart, Irish author:

I WAS born of Ulster parents in Australia on April 29, 1902, and went to school at Rugby. I took part in the Irish civil war and was captured by Government troops during the street fighting in Dublin. I was sent to Maryborough Military prison. The conditions were appalling there and after putting up with them for a week or so we decided to burn down the prison as a protest. At a given signal we ripped the stuffing from our mattresses and with boards ripped from the floor set fire to the cells and rushed out into the compound. The guards, probably thinking we were trying an escape under a screen of smoke, opened fire, killing one prisoner and wounding several. After remaining all day and night in the compound in continuous rain we were forced to return to the gutted building where we spent many months. At one time I went thru a ten-day hunger strike.

I am married to Iscult, a niece of Madame Maud Gonne whose husband, Major MacBride, was executed after the 1916 rebellion. We first met when I had come to Dublin soon after I left



FRANCIS STUART

school at Rugby. We eloped together to London because of our families' opposition. We have two children.

I learnt to fly some years ago in one of the first civil airplanes to come to Ireland. Looking back I think it was a very poor machine tho I did not realize that then. It always used to take half an hour of swinging before the engine would fire. I was very sorry when it was finally wrecked and I don't think I have ever enjoyed flying so much in any other plane. The same perversity makes me like the old cars which I buy and tinker at until I get them to an extraordinary degree of efficiency.

I have traveled a bit in Germany and Austria, spent some time in Vienna which is the loveliest city I have ever seen. I have worked at Lourdes as a brancadier looking after the sick. That was some of the hardest work I ever did, often starting at six in the morning and going on till midnight or later when there was a rush of pilgrims. But it was fine somehow, and I was very happy.

I became a Catholic when I married. Now I live in Glendalough which I described in *Pigeon Irish*. I had a poultry farm up to a year or two ago. I gave it up so as to give more time to writing. I like going racing, tinkering with engines, automobile or airplane, and for

the most part I find the company of children more interesting than grown-ups.

I am especially interested in the training of race-horses, and usually keep one or two when financial circumstances permit. At the present time I have a good two-year-old called "Galamac," a name taken from my novel *Pigeon Irish*. Some day I plan to write a book about racing and race-horses, in which there will be no women.

I don't like too much "serious discussion." I like frankly bad books, so long as they are exciting, and I think I appreciate really good ones when I see them, but I believe that there are far too many books that are neither one nor the other. I consider William Faulkner about the best American novelist.

I have published a volume of poems called *We Have Kept the Faith* which was awarded a prize by the Royal Irish Academy, W. B. Yeats and George Russell ("Æ") being judges. In addition to *Pigeon Irish* I am the author of an earlier novel called *Women and God*, not published in the United States, *The Coloured Dome*, and *Try the Sky*.

My idea in writing is to find a sort of harmony in all the strange adventures and contradictions of life. To find if possible and demonstrate what is the key to happiness.

Francis Stuart's works:

We Have Kept the Faith (poems) 1923; *Women and God*, 1930; *Pigeon Irish*, 1932; *The Coloured Dome*, 1932; *Try the Sky*, 1933; *Men Crowd Me Round* (play, produced by the Abbey Theatre, Dublin) 1933; *Glory*, 1933.

Montague Summers 1880-

Autobiographical sketch of Rev. Alphonse Joseph-Mary Augustus Montague Summers, English authority on Restoration drama, witchcraft, and demonology:

BORN 10 April, 1880, at Clifton Down, Bristol. Younger and sole surviving son of the late Augustus William Summers, J. P. Was educated at Clifton College, Clifton, and at Trinity College, Oxford, reading chiefly Classics and (in private study) English. At Oxford I came under the influence and enjoyed the friendship of Professor Robinson Ellis, Fellow of Trinity Col-

lege and Corpus Professor of Latin, whose genius and enthusiasm notably increased and fostered my early love for Latin literature. At this time I read deeply in the later Latin poets of the Italian Renaissance, Poliziano, Pontano, Sannazzaro, Vida, Bembo, Flaminio, Molsa, and the rest, as also in the later Latin writers of prose, whose style I infinitely preferred and still prefer to the chilly correctness of Cicero. I fully share in this respect the sympathies of des Esseintes and Alexander Pope.

Another well-known figure at Oxford to whom I owe much in the formation of my tastes, literary and liturgical, was Hartwell de la Garde Grissell, Chamberlain of Honour to three Popes, Pius IX, Leo XIII, and Pius X, who died at Rome, 10 June, 1907, *Inglese Italianato ma Santo*.

I count my admiration for and constant study of the works of John Addington Symonds as of paramount importance in influencing my love of literature and in the moulding of my own style.

I gave several years of concentrated study of theology, and after ordination I worked for some time in the slums of London as also on more than one country mission.

For health's sake I resided abroad during considerable periods, mainly in Italy and the South of France, only visiting England for a month or two at infrequent intervals. Italy I had always passionately loved, and there is no place dearer to me than Venice.

Even when a mere lad at school I had always been writing essays, stories, poems, plays; but with the exception of a few verses and theological studies contributed anonymously to magazines and journals, and one book of *Poems* issued in 1907, I did not publish any work until the spring of 1914, when that great Elizabethan scholar—the last of our Elizabethan scholars, I often think—Arthur Henry Bullen pressed me to edit for his house, the Shakespeare Head Press of Stratford-upon-Avon, Buckingham's *The Rehearsal* and the works of Mrs. Aphra Behn, whom I had enthusiastically suggested to him.

During a visit to Stratford-upon-Avon in 1912 I had many long talks upon literature with A. H. Bullen, and he was insistent that I should undertake an edition of *The Rehearsal* for his press. I suggested Mrs. Behn, whose work was so neglected, so entirely forgotten, and we agreed that Buckingham should come first and Mrs. Behn should follow.

I had always especially loved the Restoration period and Restoration literature. When I was twelve years old I bought the Congreve *Dryden's Dramatic Works*, 6 volumes, 1735, which I have yet, with its worn covers, literally drooping to pieces. And now, forty years later, I have edited *Dryden's Dramatic Works*, six volumes, 1932. The one joy of my boyhood was to prowl among old bookshops, turning over the twopenny stalls, and asking, unwearied in the quest: "Have you any old plays?" Before I was sixteen I had read well-nigh all the Restoration dramatists, not to mention the romances of Mlle. de Scudéry and La Calprenède.

The publication of my editions of *The Rehearsal* and particularly of *Mrs. Behn*, six volumes, 1915, attracted a good deal of attention. Unhappily on the eve of the issue of *Mrs. Behn*, there broke out the Great War, bringing delays and difficulties among the least of its evils. At any rate *Mrs. Behn* gained me the friendship of that very great scholar and high authority on all literary matters pertaining to the Restoration, the late Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, K. C., and above all the friendship of Sir Edmund Gosse, in itself an honor and inspiration of the highest degree. For Gosse was one of the great critics, one of the great writers of English, a master to be ranked with Hazlitt and Lamb. To the kindness—and the criticism—of Edmund Gosse I owe more than I can very well venture to express without seeming hyperbole.

In 1916 I was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, before which body I first lectured on 24 January, 1917, upon one of my favorite authors: "A Great Mistress of Romance: Ann Radcliffe 1764-1823." This paper was printed in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature: Second Series*, Volume XXXV.



MONTAGUE SUMMERS

For many years I had urged that the real test of the worth of dramatic literature is performance in the theatre, that a play to be appreciated must be acted in its entirety upon the boards, not left to become a mere quarry for pedants with no knowledge of nor interest in the stage, a danger which in the past has much damaged and even today is yet assailing the Elizabethan drama. More than once I was answered by the academics and the puritans that such a test was impossible, no Restoration comedy could ever again be tolerated by any audience. In 1916 the State Society, London, approached me suggesting that the experiment I advocated should be made. Congreve's *The Double Dealer* was the piece finally selected, and tho it was desired by some members of the Committee that this comedy should be acted in a bowdlerized version upon the conventional *School for Scandal* lines I insisted upon Congreve being played without cuts, and in so far as modern conditions of the theatre would permit, as it would have been given at the Theatre Royal in November 1693. Accordingly *The Double Dealer* was thus revived after an interval of more than a century and a half at the Queen's Theatre, London, on 14 May, 1916. This presentation of a comedy which had not been seen for 170 years, given in the

manner of its original production, aroused the greatest interest, an interest which has never flagged. In succeeding years the State Society gave other comedies by Congreve and Vanbrugh, and this resulted in the foundation in 1919 of "The Phoenix," a society formed for the adequate presentation of the plays of the older dramatists. Our president was Lady Cunard, and from 1919 to 1924, whilst I was intimately connected with the Phoenix as director and chairman, one and twenty plays of Jonson, Webster, Dryden, Congreve, Wycherley, Otway, and other dramatists were produced. It was said by one critic that the Phoenix created a revolution in English taste. Another writer said in the year of grace 1923 that the Phoenix had made old plays as fashionable as opera was before the War.

In the autumn of 1924 Lady Cunard threw up her presidentship, and at the same time I resigned from the Phoenix, which a year later came to an abrupt but not an unexpected end.

In 1925 I acted as adviser to the Renaissance Theatre which gave several interesting revivals, and in November of that year to complete the full cycle of Congreve's plays I organized one special performance of *The Mourning Bride*.

In October 1923 my edition of Congreve in four volumes was one of the earliest publications of the Nonesuch Press. Sir Edmund Gosse was wont to say that this edition of Congreve (in conjunction with the Phoenix revivals) once and for all directed the attention of English scholars, writers, and readers to the Restoration.

In 1924 I edited Wycherley in four volumes, for the Nonesuch Press; and in 1926, the *Works of Thomas Otway*, in three volumes, which won me an immortal compliment from Gosse.

Published in October 1926, *The History of Witchcraft and Demonology* caused a sensation and was a "best seller." It was written from what people are pleased to call a "medieval" standpoint, an absolute and complete belief in the supernatural, and hence in witchcraft.

After a residence for health's sake of some years at Hove, Sussex, I have been

since 1930 living at Oxford in order to work at the Bodleian Library, where I am engaged in daily research.

In February 1931 I produced in the Hall of Lincoln College, Oxford, Sir William Davenant's first play, *The Tragedy of Albion*, which had hitherto never been performed. Davenant was a member of Lincoln College, and the tragedy was acted by undergraduates of Lincoln.

I now [April 1933] have in press *The Werewolf*, a study of lycanthropy thruout the ages, similar to my studies of witchcraft and *The Vampire*. I am also revising for early publication the first volume of a *History of the Restoration Stage*, upon which I have been engaged for many years.

Other books I have recently completed are translations of the *Histoire de Magdeleine Barent* by Père Desmarets, 1652, a witchcraft trial of the 17th century; a translation of Noël Taillapied's *Psychologie ou Traité de l'Apparition des Esprits*, 1588; an edition with Introduction and Notes of William Perkins' *The Damned Art of Witchcraft*, 1605; an edition with Introductions and Notes of Elkanah Settle's *The Empress of Morocco*, 1673; and *The Female Prelate*, 1680.

I have in preparation a history of the Gothic Novel, 1762-1834, from *Longsword to Rockwood*, which is nearing completion; a book dealing with mysticism; and various other works. I am also busy revising volumes II and III of my *History of the Restoration Stage*.

Likes and dislikes: I have great dislike of and contempt for that superficial charlatanry in literature which now seems to pervade the world of letters. Extreme juvenility and extreme ignorance prove all-powerful passports. To my mind immense harm is being done to the dignity of literature by the intrusion of noisy and ill-informed young men and women into the province of reviewing—I cannot call it criticism.

The post-War spirit and modernity I find frankly detestable.

I like old books, old china, old wine, old houses, tranquillity, reverence, and respect.

The hurry and bustle of today appear to me destructive of spirituality, and in themselves things essentially bad.

My chief recreations are travel, especially in the lesser-known country districts of Italy and France where I may lodge in old monasteries and worship at ancient shrines; the investigation of occult phenomena; ghost stories; researches into hagiology, liturgies, mysticism; the older English drama; later Latin literature; the reading of eighteenth century and Victorian novels.

With the so-called popular and approved literature of today and recent poetry, such as it is, I desire to have nothing to do. There are, of course, some few and notable exceptions.

I am a firm and convinced believer in the supernatural, in miracles, in ghosts.

Above all I hate the sceptic and modernist in religion, the atheist, the agnostic, the communist, and all socialism in whatever guise or masquerade.

To dogs I am greatly attached. A critic once said: "His love of dogs exceeds that of any other literary man. There would be, I feel sure, first class Restoration drama should he and Mr. George Moore ever begin talking about dogs. But I'm not so certain that the censor would pass it!"

Literary preferences: In the English drama, any and every play, particularly perhaps the Restoration period, above all Dryden.

Fiction of the 18th and 19th centuries; especially the Gothic novelists, Mrs. Radcliffe, Maturin, Monk Lewis, Harrison Ainsworth. Among Victorians, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Sheridan Le Fanu, and many minor names.

S. Augustine. S. Teresa. Cervantes. Molière. Jane Austen. Ben Jonson. Webster. Ford. John Addington Symonds. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*. Gorges. Pepys. Pope. Edmund Gosse. Lamb. Crashaw. George Moore. Ariosto. Calderon. Gozzi. D'Annunzio.

In French I am an acknowledged devotee of J. K. Huysmans.

Any ghost story.

A motley collection. I can read almost any book written before the War, and a good many post-War books.

The "immortal compliment" of Gosse to which Mr. Summers refers reads: "If I were not afraid to incur his displeasure I should say that the notes of Mr. Summers (on Otway) are often more entertaining than the particular text they illustrate." J. C. Squire has called Mr. Summers "one of the most extraordinary men of his age." Nothing, says Mr. Squire, is extraneous to him. "However he may ramble, and however acute may be his mania for trivial facts and dates, he is always readable. For one thing, he writes with such a force of personality. He is full of hates, and the world is full of heads—heads of pedants and prudes and deniers of his heroes—which it is his delight to clout and club. . . For another thing his gusto in the chase after fact is so strong that it is infectious; when he laments that the cast of some mediocre play performed in the 1670's has been lost, the reader, under his spell, feels for a moment that this really is a dreadful calamity. What marvelous zest!" After reading Mr. Summer's *History of Witchcraft*, another critic wrote: "We can only wonder, on putting down such a book, whether we are living in the twentieth century or whether we shall not presently hear at our door the knock of an inquisitor."

Montague Summers' works:

S. Catherine of Siena, 1903; Lourdes, 1904; Poems, 1907; A Great Mistress of Romance, 1917; Jane Austen, 1919; S. Antonio-Maria Zaccaria, 1921; Theatrical Histories of Congreve's Plays, 1921-22; The History of Witchcraft and Demonology, 1927; The Geography of Witchcraft, 1927; The Discovery of Witchcraft, 1928; Essays in Petto, 1928; The Vampire: His Kith and Kin, 1928; The Vampire in Europe, 1929; The Werewolf, 1933.

EDITOR: The Rehearsal, Duke of Buckingham, 1914; Works of Aphra Behn (six volumes) 1915; The Year's Work in English Studies: 1919-1920 Vol. I (co-edited with Sir Sidney Lee) 1921; Restoration Comedies, 1921; Shakespeare Adaptations, 1922; Works of William Congreve (four volumes) 1923; Works of William Wycherley (four volumes) 1924; The Castle of Otranto and the Mysterious Mother, 1924; Works of Thomas Otway (three volumes) 1926; Demonology of Sinistrari (translated and edited) 1927; Works of Thomas Shadwell (five volumes) 1927; The Adventures of Five Hours (by Tuke; introduction) 1927; Covent Garden Drollery, 1927; Horrid Mysteries (two vol-

umes) 1927; The Necromancer of the Black Forest, 1927; The Mysterious Warning, 1928; Zofloya, 1928; Roscius Anglicanus, 1928; Malleus Maleficarum (translated and edited) 1928; An Examen of Witches (Boguet) 1929; Compendium Maleficarum (Guazzo) 1929; Demonolatriy (Remy) 1930; Discoverie of Witchcraft (Scot) 1930; The Supernatural Omnibus, 1931; Dryden's Dramatic Works (six volumes) 1931-1932.

CONTRIBUTOR: the chapters on Elizabethan and Restoration architecture, art, and literature to Cassell's *History of the British People*, 1925.

About Montague Summers:

Mencken, H. L. *Selected Prejudices: Sixth Series*.

Modern Language Notes 47:244 April 1932; *Wilson Bulletin For Librarians* 5:388 February 1931.

Italo Svevo 1861-1928

ITALO SVEVO (pen name of Ettore Schmitz) Italian novelist and short story writer, was born in the city of Trieste on December 19, 1861. His paternal grandfather was an Austrian official at Treviso, north of Italy. His father moved to Trieste and married an Italian. In Italo Svevo, therefore, two contrasting bloods and traditions met and fused, and there has been considerable speculation as to which one predominates in his work.

His education has been mentioned, too, to account for his impersonal, at times cold, approach to literature. On attaining the age of twelve he was sent to a school near Würzburg where he remained for five years. His commercial studies were cut short by a crisis in his father's business, and then he had to resign himself to a small post in a bank. The monotony of his existence was relieved only by his literary interests. Quietly he worked at his books and in 1892 his first novel, *Una Vita*, appeared under the imprint of E. Vram, a Trieste publisher. It caused some local stir which soon subsided and which not even his second, better novel *Senilità*, published six years later by the same publisher, was able to renew. Only Silvio Benco passed a few intelligent remarks, but the public did not seem to be ready for this new type of literature.

From 1893 to 1901 Svevo devoted some of his spare time to the teaching



ITALO SVEVO

of commercial subjects in the Regia Università degli Studi Economici e Commerciali di Trieste. From 1902 business thrived and expanded; his father-in-law, the late Gioachino Veneziani, had opened a branch of his factory in England, and so Svevo had to spend a great deal of his time in London. With the idea of improving his English he recurred, in 1907, to the good services of a private tutor in Trieste. His teacher was one James Joyce of Dublin, "a lean, tallish, highly excitable fellow of twenty-five who wanted to be a writer but meanwhile had to live from hand to mouth by teaching English." Svevo found in him not merely a competent tutor but a really stimulating friend. Joyce read to him (a rare privilege!) some of the stories which later comprised *Dubliners*, and Svevo, in turn, with an I-too-have-been-a-writer gesture, gave him "two little blue-bound volumes with yellowish pages"—*Una Vita*, and *Senilità*—two novels the first of which was published when Joyce was scarcely ten. Joyce read and reread them, and even today quotes by heart whole passages from *Senilità*.

During the War Svevo made fat profits as proprietor and director of a ship-paint factory, of the so-called *pittura sotto-marina*. As a result he retired and once more tried his hand at literature. In 1923 Cappelli, the Bologna

publishers, issued Svevo's third novel, *Coscienza di Zeno*, translated into English as *Confessions of Zeno*. He was working on a sequel to this novel when, as a result of an automobile accident at Motta di Livenza, he died on September 13, 1928.

His literary career embraces, therefore, three novels published at long intervals—1892, 1898, 1923—and a few short stories of which "The Story of the Nice Old Man and the Pretty Girl" and "The Hoax," are the best. How did Svevo, then, come to win recognition? From the earliest he had one admirer, Silvio Benco. Later Eugenia Montale came out with a comprehensive study in *Esame* (November 1925). And then, again, Joyce never tired of singing his praises. Naturally after the publication of *Ulysses*, Joyce's word had great weight, and when Benjamin Crémieux and Valéry Larbaud lauded Svevo and printed some selections from *Senilità* and *Confessions of Zeno* in the *Navire d'Argent* for February 1926, everybody recognized Joyce's influence behind it all. Thus at the age of sixty-five, Italo Svevo was discovered to be one of the most arresting figures in contemporary literature. The rest of Europe joined the chorus. The Italians apologized for their obvious neglect of an author who had been writing in Italian for thirty-four years. Of course, it can be readily seen that Svevo's pedestrian style and cold analysis were not reading incentives to a public accustomed to the fanfare and operatic flourishes of Carducci and D'Annunzio.

After Svevo's death Federico Sternberg devoted a long study to his works: *L'Opera di Italo Svevo*. Also two tributes have appeared: one in the Milanese magazine *Il Convegno* (January 25-February 25, 1929) with contributions by Giacomo Debenedetti, Carlo Linati, Giani Stuparich, and Alberto Rosci, and another in the Florentine review *Solaria* (March-April, 1929) with over thirty tributes from Italian and foreign critics: among them, Angioletti, Joyce, Ehrenburg, Crémieux, Valéry Larbaud, Marcel Brion, Philippe Soupault, *et al.* So that Zeno's statement in *Confessions of Zeno* that "life is not difficult, but very original" holds especially true for his creator,

Svevo, the successful business man and paint magnate, would smile, were he with us, at the surprising laudations critics keep piling on his tomb. Now his name stands, so his admirers claim, next to Proust's and Joyce's.

Svevo was a healthy, Teutonic-looking, moustachioed, somewhat bald-headed, high-collared, prosperous business man. There was nothing "literary" about him. Ilya Ehrenburg, reporting a session of the P.E.N. club, said that he knew Svevo was Svevo because, like his character Zeno, he smoked one cigarette after another.

Svevo's greatest achievements were his novels *Senilità* and *Confessions of Zeno*. His first novel, *Una Vita*, followed too closely his earliest master, Flaubert, critics have said. In *Senilità* his stature becomes more significant: that novel contains an exhaustive study of old age, a favorite leitmotiv, which reappears in his entire creation. Most critics consider *Confessions of Zeno* his real masterpiece. This novel minutely portrays a conscience—the Italian title was *The Conscience of Zeno*. In its broadest sense, it is an exciting burlesque of the methods of psychoanalysis. Zeno is a master of introspection and analyzes every word, every action. His decisions are drowned in a sea of platitudes. He is undermined by hypochondria. He changes his career from the law, which seemed to him so remote from life, to chemistry "in the hope of finding life itself tho imprisoned in a retort." Soon he goes back from chemistry to law. He decides to give up smoking, but thru the 406 pages of the novel he smokes continually cigarette after cigarette. He falls in love with the prettiest daughter of the Malfenti family but, after proposing to the three sisters, marries the least attractive. The Triestian Zeno Cosini belongs, with the Don Quixote of la Mancha and the Tartarin of Tarascon, to the race of disoribted dreamers!

Svevo employs the instrument discovered by Stendhal and perfected by Dostoevsky and Proust. Whether he handles the telescope or the microscope he likes to choose the wrong end to examine his object. His work becomes not a *jeu de mots* but a brilliant, at times distorted, comment on the mechanics of

the darker areas of the soul; in which respect he is nearer to his fellow countryman Pirandello than to George Bernard Shaw.

The mind does not flow here like a stream. On the contrary it moves isochronally, each tic-tac leaving behind an infinite number of ripples and echoes. Every act becomes a maelstrom, every decision a series of concatenations and adjustments. Thus even a simpleton's mind (Zeno often resembles a fool) is weirdly distorted, forever swinging among unbelievable complications.

Svevo, it has been noted, walks boldly into labyrinths and jungles, and reappears later bearing lights of strange colors. He is gifted with irony and humor, and few writers have succeeded so well in describing this twilight pilgrimage verging on the realm of insanity.

A. F.

Italo Svevo's works:

Una Vita, 1892; *Senilità*, 1898; *Coscienza di Zeno*, 1923; *La Novella del Buon Vecchio e Della Bella Fanciulla ed Altri Scritti*, 1929.

Italo Svevo's works available in English:

The Hoax, 1930; *The Nice Old Man and the Pretty Girl and Other Stories*, 1930; *Confessions of Zeno*, 1930; *As a Man Grows Older*, 1932.

About Italo Svevo:

Piceni, *La Bancarella Della Novità*; Sternberg, *F. L'Opera di Italo Svevo*.

Annali Della Regia Università Degli Studi Economici e Commerciali di Trieste, I, fasc. 1:161 Trieste 1929; *Il Convegno*, Anno X, 1-2 Milan January 25-February 25, 1929 (entire number); *Italia Che Scrive* 9:117 Rome, June 1926; *Navire d'Argent*, Paris February 1926; *Pegaso*, Florence January 1929; *Psychoanalytical Review* 18:431 October 1931; *Solaria*, Anno IV, 3-4 Florence March-April, 1929.

J. M. Synge 1871-1909

EDMUND JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE, Irish playwright, was born on April 16, 1871, at Rathfarnham, a suburb of Dublin. He was the youngest of a family of eight children.

His parents were John Hatch Synge, a moderately successful barrister who had sufficient private means to support his family comfortably during his lifetime, and Kathleen Traill, daughter of

no experience which would enable him to know.

Tho Synge came under the influence of French writers, notably Racine, and, among modern authors, Anatole France, Zola, and Pierre Loti (his acquaintance was entirely thru his reading—he knew no literary personages) the really great event of the period was his meeting with William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, in March of 1898. Yeats, then in the experimental stage himself, at once recognized Synge's genius, told him that he was wasting his time, and advised him to leave Paris for the Aran Islands, a treeless, almost primitive archipelago off the northwest coast of Donegal—and begin creative work. Synge followed his advice and left for the islands two months later, tho he returned to Paris intermittently for some years. It has been said that but for this intervention by Yeats, Synge would probably have spent the rest of his life at hack-work.

Synge stayed six weeks in the Islands (returning several times later) and while there began to write *The Aran Islands*, which may thus be called his first book altho it was not published until after he achieved fame as a playwright. The visit produced more immediate results, however, in the form of a number of essays which began to be

published in various periodicals, starting with "A Story From Inishmaan" in the *New Ireland Review* for November 1898. Thereafter for several years he roamed thru various parts of Ireland, collecting information and writing about people, customs, dialects, and nature, with Jack Butler Yeats, artist-brother of William Butler Yeats, as a frequent companion.

During these wanderings he also collected the material for his plays; upon which his fame chiefly rests. The first of these were two one-act plays, *In the Shadow of the Glen* and *Riders to the Sea*, which were written at about the same time and performed, respectively, in October 1903 and February 1904 by the players of the Irish National Theatre Society (which had its roots in the Irish National Dramatic Company of W. G. and F. J. Fay, and the short-lived Irish Literary Theatre of Lady Gregory, Yeats, George Moore, and Edward Martyn; and which shortly became the renowned Abbey Theatre). *In the Shadow of the Glen* was hissed on its opening night, a circumstance prophetic of the storm that was to shatter the peace of Ireland over his *The Playboy of the Western World* at a later date. It was "a bitter sketch of the loveless marriages of the Irish country-folk" and was regarded in some quarters as a slander on the Irish race (a charge which was to be repeated with added vehemence against *The Playboy*) because it dealt with what was claimed to be "untypical" immorality. *Riders to the Sea* was a tragedy of death and the sea which grew out of Synge's experiences in the Aran Islands.

When the Abbey Theatre opened on December 27, 1904, Synge became a co-director along with Yeats and Lady Gregory at their invitation, despite the fact that he differed widely with Yeats on theories of the drama, and took an active part in the staging and rehearsing of plays. At the same period he completed his third play, *The Tinker's Wedding*, a two-act comedy which has been called the most faulty of his dramas. It was based on an early idea and was never produced in the author's lifetime. When finally offered it was highly unpopular, despite the fact that Synge re-



J. M. SYNGE

wrote it after *The Playboy* disturbances, softening many of its barbs. His next work was *The Well of the Saints*, an ironical "miracle play" in three acts. It did not attract much attention at the time of its presentation at the Abbey in February of 1905 but has since been praised for its form by students of the stage.

Synge's following work after *The Well* was *The Playboy of the Western World*, his most famous play, which precipitated one of the stormiest controversies in literary history. It was first presented at the Abbey Theatre on January 26, 1907. With a plot based on the admiration of ignorant peasants and villagers for a stranger, a weak boy, because it was believed he had murdered his father, the three acts of the play poked continuous ridicule at Irish peasant intelligence and traits. It was resentment at this "libel of the national character," as it was construed, which caused the trouble. The best authority seems to be that there was no untoward disturbance by the first-night audience, which contented itself with mild hisses [see biographical sketch of Lady Gregory in this volume] but that after criticisms of the play had appeared in print, an organized attempt was made at the second performance to run it off the boards. Lady Gregory forestalled this, however, by calling the police (some accounts say 500 were required to preserve order) and with the protection of the law the play finished its scheduled week of performances. The second night, however, was an occasion of great tumult and turbulence and has become almost legendary. One story has it that Lady Gregory's nephew summoned athletic schoolmates from the University nearby to help hold the audience in check; and another describes Yeats leaping to the rostrum at the height of the riot—forty men with tin horns seated in the center of the theatre had completely stopped the play—thundering above the din: "This is a veritable apotheosis!" The uproar directed at the stage is said to have subsided as members of the audience fell to arguing with each other as to the meaning of Yeats' words. It is reported authentically that Synge sat unmoved in the

audience as angry patrons shook their fists at him, and murmured, "We shall have to establish a Society for the Preservation of Irish Humor."

Wherever *The Playboy*—called by George Moore "the most significant play of the last two hundred years"—was produced, it caused turmoil. After Synge's death, when Lady Gregory took the Abbey Players to New York in 1912, the audience bombarded the actors with potatoes at the first performance, and it was necessary to call the police to restore order. In Philadelphia the whole company was arrested for giving an "obscene performance," tho the case was later dismissed after a farcical trial. Even as late as 1932 Irish-American societies in New York protested the playing of the drama by a company of visiting Abbey Players.

Of the situation in Ireland after the play's initial production Ernest Boyd says, "A veritable cult of hostility arose."

Synge was a sick man, and there seems no doubt that the disturbances caused by the play aggravated his condition. Early in 1908 he went into Elpis Private Hospital in Dublin and was operated on for cancer. During his convalescence in Germany his mother died. They had been very close and her sudden passing was a great shock to him. He shortly returned to the hospital, never to leave it. His last play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, was the product of these last months.

Practically every Irish playwright has written at some time on the theme of the old Gaelic legend of Deirdre, "the Irish Helen of Troy." Most of the interpretations have been of a poetic nature. Synge's differs in that he treated his characters almost as peasant types and had them talk in language close to the vernacular. Shortly before his final illness began, Synge became engaged to Maire O'Neill, a beautiful actress of the Abbey Company, and during the writing of the drama she came to his hospital room and acted out the scenes for him. She later played the title rôle when *Deirdre* was performed posthumously in incomplete form (Synge did not have time to finish it) in January 1910.

At five o'clock in the morning of March 24, 1909, Synge turned in his

bed and said to his nurse, "It's no use fighting against death any longer," and passed away. He was thirty-seven. He was buried in the Protestant Mount Jerome Cemetery in Dublin and for a week after his death the Abbey remained closed.

Synge in no way suggested the typical Irishman in appearance or habits. It has been said that he could more easily have passed for a Scotsman. He was about five-foot-nine, big of frame and thick of neck, but did not appear to have the strength normal to his size. His complexion was extremely swarthy. Bernard Shaw once said, "Synge has a face like a blacking brush." His hair was thick and dark brown and he wore a bushy brown moustache. His face was chiefly remarkable for a small tuft of hair, something less than a goatee, on his lower lip. In contrast with his dark skin and hair were his keen eyes, which were of hazel shade. His humor was centered in his mouth, which was mostly hidden by the huge moustache, so that his face, otherwise predominated by lines of sensitivity and seriousness, gave as a whole the impression of an austere nature.

In his personal characteristics there was nothing of Irish vivaciousness. John Masefield said, "I never heard him say a brilliant thing." He talked little, his enunciation was halting when he did talk, and he did not express his ideas particularly well. He had no small talk. Whatever he said was sincere. Maurice Bourgeois wrote: "No one ever heard him utter any word either of bitterness or flattery." He was generally tolerant and had few definite opinions on issues. As Masefield put it, "He was interested in life, not in ideas." He cared nothing for generalizations, but delighted in concrete experience.

These traits were reflected in his dramatic creed, which has been defined as "naturalistic." Tho he wrote some poetry and was interested in the form, he regarded the theatre as a medium solely for dramatic rather than poetical expression, and was strongly opposed to Yeats' conception of drama in terms of "lyrical mysticism." He of his rare statements of theory he . . . art . . .

On the stage one must have reality and one must have joy . . . the rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality." He also said, "The drama, like the symphony, should not teach or prove anything."

Tho Synge wrote for a period of only six years, an unusually extensive literature has grown up around his life and works. Ernest Boyd has summarized his position thus: "In J. M. Synge the impulse of the [Irish] Revival met with the response of genius."

J. M. Synge's works:

In the Shadow of the Glen, 1904; Riders to the Sea, 1904; The Well of the Saints, 1905; The Playboy of the Western World, 1907; The Aran Islands, 1907; The Tinker's Wedding, 1908; Poems and Translations, 1909; Collected Works, 1910.

About J. M. Synge:

Bickley, F. *J. M. Synge and the Irish Dramatic Movement*; Bourgeois, M. *J. M. Synge and the Irish Theatre*; Boyd, E. A. *Ireland's Literary Renaissance*; Boyd, E. A. *The Contemporary Drama of Ireland*; Colum, P. *The Road Round Ireland*; Corkery, D. *Synge and Anglo-Irish Literature*; Gregory, I. A. *Our Irish Theatre*; Howe, P. P. *J. M. Synge: A Critical Study*; Krieger, H. *John Millington Synge*; Lynd, R. *Old and New Masters*; Masefield, J. J. M. *Synge: A Few Personal Recollections With Biographical Notes*; Moore, G. *Hail and Farewell!*; Thorning, J. J. M. *Synge*; Weygandt, C. *Irish Plays and Playwrights*; Yeats, W. B. *Synge and the Ireland of His Time*; Yeats, W. B. *Collected Works*; see also practically all collections and histories of contemporary drama.

Bookman 73:125 April 1931; *Dial* 84:271 April 1928; *Living Age* 314:656 September 9, 1922; *London Mercury* 17:637 April 1928; *Theatre Arts Magazine* 16:288 March 1932.

Jérôme and Jean Tharaud

JÉRÔME and JEAN THARAUD, French journalists and novelists, were born in the village of Saint-Junien, in Haute-Vienne (Limousin) on May 18, 1874, and May 9, 1877, respectively. For the past forty years they have written in strict collaboration, and both critics and historians of literature have come to consider them as one writer: a case which resembles that of the brothers Goncourt and the brothers Álvarez Quintero.

Economic reverses forced the Tharaud family to move to Angoulême. The chil-

dren attended the local lycée but felt homesick for the romantic beauty of their native Saint-Junien. So, in a way, they were delighted at the prospects of going away to Paris: Jérôme moved to the capital at the age of eleven as a boarder in Sainte Barbe. From October 1888 on, he attended courses at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. One of the teachers praised his alertness and very keen intelligence, but condemned his slipshodness. Jérôme won first prizes in French, history, and geography, despite the fact that he had learned to read only after his tenth birthday! The following year he was awarded a first prize in history and geography, and a second in French: the teachers regretted his inattentiveness but declared that "the child had talent." Year after year he carried away two or three prizes, and at the end received two baccalaureates. Then he prepared for the Ecole Normale. He studied hard and won a second prize at the *Concours Général* with a *Letter from Voltaire to Diderot*. His composition was considered worthy of publication. Thus, at the age of nineteen, Jérôme was decidedly oriented in his vocation: he was going to be a writer. He was encouraged by a schoolmate, sixteen months his elder, perhaps the most decisive influence in his career—Charles Péguy.

On August 1, 1895, Jérôme Tharaud entered the Ecole Normale, and for three years remained in a rather congenial and extremely stimulating atmosphere, having among his teachers Lanson, Joseph Bédier, and Brunetière, and among his friends Louis Gillet and Péguy. In the morning of his final examinations he was arrested for "riding" on the stone lions of the Luxembourg Gardens, in front of the Senate. The officer on duty at the police station on learning that the young fellow had to take an examination allowed him to go to his classroom. Jérôme did not like the difficult questionnaire of his professors, turned in a blank sheet, and returned to the police station. Altho he never became an *agrégé*, he was assigned to the chair of French language and literature at Joseph Eotvos College, in Budapest, where he remained four years, from 1899 to 1903.

The younger brother also came to Paris and took up mathematics at the Ecole Sainte-Geneviève (October 1895-July 1896) and then prepared for the Ecole Militaire de Saint-Cyr at the Lycée Saint-Louis (January 1897-July 1898). However, he failed to pass his oral examinations and had to return to Angoulême for a year of military service. Back in Paris, he studied so assiduously, and took so many courses at the same time, that he acquired in 1901 a *licence* in philosophy from the faculty of the Sorbonne and a diploma from the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, and in 1902 his law degree from the Faculté de Droit.

To return to Jérôme after his arrival in Budapest in the autumn of 1899: without knowing a word of Hungarian, he rented a furnished room, with a bed, two chairs, a sofa, and a portrait of Bismarck, and gradually began to taste his new life of freedom, without term papers, examinations, and the rest. Budapest has always been a colorful city and offered the young writer countless novelties. Then, again, he had four or five months vacation every year and he wasted no time: he traveled in Russia, Germany, Rumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Turkey. Whenever possible, his younger brother would join him—otherwise they always kept in close touch by means of their frequent correspondence. Jérôme explained the French classics to the young Hungarians and in turn made them translate for him stories by their native geniuses. Altho he had not learned Hungarian, he revised and edited twenty-two stories by Jokai, Miksath, etc., and had them published in Budapest in 1903. He paid frequent visits to the Ghetto and won that profound knowledge of Jewish psychology which he displays in his works. (When one says *his* works, one means *their* works.)

Jérôme and Jean Tharaud began their collaboration, in their teens, with a journal, symbolically entitled *Les Deux Pigeons* (The Two Pigeons) but it was not till August 1898 that their first work appeared: *Le Colporteur Débile*. It was published by a firm owned by their close friend Charles Péguy who, soon after, established the famous series *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. In their first efforts, as



JEAN AND JÉRÔME THARAUD

well as in *Lumière*, one can sense the influence of Villiers d'Isle Adam ("the master" to whom they dedicated *Lumière*) and of Rudyard Kipling. In trying to combat the Tharauds' early "fictitious and misty ideology, and hesitant reveries," their teacher Joseph Bédier advised them to read more sober material, works classic in composition, restrained and simple in style—such as legends dealing with the miracles of the Virgin. The Tharauds followed this advice, and their efforts resulted in the five stories of *La Légende de la Vierge* and the eight of *Contes de la Vierge*.

When the Transvaal War broke out in October 1899, Jérôme tried to leave immediately for Bloomfontein or Pretoria as war correspondent, but his plans did not materialize. Only thru photographs and postal cards was he able to reconstruct the campaign, and while at Budapest, in a café flooded with bright lights and gipsy music, he composed *Dingley*. On his return to Paris the two brothers worked at the manuscript and finished it in March 1902. A month later Péguy published it in his *Cahiers*. The concise narrative, entertaining and keenly alive, presented an imaginative portrait or caricature of Kipling (the brothers Tharaud had been reading an essay of André Chevrillon on the Eng-

lish writer) and it was very well received by the critics. Anatole France, for instance, not only praised it, but when the edition was out of print, insisted on having a second edition immediately printed by his editor friend Edouard Pelletan. On finishing *Les Hobercaux*, a dramatic story with the War of 1870 for a background, the brothers set to work on their *Dingley* and, careful craftsmen that they are, almost rewrote it. In 1906 the much-expected second edition came out and carried the Goncourt Prize for that year.

The Prize did not spoil them. They had to write for a living (for seven years they were Maurice Barrès' secretaries) but their journalistic work did not conflict with or distract them from their more ambitious creative pursuits. They took their time when it came to their original production. Not till 1911 did they publish their next novel, *La Maîtresse Servante*, which had appeared in a sketchy form in periodicals, first in 1908, later in 1911. As has been noted previously, every novel required years of elaboration. Barrès called *La Maîtresse Servante* "a somber little masterpiece," approved highly of the remarkable technique, the sense of balance and good taste, and, in short, coupled the name Tharaud with that of Benjamin Constant.

From 1912 on the brothers Tharaud have created their own special genre: the travel sketch, a mixture of good literature, poetical evocation, reporters' notes, and impressionistic history. They have covered the Balkan countries, the near Orient, the Spanish Riff; in *L'Ombre de la Croix* (The Shadow of the Cross) it is the Budapest Ghetto; in *Un Royaume de Dieu*, a Ukrainian village; in *Quand Israël est Roi* (When Israel is King) the revolutionary Hungary of Count Tisza, Karolyi, and Bela Kun; in *L'An Prochain à Jérusalem* (Next Year in Jerusalem) the Holy Land; in *Rendez-vous Espagnols*, Spain and the Riff. The early experiences of Jérôme in the Jewish quarters of Budapest at the beginning of the century seem to have flowered in countless books: Judaism is an ever-recurrent *leitmotiv*. The other *leitmotiv* is war. As has been said, Jérôme wanted to report the

Transvaal War in October 1899, but his plans did not crystallize. However, in 1912 he witnessed the Balkan War between Montenegro and Turkey, and his observations form the volume entitled *La Bataille à Scutari d'Albanie*. Next one sees both brothers taking an active part in Dixmude, and in the trenches of Champagne in the neighborhood of Reims during the World War. They underwent great suffering, and received the most painful blow when Charles Péguy, their dearest friend, was killed in action. The War book of these two soldiers of the 94th Infantry Regiment is *Une Relève*. The background of the War also enters into the very entertaining fantasy, based on a story told to them by Andre Demaison, *La Randonnée de Samba Diouf* (The Long Walk of Samba Diouf) of which the characters come from Western Africa, from the territory between the Niger and the Coast, between Senegal and Gambie. It was a departure, a new environment, albeit the brothers Tharaud succeeded in grasping its exotic essence.

The talent of the brothers Tharaud, hailed by the Goncourt Academy in 1906, was further honored in 1919 when the French Academy awarded them the Grand Prix de Littérature.

A. F.

Jérôme and Jean Tharaud's principal works:

FICTION: *Le Colporteur Débile*, 1898; *La Lumière*, 1900; *Dingley, l'illustre Écrivain*, 1902; *La Légende de la Vierge*, 1902; *Contes de la Vierge*, 1904; *Les Hobercaux*, 1904; *La Maîtresse Servante*, 1911.

WAR BOOKS: *La Bataille à Scutari d'Albanie*, 1913; *Une Relève*, 1919; *La Randonnée de Samba Diouf*, 1922.

TRAVEL SKETCHES: *La Fête Arabe*, 1912; *L'Ombre de la Croix*, 1917; *Rabat ou Les Heures Marocaines*, 1918; *Marrakech ou les Seigneurs de l'Atlas*, 1920; *Un Royaume de Dieu*, 1920; *Quand Israël est Roi*, 1921; *Le Chemin de Damas*, 1923; *Le Maroc*, 1923; *L'An Prochain à Jérusalem*, 1924; *Rendez-vous Espagnols*, 1925; *La Rose de Saron*, 1927; *La Palestine*, 1930; *Fez ou Le Bourgeois de l'Islam*, 1930; *Paris, Saigon, Dans l'Azur*, 1932.

BIOGRAPHY AND BELLES LETTRES: *La Tragédie de Ravatallac*, 1913; *La Vie et la Mort de Dérondèle*, 1914; *Un Grand Maître n'est plus* (Maurice Barrès), 1924; *Notre Cher Péguy*, 1929; *Petite Histoire des Juifs*, 1924.

The Tharauds' works available in English translation:

The Long Walk of Samba Diouf, 1924; *The Shadow of the Cross*, 1924; *When Israel Is King*, 1924; *Next Year in Jerusalem*, 1925; *Spain and the Rose*, 1929; *The Crown People*, 1929.

About Jérôme and Jean Tharaud:

Bonnerot, J. *Jérôme et Jean Tharaud*; Lalou, R. *Contemporary French Literature*; Lefèvre, F. *Une Heure d'été*; Martin-Namy, E. *Les Nouveaux Poètes*; Stephens, W. *French Novelists of Today*.

Correspondant 252:845 September 10, 1922; *Etudes* 168:476 August 29, 1921; *London Mercury* 6:174 June 1922; *Nouvelle Revue Française* 15:357 November 11, 1921; *Revue Universelle* 10:101 July 1, 1922; *Studies* 15: 201 1926.

Edward Thomas 1878-1917

PHILIP EDWARD THOMAS.

British poet and critic, was born March 3, 1878. His father was a Welshman, a writer in the Positivist movement, and a member of the English civil service. Edward was the eldest of six boys. Most of his childhood was spent in Wiltshire, England, and he attended St. Paul's School in London.

At seventeen he began contributing to weekly reviews such as the *Academy*, the *Speaker* and the *Literary World*. He wrote mostly essays about the out-of-doors. He studied for the civil service for a time, in obedience to his father's wishes, but gave it up because he preferred writing. At nineteen he published his first book, *The Woodland Life*, a diary which he had kept of his many walks in the countryside, recording minutely his observations of nature.

His father disapproved of his literary life and sent him to Lincoln College, Oxford, on a history scholarship in 1898. He was married in June of his second year to Helen Noble, daughter of a literary critic who had been Thomas' youthful adviser about reading and writing and to whom he had dedicated his first book. When his son Philip was born the next year, he gave a party in his rooms at Oxford to celebrate the event.

He rowed for his college and continued to be a more or less regular contributor to several reviews, earning

about eighty pounds a year by his writing. "His style," recalls his wife in her memoir, *As It Was*, "was at this time very much influenced by Pater, and he wrote, besides nature studies, romantic and imaginative essays in an ornate precious style which he afterwards dropped entirely." He took a second class degree at Oxford. An open break with his father followed graduation when he again refused to go into the civil service.

Thomas lived for a few months in half of a workingman's house in London, while he went from one editor's office to another, looking for work. He got occasional assignments for reviews and articles. Bread and cheese and tea formed the main subsistence of himself and his wife and child. His wife says that Thomas, "with his tall graceful figure and handsome sensitive face, wearing the elegantly negligent and for him very becoming style of dress of the young esthete of the day, did not at all look the part of the impecunious husband and father." During this time, in 1902, he published his first book of essays, *Horae Solitariae*.

Moving his family from London to a country house in Kent, Thomas secured a publisher's commission to write a book on Oxford for one hundred pounds. During the next ten years, which was the major part of his literary career, he turned out more than twenty-five volumes, at the rate of more than two a year, most of them travel books or critical biographies. Richard Jefferies, the writer who influenced him most, was the subject of the first critical study, and among those that followed were Keats, George Borrow, Walter Pater, Maeterlinck, and Swinburne.

According to his wife, Thomas "had a fair amount of work, but never enough to keep him from anxiety, and never enough to free him from the hateful hack work books written to the order of publishers, which tho he did them well did not at all satisfy his own creative impulse, the damming up of which contributed largely to his melancholy." He had periods of brooding when he became violent or silent, and he would stride out of the house to remain away for hours at a time.

Norman Douglas, in *Looking Back*, writes: "Had Thomas been alone in the world he might have fared better, since he was a man of the simplest tastes and could live on almost nothing. As it was, he was always in need of supporting a family; always yearning for a moment's rest, and never getting it." In vain Douglas tried to lure him away for a holiday. "Pressure of work! Pressure of work! . . . What Thomas lacked was a little touch of bestiality, a little *je-n'en-fous-t-ism*. He was too scrupulous."

The family, augmented by two daughters, Elizabeth and Polly, moved from place to place in the countryside, living on farms and in villages. On Sundays Thomas sometimes took his children for nature jaunts, teaching them to name the birds and the trees. He was a great walker, with a long stride, slow and swinging.

On frequent visits to London in connection with his writing, Thomas kept in touch with a large number of literary friends, one of the closest of whom was W. H. Hudson. He was known to be shy and sensitive. Norman Douglas says: "There was something of the Byzantine angel about him; ethereal, refined, aloof." He was austere in the matter of food and drink, conscientious, "incurably monogamous." J. C. Squire found him a "tall, quiet, reserved man with melancholy eyes and strong hands, browner than those of professional writers usually are." He had long blond hair.

For three months he once served as assistant secretary of a government commission sitting to consider the preservation of ancient Welsh monuments, then quit in disgust.

Thomas did not begin to write poetry until, at the age of thirty-six, he met Robert Frost, the American poet. Frost came to England in 1912 to remain two years, and they became intimate friends. Mrs. Thomas writes that the influence of Frost on her husband's "intellectual life was profound, and to it alone of outside influences is to be attributed that final and fullest expression of himself" which he now found in writing poetry.

When Frost returned to the United States in 1915 he took Thomas' son



EDWARD THOMAS

Hoppé

Philip with him for a year. Thomas enlisted in the Artists' Rifles and wrote the bulk of his poetry in the remaining two years of his life. Some of the poems, written in training camps, were enclosed in letters to his wife. Others were composed in his study overlooking the North Downs near Petersfield, during brief furloughs. He visited his home for the last time at Christmas 1916.

Thomas was killed in action at Arras on Easter Monday 1917, at the age of thirty-nine. When he died, his first book of *Poems*, dedicated to Robert Frost, was on the press in London. Published in October 1917 under the pseudonym of "Edward Eastaway," the volume attracted little attention. His reputation grew with the appearance, under his own name, of his *Last Poems* in 1918 and his *Collected Poems* in 1920. Walter De La Mare, in a foreword to the latter volume, wrote that when Thomas died "a mirror of England was shattered of so pure a crystal that a clearer and tenderer reflection can be found no otherwhere than in these poems."

In *Modern British Poetry*, Louis Untermeyer summarizes Thomas' work as a nature poet. "Loving, like Frost, the minutiae of existence, the quaint and casual turn of ordinary life, he

caught the magic of the English countryside in its unpoeticized quietude. Many of his poems are full of a slow, sad contemplation of life and a reflection of its brave futility. It is not exactly disillusion; it is rather an absence of illusion."

Two posthumous collections of Thomas' essays appeared in 1922 and 1928, *Cloud Castle* and *The Last Sheaf*.

The widow of Thomas caused something of a sensation in 1926 by publishing a frank account of their early courtship entitled *As It Was*. The book was signed "H. T." It soon became known that "H. T." was Helen Thomas and that the David Townsend of the book was Edward Thomas. In 1930 Mrs. Thomas added the story of their married life, publishing the complete narrative as *World Without End*. Edward Shanks calls this a prose work which matches the beauty of Thomas' poetry, "a portrait of the poet by his wife which has no equal, not even in Mary Shelley's sketches of her husband."

Edward Thomas' works:

POETRY: *Six Poems* (by Edward Eastaway) 1916; *Poems*, 1917; *Last Poems*, 1918; *Collected Poems*, 1920; *Two Poems*, 1927; *Selected Poems*, 1927.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE: *The Woodland Life*, 1897; *Horae Solitariae*, 1902; Oxford, 1903; *Rose Acre Papers*, 1904; *Beautiful Wales*, 1905; *The Heart of England*, 1906; *Richard Jefferies*, 1909; *The South Country*, 1909; *Windsor Castle* (with E. W. Haslehurst) 1910; *Feminine Influence on the Poets*, 1910; *Rest and Unrest*, 1910; *Maurice Maeterlinck*, 1911; *Celtic Stories*, 1911; *The Isle of Wight*, 1911; *Light and Twilight*, 1911; *The Tenth Muse*, 1912; *Norse Tales*, 1912; *George Borrow*, 1912; *Lafcadio Hearn*, 1912; *Algernon Charles Swinburne*, 1912; *Walter Pater*, 1913; *The Country*, 1913; *The Icknield Way*, 1913; *The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans*, 1913; *In Pursuit of Spring*, 1914; *Keats*, 1914; *Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds*, 1915; *The Life of the Duke of Marlborough*, 1915; *A Literary Pilgrim in England*, 1917; *Cloud Castle*, 1922; *Chosen Essays*, 1926; *The Last Sheaf*, 1928.

EDITOR: *Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air*, 1907; *British Country Life in Spring and Summer*, 1907; *British Country Life in Autumn and Winter*, 1908; *British Butterflies and Other Insects*, 1908; *Some British Birds*, 1908; *Pocket George Borrow*, 1912; *The Flowers I Love* (poetic anthology) 1917.

About Edward Thomas:

Adeock, A. St. J. *For Remembrance*; Douglas, N. *Looking Back*; Haynes, E. S. P. *Personalia*; Huxley, A. *On the Margin*;

Moore, T. S. *Some Soldier Poets*; Murry, J. M. *Aspects of Literature*; Squire, J. C. *Life and Letters*; Thomas, E. *Cloud Castle, Collected Poems, The Last Sheaf, and Selected Poems* (see respective forewords by W. H. Hudson, Walter De La Mare, Thomas Seccombe, and Edward Garnett); Thomas, H. *World Without End* and introduction to *The South Country* (reissue, 1932). *Bookman* (London) 74:110 May 1928; 78:323 September 1930; *London Mercury* 15:279 January 1927.

Ernst Toller 1893-

ERNST TOLLER, German dramatist, was born on December 1, 1893, at Samochin, in German Poland. His father was a merchant of the town and died when Ernst was sixteen. His education was received first in the public school of the town and later at the high school which was managed by priests. When the high school ceased to exist, Toller was taken, at the age of twelve, to the Bomberg gymnasium. There he spent seven years in preparation for the university. But, beset by wanderlust, Toller did not immediately enter a university, but wandered first thru Bornholm and Denmark to France. Then he settled down to study at the University of Grenoble and continued his wanderings in southern France and Italy.

At the outbreak of the World War he was at Lyons on the way to Paris. We now follow his own account of the events: "That night (July 31, 1914) he hears the shrill cry of the newsboys: 'Declaration of war between Russia and Germany imminent.' He leaves Lyons by the last train that goes to Geneva. On the way, he is arrested, freed, re-arrested, freed again, and after an adventurous journey, reaches Switzerland a few minutes before the French frontier is closed. In Munich he reports as a volunteer, with the firm conviction that it is his duty to defend his 'attacked fatherland.' In the days in which he grows to be a soldier, he leaves the traditional sphere of the bourgeois, a departure with which he was acquainted when, in a newspaper article as a boy of thirteen, he sided with a pauper against the authorities, an action for which he was punished and dismissed from school."

He was at the front for thirteen months; was wounded, sent on leave and

finally discharged. For a short while he studied at Munich; took part in the "Kultur" congress organized by the publisher Diedrichs at Burg Lauenstein, but found nothing but dissatisfaction at the confusion and cowardice of his elders. In the winter of 1917 he went to Heidelberg where he soon became one of the moving spirits among a group of students organizing themselves for "the great day." They were all utopians, dreamed of publishing the plays of Tolstoy and Landauer, the novels of Barbusse and Frank in cheap editions, to turn the world to peace. But soon their activities were suppressed by the General Staff, some banished, some sent to the front. Toller escaped to Berlin where he met Kurt Eisner and became his friend. They went together to Munich to organize the strike of the munition workers and, after Eisner's arrest, Toller was elected a member of the strike committee. The authorities seized him and put him to some scientific work in a military prison. The November Revolution released him and he was elected president of the Bavarian Soviet Republic. When the Revolution was suppressed, a price of 10,000 marks was set on his head and he was imprisoned for five years, altho he had dissuaded the members of the Red Guard from committing acts of violence in the march on Munich. Upon his release from prison he visited the Soviet Union and the United States.

In 1933 he became again *persona non grata* in Germany—the Nazis burned his books and deprived him of citizenship. At the International P.E.N. conference at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, he earned tremendous acclaim when he spoke against the Hitler persecution of Jews and intellectuals. At this memorable meeting he said, among other things, that "... the first duty of the writer is to the spirit. Anyone who believes that life is ruled by moral law no less than by force has no right to maintain silence."

"I am not speaking of my private fate," he said, "nor of the fate of all those men and women who are forced to live in exile today. It is hard enough not to see the land of one's birth, to be hounded, proscribed, hated by one's

countrymen. But the sufferings of others have been worse. I shall be charged in Germany with having spoken against Germany. I oppose the methods of the men who rule Germany today but hold no brief to speak for the German people. Millions in Germany are forbidden to write and say what they think and believe. When I speak here I speak for those millions who have been deprived of their voices. The gentlemen call upon the shades of Germany's great men of the past. What is there in the works of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, and Lessing that condones the suppression of a million people?

"I doubt whether we shall have many more occasions to come together on European soil to speak our opinions unhindered. The rebel is in danger everywhere today. But what of us? Who are we that the future of man should be sacrificed for our sakes? Let us overcome this fear that degrades and shames us. We must carry our fight into many by-ways. They may be ways that will lead us against each other; but in all of us there is the conviction of a humanity that is free of barbarity and lying, free from social injustice and oppression."

Jugoslavia, according to the *Nation*, greeted Toller's speech with a storm of approval. The lecture tour that followed

his attendance at the congress was a triumphal procession. "I have rarely had the opportunity," commented Victor Rubcic, editor of the *Posta* in Sarajevo, "to see a man gain such popularity and win such honest acclaim within so short a time."

Toller has been called "the most dominant and flagrant genius hatched by the German Revolution." Rebecca West describes him as "a thin, eager young man with wavy black hair, bearing some resemblance to Charlie Chaplin." But this is only the outward shell which conceals a spirit of intensity and great dramatic ability. Even in his earliest play, *Die Wandlung*, we get a glimpse of the uncompromising warrior for peace and brotherhood. This is a symbolic attack upon war and a plea for a world where peace and righteousness shall reign. It pictures the self-regeneration of a man thru the successive stages of war until he comes to a world-conception of love. "You have carved Jesus Christ in wood," he says, "and have nailed Him on a cross because you did not wish to go the way that led Him to redemption. . . Go to the soldiers and bid them turn their swords to ploughshares. Go to the rich and show them what ash-heaps are their hearts. But be kind to them, for they too are weak and erring creatures. . . March, march to the light of day!"

The years of prison life at the fortress of Niederschönenfeld were fruitful, tho painful, ones. It is here that Toller wrote his *Machine-Wreckers* and *Man and the Masses*. The former is a play founded upon the misery and revolt of the Luddite workers in the early part of the nineteenth century. In a series of loosely connected scenes Toller shows the inhuman treatment of the toilers, their long-suffering tolerance of the conditions and the final outburst of wrath and fury which in the end, as in Hauptmann's *Weavers*, turns against the machinery itself. In *Man and the Masses*, the finer performance of the two, Toller again reverts to the theme of his earliest play, the cruelty and utter nonsense of war, and adds to this an equally forceful indictment of machine-made civilization. This is one of the best examples of Expressionistic art. The characters are mere symbols, impersonal and unhuman,



ERNST TOLLER

as those of the symbolic plays of Andreyev and Strindberg, and the action usually involves groups rather than individuals. The speech is abrupt and telegraphic, tho not without deep emotional content. Moreover, in its sweeping attack upon our machine age, it is not propaganda for any one class. The Masses are not idolized. It is rather a plea for individual liberty, for the rights of man as Man.

The years in prison were also responsible for a collection of poems, *Gedichte der Gefangenen*, and the choral works: *Tag des Proletariats* and *Requiem den Erschossenen Brüdern*. "In all of these," writes Louis Untermeyer, "the one flaming impulse is manifest: the liberation of humanity from its chains of material slavery." *Hoppla, Wir Leben!* may be called a precursor of the method made famous by Dos Passos in this country. It employs, in ten interludes, moving pictures showing a panorama of events in various parts of the world from 1919 to 1927. Another political drama is *Hinkemann*, an earlier, bitter performance. Dr. F. W. Chandler remarks: "Toller may be a Jew by race, but the lesson that he teaches is in accord with Christian doctrine. No doubt his own sufferings have given him a deeper insight into the distress of others. At all events, he is the apostle of a fine humanitarianism . . . he is a Jewish pacifist with the soul of a St. Francis."

A. B.

Works of Ernst Toller:

POETRY: *Gedichte der Gefangenen*, 1923; *Das Schwalbenbuch*, 1924; *Vormorgen*, 1924.

DRAMA: *Die Wandlung*, 1919; *Masse-Mensch*, 1921; *Maschinenstürmer*, 1922; *Der Entfesselte Wotan*, 1923; *Hinkemann*, 1924; *Hoppla, Wir Leben!* 1927; *Feuer aus den Kesseln*, 1930.

TRAVEL: *Quer Durch*, 1930.

English translations of Ernst Toller's works:

The Machine-Wreckers, 1923; *Man and the Masses*, 1923; *The Swallow Book*, 1924; *Hinkemann*, 1923 (same as *Brockenbrow*, 1924); *Which World—Which Way?* 1931 (incomplete translation of *Quer Durch*).

About Ernst Toller:

Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Signer, P. *Ernst Toller*; West, R. *Ending in Earnest*; see also introduction to *Man and the Masses*.

Dial 86:205 March 1929; *Literary Digest* 103:19 October 26, 1929; *Theatre Arts Monthly* 16:95 February 1932.

Jim Tully 1888-

JIM TULLY, American author, was born in a log cabin near St. Mary's, Ohio, on June 3, 1888, the third son of James Dennis Tully and Marie Bridget Lawler Tully. "My father," says Tully, "was a drunken ditch digger who came from Ireland when he was ten years of age. My mother was a country school teacher who also came from Ireland as a child. These two people and many others who were a part of my miserable background are depicted in my books."

In his seventh year, Tully's mother died, and he was sent to the St. Joseph Orphan Asylum in Cincinnati, Ohio. At eleven he left the orphanage and went to work on a farm fifty miles north of his birthplace, where he was "kicked about" for three years.

When he was fourteen he ran away and became a tramp. For seven years he "rode the rods," drifting from town to town (he crossed the country three times) occasionally working as a laborer, chainmaker, dishwasher, circus hand, or newsboy. He sojourned at intervals in five jails.

"He became an inveterate library bum," writes Sara Haardt, "ducking in and out of public libraries from one end of the country to the other. He read everything: biography, history, fiction; Dostoevsky; Carlyle, Olive Schreiner, Balzac, Dumas, Mark Twain, Conrad, the files of the old *Smart Set*."

At twenty-one Tully became a pugilist and might have gone to the top, he says, save that he "was not stolid enough." He was a featherweight, fighting at about 122 pounds. After winning a number of bouts, he was knocked unconscious for nearly twenty-four hours in San Francisco. The ring, he decided, was not his vocation. He became a salesman—"and succeeded," earning \$20,000 a year. In later metamorphoses he was a traveling tree surgeon and a reporter on the *Akron Press* and *Beacon Journal*.

Tully began to write. His first verses—something about Keats—appeared in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* in 1911. In the same year he married Florence Bushnell, who bore him two children, Thomas Alton and Trilby Jean. They were divorced in 1924. The first thing Tully sold to a magazine was "A Declaration" to *Smart Set*.

Thru countless vicissitudes, which took him into government service as chain inspector during the World War, Tully labored for nearly eight years, in painful ignorance of the simplest rules of grammar, on his first book, *Emmett Lawler*, which he finished in Los Angeles. In its original version it was a single paragraph of 100,000 words. Rupert Hughes read the autobiographical novel in manuscript, encouraged Tully, and helped him. The book was published in 1922; Tully began to receive orders for magazine articles; his career was under way.

But Tully says today: "My first book was bad, and is now forgotten. I found myself, I think, in *Beggars of Life*, which I wrote in six terrifying weeks, while living with a bootlegger. . . ." The book was "intended as a compilation of dramatic episodes in the life of a youthful vagabond, which I was for seven years." Published in 1924, *Beggars of Life* was the first of five autobiographical works which, tho interrupted in publication, he regards as a single group, the "Underworld Edition." The others in the group, which appeared between 1927 and 1931, were: *Circus Parade*, "a series of none too happy and often ironical incidents with a circus"; *Shanty Irish*, "the background of a road-kid who becomes articulate"; *Shadows of Men*, "the tribulations, vagaries, and hallucinations of men in jail"; and *Blood on the Moon*, "the period which led to social adjustment. . . With it I bid farewell forever, I hope, to that life, the winds of which equally twisted and strengthened me for the sadder years ahead."

Between the first and second books of his autobiographical series, Tully published *Jarnegan*, one of his best known works. It is the story of a he-man who kills a man in a fight, spends some time in jail, begins life anew on regain-

ing freedom, drifts into Hollywood and becomes a successful movie director. When it appeared in 1926 H. L. Mencken praised the book extravagantly and Clayton Hamilton said: "This man is gifted with sincerity, with earnestness, with elemental power. He is afire with a passion for expression which, every now and then, purifies itself into poetry." A dramatization of the novel was produced in New York in 1928 with Richard Bennett in the title rôle, but was only moderately successful.

When a novel called *Laughter in Hell* appeared in 1932, the *New York Times* said: "A writer of Jim Tully's stature and one with his following, both popular and critical, cannot afford to let us down after this fashion."

Associating himself, meanwhile, with the motion picture world, Tully interviewed "stars," did publicity work, and wrote dialogue for the talking pictures. For eighteen months he was with Charlie Chaplin as one of his ghost writers and his biographer. Today he is known as the most hated (because of his frankness) and at the same time the highest paid interviewer in Hollywood. His work has appeared in thirty-four American periodicals, ranging from *Scribner's* to *True Confessions* and the movie magazines. He has been transla-



JIM TULLY

Pinchot

ted into Russian, French, and Scandinavian.

"I have tried, however futilely," Tully wrote to the editors of this volume, "to get away from all the namby-pamby trends of American literature. My reward has been misunderstanding. I am considered a roughneck because, as an artist, I seek to lay bare the broken hearts of the people from whom I sprang.

"My introduction to *Blood on the Moon* gives you more or less my writing creed. . . I have no whine at fate. I began with nothing and have ended with more money than is good for one. . . I write because I love to. . . I have perhaps less academic training than any man who has ever succeeded at writing in America. . . I will never be the artist I thought I would. Words are not elastic enough. . . I have done as nearly that which I set out to do as any American writer ever has. . .

"I live alone in a large nine room house on a large piece of ground in Hollywood. To my door come now and then the wanderers of other years. My friendship for them is no pose with me. I said in my introduction to *Blood on the Moon*, 'I was of them. I am still of them. I can taste the bitterness of their lives in the bread I eat today.'"

George Jean Nathan, friend of Tully, says: "When his house is full of his old hobo friends . . . and when a half dozen pairs of feet are on the dining-room table, and when there is not a collar in sight and the liquor is flowing, he is for the nonce a *Feinschmecker* of mundane contentment. . . His second wife had to stand a lot from him because he would often bring hoboos into the house and give them both his wife's and his own bed. . ." She was Margaret Rider Myers of Los Angeles. They were married in 1925 and divorced five years later.

In Tully's spacious study on the second floor of his Spanish-type house are numberless books, a square desk with swivel-chair, an unabridged dictionary on a brass tripod, an old beer table, two mountainous armchairs, and small framed pictures of Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, Madame Le Brun,

Madame Recamier, and Rose Aylmer ("Londor's girl, you know").

Sara Haardt has pictured Tully "sitting in the far corner of the room, a crumpled felt hat held loosely in his hand, his heavy shoulders drooping and an abstracted look in his misty blue eyes. His head was tilted to one side, and as he raised it, it seemed to me that it was literally on fire. His hair is a tangled wiry mop of flaming red curls, so thick and so unruly that, with his muscular shoulders, it gives him the appearance of being top-heavy and possessed of an enormous strength. And like most red hair it creates a strange, almost startling impression of youth. . . There is a challenge in his manner, and a marvelous swagger; however gnarled and weary he grows, it will always be difficult to think of him as old."

Jim Tully's books:

Emmett Lawler, 1922; Beggars of Life, 1924; Jarnegan, 1925; Life of Thomas H. Ince, 1925; Life of Charlie Chaplin, 1926; Twenty Below (with Robert Nichols) 1926; Black Boy (with Frank Dazey) 1926; Passing Strangers, 1926; Circus Parade, 1927; Denis Darel, 1928; Shanty Irish, 1928; Shadows of Men, 1929; God Loves the Irish (with Charles Beahan) 1929; Beggars Abroad, 1930; Close Ups, 1930; Adventures in Interviewing, 1931; Blood on the Moon, 1931; Laughter in Hell, 1932.

About Jim Tully:

Nathan, G. J. *The Intimate Notebooks. American Mercury* 14:82 May 1928; *Bookman* 67:693 August 1928; *Nation* 127:382 October 10, 1928; *Pictorial Review* 28:28 December 1926; *Wilson Bulletin for Librarians* 7:266 January 1933.

Katharine Tynan 1861-1931

KATHARINE TYNAN, Irish religious poet and prominent figure in the Irish "Renaissance" movement, was born in Clondalkin, County Dublin, Ireland, in 1861 and died in London on April 2, 1931, at the age of seventy. Tho her literary fame rests chiefly on her poetry, she was also a prolific writer of fiction and at the height of her career turned out as many as three or four novels a year, frankly admitting many of them to be "pot-boilers." In addition she published a number of volumes of autobiographical reminiscences and several of miscellaneous nature. The total output

of her lifetime was more than one hundred books.

Her childhood was spent at Whitehall, Clondalkin, in a house that "had once belonged to Curran, the great Irish patriot and lawyer, whose daughter should have married Robert Emmett." Always passionate in her devotions and loyalties, she was deeply attached to her father, Andrew C. Tynan, an Irish country gentleman of the old school, of whom she wrote much in her best known book of reminiscences, *Twenty-Five Years*. Only one cloud dimmed an otherwise happy childhood spent in reading, playing in the fields, and riding the countryside with her father: an infection of the eyes which, for two years, made her almost blind and permanently limited her vision so that she was forced to wear eyeglasses the rest of her life.

She was educated in the Siena Convent at Drogheda, leaving it at the age of fourteen to return to Whitehall. She began writing at seventeen and in 1885, when she was twenty-four, published her first volume of verse, *Louise de la Vallière and Other Poems*. Most of the poems had previously appeared in the *Irish Monthly* and were strongly devotional in tone. The volume was received with surprising acclaim. Written in the "Pre-Raphaelite" style then in vogue, it gave rise to the prediction that its author would succeed to Christina Rossetti's place among women writers. It also served to bring her to the personal attention of the Rossettis. The latter circumstance was the beginning of a lifetime of warm friendships with literary and political leaders.

In 1887 she began writing prose. Her most successful novel, *The Way of a Maid*, appeared in 1895, and thereafter she turned out fiction at a great rate for a number of years, building up a wide "circulating library" following. She also continued to write poetry, publishing verses frequently in the periodicals, and occasionally in bound collections. Her *Ballads and Lyrics*, published in 1890, is considered the most representative of these. Her best known individual poem is "Sheep and Lambs," which has been set to music as a hymn.

In 1893 she was married to Harry Hinkson, whom she converted to her

religion (her devout and life-long Catholicism at a period when most of her literary compatriots were turning from the Church was one of the outstanding characteristics of her career). They lived happily together until his death in 1919 and had three children, two sons and one daughter. Wifehood and motherhood have been called, together with religion and patriotism, the great forces of Katharine Tynan's life and literature.

Katharine Tynan knew personally practically every important personage in the Ireland of her day. There is reason to believe, in fact, that her own prominence in the Irish scene rests more upon these associations than upon her strictly literary contributions to the "Revival." Among those with whom she was most closely identified were W. B. Yeats (whom she called "Willie") Alice Meynell, Lord Lytton, Francis Thompson, Rose Kavanagh, Douglas Hyde, "Æ," and particularly Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish Nationalist leader and "martyr," in whose cause she became vitally interested—it was one of the great episodes of her life—and about whom she wrote prolifically. C. E. Maguire has written that her friendships "were a chain of admirations which were perilously close to adorations. The list [of her friends] comprises a literary and political Who's Who of the time. . . For Parnell she never ceased to cherish that blind allegiance of which none but the Irish seem supremely capable. She was willing to twist every accusation against him into falsehood, if not actually into panegyric in his honor. There is a casual admission in her memoirs that in compiling a directory of Irish authors she deliberately omitted one unfortunate compatriot merely because he had once written scathingly of Parnell. She even severed friendly relations with a number of priests and religious thru her loyalty to her idol, who was under the ban of the Church. Never, despite her literary preoccupations, did she lose her intense personal interest in Irish politics."

After her marriage Miss Tynan lived much of the time in England and spent practically all of her declining years there. She remained active to the end, writing books and contributing articles



KATHARINE TYNAN

and poetry to leading magazines, particularly in the religious field, until the day of her death.

In her youth Katharine Tynan was a typical Irish "slip of a girl." In old age she tended strongly to obesity. Her features were full and good natured, characterized thruout her life by the ever prominent eyeglasses. She was one of the first women to wear her hair short.

Good nature and hospitality were predominant among her personal characteristics. She had a wide fund of humor. Despite her deeply devotional attitude toward religion, there was nothing of the austere in her makeup. She loved a good joke or anecdote, and told both well all her life. A friend wrote after her death, "Her keen sense of fun and her joy in life remained unquenched by the years." She had the typical Irish love of a scrap and a quick temper. She once abandoned "Willie" Yeats at a fête when he allowed his umbrella to drip down her neck while he recited poetry. Her intense loyalty has already been referred to. At a luncheon party more than twenty years after Parnell's death his name was mentioned and she was asked if she had not been a "Parnellite." "Was and am and shall be!" she retorted.

Her favorite recreation, she said, was "talking to a good listener." She liked dogs and children, and enjoyed the com-

pany of both. She had a hobby for collecting china.

Her gift of poetry was of a lyric nature. The Catholicism which occurs thruout her verse has been the subject of a number of literary discussions. Ernest Boyd said on the point: "It is just in so far as she approximates to the attitude of the country people that she is a Catholic poet. One does not find her expressing the profounder aspects of Catholicism. . . Katharine Tynan's verse voices that naive faith, that complete surrender to the simpler emotions of wonder and pity, which characterize the religious experiences of the plain man."

Boyd estimates her literary position as follows: "Interesting tho she may be as the only important Catholic poet in Ireland, Katharine Tynan will hardly rank with the best writers of the Literary Revival. Using the word in its best sense, we may describe her as an essentially minor poet, tho a minor poet of the first rank." Herbert Gorman found her "essentially Celtic but not profoundly deep" and adjudged her, as a writer, "one of the lesser figures of the Renaissance, a thin, cool voice like the faraway whistle of a blackbird."

Katharine Tynan's works, in chronological order:

Louise de la Vallière, 1885; Shamrocks, 1887; Ballads and Lyrics, 1890; A Nun: Her Friends and Her Order; Irish Love Songs (editor) 1892; Cuckoo Songs; A Cluster of Nuts, 1894; The Land of Mist and Mountain; An Isle in the Water; The Way of a Maid, 1895; Miracle Plays; Oh! What a Plague Is Love; A Lover's Breast Knot, 1896; The Handsome Brandons; The Wind in the Trees, 1898; The Dear Irish Girl; She Walks in Beauty, 1899; Three Fair Maids; A Daughter of the Fields, 1900; A Union of Hearts; A Girl of Galway; Collected Poems; That Sweet Enemy, 1901; The Handsome Quaker; A King's Woman; Love of Sisters, 1902; A Red Red Rose; The Honourable Molly, 1903; The French Wife; Judy's Lovers; Julia; The Luck of the Fairfaxes, 1904; A Daughter of Kings; A Favourite of Fortune; Dick Pentreath; Innocencies, 1905; A Yellow Domino; The Adventures of Alicia; The Story of Bawn; A Book of Memory, 1906; For Maisie, 1907; Her Ladyship; Cabinet of Irish Literature (editor); Mary Gray; The Lost Angel; The House of the Crickets; Experiences, 1908; Peggy the Daughter; Cousins and Others; Lauds; Kitty Aubrey; Her Mother's Daughter; The Book of Flowers (with Frances Maitland) 1909; Betty Carew; Freda; The House of the Secret, 1910; The

Story of Cecilia; New Poems; The Story of Clarice, 1911; Princess Katharine; Rose of the Garden; Heart o'Gold; Honey, My Honey, 1912; Mrs. Pratt of Paradise Farm; Twenty-Five Years; The Daughter of the Manor; Irish Poems, 1913; A Midsummer Rose; A Little Radiant Girl; John Bulteel's Daughters; Lovers' Meetings; A Shameful Inheritance; Molly, My Heart's Delight; The Flower of Peace, 1914; Men Not Angels; Countrymen All; The House of the Foxes; Flower of Youth; The Squire's Sweetheart; Since First I Saw your Face; The Story of Margery Dawe, 1915; The Web of Fräulein; The Holy War; The West Wind; John-a-Dreams, 1916; The Middle Years; Lord Edward; Kit; Late Songs; The Rattlesnake; Miss Mary, 1917; Miss Gascoigne; My Love's a Lassie; Herb o'Grace, 1918; The Years of the Shadow; The Man from Australia, 1919; Love of Brothers, 1919; Denys the Dreamer; The House; The Second Wife, 1920; Bitha's Wonderful Year; Sally Victrix; The House on the Bogs; A Mad Marriage; White Ladies; The Wandering Years; Even Song: They Loved Greatly; Mary Beaudesert, V. S., 1922; Wives; Memories, 1924; The Infatuation of Peter, 1926; Evensong; Miss Phipps; Haroun of London; The Wild Adventure; The House in the Forest, 1928; The Rich Man; A Fine Gentleman, 1929; The Admirable Simmonds; Collected Poems, 1930; The Other Man, 1933.

About Katharine Tynan:

Boyd, E. A. *Ireland's Literary Renaissance*; Braybrooke, P. *Some Catholic Novelists*; Chislett, W. *Moderns and Near Moderns*; Tynan, K. autobiographical books: *Twenty-Five Years*; *The Middle Years*; *The Years of the Shadow*; *The Wandering Years*; *Memories*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Bookman 73:375 June 1931; *Bookman* (London) 80:101 May 1931; *Catholic World* 133:235 May 1931; 134:193 November 1931; *Fortnightly Review* 134:836 December 1930.

Ramón del Valle Inclán 1870-

RAMÓN MARIA DEL VALLE INCLÁN, Spanish poet and novelist, was born on October 28, 1870, in Puebla de Caraniñal, a fair-sized town in Pontevedra, Spanish Galicia. Scion of an old aristocratic family, his forbears "founded cities in Mexico and convents in Madrid" (at least so he claims); one of his uncles took part in the last Carlist War (1872-1876).

During childhood Valle Inclán drank in the idyllic beauty as well as the epic and superstitious legends of his native Galicia. He was especially stirred by the exploits of the Carlists and their vain

attempts at restoring Don Carlos VII to the Spanish throne.

At an early age he entered the University of Santiago de Compostela to study law, but barely had he finished his studies, at the age of twenty, when he went to Mexico. What he did there is not known. He has always tried to mystify his more candid readers. Frequently he indulged in tirades of this character: "The early part of my life was filled with perils and hazards. I was a lay brother in a Carthusian monastery and a soldier in the lands of New Spain. A life like that of those younger sons of the hidalgos who enlist in the regiments of Italy seeking adventures of love, of the sword, and of fortune." And further on: "On board the 'Delilah,' I recall it with pride, I assassinated Sir Robert Jones. It was a vengeance worthy of Benvenuto Cellini. I'll tell you how it was, even tho you are incapable of appreciating its beauty: but it will be better not to tell you—you might be horrified!"

However that may be, his Mexican adventure did not last long. After two years of absence, he returned home and began to work on his first book, a collection of six short stories published under the title *Femeninas* at Pontevedra in 1894. The influence of Barbey d'Aurevilly's *Diaboliques* can be detected in almost every page. At any rate, he had made his literary début; the time was ripe to move to the capital.

In 1895 Valle Inclán arrived in Madrid where he proceeded to lay siege to the cafés frequented by the literati. From the first he surrounded himself with a halo of mystery: he pretended to be an extremely dangerous character, blood-thirsty, hermetic, adventurous. He impressed his cronies by his aristocratic airs (he was indeed a Marquis—was he not the son of Don Ramón del Valle Inclán y Bermudez de Castro, and of Doña Dolores de la Peña y Montenegro?); his archaic vocabulary (made almost humorous because of his lisping); and his marvelous capacity for telling tales. Ramón del Valle Inclán is perhaps the last member of that mythical family which came so near extinction with the death of Oscar Wilde and Paul Verlaine. His imagination is always at work. His

beautiful lies come to us wrapped in a gorgeous, lyric garb. His very life is so bedecked with the festoons of his fancy that his official biographer will probably expire before concluding his task. There circulate, for instance, as many as two hundred and thirty-seven theories of how he, Don Ramón del Valle Inclán, induced the Rajah of Kapurthala to marry an unknown, timid, little dancer, and Ramón Gómez de la Serna had to come to his help to enumerate *The Thousand and One Ways that Valle Inclán Lost His Arm*. (For, like Cervantes, Valle Inclán is one-armed.) But how did he *really* lose his arm? This is the authentic version. Tired of Valle Inclán's slanderous tongue, Manuel Bueno struck him with his cane. Valle Inclán endeavored to protect his head: the blows showered on his left arm and fractured the bone in several places. Two days later gangrene set in and it was necessary to amputate. Valle Inclán waited anxiously for recuperation so that he might immediately shoot Bueno. Conciliatory friends interfered, and Bueno, a he-man with a heart of gold, went to visit Valle Inclán. "In the chloroform-smelling room, a laconic and magnificent reconciliation took place."

Don Ramón has continued alternately to live and to write in the city and in the quiet Galician countryside. He has traveled extensively; revisiting South America, and making various tours thru France, Portugal, and Africa. In the years 1914-1918, Don Ramón lived in Paris having been invited by the French government to report the War. At various times he flew over the battlefields noting down his impressions.

An occupation which gave him great delight was the writing of his autobiography, a performance which he repeated countless times and each time with considerable variations.

Valle Inclán was, and still is, an assiduous frequenter of the Madrid cafés where he has his own circle of satellites. When he first came to Madrid, the Café de Madrid was one of the centers of literary attraction and it was there that Don Ramón made his first appearance. When this café was torn down to give way to the Crédit Lyonnais, he trans-

ferred his patronage to the Café de Levante on the Calle del Arenal. His most recent place of meeting is the Café Regina, where he regularly indulges in his conversational duels. He can be readily recognized: "He is tall and meager—a bundle of nerves; his brow rises high and ascetically; a thin scraggly beard falls halfway to his girdle; his sharp, piercing eyes hide behind great shell-rimmed spectacles. He dresses in his own fashion, generally in black. A black cape funereally drapes his left shoulder which wants an arm. Holding himself erect and dignified he has the pride of all his fictitious progenitors; he is haughty to a degree, but his heart is noble in the true sense of the word—there is none more kind-hearted and hospitable." He talks of Darío incessantly; he dislikes Ibsen, Proust, and Henry James; he prefers the classic models to his own contemporaries (altho his main influences have been Barbey d'Aureville, Eça de Queiroz, and D'Annunzio); he praises Unamuno for his "moral courage"; he extols Zola's passion for justice; he knows D'Annunzio's poems by heart; he enjoys Shaw's genial irony. A supreme egoist, he has often jammed Madrid's traffic on deciding to recite a poem in mid-avenue. After a banquet given in his honor by Maurice Barrès, he inconsiderately described the French novelist as "a wet raven." And he published a violent attack against Blasco Ibáñez, on learning of his death.

During Berenguer's dictatorship, Valle Inclán was imprisoned, and, with an enviable nobility of soul, refused certain privileges granted him by the military tribunal, insisting on a penalty identical with that of the other prisoners who, with him, signed the Republican manifesto.

During the elections of April 1931, Valle Inclán presented his candidacy for Deputy from La Coruña. He took no active part in the political campaign and was extremely resentful when defeated by the more energetic Ramón María Tenreiro. (The heated correspondence between these two distinguished men of letters appeared in the newspaper *Heraldo de Madrid* for July 23, 1931.) In 1932 former Minister of Public Education and Fine Arts, Fernando de los

Rios, assigned the Directorship of the Aranjuez Museum to Valle Inclán. Attacking his new duties with great conscientiousness, Valle Inclán asked for the closing of the Museum until properly reorganized, for the installment of a fire-station near the building, and, finally, for the return of a valuable lamp then kept in some palace or other. According to Valle Inclán (letter published in *El Sol* for June 26, 1932) the Minister paid no attention to his requests, and he resigned, threatening to exile himself to Rio de Janeiro in order to die far away from his native country. Of course he did not carry out his threat because the Minister granted him a pension which would permit him to devote his entire time to his creative work.

For the sake of evaluation, Valle Inclán's writings may be grouped in more or less distinct cycles: the four *Sonatas*; the *Comedias Bárbaras*; the trilogy entitled *La Guerra Carlista*; the sequence-novels (now in progress) *El Ruedo Ibérico*; and, finally, the not wholly novelistic cycle of *esperpentos*.

The *Sonatas* (translated into English as *The Pleasant Memoirs of the Marquis de Brandomin*) were published from 1902 to 1905. The hero is the Marquis de Brandomin, "ugly, a Catholic, and a sentimentalist," and he is a character much in the manner of the rakes whom Barbey d'Aureville and Casanova would have delighted in. The *Sonatas* constitute a history of the amorous exploits of the Marquis thru the four seasons of his life. The first is exotic, with palaces and gardens and scents and hushed voices; the second revels in voluptuous passion and takes place on the tropical coast of Mexico; the third brings us back to Galicia and reveals a search for new sensations, sensuous love and sensuous religion; and the fourth places the scene in the Basque uplands, garbed in the white cold of winter, in the time of the second Carlist outbreak. Needless to say, these *Sonatas* are decidedly autobiographical.

The second cycle, the *Comedias Bárbaras*, centers on the figure of Juan Manuel de Montenegro, a relative of Valle Inclán on his mother's side. This cycle consists of *Aguila de Blasón* and *Romance de Lobos*, studies of the dis-



RAMÓN DEL VALLE INCLÁN

integration and decline of the nobles of Galicia. Juan Manuel de Montenegro, however, does not die with the cycle. He appears again, with the Marquis de Brandomin, in the trilogy *La Guerra Carlista*, altho only in a minor rôle. In this cycle, his son, Cara de Plata, is the protagonist representing "the ultimate fate and the final incarnation of the old race of warriors, great gentlemen, and lovers, who have no place in the modern world."

From the point of view of technique, the Carlist novels are perhaps Valle Inclán's most noteworthy creations. They are, at any rate, most nearly perfect as novels in the accepted sense of the word. Altho confessedly dealing with the Carlist wars, there is little in them of the historic vastness of Pérez Galdós' *Episodios Nacionales*. "Ramón del Valle Inclán," says Ernest Boyd, "makes no effort to portray the actual Carlist war, yet he has evoked the atmosphere of the time and made the whole period live again in his series of deft pictures of trifling incidents and obscure people, for the most part, whose multiplication all over Spain produced the upheaval which established the present dynasty and the Spain of today." *La Guerra Carlista* comprised *Los Cruzados de la Causa*, *El Resplandor de la Hoguera*, and *Gerifaltes de Antaño*.

To enlarge this picture and to bring it down to our day, Valle Inclán has planned another great cycle to be known as *El Ruedo Ibérico*. It will consist of three series with three volumes each, and is to cover the period of Spanish political life in the nineteenth and twentieth century, from Isabella II, Amadeo, the first Republic, down to the days of Alfonso XII. Thus far the first two volumes, splendidly promising, have appeared: *Lo Corte de los Milagros* and *Viva mi Dueño*.

Also recently, with *Farsa y Licencia de la Reina Costiza*, *Los Cuernos de Don Friolera*, and *Luces de Bohemia*, Valle Inclán invented a new form (*esperpentos*, i.e. absurdities) "which represents a highly stylized development of the burlesque and infantile side of his talent. These are what may be described as 'Russian marionettes.'"

In 1926 Valle Inclán published one of his most significant novels, *Tirano Banderas* (translated into English as *The Tyrant*). *The Tyrant* is an intense, lively, at times macabre, narrative of the glory, cruelties, and downfall of one of those petty tyrants who, now and then, emerge in Latin America.

Of Valle Inclán's poetry, Madariaga writes that its "peculiar charm . . . is largely due to the interplay, and to a certain extent, the opposition, of two tendencies traceable to two features of old Gallegan poetry: a popular vein, rich in emotion and rhythm, and a knowing taste for the formal refinements evolved by the exquisite genius of France." And he regards "manner more important than matter, form than substance; and a superficial ornamental beauty as the highest of achievements."

Valle Inclán has been writing since the beginning of this century and he has been acknowledged as one of the masters of Spanish prose. In fact González Blanco considers him "the foremost stylist, the only one who knows how to manipulate contemporary Castilian with all beauty and propriety." He possesses the poetic quality, the fertile imagination, of his native province, Galicia. He is

fond of the bizarre, the supernatural and the archaic. His works seem to have been exquisitely wrought by a gongorized Benvenuto Cellini inspired by a Barbey D'Aurevilly.

A. F.

Principal works of Ramón del Valle Inclán:

FICTION (some of the novels are in dialogue form): *Femeninas*, 1894; *Epitalamio*, 1897; *Cenizas*, 1899; *Adega*, 1899; *Sonata de Otoño*, 1902; *Jardín Umbrío*, 1903; *Sonata de Estío*, 1903; *Flor de Santidad*, 1904; *Sonata de Primavera*, 1904; *Sonata de Invierno*, 1905; *Jardín Novesco*, 1905; *Historias Perversas*, 1907; *Águila de Blasón*, 1907; *Romance de Lobos*, 1908; *El Yermo de las Almas*, 1908; *Los Cruzados de la Causa*, 1908; *El Resplandor de la Hoguera*, 1909; *Gerifaltes de Antaño*, 1909; *Tirano Banderas*, 1926; *La Corte de los Milagros*, 1927; *Viva Mi Dueño*, 1928.

POETRY: *Aromas de Leyenda*, 1907; *La Pipa de Kif*, 1919; *El Pasajero*, 1920.

POETIC AND PROSE DRAMAS: *Cuento de Abril*, 1910; *Voces de Gesta*, 1912; *El Embrujado*, 1913; *La Marquesa Rosalinda*, 1913; *La Cabeza del Dragón*, 1914; *Divinas Palabras*, 1920; *Farsa y Licencia de la Reina Costiza*, 1920; *Los Cuernos de Don Friolera*, 1921; *Cara de Plata*, 1922; *Luces de Bohemia*, 1924.

English translations of Ramón del Valle Inclán's works:

The Dragon's Head, 1918; *The Pleasant Memoirs of the Marquis of Brandomin*, 1924; *The Tyrant*, 1929; *At Midnight* (a short story from *Jardín Umbrío*) in *Alhambra* 1:11 August 1929; *Divine Words* (a selection from *Divinas Palabras*) in *The European Caravan*, edited by S. Putnam, 1931; *The Golden Rose* (a selection from *La Corte de los Milagros*) in *Great Spanish Short Stories*, edited by J. C. Gorkin, 1932.

About Ramón del Valle Inclán:

Alealá Galiano, A. *Figuras Excepcionales; Azorin, Clásicos y Modernos and El Paisaje de España*; Bell, A. F. G. *Contemporary Spanish Literature*; Boyd, E. *Studies From Ten Literatures*; Cansinos-Assens, R. *Los Hermes and La Nueva Literatura*; Casares, J. *Crítica Profana*; Drake, W. A. *Contemporary European Writers*; Gómez de Baquero, E. *Novelas y Novelistas*; González Blanco, A. *Los Contemporáneos*, III; Madariaga, S. de. *The Genius of Spain*.

Bookman 72:257 November 1930; *Hispania* 6:69 January 1923; 15:437 November-December 1932; *Mercure de France* 108:225 1914; *New York Times Book Section* January 1, 1922; *Nineteenth Century* 98:452 September 1925; *La Pluma* January 1923 (entire number devoted to Valle Inclán); *La Revue Nouvelle* 10:15 October 1925.

John Van Druten 1901-

Autobiographical sketch of John Van Druten, English playwright and novelist:

JOHN WILLIAM VAN DRUTEN:
born London, England, June 1, 1901.

Second son of a Dutch father, and an English mother. His father, Wilhelmus Van Druten, was born in Leeuwarden, in Friesland, Holland, came to England at the age of twenty, married and settled there, and became a partner in the Dutch banking firm of B. W. Blydenstein & Co. and, later, a naturalized British subject.

John Van Druten was educated at University College School, Hampstead, London—a day-school, run on English public school lines. After leaving school, he was intended for the law, and articled to a solicitor in the City of London, in whose office he served for five years. (Note: this office forms the background of his play *London Wall*.)

During these five years, he also attended lectures in law at the London Law Society, obtained the degree of LL.B. at London University, and qualified with honours as a solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature in 1923.

The academic side of the law having always appealed to him a good deal more than the practical, he refused a partnership in a city firm of solicitors, to take up the teaching of law, and in 1923 was appointed special lecturer in English law at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth—one of the four constituent colleges of the University of Wales—where he remained until 1926.

During all this time, however, (and, indeed, from a very early age) literature had been his hobby and his main objective. He had published stories, sketches and poems in such papers as the *London Mercury*, *Punch*, and *Colour*. Mr. J. C. Squire, the well-known poet and editor of the *London Mercury*, was his earliest patron and encourager, on the strength of poems which he had, without introduction, sent to Mr. Squire at the age of seventeen: and his first appearance in print was a poem in the *London Mercury*.

During his student years, he also did book and play reviewing for an obscure (and since defunct) English magazine, published in Switzerland, called the



JOHN VAN DRUTEN

English Herald Abroad.

In 1924 a play of his entitled *The Return Half* was given a trial Sunday evening performance in London by the ex-students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and received congratulatory and encouraging notices from one or two of the leading critics.

In the following year (1925) while still a lecturer at Aberystwyth he wrote his play of English school life, *Young Woodley*. This play, altho almost immediately accepted for production, was forbidden to the English stage under the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain, on the ground that it constituted an attack on the English public school system. This ban endured for over two years.

Meanwhile, however, the play was produced on Broadway by Mr. George C. Tyler in November 1925 with considerable success, and after a full season in New York, played for a further season on the road.

In September 1926 Mr. Van Druten, having relinquished his teaching post, paid his first visit to the United States and in that and the following year made two lecture tours of the States, speaking on the drama.

In March 1928, after a private performance of *Young Woodley* in London, which caused a press campaign against the censorship, the Lord Chamberlain

reversed his decision and the piece was publicly performed, and the American success repeated in England.

Since his first visit in 1926 Mr. Van Druten has been frequently to the United States, and has written pictures in Hollywood.

* * *

According to Lloyd Morris, "there are several Van Drutens who, together, constitute the man. There is, for example, Young Woodley, the shy, sensitive, idealistic poet. . . There is an antithetical Van Druten, sophisticated and social; indubitably at home in the great world of London, Paris, New York, and the Riviera; a delightfully gay and witty companion who makes frivolity an art. There is still another Van Druten, scholarly, serious, fond of solitude, a voracious reader. This Van Druten makes periodic escapes to remote places like the Hebrides or Corsica, and returns with the manuscript of a play or a novel. . . These three Van Drutens, and perhaps one or two more, coalesce in a young man of rather more than medium height, with wavy dark brown hair, eyes which betray his sensibility, and the friendliest of boyish smiles. . . Meeting him one might mistake him for an American until he speaks; the low pitch of his voice and the inflection are unmistakably English. . . He cherishes his admirations with conviction and argues for them with passion." A connoisseur of foods, he will discuss the merits of his favorite dishes for hours and will take doubting friends to restaurants to be convinced.

In 1931 Van Druten published a novel, *A Woman on Her Way*, giving a satirical picture of small intellectual circles in London and New York, and an account of a lecture trip across America.

John Van Druten's works:

PLAYS: *The Return Half*, 1924; *Young Woodley*, 1925; *Chance Acquaintances*, 1927; *The Return of the Soldier* (adapted from a novel by Rebecca West) 1928; *Diversion*, 1928; *After All*, 1931; *There's Always Juliet*, 1931; *Hollywood Holiday* (with Benn W. Levy) 1931; *London Wall*, 1931; *Somebody Knows*, 1932; *Behold We Live!* 1932; *The Distaff Side*, 1933.

NOVELS: *Young Woodley*, 1929; *A Woman on Her Way*, 1931.

About John Van Druten:

New York Herald Tribune Magazine September 20, 1931; *North American Review* 234:174 August 1932.

Henry Van Dyke 1852-1933

HENRY VAN DYKE, American author, diplomat, and religious liberal, was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, on November 10, 1852, a descendant of Jan van Dijk who emigrated from Holland to America in 1652. His father was Henry Jackson Van Dyke, preacher and public leader, whose published speeches are: *The Character and Influence of Abolitionism*; *The Spirituality and Independence of the Church*; *The Church: Her Ministry and Sacraments*. His mother was Henrietta Ashmead, daughter of a Philadelphia merchant and shipowner. Paul Van Dyke, his brother, was Payne professor emeritus of history at Princeton and author of several historical and biographical works; he died in August 1933, four months after Henry Van Dyke's death.

When Van Dyke was a child his father removed to Brooklyn, New York, and was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church there for thirty-eight years. His father took him fishing and tramping in the woods and he learned to be a nature-lover. He attended the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and went, at the age of sixteen, to Princeton, where he wrote for the college periodicals, won prizes for essay writing, and was senior class day speaker. After graduation in 1873, he taught school for a year in Brooklyn, then entered the Princeton Theological Seminary. He edited the *Princeton Book*, contributed to other Princeton publications, and made himself a local name as a writer. Being graduated in 1877, he had two years of study in the University of Berlin, and was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1879. His first pastorate was in the United Congregational Church of Newport, Rhode Island.

On December 13, 1881, Van Dyke was married to Ellen Reid, of Baltimore. Their five children were Brooke, Tertius, Elaine, Paula, and Katrina. (Tertius Van Dyke, a clergyman and author,



HENRY VAN DYKE

became pastor of the Congregational Church in Washington, Connecticut, in 1926.) Van Dyke took his children on camping expeditions and taught them the art of fishing. In the spring of the year he caught the season's first trout out of the Swiftwater, a little river in the Alleghany Mountains. He composed nonsense rhymes for the children's amusement at the dinner table, and every Sunday morning they sat in a row in the second pew of his church and listened to him preach, then in the afternoon, in the nursery, they would imitate him.

After four years in Newport, Van Dyke went to Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, where he was pastor for eighteen years, building up the congregation from 240 to nearly a thousand. He reversed the conservative traditions of the institution and took a liberal stand on questions of theology.

When he was thirty-two, Van Dyke published his first book, *The Reality of Religion*, and in the next forty years wrote prolifically in verse and prose, mostly on religious and outdoor subjects. His prose is in short story or essay form; he never wrote a novel. Many of his sermons were published. An ardent admirer of Tennyson, he brought out a critical work, *The Poetry of Tennyson*, in 1889 which caused Lord

Tennyson to write Van Dyke a letter saying that Van Dyke had found in his poetry all that he had tried to express. Three years later Van Dyke visited Tennyson in England.

Van Dyke's first popular work was *Little Rivers*, published in 1895, a book of essays about country and forest excursions. The next year he had phenomenal success with *The Other Wise Man*, a story which imaginatively adds to the Three Wise Men of the Bible a fourth who never reached his goal but in his dying moments saw a vision of Him whom he sought. It was brought out in many editions, was made into a school textbook, and translated into eighteen languages. Several other Christmas stories followed. *Fisherman's Luck* was another popular book of "outdoor essays."

During his pastorate in New York, Van Dyke engaged in many activities beside writing. He preached numerous college baccalaureate sermons, was university preacher at Princeton, Amherst, and Cornell; delivered the Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching at Yale in 1896, and was twice university preacher at Harvard. He was prominent in the councils of the Presbyterian Church, especially in advocating a shorter and simpler creed. In 1902-03, after leaving the active ministry, he was moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

In 1900 Van Dyke went to Princeton as professor of English literature, specializing in lectures on Tennyson, and continued the connection for twenty-three years, with several interruptions. He returned twice to Brick Church, in 1902 and again in 1911, to fill the pulpit each time after the death of the regular pastor. In 1908-09 he was American lecturer at the University of Paris, lecturing on the subject, "The Spirit of America: and Some of Its Expressions in Literature, Education, and Social Effort." In 1913 President Wilson, whom he had known at Princeton, appointed him United States minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg. He was in the land of his ancestors four years, actively aiding the American tourists who fled to Holland for safety when

the World War broke out; but, unable to maintain a neutral attitude in a neutral country, he resigned in 1917 and returned home to be a propagandist for the Allied cause and to regain "full freedom to say what I think and feel about the War." He became a chaplain in the Naval Reserve Service, holding the rank of lieutenant, touring the naval stations and addressing the sailors on world conditions.

After the Armistice Van Dyke returned to his professorship at Princeton and to his home, "Avalon," in Princeton, New Jersey. The name for his home, a colonial mansion erected five years before the beginning of the American Revolution, was suggested by Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. He retired in 1923 and spent the remaining ten years of his life studying and writing in his large library, going forth occasionally to lecture or to preach.

As a writer, Van Dyke was noted for his scrupulous use of English and his liking for allegory and parables. *The Other Wise Man* is a parable. In poetry he always clung to metre and rhyme. He said: "I would rather receive a little money for doing work that is congenial and that comes naturally, than a great deal of money for doing something that is demanded by literary fashion, or undertaken for the sake of the price it will bring." One time he returned to the editor of a popular magazine the check he received in payment for a prayer he had written. He carried a small black leather notebook in which he jotted story ideas as they came to him, and he always had two or three stories ahead of him waiting to be written. As soon as a story was completed he would read it to the assembled family. He spent the good part of one summer writing in an old deserted farmhouse on an island off the coast of Massachusetts.

A liberalist, Van Dyke constantly denounced Prohibition and in the 1928 presidential campaign was impatient with those Protestant ministers who made an issue of Alfred E. Smith's Catholic religion. One thing he could not embrace was what he called the "Smart Aleck School" of modern realistic novelists; he said they demanded

too much from life and did not give enough to it. When Sinclair Lewis was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1930 for his novels which "scoffed" at America, he said: "It shows that the Swedish Academy knows nothing of the English language. They handed Lewis a bouquet but they gave America a very back-handed compliment."

Van Dyke received the honorary D.D. degree from Princeton, Harvard, and Yale; LL.D. from Union, Pennsylvania, and Geneva (Switzerland); and D.C.L. from Oxford. He was one time president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, an honorary fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and a corresponding member of the Société des Gens de Lettres. France made him a commander of the Legion of Honor. His clubs were Century, University, National Arts, and Authors (New York).

He died in his sleep April 10, 1933, at his home in Princeton. He was eighty years old. For a year his health had been failing; death was attributed to a heart attack. He was buried in Princeton Cemetery.

Henry Van Dyke's works:

STORIES: *The Other Wise Man*, 1896; *The First Christmas Tree*, 1897; *The Lost Word*, 1898; *The Ruling Passion*, 1901; *The Blue Flower*, 1902; *The Mansion*, 1911; *The Sad Shepherd*, 1911; *The Unknown Quantity*, 1912; *The Lost Boy*, 1914; *The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France*, 1919; *The Valley of Vision*, 1919; *Half-Told Tales*, 1925; *The Golden Key*, 1926; *Even Unto Bethlehem*, 1928.

POEMS: *The Builders*, 1897; *The Toiling of Felix*, 1900; *Music*, 1904; *The White Bees*, 1909; *Collected Poems*, 1911; *Who Follow the Flag*, 1911; *The Grand Canyon*, 1914; *The Red Flower*, 1917; *Thy Sea is Great*, 1922.

ESSAYS AND OTHER PROSE: *The Reality of Religion*, 1884; *The Story of the Psalms*, 1887; *The National Sin of Literary Piracy*, 1888; *The Poetry of Tennyson*, 1889; *Sermons to Young Men*, 1893; *The Christ Child in Art*, 1894; *Little Rivers*, 1895; *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, 1896; *Ships and Havens*, 1897; *The American Birthright and the Philippine Pottage*, 1898; *The Cross of War*, 1898; *The Gospel for a World of Sin*, 1899; *Fisherman's Luck*, 1899; *Books, Literature, and the People*, 1900; *The Poetry of the Psalms*, 1900; *The Open Door*, 1903; *The School of Life*, 1905; *Essays in Application*, 1905; *The Spirit of Christmas*, 1905; *Americanism of Washington*, 1906; *Days Off*, 1907;

The Battle of Life, 1907; The Good Old Way, 1907; The Music Lover, 1907; Out-Of-Doors in the Holy Land (travel) 1908; Counsels of the Way, 1908; Le Génie de l'Amérique, 1909 (Paris); The Spirit of America, 1910; The Angel of God's Face, 1913; Fighting for Peace, 1917; What Peace Means, 1919; Studies in Tennyson (revision) 1920; Ideals and Applications, 1921; Camp Fires and Guide Posts, 1921; Songs Out of Doors, 1922; Companionable Books, 1922; Six Days of the Week, 1924; Light My Candle (with Tertius Van Dyke) 1926; The Man Behind the Book, 1929; Travel Diary of an Angler, 1929; Gratitude, 1930.

PLAYS: The House of Rimmon, 1908; The Other Wise Man, 1927.

EDITOR: The Gateway Series of English Texts; Little Masterpieces of English Poetry (six volumes); Poetry of Nature, 1909; A Creelful of Fishing Stories, 1932.

SELECTED WORKS: The Friendly Year (edited by George Sidney Webster) 1900; The Van Dyke Book (edited by Edwin Mims) 1905; Works (selected prose in eight volumes) 1920; Poems, 1920; Chosen Poems, 1927.

About Henry Van Dyke:

Law, F. H. *Modern Great Americans*; Mims, E. *The Van Dyke Book* (revised edition, 1920; see introduction by Maxwell Struthers Burt and story of Van Dyke's life by his daughter Brooke).

Bookman 38:20 September 1913; *Commonweal* 17:704 April 26, 1933; *Nation* 104:54 January 11, 1917; *Outlook* 90:761 December 5, 1908.

Giovanni Verga 1840-1922

GIOVANNI VERGA, Italian novelist and playwright, was born in Catania (island of Sicily) on August 30, 1840. Altho his forbears had settled in Sicily as far back as the thirteenth century, Giovanni did not inherit either titles or vast estates. Despite the vagaries of biographers, it may be said at once that all that Giovanni knew about his ancestry reduced itself to the fact that he came from aristocratic stock, that his country home at Vizzini had sheltered several generations of Vergas, and his paternal grandfather, a liberal and a Carbonaro, had sat in the Sicilian parliament of 1812.

Giovanni's parents were extremely kind and helpful to him. His father, a man of means very much respected in Catania, gave him an excellent education and never hindered the development of his literary vocation. His mother, too, seems to have been an intelligent, sensitive woman who loved reading and who,

despite her Catholic education at Santa Chiara, was not shocked or disturbed by Renan's *Life of Jesus*. Her interest in books probably influenced her son's decision (at fifteen) to become a writer.

Certain historical events colored Giovanni's childhood and left an indelible impression on him: on the Good Friday of 1848, Bourbon mercenaries stormed and sacked Catania, forcing the Vergas to seek refuge in their summer home at Vizzini; and during 1854-1855 the young boy witnessed the misery and havoc brought about by the cholera epidemic which wiped out a great part of the island's population.

At the age of six Giovanni was sent to school. A certain Francesco Carrera taught him how "to read, write, and keep accounts." In 1851 he entered a private institute directed by Pietro Abate. An incorrigible romanticist, Abate dabbled (quite theoretically) in politics and literature. He composed impassioned patriotic poems and used the study periods to entertain his pupils with his original creations, especially with truculent novels localized in Catania. He stirred and stimulated young Verga. When he assigned George Washington for the subject of a composition, Giovanni came back to class with a 672-page manuscript entitled *Love and Country*. Abate wept with joy and the children applauded the flight of their chum's inspiration. Fortunately, Giovanni's next teacher, Mario Torrisi, was a cold, sober, critical priest who did not approve in the least of the dangerously verbose attitude of his pupil and immediately prescribed for him a heavy dose of Latin writers. But Giovanni was too excitable and the medicine did not effect a complete cure—he had founded a patriotic journal!

When the time for a university career approached, Giovanni made a bargain with his father: instead of going to the law school and spending a heavy sum preparing for a profession he despised, he would use the money to defray the printing expenses of his first novel. The elder Verga consented: partly because former teacher Abate eloquently claimed that Giovanni had in him the makings of a formidable writer; partly, because the hero of the novel in question was none other than Grandpa Verga, the



GIOVANNI VERGA

heroic Carbonaro; and, finally, because the mother championed the cause of belles lettres with utmost fervor. Thus, *I Carbonari della Montagna*, a novel in "four turgid volumes" saw the light between 1861 and 1862. The *Carbonari* did not pass unnoticed: the *Nuova Europa*, a Florentine journal, no less, (and reports from Florence never failed to impress the provinces!) praised to the sky the new writer for the breadth and force of his creation. At the age of twenty Giovanni Verga saw himself consecrated. A year later (1863) Verga père died, not at all disappointed by his decision.

In 1865 Giovanni set out for the great school of writing, purifier of language and style—Florence. The idea then prevalent was that a writer should never remain in the provinces. He should go into the world and see things for himself. He should frequent the literary coteries, mingle with the select few, live life in a transcendental fashion. But, strange as it may seem, during his fifteen years in Florence and Milan (with occasional visits to his home town) Verga produced only bastard literature, downright sentimental trash for the most part. True enough, he met the distinguished writer Luigi Capuana, his life-long friend; he formed part of Countess Maffei's *salotti*, at the time the cultural

center of Italy; and he heard the inane theorizings of the *seapigliatura milanese*, the "disheveled" art-for-art's-sakists of the moment. Despite his rising popularity—*Storia di una Capinera* (Story of a Cricket) 1873, *Eva* 1874, and *Tigre Reale* (Royal Tiger) 1875,—Giovanni Verga had not discovered his real vein. Only in the short story "Nedda," 1874, did he make use of his true talent. Fifteen years of city life and literary twaddle had made Verga frightfully homesick. He was beginning to remember his old town, his island, and he endeavored to retrace his life, to re-find his cradle. Altho Verga kept his Milan address till 1885, his visits to Catania became more frequent and longer. The death of his favorite sister (1878) provided him with an excuse for remaining at home for two years. This sojourn had extremely felicitous literary results: in 1880 Giovanni Verga emerged as Italy's greatest novelist (the more orthodox critics carefully add "since Manzoni"). Verga had re-discovered his native Sicily and written about it. In 1880 appeared *Vita dei Campi* (translated into English as *Under the Shadow of Etna*) a collection of short stories, followed in 1881 by a novel *I Malavoglia* (available in a bowdlerized translation as *The House by the Medlar-Tree*) and in 1882 by another collection of short stories *Novelle Rusticane* (available with the above mentioned stories in D. H. Lawrence's superb translations, *Little Novels of Sicily* and *Cavalleria Rusticana and Other Stories*, and in Miss Strettell's version *Cavalleria Rusticana and Other Tales of Sicilian Peasant Life*). Verga had struck his authentic note. There followed *Cavalleria Rusticana*, 1884, a narrative gem which, as Crémieux said, "has as little to do with the melodrama of Mascagni as Goethe's *Faust* with that of Gounod," and, finally, *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, 1889 (translated by D. H. Lawrence).

That is all: nine years (1880-1889)—two novels—a few short stories—and then, a fear of deterioration, creative difficulties, and a long silence. As the century came to a close, the public favored the flashy lyricism of D'Annunzio and Fogazzaro, and Verga found

himself out of fashion. The so-called *verismo*, of which Verga was the loftiest representative, emphasized local color: rural background, provincial customs and dialect, in short, regionalism. It originated as a logical corollary of the deterministic and sociological positivism rampant during the second half of the nineteenth century, embodied in Italy by the theories of Lombroso and Mantegazza. Verga's ideology followed, therefore, naturalism (which had ripened in the hands of Flaubert, Zola, and Maupassant) and reacted especially against the vague idealism of Manzoni and the pompous afflatus of Carducci. But, strangely enough, *verismo* in turn became superseded by the revival of that very Manzoniism and Carduccism it had once displaced. Only recently thru the rise of that other Sicilian, Pirandello, and thru the forcible and eloquent defense of D. H. Lawrence, *verismo* has been reinstated and Verga has won back the place he so well deserved.

At any rate, the last twenty years of Giovanni Verga's existence represented a slow suicide. From the Circolo Unione, the disillusioned novelist watched the people pass along the Via Etna: in summer he sat outside, in the winter he occupied his favorite armchair which still remains in his favorite corner. Whenever he desired to change the view, he would look down upon Via Garibaldi from his own balcony. Altho he tried his hand at playwriting by adapting to the stage some of his stories (*La Lupa*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, etc.), and altho he attained considerable success, he never touched his pen after 1903. This total disgust towards literature he was able to explain much better after 1911: he claimed that the death of his brother "made it necessary for him to give all his attention to family affairs."

In 1920 Italy celebrated Verga's eightieth anniversary. It was really a canonization: kilometeric speeches, high-flown apologies—and carloads of fireworks: Giovanni Verga had been made a Senator. But he did not long enjoy the belated apothecosis. On January 26, 1922, the "grand old man" passed away. A contemporary of Cavour and Mussolini, he was born while Balzac was still

writing. He celebrated his thirtieth birthday before Manzoni's death. And he finished his literary career by the time Pirandello was considered an ultra-modern. Italy wept at his death. The King sent a telegram. The funeral cortège extended for miles. Obviously, the country that had overlooked his achievements was endeavoring to make amends by producing at least an impressive funeral.

It should be pointed out, that altho Verga ceased writing at the dawn of the twentieth century, he did not become important till years later. The Verga that won popularity in the past century stood for a second-rater, almost a sentimental pot-boiler, deserving oblivion. But *our* Verga was not known then, and if known, was totally disregarded. As Giacomo Antonini pointed out in his brilliant article, "Les Tendances du Roman Italien d'Aujourd'hui," published in the *Mercur de France* for May 15, 1933, the Verga whose influence has passed thru the Pirandello of *I Vecchi e I Giovani*, 1913 (translated into English by Scott Moncrieff as *The Old and the Young*) is the author who has most profoundly determined the course and direction of the youngest Italian literature. Totally bowdlerized and emasculated by the translators of the 'Nineties, Verga did not really reach the English reader till after the War when D. H. Lawrence with his several renderings brought about not merely a re-valuation but a veritable revival. Near enough chronologically, Verga is still nearer to us because of the contemporary spirit and sensibility of his work.

A. F.

Principal works of Giovanni Verga:

FICTION: *I Carbonari della Montagna*, 4 vols. 1861-62; *Una Peccatrice*, 1867; *Storia di una Capinera*, 1873; *Eva*, 1874; *Nedda*, 1874; *Tigre Reale*, 1875; *Eros*, 1875; *Primavera ed altri Racconti*, 1876; *Vita dei Campi*, 1880; *I Malavoglia*, 1881; *Il Marito di Elena*, 1882; *Novelle Rusticane*, 1882; *Pane Nero*, 1883; *Per le Vie*, 1883; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, 1884; *Drammi Intimi*, 1884; *Vagabondaggio*, 1887; *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, 1889; *I Ricordi del Capitano d'Arce*, 1891; *Don Candeloro e Ci*, 1894.

PLAYS: *La Lupa*, In Portmeria, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, 1891; *La Caccia al Lupo*, 1902; *La Caccia alla Volpe*, 1902; *Dal Mio al Tuto*, performed 1903, printed 1906.

Verga's works available in English:

The House by the Medlar-Tree, 1890; Cavalleria Rusticana and Other Tales of Sicilian Peasant Life, 1893; Master Don Gesualdo, 1893; Under the Shadow of Etna, 1896; The Wolf Hunt, in I. Goldberg *Plays of the Italian Theatre*, 1921; Mastro Don Gesualdo (D. H. Lawrence's translation) 1923; Little Novels of Sicily (D. H. Lawrence's translation) 1925; Cavalleria Rusticana and Other Stories (D. H. Lawrence's translation) 1928.

About Giovanni Verga:

Bergin, T. G. *Giovanni Verga*; Crémieux, B. *Panorama de la Littérature Italienne Contemporaine*; Croce, B. *La Letteratura della Nuova Italia*, Vol. 3; Dormis, J. *Le Roman Italien Contemporain*; Gigli, L. *Il Romanzo Italiano da Manzoni a D'Annunzio*; Howells, W. D. Introduction to *The House by the Medlar-Tree*; Kennard, J. S. *Italian Romance Writers*, and *La Religieuse dans le Roman Italien*; Lawrence, D. H. Introduction to *Cavalleria Rusticana and Other Stories*; Levi, C. *Autori Drammatici Italiani*; Momigliano, A. *Giovanni Verga, Narratore*; Russo, L. *Giovanni Verga, and I Narratori*; Sava, E. *La Letteratura Italiana dal 1870 ad Oggi*; Stella, M. *I Nostri Romazzi*; Tonelli, L. *L'Opera di Giovanni Verga*; Vittorini, D. *The Modern Italian Novel*.

La Cultura 3:289 March 15, 1924; *Edinburgh Review* 241:301 April 1925; *Nosotros* 41:5 1922; *Nuova Antologia* 217:235 April 1, 1922; *Rivista d'Italia* 27:346 March 15, 1925; *Queen's Quarterly* 32:49 August 1924; *La Vie des Peuples* 6:513 March 10, 1922.

Émile Verhaeren 1855-1916

ÉMILE VERHAEREN, Belgian poet, was born in the village of Saint-Amand, near Antwerp, on May 21, 1855, of Flemish parents. His father, Gustave Verhaeren, was a retired cloth merchant who had made a modest fortune in Brussels. He had one sister. French was spoken at home; he never learned Flemish.

Verhaeren was brought up and educated in a religious atmosphere, intended by his parents for the priesthood. He attended the communal school in Saint-Amand, the Institute of Saint Louis in Brussels, and the College of Saint-Barbe at Ghent where he began to write verses in secrecy. He learned to speak Latin fluently.

After a dismal year as accountant in his uncle's oil factory, Verhaeren went in 1875 to the University of Louvain to

study for the bar. Literature, philosophy, and art were his true interests. His first rhymes appeared in the columns of *La Semaine*, and as an undergraduate he wrote "La Vachère," the earliest of the poems that compose *Les Flamandes*. As a member of the student Société Littéraire he made the friendship of Iwan Gilkin, the poet.

Completing five years of indifferent law study, Verhaeren went to Brussels and was admitted to the bar in 1881. He practiced little, and soon gave it up entirely to devote himself to journalism and literature. He wrote art criticism for the young reviews, *L'Art Moderne* and *La Jeune Belgique*, and helped found the *Société Nouvelle*, a review which published much of his work including the studies of Joseph Heymans and Fernand Khnopff which appeared later in book form. It was said that he was too much of an enthusiast to be an impartial critic.

One day Verhaeren burst in on Antoinette Lemonnier, the Belgian poet, whom he did not know, and read him a manuscript of verses. Lemonnier encouraged him to publish them, offering a few suggestions and Verhaeren's first book, *Les Flamandes*, made its appearance in 1883. It shocked his parents and was abused in the press, but received a measure of praise and was called the work of a poet with the soul of a painter. His next book of poems, *Les Moines*, was written after he had lived for three weeks in the monastery of Forges, near Chimay.

In these years Verhaeren lived a life of revelry among artists and writers in Brussels, defying social convention, and dodging creditors. Dressed in a vest of bright yellow silk, he went every Friday to the dinners given by Lemonnier, now a close friend.

About 1886 Verhaeren suffered a nervous breakdown, admittedly the result of his excesses, which left his stomach ruined and made every sensation painful. In this pathological condition, he had the doorbell removed from his house, required those who lived there to wear felt slippers instead of shoes, and had the windows closed to the noises of the street. For six years he traveled over

Western Europe in a state of melancholia bordering on madness. His impressions of Spain were translated into Spanish and illustrated by his friend Dario de Regoyos, the painter, and published in Barcelona in 1899 under the title *España Negra*. Much of the time he was in London.

Verhaeren gave a picture of himself in this condition in a trilogy, *Les Soirs*, *Les Débâcles*, and *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, which contained poetry that Arthur Symons said was "made directly out of the complaining voices of the nerves."

In 1892 Verhaeren was married and he found a new interest in social problems. After a tour of European industrial towns, he wrote *Les Campagnes Hallucinées*, *Les Villes Tentaculaires*, and *Les Villages Illusoires*.

Les Aubes, the first play by Verhaeren, was published in 1898 and was translated into English, Polish, and Russian. His best known play was *Le Cloître*, another four-act drama in verse and prose, first produced at the Théâtre du Parc in Brussels, and later in Paris at the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre. Subsequently it was staged many times in France, Belgium, and England.

Living quietly in France and Belgium, Verhaeren sought to conceive life's meaning. "Je ne vis plus que pour savoir et pour connaître," he said. The steps in the development of his philosophy over a period of fifteen years were recorded in a trilogy: *Les Heures Claires*, *Les Heures d'Après-Midi*, and *Les Heures du Soir*, the last dedicated to his wife.

An important work was *Toute la Flandre*, a series of five poetic volumes: *Les Tendresses Premières*, boyhood memories; *La Guirlandes des Dunes*, describing the Flemish coast; *Les Héros*, a gallery of portraits of the founders of the Flemish nation; *Les Villes à Pignons*, describing life in the small towns; and *Les Plaines*, the Flemish countryside.

Verhaeren's works were collected in 1914. He felt that his poems expressed his whole nature, and when asked to talk about himself, he would refer the questioner to his work, saying that he had already said everything. He was

often thought difficult to read, even by Frenchmen. He made experiments in symbolism and rhythm, disregarding rules of grammar and prosody. His favorite method of constructing a poem was by repeated motif: variations on a theme.

The fourth and last play by Verhaeren, *Hélène de Sparte*, a four-act tragedy in verse, was first published in Russia in 1908, then in Germany in 1909 (translated by his disciple Stefan Zweig) and not in France until 1912. It was performed at the Châtelet in Paris in 1912 and in Brussels in 1920.

Verhaeren lived in winter in a modest apartment on the heights of Saint-Cloud, within view of Paris, on the rue Montretout which has since been renamed the rue Émile Verhaeren. Avoiding the social life of Paris, he entertained friends at home, taking special interest in the younger generation. In the summer he and his wife retired to a small country house in the Belgian province of Hainault, just across the French border. He was happiest here, in the repose of the countryside.

Rising early, Verhaeren would attend to his correspondence, then write uninterruptedly until eleven. The rest of the day was usually given over to conversation and reading, and he retired at nine



EMILE VERHAEREN

in the evening, taking care to shut out all noises, even removing the nest of a nightingale whose song disturbed his sleep. His friends judiciously kept out of his way when he was at work. In conversation he was humorous, preferring the subjects of painting or poetry, and was a gay raconteur. With gestures, he would recite the verses he had written that day. He had a weakness for practical jokes, and had a passion for card-playing, at which he cheated with delight. He was superstitious. He read volumes of new poetry and prose submitted for his approval, and always found something praiseworthy in the most trivial work. By preference he read the French classics, liking the poetry of Corneille or Racine, and the criticism of Paul de Saint-Victor. He lived for his art alone, and sacrificed everything to it. He guarded his health as a duty to his work, and succeeded eventually in conquering his gastric illness on a diet of milk.

Verhaeren's unique appearance is described by P. Mansell Jones: "Broadly built, but meagre and under the middle height, he had, with his drooping shoulders, lean limbs and haggard features, almost the appearance of a broken man. His strong, tanned face was gnarled and furrowed like the bark of a tree: indeed there was sometimes a suggestion of the faun about him as he moved forward with his strange look of hallucination so quaintly accentuated by his jerky, rustic gait." He had dark, wild eyes, prominent cheekbones, an aquiline nose, and small feminine hands. His iron-grey hair was long, and he had huge brown moustaches. He wore pince-nez with attached ribbon.

When the World War broke out in 1914, Verhaeren went to England, and made a tour of the English universities, receiving some honorary degrees. He contributed to the English reviews. His concern over the fate of Belgium and her sufferings under the German invasion found expression in three volumes of essays and three books of verse, most of which were not published until after his death.

In February 1915 Verhaeren returned to France and remained the rest of his

life, giving lectures, tho he was failing in health. On November 27, 1916, after delivering an address in Rouen, he was killed in the Rouen railway station when he fell between the platform and the wheels of the train he was boarding. He was sixty-one years old.

He was given a state funeral by the municipality of Rouen, and was buried in Belgium in the cemetery of Adinkerke-la-Panne, within range of gunfire. Later his body was removed to the cemetery of Wulveringham. A Society of the Friends of Verhaeren was formed at Rouen. At a commemoration in London under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature, he was eulogized by Sir Edmund Gosse.

Émile Verhaeren's works:

POEMS: *Les Flamandes*, 1883; *Les Moines*, 1886; *Les Soirs*, 1887; *Les Débâcles*, 1888; *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, 1890; *Au Bord de la Route*, 1891; *Les Apparatus Dans mes Chemins*, 1891; *Les Campagnes Hallucinées*, 1893; *Les Villages Illusoires*, 1895; *Les Villes Tentaculaires*, 1895; *Les Heures Claires*, 1896; *Les Visages de la Vie*, 1899; *Petites Légendes*, 1900; *Les Petits Vieux*, 1901; *Les Forées Tumultueuses*, 1902; *Toute la Flandre, Les Tendresses Premières*, 1904; *Les Heures d'Après-Midi*, 1905; *La Multiple Splendeur*, 1906; *Images Japonaises*, 1906; *Toute la Flandre, La Guirlande des Dunes*, 1907; *Toute la Flandre, Les Héros*, 1908; *Les Visages de la Vie, Les Douze Mois*, 1908; *Toute la Flandre, Les Villes à Pignons*, 1909; *Les Rythmes Souveraines*, 1910; *Les Heures du Soir*, 1911; *Toute la Flandre, Les Plaines*, 1911; *Les Blés Mouvants*, 1912; *Les Ailes Rouges de la Guerre*, 1916; *Poèmes Légendaires de Flandre et de Brabant*, 1916; *Les Flammes Hautes*, 1917; *A la Vie qui s'Eloigne*, 1923.

PLAYS IN VERSE AND PROSE: *Les Aubes*, 1898; *Le Cloître*, 1900; *Philippe Deux*, 1901; *Hélène de Sparte*, 1912.

CRITICAL STUDIES: Joseph Heymans, 1885; *Quelques Mots sur l'Oeuvre de Fernand Khnopff*, 1886; *Rembrandt*, 1905; *James Ensor*, 1908; *Pierre-Paul Rubens*, 1910.

OTHER PROSE: *Les Contes de Minuit*, 1885; *Les Lettres Françaises en Belgique*, 1907; *Discours Prononcé à la Distribution Solennelle des Prix aux Elèves de l'Ecole Communale pour Filles*, 1914; *La Belgique Sanglante*, 1915; *Parmi les Cendres*, 1916; *Villes Meurtries de Belgique*, 1916; *Cinq Récits*, 1920; *Le Travailleur Étrange et Autres Récits*, 1921.

English translations of Émile Verhaeren's works:

The Dawn, 1898; *Poems by Émile Verhaeren*, (selected and translated by Alma Strettel) 1899; *Sunlit Hours*, 1916; *After-*

neon, 1917; An Aesthetic Interpretation of Belgium's Past (read before the British Academy by Paul Hymans) 1917; Five Tales, 1921.

About Émile Verhaeren:

Baudouin, C. *Psychoanalysis and Aesthetics*; Corelli, A. F. *Contribution of Verhaeren to Modern French Lyric Poetry*; Gosse, Sir E. W. *French Profiles*; Gourmont, R. de, *Book of Masks*; Huxley, A. L. *On the Margin*; Jones, P. M. *Émile Verhaeren*; Lowell, A. *Six French Poets*; Rosenfeld, P. *Men Seen*; Squire, J. C. *Books in General: Second Series*; Turquet-Milnes, Mrs. G. R. *Some Modern Belgian Writers*; Zweig, A. *Émile Verhaeren*.

Bookman 44:630 February 1917; *Living Age* 280:33 July 3, 1915; *Poetry* 9:256 February 1917.

Clara Viebig 1860-

CLARA VIEBIG COHN, German novelist, was born on July 17, 1860, at Trier. Her father, Ernst Viebig, was a civil servant of the city with the rank of a *Regierungsrat*. He had originally come to Trier from Posen. Since he was somewhat of a politician and well regarded by his fellow citizens, the Poseners had elected him mayor of the city in 1848 and also a deputy to the National Convention then meeting at Frankfurt. He did not return to Posen, however, because the people of Sigmaringen had called him to represent them at a later election. From Sigmaringen the Viebigs went to Trier and there Clara was born.

The first years of Clara's life were spent at Trier. Later on, when she had reached the age to enter school, the family moved to Düsseldorf. This happened about the year 1872. That same year, Clara tells us in an autobiographical note, she discovered Heine. "I read and read," she writes. "As a surge of warm living blood something took possession of me from the pages of the red-covered book; it went to my head, it fluttered my heart. . . I remember well my feeling when, that night, with the secretly possessed *Buch der Lieder* in my pocket, I ascended the stairs to my room. No maid could have felt more fluttered or more happy at the first interview with her lover, than I did that night with Heine."

Her first contact with world literature also dates from her school days. Not

far from their home in Trier, there lived a blind coal merchant, who was fond of literature. Clara began to read to him. They covered a wide range of reading, chief among the authors being Eugène Sue, Bulwer-Lytton, Balzac, Scott, and Victor Hugo. The Trier days were also memorable for Clara's first excursions to the Eifel region in the company of the master of her school. These impressions she later embodied in her novels of that region.

But Düsseldorf is the city where Clara first laid the foundations of her future career. She attended a girls' school there, began to write, and, above all else, came to know Heine's work. Düsseldorf was Heine's own city. He had lived there, had dreamed, had suffered, had written his songs. The Viebigs lived in the old Schwanemarkt, "a monotonous square, around which there were monotonous houses, each like the other . . . all of like height, all with three windows on the first story next to the door, and four above in the second story. . ." This monotony was broken by frequent trips to Posen. For both the Viebigs, father and mother, had originally come from this half-Polish, half-German town in the East.

In 1883 Clara's father died. Frau Viebig then decided to take her twenty-three year old daughter to the capital of the country. They moved to Berlin. Clara was fond of music. Berlin offered many opportunities in that direction. Of the many schools of music the Königl. Hochschule für Musik enjoyed an enviable reputation. Clara became a student at that institution. At the same time she began to devote herself more and more to writing. These literary efforts brought her in contact with the publishing world, especially with the House of Egon Fleischel and Co. It was there that she met Fritz Cohn, an official of the firm. They became friends and their friendship culminated, in 1896, in marriage. The following year Clara's first book appeared, *Die Kinder der Eifel*. The Cohns moved to Berlin-Zehlendorf, where they still reside. In due time the union was blessed with a son and, except for not unfrequent visits to the Rhineland and to Posen, the family pre-

fers to remain near Berlin, the center of German culture.

Clara Viebig is usually counted among the exponents of German *Heimatkunst*. But, unlike the other members of that group, she appears to be a native of three distinct localities. There is, first of all, the Eifel region, the bare, dark, and melancholy landscape, uneventful and harsh; then the wide even spaces of the Posen district with its melancholy Poles and hard-headed Germans; and finally Berlin itself, the modern metropolis apprehended in the fates of servant girls and poor high-minded but passion-torn female school teachers. The first of these localities appears in *Die Kinder der Eifel* and *Das Weiberdorf*, the latter a tragi-comic tale of women in the grip of the life-force which makes them protect a wretched example of the male sex from the hands of the police for no better reason than that he happens to be the only man left in their village. *Our Daily Bread* is a fair example of her treatment of city life. Here the heroine is a servant girl, and we are given a naturalistic picture of her half-conscious wanderings thru life. This portrayal of lower class life is Clara Viebig's proper sphere. In this she excels just as she fails when she attempts to deal with society on a somewhat more elevated plane.

"It was Zola," says Arthur Eloesser, "who first prompted her to attempt a broad treatment and handle large masses, and tho she was more than a mere disciple, she learnt more from him than any other German author has done." And Albert Soergel adds that "what Gerhart Hauptmann's works meant for the development of German naturalistic drama, the works of Clara Viebig meant for the development of the naturalistic novel. Only with this difference that, unlike Hauptmann's, her efforts did not reach beyond her own personal achievement. With a more and more conscious aim she has practiced what Gerhart Hauptmann merely indicated in his *Weyers*: the everlasting sameness of the mass-soul which we call the people, which in ever-changing surroundings, betrays an ever-changing aspect and undergoes an ever-changing fate. Thus her art becomes a mirroring of surface-values, of



CLARA VIEBIG

surface-values which announce the underlying soul, a soul-pervaded life." In this portrayal of the mass-soul she comes nearer to Zola than any German author.

Two of Clara Viebig's novels, one still awaiting translation, are of especial interest: *Die Wacht am Rhein* and *Das Schlafende Heer*. Because of them, some critics have called her "the Cassandra of Germany." The first, as the title indicates, is localized in the Rhineland; the second, in the Polish province of Posen. In both cases her psychological insight into the people and conditions made her perceive the future struggle, a struggle which took these provinces away from the German fatherland. It was not that Clara Viebig sympathized with these subversive aspirations of the natives; she was, in fact, profoundly apprehensive of them, but her clear-sightedness could not help sensing the coming struggle. The World War proved her right. The "sleeping army" of the ancient Polish knights of Lysia Gory awoke in 1918 and seized the province for the new Polish state.

The Daughters of Hecuba, 1917, gives a picture of the German woman in the vicissitudes of war, her hopes and despair at the senselessness of the slaughter. *The Golden Hills*, 1927, takes up the question of post-war reconstruction, both physical and mental, in the Moselle coun-

try; and finally *The Woman with a Thousand Children*, 1929, leads us to the cruel conditions of post-war Berlin, where a school teacher is confronted with the question of choosing between a profession which she loves and a marriage with a man whom she also loves but whose income is too small to assure her future.

The one persistent note in all of Clara Viebig's mature works is her compassion. This is why she does not succeed with characters that are spiritually vigorous, that can stand alone. And, knowing this, she returns again and again to the humble and the lowly. There is no sentimentality in her pictures. True to the model of Zola, she objectively describes what her heart cannot help feeling. Almost the only German novelist of a purely naturalistic persuasion, by her perseverance and sympathy she has attained to a preeminent place in contemporary letters. She is one of the great naturalists of the day.

A. B.

Principal works of Clara Viebig:

Kinder der Eifel, 1897; *Rheinlandstöchter*, 1897; *Es Lebe die Kunst*, 1899; *Das Weiberdorf*, 1900; *Das Tägliche Brot*, 1900; *Die Wacht am Rhein*, 1902; *Das Schlafende Heer*, 1903; *Einer Mitters Sohn*, 1906; *Ab-solve Te*, 1907; *Das Kreuz im Venn*, 1908; *Die vor den Toren*, 1910; *Heimat*, 1914; *Eine Handvoll Erde*, 1915; *Töchter der Hekuba*, 1917; *Das Rote Meer*, 1920; *Unter dem Freileichtsbaum*, 1922; *Menschen und Strassen*, 1923; *Der Finsame Mann*, 1924; *Die Passion*, 1925; *Französenzzeit*, 1925; *Die Goldene Berge*, 1927; *Charlotte von Weiss*, 1929; *Die Frau mit den Tausend Kindern*, 1929; *Menschen Unter Zwang*, 1932.

English translations of Clara Viebig:

Our Daily Bread, 1909; *Burning Love*, 1914; *The Daughters of Hecuba*, 1922; *The Sleeping Army*, 1929; *The Golden Hills*, 1930; *The Woman with a Thousand Children*, 1930.

About Clara Viebig:

Eloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*; Geissler, M. *Führer Durch die Deutsche Literatur des Zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts*; Soergel, A. *Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit*.

Literary Digest 50:57 January 9, 1915; *Revue d'Allemagne* 4:193 March 1930; *Saturday Review of Literature* 6:972 April 19, 1930; *Westermann's Monatshefte* 64:541 July 1920.

Alan J. Villiers 1903-

ALAN J. VILLIERS, British author of sea books, was born at Melbourne, Australia, in 1903. At an early age he went to sea as a cadet in a square-rigger, but the master died, the new master was mad, and he cleared out.

There followed a year or two before the masts of tall Cape Horners: barques, four-masted barques, ships—anything except steamers. But ship after ship was broken up, laid up, sold foreign. It was in the unsettled years after the War, when the outlook for all ships was bad, and, for sailing ships, particularly bad. In a Finnish four-masted barque—the "Lawhill"—a seventy-four-day passage from France to Australia ended with the tall ship's bowsprit overhanging a farmyard and the ship, herself cast up on a beach. Villiers suffered a heavy fall caused by the vibration of the masts when the vessel hit the beach and his sailing ship career was ended for a time. He "left the sea and went into steam."

Steam was dull even when a wool-laden freighter, bound from Australian ports to England, caught fire outside Colombo and got back to port just in time, her steel decks red hot and one of the holds a blazing inferno.

For five months in 1923-24 Villiers went whaling under the Norwegian flag with a 12,000-ton whaler under Captain Carl A. Larsen. The whaler put into New Zealand and Villiers went to Hobart, on the island of Tasmania, off the southern coast of Australia, and got a job as reporter on the *Mercury*, a local newspaper. He wrote a book about his voyage in the Antarctic, *Whaling in the Frozen South*, and published it in 1925 when he was twenty-two years old.

At the beginning of 1928 Villiers, now married, took leave of his newspaper, went to Australia and sailed on the Finnish four-masted barque "Herzogin Cecilie" as an able-bodied seaman in her race with the "Beatrice" around Cape Horn to Falmouth, England, for orders. He wrote the story of the voyage day by day during the three months at sea and after reaching England brought out the book, *Falmouth for Orders*.

Returning to Australia, Villiers worked on the *Mercury* again for a time,



ALAN J. VILLIERS

then in April 1929 shipped with a fellow-reporter, Ronald Walker, on the Finnish full-rigged ship, "Grace Harwar," bound for the English Channel round the Horn with wheat. The ship was "cursed." Walker was killed in the rigging on the way to Cape Horn; incessant gales mercilessly attacked the ship, causing her to leak; she was driven hundreds of miles from her course; one of her small crew was washed overboard while working the pumps; she was fifty-seven days to the Horn, rounding in the depth of winter; the second mate was driven out of his reason by the trials of the voyage; food supplies ran out. The ship did not reach Queenstown until September.

By *Way of Cape Horn*, published in 1930, was the story of that voyage. After the publication of the book the British Instructional Films became interested in motion pictures taken aboard by Villiers (who, tho a novice with the camera, took over the job when Walker was killed), and with dialogue by A. P. Herbert the British company built up a picture of the sea, incorporating the Villiers film. The picture, one third "real" and two-thirds "faked," as Villiers puts it, was released under the title *Windjammer*.

Villiers took a great many still photographs in the course of this trip as well as the previous one and he put 112 of

them into a picture book called *The Sea in Ships*, giving a complete story of a sailing ship's voyage around Cape Horn from Australia to England. Some of these photographs had appeared previously in his books of the two voyages. All his books are profusely illustrated with his own pictures.

Early in 1931 Villiers arrived in the United States at the invitation of the National Geographic Society of Washington, D.C., to show his film and tell about his trips around Cape Horn. Interest in him spread rapidly and there were so many demands for his appearance, mostly at private clubs, that his scheduled three weeks' stay was extended to three months.

Villiers published two books in 1931: *Vanished Fleets*, a maritime history of Tasmania during the spectacular days of the nineteenth century when the island was a great shipping center for sailing vessels; and *Sea Dogs of Today*, a collection of stories about seamen and sailing ships for older boys.

In partnership with Captain Reuben de Cloux, who had commanded the "Herzogin Cecilie," and of whom Villiers says, "I never hope to meet a better seaman," the young author bought a four-masted barque, the "Parma," for a comparatively small sum when she was ready to go on the scrap heap. It is a ship twice as big as the "Grace Harwar." In 1932, with his wife aboard, Villiers won the annual grain race from Australia to England—a distance of 18,000 miles—by a margin of five hours. During the voyage he wrote: "We had a very stormy run to the Horn and came near losing the ship down there. . . It was the worst storm I have ever seen. . . We are lucky to be alive."

The narrative of this voyage, *Grain Race*, appeared early in 1933, and in 1933 Villiers' "Parma" for the second successive year won the grain race, this time breaking all records with a passage of 83 days as compared to 104 days in 1932. After the race he came to the United States, bringing with him a manuscript of a new book for boys.

Villiers' ship is manned almost entirely by boy apprentices, the average age being about sixteen. "We charge the boys to

work for us," he explains, "carry scientists to study the flight of albatrosses and sea serpents, take women passengers, starve the crew, give Cape Horn a wide berth and in general have a darned good time." He himself acts as third mate and business manager and does, he says, "as little work as I can." He always comes ashore with a manuscript.

"No one," wrote Lincoln Colcord in *Books*, "loves a sailing ship better or writes of her more faithfully than Alan Villiers. The best years of his life have been spent on a ship's deck under sail, and the sentiment of it has bitten into him deeply. He has earned the right to speak of the sea by the ordeal of service and the sheer labor of hands."

Alan J. Villiers' works:

Whaling in the Frozen South, 1925; *The Wind Ship*, 1928; *Falmouth for Orders*, 1929; *By Way of Cape Horn*, 1930; *Vanished Fleets*, 1931; *Sea Dogs of Today*, 1931; *The Sea in Ships* (photographs) 1932; *Grain Race* (English title: *Voyage of the Parma*) 1933.

About Alan J. Villiers:

Villiers, A. J. *Falmouth for Orders* (see introduction by Frank C. Bowen).

Maurice Walsh 1879-

MAURICE WALSH, Irish novelist, was born at Ballydonohue, County Kerry, Ireland, on May 2, 1879, the son of John Walsh, a farmer and land-leaguer, and Elizabeth Buckley Walsh. He was educated in his native county at Ballybunnion, and at St. Michael's College in Listowel.

At the age of twenty-two, in 1901, Walsh entered the British civil service and settled in northern Scotland as customs and excise officer at Forres, a little town in the coastal county of Moray. In 1908 he was married to Caroline I. J. Begg, of Dufftown, in the adjoining county of Banff. They have three sons. He published his first book, *Eudmon Blake*, in 1909, but did not make his literary reputation until he wrote *The Key Above the Door* fourteen years later, having returned to Ireland.

He tells his own story of the genesis of this book:

"Early in the winter of 1922, I transferred my services to the Free State after



MAURICE WALSH

a lengthy sojourn in the peaceful Highlands. During all that winter I was practically alone in Dublin—my family was still in Scotland and I had not yet made friends in Dublin. I 'dugged' (foolishly enough) in the vicinity of a military barracks where nightly sniping was the usual and apparently harmless amusement of the opposing forces. There was a large elm tree at the back of our terrace which was the favorite perch of one particular sharp-shooter. We got rid of him by the following notice placarded on the trunk: 'Snipers will be prosecuted.' He had a sense of humor, that sniper.

"Anyhow, having acquired prudence during my long sojourn in a prudent land, I early decided that the safest place of an evening was in a good chair by a good fire at a nicely calculated angle from the window, but such a place while damn safe is damn unpleasant to a fellow used to outdoors—the real open outdoors of the North. And that is how *The Key Above the Door* came to be written. I tried to recapture the atmosphere of the Highlands and shut out the restlessness of Dublin."

The Key Above the Door was a love story narrated in the first person by one Tom King, a scholar-tramp, a character who, it has been pointed out, resembles Walsh himself in his outdoor enthusi-

asms. The book appeared in 1923, when Walsh was forty-four. Sir James M. Barrie wrote to him:

"Please let a fellow author tell you that he has been having some very happy hours over your book. I am thrilled that such a fine yarn should come out of the heather. I alighted on it by accident and without an anticipation of the treat that was in store."

A lapse of three years preceded the book's appearance in the United States. The reception by American critics was favorable, the *Saturday Review of Literature* commenting: "Altho to some children of our realistic age the novel may appear sugary in its romantic attitudes, the discerning reader will find much that is excellent and all too rare."

In 1926 Walsh published a second love story of Scotland, *While Rivers Run*. He dedicated the book to "Toshon who has red hair also." Ireland furnished the setting for the author's next romance in 1929, *The Small Dark Man*.

Sixteenth century Ireland in the throes of the struggle against Queen Elizabeth was the background of *Blackcock's Feather*, the novel that Walsh brought out in 1932. Will Cuppy said: "There's fighting galore and high-hearted doing hither and yon and plenty of Tudor conversation."

A 1,000-page omnibus volume containing the novels known as Walsh's "big three"—*The Key Above the Door*, *While Rivers Run*, and *The Small Dark Man*—was published in 1933 with the title *Romantic Adventures*.

"Mr. Walsh's style of romance," says L. A. G. Strong, "goes well with rapiers, fine fellows, and bold ventures in the winds." Other reviewers have found in him "an underlying gaiety of spirit, a facile wit, and an understanding of the love of adventure," and "something akin to the magic of Donn Byrne."

Walsh lives on the outskirts of Dublin. He writes novels in odd moments of freedom from his duties as officer of customs and excise in the Irish Free State, and publishes one regularly every three years. He is fond of fishing and hunting, pursuits which figure in all his books. Golf and gardening are his other recreations. He is a member of the P. E. N. and Hermitage Golf Clubs. In

1929-30 he served as president of Comaltas Cana.

In appearance, he is robust with the weatherbeaten countenance of a sportsman. He wears a clipped moustache.

Maurice Walsh's works:

Eudmon Blake, 1909; *The Key Above the Door*, 1923; *While Rivers Run*, 1926; *The Small Dark Man*, 1929; *Blackcock's Feather*, 1932; *Romantic Adventures* (collection of three novels) 1933.

Alec Waugh 1898-

ALEXANDER RABAN WAUGH, English author, was born in Hampstead on July 8, 1898. He is the son of Arthur Waugh, the author and publisher, chairman of the old London publishing house of Chapman and Hall, and brother of Evelyn Waugh, the novelist. He was educated at Sherborne and Sandhurst, winning renown in athletics and student letters. While yet in his 'teens he was gazetted to the Dorset Regiment as record lieutenant and served at the front from 1917 to 1918. In 1918 he was a prisoner of war. His adventures in a German prison camp were the inspiration of a semi-autobiographical volume, *The Prisoners of Mainz*, published in 1919.

This, was not however, his first book. While in training for the army he had written a novel of school-boy life, *The Loom of Youth*, which was published in 1917 while he was at the front and caused an immediate sensation by its frankness. It went into several editions and is still considered by his brother Evelyn the best of his books. Also, in 1918 when he was twenty he published a book of poems entitled *Resentment*.

In 1924, after several years of miscellaneous literary activities and travel, he was appointed literary advisor by Chapman and Hall, and for some years resided in London, in a flat in Chelsea, and was intimately connected with the world of letters, doing his own writing at a country inn over week-ends. Of recent years he has traveled almost constantly—his journeyings include four trips across the Pacific and more than he can recollect across the Atlantic—and has done most of his creative work on board. His usual



ALEC WAUGH

portions of the globe (several of his books are based on his travels) and he has been frequently in the United States, where he made a lecture tour in 1931.

Alec Waugh is both a prolific and a versatile writer. At the age of thirty-five, after sixteen years of writing, he had produced considerably more than a score of books, including novels, short stories, poems, works of travel, autobiography, and essays; besides a large number of magazine contributions. He belongs to the English "post-war school" of literature. He is an ardent sportsman and one of the most successful members of Sir J. C. Squires' famous "Invalids" cricket club.

Evelyn Waugh wrote of Alec Waugh in the *Bookman* in 1931: "You may meet him anywhere at any time and in any sort of company. Alec is in no kind of set. He has more friends and acquaintances than anyone I know, but none of them know each other. At most houses when you are invited to dine, you have some idea whom you will meet. At Alec's flat you may meet a Rajah or a best-selling novelist or an ultra-modern painter or a colonial governor or some one he met playing cricket in Burma or a man who lent him a tennis racquet in the club at Port Said. You may meet him standing in the

crowd at a baseball match or at a café on the Promenade des Anglais or at a first night in London or in a gambling den in Saigon. He will always be the same; short, sturdy, very smartly dressed, usually carrying some slightly incongruous burden, a parcel of provisions, a baize cricket bag, or a cinemacamera. He will greet you with the utmost amiability; establish connections with six of your friends and relations; stand you a cocktail and then—disappear.

"He is always 'just going'; his luggage is invariably packed. You will arrange to meet him at the station to see him off; but you will miss him. He will have taken an airplane or been offered a lift in a car or he will discover some new line of ship in which he has never traveled. You will meet him three years later at the other side of the globe and he will recognize you and continue the conversation imperturbably as tho he was unaware of the interruption."

In 1933 Waugh's publishers reported that he had forsworn travel, married, settled down in a cottage, and had abandoned cricket for golf, which he and his wife could play together.

Works of Alec Waugh:

The Loom of Youth, 1917; *Resentment*, 1918; *The Prisoners of Mainz*, 1919; *Pleasure*, 1921; *The Lonely Unicorn*, 1922; *Public School Life*, 1922; *Roland Whately*, 1922; *Myself When Young*, 1923; *Card Castle*, 1924; *Kept*, 1925; *On Doing What One Likes*, 1926; *Love in These Days*, 1926; *The Last Chukka*, 1928; *Nor Many Waters*, 1928; *Portrait of a Celibate*, 1929; *Three Score and Ten*, 1929; *The Coloured Countries* (American title: *Hot Countries*) 1930; *Sir! She Said*, 1930; *Most Women. . .*, 1931; *So Lovers Dream*, 1931; *That American Woman*, 1932; *Thirteen Such Years*, 1932; *Tropic Seed*, 1932; *No Quarter*, 1932; *The Golden Ripple*, 1933; *Leap Before You Look*, 1933; *Playing With Fire*, 1933; *Wheels Within Wheels*, 1933.

About Alec Waugh:

Waugh, Alec, *Myself When Young* and *Thirteen Such Years* (autobiographies); Waugh, Arthur, *One Man's Road*. *Bookman* 71:299 June 1930.

Mary Webb 1881-1927

MARY WEBB, English novelist and poet, was born Gladys Mary Meredith on March 25, 1881, at the village of Leighton in Shropshire, England. She

was the first child of George Edward Meredith, a scholar of Welsh descent, and Sarah Alice Scott. Her father prepared pupils for Sandhurst and the universities. When she was a year old the family moved to Much Wenlock, an old Shropshire town, where she lived for fourteen years.

At the age of six Mrs. Webb began to write verses in imitation of her father, who was an amateur poet; she also made paintings and sketches because he did. She liked to dress her five younger brothers and sisters in silks from her mother's wardrobe and compose verses for them to recite.

For four years after reaching the age of ten she was helped in her studies by Miss E. M. Lory, and at fourteen she attended Mrs. Walmsley's finishing school at Southport, Lancashire. When she was sixteen the family moved to Stanton-on-Hine Heath, north of Shrewsbury town. There she assumed the supervision of the studies of her younger brothers and sisters.

A serious illness, diagnosed as Graves' disease, overtook Mrs. Webb when she was twenty, and during the long convalescence which followed, she began to write essays and poems, under the influence mainly of Shakespeare and A. E. Housman.

At Meole Brace, a village near Shrewsbury, whither the family removed, she completed her first literary product, a volume of twelve nature studies called *The Spring of Joy*. The essays were modeled after Richard Jefferies and Fiona McLeod. She tried unsuccessfully to find a publisher for the manuscript in 1911 and laid it aside.

In 1912, when she was thirty-one, Mrs. Webb was married in the Meole Brace Parish Church to Henry Bertram Lav Webb, a schoolmaster. He was a native of Shropshire, a Cambridge graduate, and a nephew of Captain Matthew Webb, who swam the English channel in 1875. For two years they lived at Weston-super-Mare, a seaside resort on the coast of Somerset, where Webb pursued his studies. They were, he said, "two people who felt at home in old clothes, corduroys, or, in Mary's case, a faded sun-bonnet." In 1914 they returned to Shrop-

shire and made their home in the village of Pontesbury.

One day in the spring of 1915 when it was too wet to work in the garden Mrs. Webb sat down and began to write a novel from notes she had made in Somerset. So swiftly did she write that she completed the manuscript of some one hundred thousand words in three weeks. *The Golden Arrow*, a novel of disillusionment and tragedy in love, was published in 1916, when the author was thirty-five, beginning a literary career which lasted only eleven years.

To supplement the small annual allowance from her widowed mother, which was the chief income of herself and her husband, Mrs. Webb made daily trips to Shrewsbury, nine miles away, and offered flowers and fruit from her garden for sale in the marketplace. She priced roses at a halfpenny a bunch. Her husband said, "altho I don't think she earned more than five shillings before she set out in the evening on the nine miles' walk home she was never dissatisfied. Indeed she came back looking much brighter; she felt she had done something beautiful."

Mrs. Webb's marketing venture ended when her husband secured a schoolmaster's post at Chester and they moved to a farmhouse a mile out of Pontesbury. She wrote her second novel, *Gone to Earth*, at great speed during weekends at the farmhouse in the summer of 1916. After revisions, it was published the next year.

In September 1916, her husband having been appointed to the Priory School near Shrewsbury, Mrs. Webb went to live at Lyth Hill, where they eventually built "Spring Cottage," a bungalow of two rooms and scullery designed by herself. She revised *The Spring of Joy* and found a publisher for it in 1917. She spent nearly three years writing her third novel, *The House in Dormer Forest*, which, when published in 1920, was compared to Hardy's *The Return of the Native* because no living character appears on the scene until the second chapter.

After January 1921, when her husband took a teaching position in London, Mrs. Webb divided her time between her



MARY WEBB

bungalow at Shrewsbury and a cottage in Hampstead, London. She contributed book reviews and short stories to the London periodicals and went to literary gatherings. Of the writers she met, she was particularly interested in Walter De La Mare. She published *Seven for a Secret* in 1922, dedicating the novel to Thomas Hardy, whom she never met.

Mrs. Webb worked two years on her last novel, *Precious Bane*, which is called her most important work. It is a tragedy of the soil, narrated in first-person Shropshire dialect. The book was awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize for 1924-25 and it had several editions, whereas none of her earlier novels had sold much more than a thousand copies. But the author remained comparatively unknown, and critics, with the exception of Edwin Pugh, were seldom loud in their praise.

"Mary Webb," said Pugh, "has a style of exquisite beauty which yet has both force and restraint, simplicity, and subtlety. She has fancy and wit, delicious humor, and pathos of the finest and most delicate, almost subliminal gifts of characterization and visualization. . ."

Her dominant theme was the struggle between the flesh and the spirit. As Thomas Moulton says, "She was obsessed with the battle of good and evil." Her

usual scene was the Shropshire countryside, the only place where she herself was ever happy.

A lover of nature, Mrs. Webb would rather eat her meals on the grass than at the dining room table, but she hated hunting. She did all her own household work and had no regular hours for writing. She wrote spasmodically and, in her last years, was so dependent upon moods that sometimes she did not write for weeks at a time.

St. John Adcock described Mrs. Webb as "a small, fragile person, with large, anxious eyes. Her manner fluctuated between shyness and a sort of hesitant self-confidence; she was very highly-strung, worried terribly about trifles, and so sensitive that she was often deeply wounded by wholly imaginary slights. . ."

A friend said: "There was something unearthly about her. She seemed to float like a ghost thru the air. . . She was a child, with all a child's shattering shrewdness, outspokenness, insight, vision, and wisdom. She would talk gravely, frankly, innocently, on matters which (in the phrase) are never mentioned. She was unaffectedly, sincerely unconventional. . . She talked well, but not much. She seemed to prefer to listen. She was so modest, retiring, so unsure of herself that she seemed half afraid to express herself freely. . ." Her generosity with beggars sometimes left her without enough money for her own necessities.

After the death of her mother in 1925, Mrs. Webb suffered a nervous breakdown, followed by fits of depression. She spent the last two and one half years of her life working spasmodically on a novel of the Welsh marshes after the Norman Conquest, *Armour Wherein He Trusted*, but never finished it. Her final piece of writing, done at Shrewsbury in the summer of 1927, was a review of a novel by Edith Wharton.

She went to London in September 1927, where her delicate condition was aggravated by a fall at her Hampstead cottage. Advised to go away for her health, she went to see her lifelong friend, Miss E. M. Lory, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, where she had to be carried from the train directly to a nursing home.

She died there of pernicious anemia and Graves' disease on October 8, 1927, at the age of forty-six. She was buried in the cemetery of Meole Brace Parish Church, near Shrewsbury. Her death had scant notice in the press.

It was not until seven months later that she became suddenly famous. On April 25, 1928, Stanley Baldwin, prime minister of England, who had been an admirer of her work, expressed surprise, in a speech at the Royal Literary Fund annual dinner, that Mrs. Webb should have been so neglected and so little read. Immediately the critics began to praise her work and readers clamored for her books, which were out of print except for *The Golden Arrow* and *Precious Bane*. Her works, reissued, became best sellers.

In 1929 Mrs. Webb's unfinished novel, *Armour Wherein He Trusted*, was published with several stories, and her poems were collected for the first time. The latter had appeared in periodicals and the anthologies of Walter De La Mare and St. John Adcock.

Mary Webb's works:

NOVELS: *The Golden Arrow*, 1916; *Gone to Earth*, 1917; *The House in Dormer Forest*, 1920; *Seven for a Secret*, 1922; *Precious Bane*, 1924.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Spring of Joy* (essays) 1917; *Armour Wherein He Trusted* (unfinished novel and stories) 1929; *Poems and The Spring of Joy*, 1929.

About Mary Webb:

Adcock, A. St. J. *The Glory That Was Grub Street*; Addison, H. *Mary Webb*; Chapell, W. R. *The Shropshire of Mary Webb*; Collins, J. *Taking the Literary Pulse*; Moul, T. *Mary Webb*; see also introductions to her posthumous works and reprints.

Bookman (London) 74:193 July 1928; 75:269 February 1929; *Contemporary Review* 143:455 April 1933; *Edinburgh Review* 249: 315 April 1929.

Frank Wedekind 1864-1918

FRANK WEDEKIND, German dramatist and poet, was born on July 24, 1864, in Hanover, Germany. His father was a doctor and adventurer, who for ten years served the Sultan of Turkey. In San Francisco, where he practiced for fifteen years, he married an actress. She was the daughter of Heinrich Kam-

merer, a Hungarian mousetrap seller, the manager of a chemical factory in Wurtemberg, member of the ill-fated Parliament of 1848, and political prisoner at the Hohenasperg. It is there that Kammerer is said to have invented phosphor matches. He was a character much like one of Wedekind's creations.

In 1864 Frank Wedekind's parents returned from the United States. Six years later they bought castle Lenzburg in the Swiss canton of Aargau where Frank spent the early years of his life. Frank was one of six children. He had an older brother Donald, a melancholy neurotic who committed suicide. Frank's own life, on the other hand, was rather uneventful at first. He went to the gymnasium at Aargau and in 1883, against his will, entered the faculty of law at the University of Zurich. It is while at the university that Frank first came to know the leaders of the German modernist movement, Karl Henckell, Gerhart Hauptmann, and the anarchist poet, Mackay. The latter led him to a study of Nietzsche, Stirner, and Strindberg.

Wearied of study, he began to write for the Zurich papers. Next he accepted the position of advertising manager for the newly established soup condensing factory of Maggi at Kempthal. In 1888 his father died and Wedekind, to earn a living, joined a circus as secretary. Later on he became private secretary to the painters Rodionoff and Willy Grétor with whom he traveled in France and England, and from whom he learned much about "the subtler dodges of art-dealers." His first play, *Die Junge Welt*, was aimed at Hauptmann who is said to have introduced in an unfavorable light the Wedekind family in his play *Das Friedensfest*. Hauptmann is referred to in the play as the poet Meier who is able to do nothing but portray life realistically and that from the wrong angle.

Wedekind was also one of the first to appreciate the modernism of the eighteenth century dramatist Georg Büchner, whose *Wozzek* appears to be responsible for the undercurrent of lyricism in *The Awakening of Spring*.

Of Wedekind's personal appearance and idiosyncrasies Arthur Eloesser re-

ports that he was somewhat lame on one foot, that he delighted to recite *Schaerballaden* of betrayed maidens and murdered aunts at the Elf Scharfrichter, a Munich cabaret, accompanying himself on the guitar, and that "he spoke as he wrote, in a dictatorial and over-emphatic tone, with enormous impressiveness and a fatal monotony, absolutely lacking in light and shade. His eye was commanding, his profile heavy, and his face like nobody else's, for it might equally well have been that of an ascetic or a melancholy clown."

While in London in the capacity of secretary to one of his artist friends, Wedekind had the opportunity of meeting the German poet Dauthendey who introduced him to symbolism. Returning to Switzerland, he spent the winter of 1895-96 as public reader of selections of Ibsen under the name of Cornelius Mine-Haha. The following year he joined the staff of the newly established Munich journal *Simplicissimus* in the capacity of political editor. When, some years later, this journal was brought to trial for *lèse majesté*, Wedekind was condemned to imprisonment in the fortress Königsstein. There he wrote his utopian *Mine-Haha*, a forecast of the future education of women.

The imprisonment took place in the



FRANK WEDEKIND

last year of the century. Before then, Wedekind served as actor and producer at the Leipzig Ibsen-Theater and the Schauspiellhaus at Munich. "As an actor," writes S. A. Eliot in his introduction to the *Tragedies of Sex*, Wedekind "was a paradox: more natural than Naturalistic, but more Expressionistic than expressive. . . His face expressed by turns his fluctuant, opposing sides, Jesuit and ironic actor, tragedy and vice, now gay, sharp-eyed, superior,—suddenly warm and deep." From time to time Wedekind, as was stated above, composed his gay and witty *Schaerballaden* or *Bretlieders*, rhymes and music, which he delivered in various Bohemian restaurants in Munich and elsewhere. While all this was going on, he had begun to write plays. *The Awakening of Spring* belongs to this period, as do *Erdgeist* and several others. These he produced in various parts of Germany, himself acting for the most part in the leading rôles.

Wedekind was married in 1908 and lived, after that, for the most part at Munich. When Max Reinhardt became director of the Berlin Neues Theater, he invited Wedekind every summer to give performances at the German capital. These performances were continued, with more or less success, up to the eve of the World War. And it is curious to note that an American ambassador took the fact as yet another indication of the low morality of the German public in a book intended to prove the perniciousness of German *Kultur*. The years of war, if anything, sharpened even more the already over-emphasized pessimism of Wedekind. Not long before the final débacle Wedekind began to fail in health. He died after an operation on March 9, 1918, at the age of fifty-three.

For Wedekind, life is "brutal and bad, and that which affords joy inflicts pain in larger measure. Men and women are pitiful creatures, the slaves of instinct, and the business of art is to show them convulsed by desire and battling one with another." This is the keynote of all his plays. It is apparent in *The Awakening of Spring*, one of his earliest plays, and continues to be the leading idea to the last. As a character in the

Box of Pandora observes: "Only children have reason; men are animals. Has anyone ever been happy thru love? The best fortune is to sleep more soundly than others, and to forget."

The Awakening of Spring is called a "children's tragedy," and this it undoubtedly is. For many years it was passed over by critics and public alike; but in 1906 it created a terrible furore. Berlin went wild over it. It was pronounced immoral and a disgrace to German youth, altho its moral intent was to show the gruesome results of a system of education which required one to know a good deal about the Ganges, the savages of Africa, and Charles the Bald, but completely disregarded the more vital problems of sex. As one of the boys remarks, "We go to school that we may be examined. And why do they examine us? That we may fail, since the upper class-room holds only sixty." It is a tragedy of ignorance in sex matters and the blind prudery of parents. The result is crime and death. The duel of the sexes is the recurrent theme of all of Wedekind's plays.

Wedekind is called a naturalist, but his naturalism was "brightened by an imagination as vivid as that of Strindberg." His characters are all great lovers, but their love is so near to hate that that there is nothing romantic about them. They are puppets of passion in the most terrible sense of the word. Of constancy, of loyalty to past sensations they know nothing. A. N.

The principal works of Frank Wedekind:

DRAMA: *Frühlings Erwachen*, 1891; *Erdgeist*, 1895; *Der Kammersinger*, 1900; *Marquis von Keith*, 1900; *Mine-Haha*, 1901; *Die Büchse der Pandora*, 1902; *So Ist das Leben*, 1902; *Hidalla*, 1904; *Totentanz*, 1906; *Musik*, 1907; *Die Cenzur*, 1908; *Oaha*, 1908; *Der Stein der Weisen*, 1909; *Die Wetterstein Trilogie*, 1910; *Franziska*, 1912; *Bismarck*, 1914; *Simson*, 1914; *Herakles*, 1917.

POETRY AND SHORT STORIES: *Der Hånsken*, 1896; *Die Fürstin Russalka*, 1897; *Die Vier Jahreszeiten*, 1905; *Feuerwerk*.

English translations of Frank Wedekind:

DRAMA: *The Awakening of Spring*, 1909, 1916; *Earth-Spirit*, 1915; *The Tenor*, 1920; *The Marquis of Keith*, 1924; *The Box of Pandora*, 1913; *Such Is Life*, 1912; *The Dance of Death (Damnation)* 1913.

SHORT STORIES: *The Grizzly Suitor*, 1911; *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, 1911; *The Victim*, 1911; *Princess Russalka*, 1919.

About Frank Wedekind:

Chandler, F. W. *Modern Continental Playwrights*; Eloesser, A. *Modern German Literature*; Friedenthal, J. *Das Wedekindbuch*; Huneker, J. G. *Ivory Apes and Peacocks*; Kutseher, A. *Frank Wedekind*; Samuel, H. B. *Modernities*.

Drama 15:133 March 1925; *Freeman* 8:114 October 10, 1923; *New Statesman and Nation* 1:220 April 4, 1931.

Stanley J. Weyman 1855-1928

STANLEY JOHN WEYMAN, English historical novelist, was born at Ludlow in Shropshire, England, on August 7, 1855, the second son of Thomas Weyman, a solicitor. As a child he read *Little Arthur's History of England* and *Jane Eyre*, and when he was eleven his father gave him sixpence a volume to read Macaulay's *History*.

He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a second in modern history. At Oxford he wrote his first published work, a sketch of college life called "My Scouts," which appeared in *Chambers' Journal*.

Called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1881, Weyman joined the Oxford circuit and practiced as a barrister for eight years. His first case, a losing one, was in defense of Charles Dickens, the son of the novelist. In slack times, while waiting for briefs, he wrote short stories for the *Cornhill Magazine*. Beginning with "The Deanery Ball" in 1883, he contributed a dozen stories in ten years, mainly episodes in English life. He gave up the law in 1890.

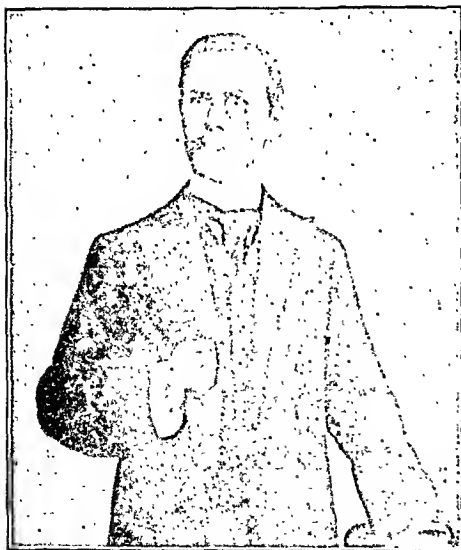
On the advice of James Payn, editor of the *Cornhill*, who told him he could not make a living out of short stories, Weyman wrote an historical novel, *The House of the Wolf*, which was published in 1890 after being rejected by six or seven publishers. A novel of the period of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, it was the beginning of Weyman's reputation as a writer of French historical romance.

Each year but one for the next eighteen years Weyman published a novel. He traveled in the Béarn country in the

south of France before writing *A Gentleman of France*, which was published in 1893. The book won the applause of Robert Louis Stevenson who called it "a real chivalrous yarn, like the Dumas', and yet unlike."

Under the Red Robe, a novel of the time of Richelieu, had great popularity in 1894. Weyman said it "was written in a happy mood in response to a request for a short serial which an editor needed for early publication. The plot was sketched in my mind, and the leading characters outlined within an hour of the receipt of the letter; the story itself was written in a little more than three months, spent, for the most part, on board a house-boat in the quieter reaches of the Upper Thames. . ." His chief source book for these novels was Sully's *Mémoires*.

In 1896 Weyman turned to eighteenth century England as the background for a series of novels. *Shrewsbury*, he said, "owed its origin to an admiration of the character of William the Third, with which Macaulay had early inoculated me. . ." It was his least successful novel, he thought. He got the plot for *The Castle Inn* and *Sophia* from Horace Walpole's letters. In 1901 he returned to French history with *Count Hannibal*, a courtly romance.



STANLEY J. WEYMAN

With the publication of *The Wild Geese* in 1908, Weyman announced that he would never write another book. "I have told all the tales I have to tell," he said, "and I should not care to go on writing till the critics began to hint that I was repeating myself. I consider I have been very fortunate; critics, publishers, and the public have treated me very well, and I am not going to presume upon it. I have had a long run and would far sooner quit the stage now, whilst I am still playing to a full house, than go on and tire the audience and ring the curtain down at last on half empty benches."

He kept his resolution for eleven years, turning his attention to practical affairs in the town of Ruthin in northern Wales, where he made his home. He continued his historical research, however.

In 1919, when he was sixty-four, Weyman broke his silence by publishing *The Great House*, a novel of the 1840's in England during Sir Robert Peel's ministry and the free trade movement. Before he died he wrote four more novels, all dealing with the conflict between the land-owning class and the rising commercial class in England. Critics said that Weyman showed a new power of characterization and style in this second phase, but his reputation continued to rest mainly on the early romances dealing with French history.

Critical opinion of Weyman is epitomized in Grace Chapman's words: "He was not a distinguished, or even a particularly good, writer: his work is often marred by sentimentality and purple patchery. He could seldom create a character: he tended rather to portray typical lay figures, with different names and dresses to suit their varying environments. Rarely could he describe a scene impressively. . . But he could and did construct elaborate plots, and spin yarns of the most amazing and crowded adventures. He filled his books with almost impossible situations, hairbreadth escapes, devoted and modest, or off-hand and arrogant heroes, ungrateful and shrewish, or self-effacing and noble, heroines, faithful servants, decayed noblemen, bustling innkeepers, and roistering troopers. . ."

It was said that Weyman was unsurpassed in the creation of suspense or in the swashbuckling bravado of gentlemen on romantic missions for lady or for king. He was praised for his mob-scenes. Many of his novels were told in the first person. *The House of Wolf* is related by a boy, the eldest of three Huguenot brothers. A countess' steward narrates *My Lady Rotha*, which deals with Germany during the Thirty Years' War.

Twenty-three novels were written by Weyman, nearly all of them based on French or English history. He collected his short stories in book form from time to time. Eight serials and twenty other contributions appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* alone. He was an admirer of Trollope. To him, romancers were writers "who never grew up."

Weyman was a modest man who listened to the advice of editors and critics, and always perceived the faults in his work. He was round-cheeked, with a high forehead and a heavy drooping moustache. He was a member of the Athenaeum Club, and his recreations were riding and cycling. His wife was Charlotte Panting, daughter of Rev. Richard Panting, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. Hugh Scott, who wrote novels under the name of Henry Seton Merriman, was one of his best friends.

He died on April 10, 1928, at the age of seventy-two. His last novel, *The Lively Peggy*, was published a few months later, and in 1929 his works were collected chronologically in twenty-three volumes. In 1933 three of Weyman's best known novels of French history, *Under the Red Robe*, *Count Hannibal*, and *A Gentleman of France*, were brought together under the title *Historical Romances*.

Stanley J. Weyman's works:

NOVELS: *The House of the Wolf*, 1890; *The New Rector*, 1891; *The Story of Francis Cludde*, 1891; *A Gentleman of France*, 1893; *Under the Red Robe*, 1894; *My Lady Rotha*, 1894; *The Man in Black*, 1894; *The Red Cockade*, 1895; *Shrewsbury*, 1897; *The Castle Inn*, 1898; *Sophia*, 1900; *Count Hannibal*, 1901; *The Long Night*, 1903; *The Abbess of Vlaye*, 1904; *Starvecrow Farm*, 1905; *Chippinge*, 1906; *The Wild Geese*, 1908; *The Great House*, 1919; *Ovington's Bank*, 1922;

The Traveller in the Fur Cloak, 1924; *Queen's Folly*, 1925; *The Lively Peggy*, 1928; *Works* (twenty-three volumes) 1929; *Historical Romances* (collection of three novels) 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *Memoirs of a Minister of France*, 1895; *A Little Wizard*, 1895; *The Snowball*, 1895; *For the Cause*, 1897; *In King's Byways*, 1902; *Laid Up in Lavender*, 1907.

About Stanley J. Weyman:

Bookman 76:161 February 1933; *Bookman* (London) 74:121 May 1928; *Cornhill Magazine* 64:752 June 1928; *Fortnightly Review* 132:106 July 1929; *London Mercury* 27:530 April 1933; *Saturday Review* 145:554 May 5, 1928.

Stewart Edward White 1873-

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, American adventure writer and historical novelist, was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on March 12, 1873. His parents were T. Stewart White and Mary E. Daniell White. The first eight years of his life were spent in a small mill town in Michigan, where his father was in the lumber business. He passed a great deal of time in the lumber camps and on the river with the loggers. His boyhood reading, he says, consisted mainly of historical romances, followed later by a plunge into "the Emerson type of philosophy."

Between the ages of eleven and fifteen he lived in California, where he became familiar with ranch life and rode and hunted.

Until he was sixteen, White's education consisted of informal study at home or of travel with tutors. Then, in 1889, he entered the junior class of high school in Grand Rapids and finished two years later, president of his class. He set a school record for the five-mile run. During these days he spent most of his time in the woods, studying bird life, and he wrote a series of articles on "The Birds of Mackinac Island" which was printed in pamphlet form by the Ornithologists Union. He made a collection of six or seven hundred animal skins which was acquired by the Kent Scientific Museum in Grand Rapids.

The summers of his years at the University of Michigan were spent cruising on the Great Lakes in a twenty-eight-foot cutter sloop. Upon graduation from Michigan in 1893 he worked for six months in a packing house, then fol-

lowed the gold rush to the Black Hills of South Dakota and came home "broke."

In 1896-97 he studied at the Columbia Law School in New York. He also took a short story writing course under Brander Matthews and wrote "A Man and His Dog" which he sold to a magazine, *Short Stories*, for fifteen dollars. Further stories were sold to *Lippincott's* and to the *Argonaut*. "But I did not get rich at it," he says. "Thirty-five dollars was the high water mark."

His Black Hills experience furnished the material for White's first two novels, *The Westerners* and *The Claim Jumpers*, which were published in 1901, when he was twenty-eight. *The Westerners* appeared first in *Munsey's Magazine*, bringing him five hundred dollars.

After a brief employment with a Chicago bookseller at nine dollars a week, White went to the Hudson Bay country for a time. In the winter of 1902, while working in a lumber camp in the Michigan north woods, he wrote *The Blazed Trail*, the book that brought him fame. Because his cabin mates objected to his sitting up at night, he got up every morning at four o'clock and worked at the manuscript until eight, before putting on snowshoes for the day's work.

White went back to the University of Michigan and received an A.M. degree in 1903. He was married on April 28, 1904, to Elizabeth Grant, of Newport, Rhode Island. Together they traveled and camped and hunted all over the West, most of the time in Wyoming, Arizona, and California. In 1906 White wrote *The Pass*, an account of their experience in the high Sierras. The year 1910 found him again in the high Sierras where he wrote his book *The Cabin*.

Making his first expedition to Africa in 1911, White wrote accounts of his adventures in *The Land of Footprints* and *African Camp Fires*. Thereafter many of his novels and short stories had African settings.

A historical novel of the California of the forty-niners, *Gold*, which appeared in 1913, began a California trilogy completed with the publication of *The Gray Dawn* in 1915 and *The Rose Dawn* in 1920. These three novels were gathered

together in 1927 under the title of *The Story of California*. During the World War, White was a major in the 14th Field Artillery.

The 1925 novels, *Skoookum Chuck* and *Secret Harbour*, were written aboard White's yacht, while cruising between British Columbia and Alaska. He usually worked at them in the cabin during the morning hours, then fished or cruised in the afternoon.

Lions in the Path, an account of his second visit to Africa, was mostly written in a grass hut in Central Africa in 1926, while White was recovering from injuries inflicted upon him by a leopard. His right arm was in a sling, tightly bandaged, but he held the pencil between his fourth and little fingers.

Each of his books, says White, expresses a different part of the life he himself has lived. And he doesn't go places for the purpose of gathering material. He goes because "once in so often the wheels get rusty and I have to get up and do something or else blow up." His way of life, he explains, is to work at home a while, "then depart for almost anywhere."

When White's books do not follow an actual experience of his own, they are written after long "bouts of research," usually in the libraries at Stanford, at



STEWART EDWARD WHITE

the University of California, or at Sacramento. He spent a year digging up the facts for the background of *The Long Rifle*, a lengthy historical novel of the adventures of Andy Burnett, grandson of Daniel Boone's friend Gail Burnett, collecting eighteen inches of notes which were reduced to three inches of manuscript. *Ranchero*, published in 1933, was a sequel to it.

"I do most of my writing," White told C. C. Baldwin, "away from my desk. When I sit down I know pretty well what I want to put down and it is a mere matter of transcription. Therefore, I generally work at the desk only in the mornings. The afternoons I put in on miscellaneous pursuits. I do not, as a usual thing, do much revision or rewriting on this account."

He is a voluminous writer, averaging more than a book a year. He thinks *The Silent Places* is his "most coherent single piece of work" and he likes "The Rawhide" in his *Arizona Nights* "as an example of my best narrative in compressed form." He is constantly being accused of portraying real life people. "The funny part of it is," he says, "I never have drawn a character from life unless he is taken from the pages of history, and therefore a public character."

White is a slender man with eyeglasses who looks more like a doctor than a novelist. Of medium height, he has a ruddy face, mildly weathered, with sharp blue eyes, a reddish moustache, and square hands. He looks younger than his age, which, in 1933, was sixty. Most of the time he is smoking a pipe. He is noted for his prowess with the rifle. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Boys come in droves to his home in Burlingame, California, to see his trophy room. Heads of an elephant, a rhinoceros, and a hippopotamus are trophies of African hunts, along with lions and tigers. The chairs and sofas are covered with brown antelope skins. African hunting spears, Alaskan wood carvings, and a miscellany fill in the spaces between the mounted animals. Against

one wall is a rack of rifles, while a low cabinet holds a number of pistols.

Stewart Edward White's works:

NOVELS: *The Westerners*, 1901; *The Claim Jumpers*, 1901; *The Blazed Trail*, 1902; *Conjuror's House*, 1903; *The Silent Places*, 1904; *The Mystery* (with Samuel Hopkins Adams), 1907; *The Riverman*, 1908; *The Rules of the Game*, 1909; *The Adventures of Bobby Orde*, 1911; *The Sign at Six*, 1912; *Gold*, 1913; *The Gray Dawn*, 1915; *The Leopard Woman*, 1916; *The Rose Dawn*, 1920; *On Tiptoe*, 1922; *The Glory Hole*, 1924; *Skookum Chuk*, 1925; *Secret Harbour*, 1925; *Back of Beyond*, 1927; *The Story of California* (collection of three previous novels) 1927; *The Long Rifle*, 1932; *Ranchero*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *The Magic Forest*, 1903; *Blazed Trail Stories*, 1903; *Arizona Nights*, 1907; *Simba*, 1918; *The Killer*, 1920.

TRAVEL: *The Forest*, 1903; *The Mountains*, 1904; *The Pass*, 1906; *Camp and Trail*, 1907; *The Cabin*, 1910; *The Land of Footprints*, 1912; *African Camp Fires*, 1913; *The Rediscovered Country*, 1915; *Lions in the Path*, 1926.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Forty Niners* (history) 1918; *Daniel Boone* (biography) 1922; *Credo* (philosophy) 1925; *Why Be a Mud-turtle?* (essays) 1928; *Dog Days* (autobiography) 1930; *The Shepper-Newfounder*, 1931; *Daniel Boone*, 1933.

About Stewart Edward White:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Overton, G. *Authors of the Day*; White, S. E. *Gold* (see appendix by Eugene F. Saxton).

Bookman 69:588 August 1929; *Overland* 68:74 July 1916; *Philadelphia Public Ledger* May 20, 1922.

William Allen White 1868-

Autobiographical sketch of William Allen White, American editor and author:

I WAS born in Emporia, Kansas, February 10, 1868. My parents were Allen White and Mary Ann Hatton White. My father's people came out of Massachusetts thru Ohio. They had lived in Massachusetts since 1639. My mother was the first child of Irish immigrants who came to America a few months before she was born.

I was graduated from the El Dorado High School in 1884, went to the College of Emporia, came back to El Dorado, learned the printing trade, went to the State University of Kansas from 1886 to 1890, was never graduated, got

a job with the *El Dorado Republican* at eighteen dollars a month and quit college. I was first a printer, then a circulation manager, then a reporter, then an advertising hustler, then manager of the weekly *El Dorado Republican*, hiring and firing the men, getting out the locals, writing the editorial while the boss was engaged in the state senate, being a statesman. Later I became the editorial writer on the *Kansas City Journal* and Topeka correspondent of that paper and in the early autumn of 1892 went to the *Star* as editorial writer. While there, in 1893, I was married to Sallie Lindsay, a Kansas City, Kansas, school teacher. We came to Emporia and bought the *Gazette* in 1895. In 1896, I published a book of short stories, called *The Real Issue*, and began a career as editor and writer, publishing a book every two or three years after it had run thru the magazines. The money I made from these magazine stories which later were collected in books and brought in book royalties, made it easy to pay for the *Gazette* and gave me capital to put the *Gazette* upon a good paying basis.

By the publication of an editorial entitled "What's the Matter with Kansas," directed at the fallacies of Populism, the *Gazette's* reputation became national. The editorial was used more extensively in the campaign of 1896 than any other pamphlet, and Mark Hanna took me to a high mountain and offered me my choice of any profitable office under the incoming McKinley administration. I refused to consider any office. He wrote me a letter of introduction to McKinley which I have framed in my office in which he says: "This young man wants no office." After that I became interested in politics and took a hand in state matters. Roosevelt came to the White House. I had known him for years. We were friends. I joined his political forces, ceasing being a conservative, became a progressive and was proud to be one of his supporters until he died. That shaped my political career, gave color to my writings, and formed the policy of the *Gazette*.

I have no important financial interests. Money has never meant much to

me. It has come easy and gone easy. I never had a wrangle of more than three minutes with any human being about any broken contract or anything involving money. The *Gazette* grew from a paper with four hundred circulation, which I bought for three thousand dollars, to a paper of over six thousand and circulation which I could sell for a quarter of a million, chiefly because I was industrious, tried to be fairly courageous, reasonably honest, and I hope in the main, humanly decent to my neighbors. I have never made money by saving it, but chiefly by earning it in large chunks and investing it in real estate. I never owned a stock or bond excepting Liberty Bonds, or a mortgage or a note or other evidence of another man's indebtedness to me. I have kept my bills paid the tenth of every month, put all I had over and above the day's need in brick and mortar and real estate and let it go at that.

I have never wanted public office. I went to Washington once to keep McKinley from naming me as a compromise candidate for the Emporia postoffice when I was hard up and money would have helped me, but I preferred my independence to any income. I was appointed by Governor Bailey member of the board of regents of the State University, reappointed by Governor Hoch, and Governor Stubbs, and served ten years. I have sought no other appointment. I have been a member of my precinct Republican committee, member of the executive committee of the state Republican committee, and in 1912 was elected Republican national committeeman, defeating David W. Mulvane, and resigned that office to become national committeeman of the Progressive Party under Roosevelt and became a member of the executive committee. I stayed on that committee until after the Progressive convention of 1916 dissolved the party. I ran independently as a candidate for governor in order to have my say against the Ku Klux Klan. I had no organization, no state committee, no county committee, went out with Mrs. White and my son in a Dodge car, traveled twenty-seven hundred miles in six weeks, talked to the people denouncing the Klan and its



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

bigotry and intolerance as un-American, did not spend one cent except for gasoline, oil, rubber, hotel bills and about seventy-five dollars in postage and in that six weeks gathered one vote in every four cast at the election, polling more votes than John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for President, with all his organization and party prestige behind him.

I have never been a director in any financial institution or any institution organized for profits. I am, or recently have been, on many boards of what might be called altruistic endeavor: Walter Page Foundation, Woodrow Wilson Foundation, Pacific Relations Committee, National Illiteracy Association, and others. I have been a Republican since 1888 when I sat in a Republican convention before I could vote. I left the party to become a Progressive and, when the Progressives failed, came back into the party. I feel that parties are made for men and men not made for parties.

I was a member of the National Republican Convention in 1920 that nominated President Harding but voted against him on the last ballot and for Herbert Hoover as a protest. Mine was one of six protest votes that year that went to Hoover. I was a member of the Republican National Convention

which nominated Hoover and of a sub-committee which drafted the Republican platform of that year. In 1930 I was appointed by President Hoover as a member of the Commission for Conciliation which went to Haiti and which arranged for the withdrawal of all American government activities in Haiti and the eventual withdrawal of American troops. I have been one of the judges of the Book-of-the-Month awarding committee since its foundation and am a member of the committee on awards of the National Roosevelt Association, and was one of the founders of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

I am a member of the Congregational Church, the Rotarians, various charitable societies, and I belong to four clubs: in New York, the Century Club, the National Arts Club; in Washington, the Cosmos Club; and in Chicago, the University Club.

Mrs. White was Sallie Moss Lindsay, daughter of Joseph Moss Lindsay and Frances Batchelor Lindsay, of Kentucky. They came from the Lexington country. We had two children, William Lindsay White, born in 1900 [business manager of the *Emporia Gazette*] and Mary Katherine White, born in 1904 and died in 1921. The genealogical record of the White family runs back to a certain Nicholas White who came to America in 1639 and settled in Massachusetts. My grandfather, John White, married Fear Perry. She was a sister or an aunt, I don't know which, of Commodore Perry, so family tradition runs.

* * *

William Allen White is pictured by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant: "He has a solid and fleshy form, and a double chin, and instinctively wears his hat on the back of his head or slouched over his nose. His strong, broad mouth stretches naturally into a quip or a beaming smile of welcome. . . . Tho always earnest, he has never been solemn about anything—except perhaps his novels. It gives him an incredible amount of pleasure to seat himself, with his wife, outside the *Gazette* office on a Sunday afternoon, against the protest of the ministers, to follow the World Series on a score-board."

White admits there is nobody he likes to talk about better than himself, and says he has spent his whole life trying to keep up with his swelled head. Says his wife: "He can't be an hour on an ocean liner without telling the captain how to run the ship." At his home in Emporia he enjoys browsing in his library, strolling in the garden, playing the phonograph, or improvising on the piano. He usually has an air of mental detachment.

During the World War he was in France as an observer for the American Red Cross, and he attended the Paris Peace Conference. In 1919 he was a delegate to the Russian Conference at Prinkipo. He was in Russia again in 1933, writing a series of articles for the *New York Times*.

The first four books by White were short story collections. After that he wrote mostly novels, essays, and biography. One volume, *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me*, he calls half novel and half travel sketches. *Masks in a Pageant* is a group of portraits of fourteen presidents and politicians whom White knew in a period of fifty years.

William Allen White's works:

SHORT STORIES: *The Real Issue*, 1896; *The Court of Boyville*, 1899; *Strategem and Spoils*, 1901; *In Our Town*, 1906; *God's Puppets*, 1916.

NOVELS: *A Certain Rich Man*, 1909; *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me*, 1918; *In the Heart of a Fool*, 1918.

ESSAYS: *The Old Order Changeth*, 1910; *Politics: The Citizen's Business*, 1924; *The Editor and His People* (editorials selected from the *Emporia Gazette* by Helen Ogden Mahin) 1924.

BIOGRAPHY: *Woodrow Wilson: The Man, the Times, and His Task*, 1924; *Calvin Coolidge: The Man Who is President*, 1925; *Masks in a Pageant*, 1928.

About William Allen White:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Mencken, H. L. *Prejudices: First Series*; Sergeant, E. S. *Fire Under the Andes*. *Century* 110:305 July 1925; *Literary Digest* 86:45 July 25, 1925; *World's Work* 59:64 August 1930.

Brand Whitlock 1869-1934

BRAND WHITLOCK, American diplomat and author, was born in Urbana, Ohio, March 4, 1869, the son of the Rev. Elias D. Whitlock and Mallie Brand Whitlock, and died at Cannes,



BRAND WHITLOCK

France, on May 24, 1934. He was buried at Cannes at his own request.

He was educated in the public schools and by private tuition. In 1890 he became a newspaper reporter in Toledo and three years later went to Chicago where he joined the city staff of Dana's *Herald*. Associates have described him as a tall, thin, and very earnest young man who was called "Skinny" by the other reporters. When, as a reward for good work, he was offered the job of police reporter he told his city editor, to the astonishment of the rest of the staff, that he would think it over. Later, to their even greater dismay, he refused the offer, saying that he would prefer to write politics, which he thought would "lead somewhere."

Within a few months, thru an acquaintanceship growing out of his political reporting, he became secretary to Governor John P. Altgeld of Illinois and fell under the influence of his "political idealism." This inspired him to enter politics as a career. He began by studying law—the approved form of entry into political life in the 'Nineties. In 1894 he was admitted to the Illinois bar and entered practice in Springfield, returning to Toledo in 1897. There he quietly practiced his profession and interested himself in municipal affairs until 1905 when he entered the local mayoralty elec-

tion as an independent "reform" candidate and was elected over four opponents. Unlike most reform administrations, his was not turned out at the end of the term. He was reelected to three more consecutive terms after the first, and declined the nomination for a fifth term in 1911, intending to devote all his time to literature.

He had been writing since 1902. His output included several novels, generally on political themes and in the William Dean Howells tradition as to style; a life of Abraham Lincoln; and numerous short stories and magazine articles. Upon his political retirement he wrote—at the age of forty—his autobiography.

But the most important portion of his public career had not begun. In 1913 he was called into the diplomatic service by President Wilson as Minister (later Ambassador) to Belgium. He arrived in Brussels and settled down to a life of quiet authorship which he did not expect to be seriously interrupted by the duties of one of the quietest of diplomatic posts. But in less than a year the World War and the German invasion of Belgium had thrust him into the center of one of the most dramatic episodes of history.

At the beginning of the invasion the Belgian court and government removed to Havre and the foreign embassies followed them. Whitlock alone remained in Brussels to look after foreigners of all nations and to render aid to the Belgians themselves, who were left without any other intermediary capable of dealing with the invaders. It is said to have been largely due to his urgent advice that Brussels did not resist the invasion and thus escaped bombardment and destruction. He was also instrumental in bringing about the feeding of the Belgian nation and the population of the north of France thruout the War, making the diplomatic arrangements between the British government and the German authorities for the import of food; and in organizing the Commission for Relief in Belgium. He tried, but unsuccessfully, to save the life of Edith Cavell.

For these deeds he became a hero to the Belgian people, and was honored with practically every award and decoration in their power to give. He was

also decorated by the French government and awarded degrees by several American universities and colleges.

In 1922 he resigned his ambassadorship and retired for the second time to private life and occupied himself with writing and traveling. Outstanding among his later writings were his dramatic personal account of the War, entitled *Belgium Under the German Occupation: A Personal Narrative*, published in two volumes in 1919, and his two-volume definitive life of LaFayette, published in 1929.

Brand Whitlock was tall and spare. His face was long; his features were thin. He parted his white hair smoothly in the middle, and generally wore eyeglasses and high collars.

Brand Whitlock's works:

The Thirteenth District, 1902; Her Infinite Variety, 1904; The Happy Average, 1904; The Turn of the Balance, 1907; Life of Abraham Lincoln, 1908 (translated into French by the author, 1918); The Gold Brick, 1910; On the Enforcement of Law in Cities, 1910; Forty Years of It, 1910; The Fall Guy, 1912; Belgium Under the German Occupation: A Personal Narrative, 1919; Quatre Discours, 1920; J. Hardin and Son, 1923; Uprooted, 1926; Transplanted, 1927; Big Matt, 1928; Life of LaFayette, 1929; The Little Green Shutter: A Study of Prohibition, 1931; Narcissus: A Belgian Legend of Van Dyck, 1931; The Stranger on the Island, 1933.

About Brand Whitlock:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Whitlock, B. *Belgium Under the German Occupation: A Personal Narrative and Forty Years of It* (autobiographies).

Current Opinion 58:167 March 1915; *Everybody's* 38:25 January 1918; *Literary Digest* 51:240 November 27, 1915; *Outlook* 130:89 January 8, 1922; *Review of Reviews* 52:703 December 1915; *New York Times* May 25, 1934.

Margaret Widdemer

Autobiographical sketch of Margaret Widdemer, American poet and novelist.

I WAS born in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, of parents who came of the old colonial stock. My mother was Alice De Witt, of Kingston, New York; my father was the Rev. Howard Taylor Widdemer, of Philadelphia. My ancestry on both sides, in spite of men who managed to fight in every American war until the Civil War, was more philanthropic than financially minded: teachers,

lawyers, doctors, clergymen; they all seem to have had a fatal passion for benefiting the human race.

My education was what is called "private"; that is, I was taught to read at three and a half by an invalid grandmother whose principal amusement I was, and who (having been trained for teaching and having a passion for it) continued to teach me intensively until her death. The school books were in part those she had used for my father, but nevertheless when she died in my eleventh year she had carried me to a point in studies well beyond my age. She had given me, too, a training in persistence and capacity for working when I didn't want to that has been useful ever since; and laid sound foundations for a musical education. After her death my father piously carried on my education the same way, tho it was desultory then—not much more than piano, French, Latin, and singing. Habit made me continue to read for myself most of the day.

I had written (being a strong, alert child who had to have some outlet) since my fourth or fifth year, dictating till I could write for myself. It was always in the air that I was to grow up to be a writer, if I didn't sing. But at ten I sat down and decided for myself that I had better be a librarian when I grew up, and that it would be necessary for me, in spite of all reassurances to the contrary, to earn my living as soon as I could. Meanwhile I went on reading and writing and playing the piano; making up poetry, sermons, and stories with equal intensity, and now and again composing a little music in imitation of my father and grandfather, who, like most clergymen of that day, wrote settings for hymns. We were, in a simple old fashioned way, a very musical family; we used music for every day, as we used books. I wanted beyond everything else to associate with other children. But the isolation of the first ten years had made me, I know now, a rather staid mannered child, who seemed superior when she was only shy.

The change at my grandmother's death had coincided with a seaside parish for my father, and along with the chance to make friends (as far as it can be done by a child who does not go to school) came the pleasure of swimming, rowing,

canoeing; which I have never given up since then.

It seems as if ten was a crucial year; it was that year, I think, that I began to publish poems in the St. Nicholas League; I had written them always; ever since I knew what poems were. I was allowed to read everything, and *Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song* and all the standard poets were in our library, together with another book which was one of the deepest influences of my mind, *Lecky's History of European Morals*. Along with this I read atticsful of romantic love stories, and particularly adored Hawthorne and Scott; Thackeray seemed too hard on the human race until I grew up. I met the poetry of Yeats and Symons; the Celtic Renaissance, in great handfuls, at fourteen or so. I read all the poetry I could find in public and private libraries, I sang in the choir and practised the pipe organ and piano; I strayed off in woods and by the sea as all young people who are alone do, and made poems and planned stories.

When my brother and I were on the edge of the twenties the family fortunes did begin to break. I had before this carried out my plan of library training at the Drexel Institute of Arts and Sciences. I worked for a year with Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, cataloging his rare books; then at the University of Pennsylvania; they discharged me for inaccuracy in copying catalog cards, I think quite deservedly, tho at the time I was completely crushed by the ruin of a career in youth. I had been writing poems (I suppose to the detriment of cataloging) during and after hours; I went on with these and short stories. Soon I was making more than I had at the library. My mother had partly carried things for some years now; there was a little left, tho the financial arrangements of a romantic aunt finally saw to it that there was less than nothing. But by that time it was all right. I was writing novels which sold; and I was doing poetry which was praised. I began to publish novels and poems before I was out of my teens. I have been doing it ever since; lecturing on poetry and the novel, and doing short stories and essays whenever the novels gave me a breathing spell.



MARGARET WIDDEMER Bachrach

My first novel, *The Rose Garden Husband*, was a best seller in 1915. My poems coincided in their initial magazine publication with the Poetic Renaissance in America; the first, or nearly, "The Factories," was widely copied; a volume with this for the title poem was published shortly. The next book, *The Old Road to Paradise*, was awarded with one of Carl Sandburg's what I was then told was the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1919. (By some technicality which Harriet Monroe discovered years later, it was finally not so considered.) There were other awards for poetry; the *Trimmed Lamp* lyric prize in 1916, the *Lyric West* year's "best lyric" prize in 1923, the *New York Evening Post Literary Review* prize for the best satire of 1922 (given to a set of parodies of contemporary poets). Meanwhile I went on with short stories and novels, serializing the novels generally.

We were living between New York and Larchmont by then. In 1919 I married Robert Haven Schauffler; the marriage was not of long duration. From 1923 to 1933 I lived in New York City in the winter, at Des Artistes. For the last five years I have lectured at the Middlebury Writers' Conference at Bread Loaf. In 1931 Bucknell University awarded me an honorary Litt.D.;

in 1933 Middlebury University gave me an honorary M.A.

My summers have for the past seven years been spent at my mother's cottage in the Adirondacks, Canada Lake; a cottage where it is possible to combine summer work with swimming and canoeing. I have also for the last few years been interested in imaginative sculpture; modeling miniature groups in plasticine. They say I have talent, and should take lessons; but I prefer to keep my modeling for a pure pleasure. Oddly enough, I can do it along with prose writing, but it seems to take exactly the same amount of creative energy as a poem; I can't do both at the same time. I have exhibited statuette groups.

This year [1933] I am the chairman for poetry of the City Federation of N.Y. Women's Clubs. I belong to Query, am on the executive council of the Authors' Guild and Authors' League of America, and the Poetry Society of America; I was one of the first three women invited to join the Authors' Committee Poets' Guild of Christodora; and International Poetry Society. I have done a certain amount of settlement work always.

My esthetic bias has always been toward the classic and conservative; curiously linked with a deep interest in social problems; which has given my poetry conservative form and modern content in many cases. I am strongly against specialization in art or life; and thru the late era's passion for specializing. I have continued to do work in as many literary mediums as I could find possible.

Margaret Widdemer's works:

POETRY: *Factories and Other Lyrics*, 1915; *Old Road to Paradise*, 1918; *Cross-Currents*, 1921; *Tree With a Bird in It* (parodies) 1922; *Little Boy and Girl Land* (children's verse) 1924; *Ballads and Lyrics*, 1925; *The Singing Wood* (poetic play) 1926; *Collected Poems*, 1928; *The Road to Downderry*, 1932.

NOVELS: *The Rose Garden Husband*, 1915; *Why Not?* 1916; *The Wishing-Ring Man*, 1917; *You're Only Young Once*, 1918; *I've Married Marjorie*, 1920; *The Year of Delight*, 1921; *Minister of Grace*, 1922; *Graven Image*, 1923; *Charis Sees it Through*, 1924; *Gallant Lady*, 1926; *More Than Wife*, 1927; *Loyal Lover*, 1930; *All the King's Horses*, 1930; *Pre-War Lady*, 1932; *Golden Rain*, 1933.

SHORT STORIES: *The Board Walk*, 1919; *The Truth About Lovers*, 1931; *The Years of Love*, 1933.

JUVENILE PROSE: The Winona Series (six volumes) 1915-23; Binkie and the Bell Dolls, 1923.

EDITOR: Haunted Hour (anthology) 1920; Best American Love Stories of 1932.

About Margaret Widdemer:

Library Journal 55:505 July 1, 1930.

Kate Douglas Wiggin 1856-1923

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, American author, was born Kate Smith in Philadelphia on September 28, 1856. Her parents, both New Englanders, were Robert N. Smith, a lawyer, and Helen Elizabeth Dyer Smith. Her childhood after the age of three, when her father died, was spent in the village of Hollis, Maine.

Books were her chief interest and she was very fond of Dickens. At the age of twelve she met Dickens and talked with him while traveling on the train from Hollis to Portland, Maine, to hear him read. She was educated at home and at various schools in New England, concluding with Abbot Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. At seventeen she joined her family in Santa Barbara, California, whither her step-father had gone for his health.

Mrs. Wiggin made her first appearance in print at the age of twenty-one with a story called "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers" which was published serially in *St. Nicholas Magazine* for 1877.

After a year's study of child education in Los Angeles and a brief period of teaching in Santa Barbara, she went to San Francisco in 1878 and organized the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains under the direction of Dr. Felix Adler of New York. Two years later she founded a kindergarten training school in San Francisco. Associated with her in these projects was her sister, Nora Archibald Smith. About this time she declined an offer from Dion Boucicault to go on the stage.

In 1881 she gave up her kindergarten teaching and married Samuel Bradley Wiggin, a lawyer. For a number of years she continued to supervise the training school, giving three lectures a week. To raise funds for her Silver Street Kindergarten, she wrote *The*

Story of Patsy, a child portrait, which was privately printed in 1882 and sold three thousand copies.

Following her removal to New York with her husband in 1884, Mrs. Wiggin revisited San Francisco yearly in connection with her training school. In 1886, for the benefit of the Silver Street Kindergarten, she privately printed *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, which, two years later, was her first regularly published book. The story of a lame girl, it became a popular vehicle for dramatization by school children, who took particular delight in the characters of the Ruggles family. Hundreds of babies were named for the little heroine, Carol Bird, and Carol Clubs were formed all over the country.

More stories about children, which formed the bulk of Mrs. Wiggin's writing, followed quickly, including, in 1889-90, *The Story of Patsy, A Summer in a Cañon* (a recollection of Santa Barbara) and *Timothy's Quest*. The last, which concerns an orphan boy, marked the beginning of the author's popularity in England.

Mrs. Wiggin made her first visit to Europe in 1890, one year after the death of her husband, and she returned every summer thereafter, spending most of her time in the British Isles. "London for a few years," she said, "was my only playground, my best source of intellectual stimulation." The fruits of her annual trips to Europe were six books, beginning with *A Cathedral Courtship*, published in 1893. In Cheshire and Worcestershire she wrote *Penelope's English Experiences*, which inaugurated a series of four volumes—half novels, half travel books—based on her own travel observations. A fisherman's hotel near Killybegs furnished the background for *Penelope's Experiences in Ireland*. She drew the color for *The Diary of a Goose Girl* from a poultry farm in Sussex.

On March 30, 1895, Mrs. Wiggin was married to George C. Riggs, a New York merchant, whom she met on board ship. He had business interests in Scotland and Ireland. After a wedding journey in Europe they opened their New York home with a dinner for Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, the guests including

Mark Twain and William Dean Howells. Ellen Terry always called her "Penelope."

The idea for *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, Mrs. Wiggin's most popular story, came to her "in a sort of waking dream" as she lay ill in New York. "I saw an old-fashioned stage-coach rumbling along a dusty country road . . . and from the window of the coach leaned a dark-haired gypsy of a child. . ." Too weak to write then, she began the book at a Southern health resort and finished it in a sanatorium. Appearing in 1903, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* sold several million copies and was translated into several foreign languages. In the book her sister saw "much of Kate's own eager, dreaming childhood."

In collaboration with Charlotte Thompson, Mrs. Wiggin made a four-act play of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* which had great success with Edith Taliaferro in the title rôle. After a season's road tour it opened in New York in October 1910, was produced in London in 1912, and became a favorite with stock companies. Mrs. Wiggin was unhappy over the silent screen version of her story, played by Mary Pickford, because of changes which were made in it without her consent.

Mrs. Wiggin acquired "Quillcote," an old Colonial house located in her childhood village of Hollis, Maine, in 1905, and thereafter usually spent the closing summer months there, returning from Europe in July. There she wrote her later New England novels. She turned her barn into a recreation center for the villagers and established a circulating library.

During the last twenty years of her life she gave a great many readings from her books, particularly in schools. She continued her interest in free kindergartens and other educational movements. With her sister Nora Archibald Smith she wrote a number of books on child education, the best known of which were *Froebel's Gifts* and *Kindergarten Principles and Practice*. They also collaborated in writing and editing several books of tales for kindergarten use.

It was said that Mrs. Wiggin bore the same relation to her generation that



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Louisa May Alcott did to hers. Calvin Winter called her "at heart a romanticist whose romance is woven not from the stuff that dreams are made of, but from the homespun threads of everyday life. She has an exuberant and unquenchable spirit of optimism. . . She reaches the heart." Her settings were California, New England, and the British Isles.

According to her sister, Mrs. Wiggin "commonly wrote in pencil on large yellow blocks of unruled paper, often out of doors in the summer, often in bed, propped up by pillows, in winter, and, of course, long hours at her desk. Almost invariably she rewrote the pencilled draft in ink before sending it to be typed, making many changes in the copy as she did so. . ." She was hampered in her work by fragile health and frequent illnesses. She made a scrapbook of the criticisms of each of her books.

Mrs. Wiggin led a busy social life and knew many famous people of her time. Her friends remarked that she never conserved her strength but spent herself exhaustively. According to Roderick Stebbins, she "always had a knack with clothes and always wore them, even the simplest, with an air." Her

sister says that she was a good mixer, that "radiance" was the keynote of her personality, and that she had an "exceedingly lively tongue and a general air of executive ability." She was the recipient of a Litt.D. degree from Bowdoin College, Maine.

In the last year of her life Mrs. Wiggin wrote her autobiography. She died at Harrow-on-the-Hill, England, on August 24, 1923, at the age of sixty-six, only two years after the death of her mother, who had reached the age of ninety-one. Her ashes were brought to Hollis, Maine, and scattered on the waters of the Saco River.

Creeping Jenny and Other New England Stories appeared in 1924, the same year that some of Mrs. Wiggin's Maine neighbors privately printed *Love By Express*, a novelette written in her girlhood. In 1928 Nora Archibald Smith edited and published some papers which had originally appeared in the *Woman's Home Companion* in 1906, called *A Thanksgiving Retrospect; or, Simplicity of Life in Old New England*.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's works:

TALES AND NOVELS: *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, 1888; *The Story of Patsy*, 1889; *A Summer in a Cañon*, 1889; *Timothy's Quest*, 1890; *Polly Oliver's Problem*, 1893; *A Cathedral Courtship*, 1893; *Penelope's English Experience*, 1893; *The Village Watch Tower*, 1895; *Marm Lisa*, 1896; *Penelope's Progress*, 1898; *Penelope's Experiences in Ireland*, 1901; *The Diary of a Goose Girl*, 1902; *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, 1903; *The Affair at the Inn* (with Mary and Jane Finlater and Allan McAulay) 1904; *Rose o' the River*, 1905; *New Chronicles of Rebecca*, 1907; *The Old Peabody Pew*, 1907; *Susanna and Sue*, 1909; *Mother Carey's Chickens*, 1911; *Robinetta* (with Mary and Jane Finlater and Allan McAulay) 1911; *The Story of Waitstill Baxter*, 1913; *Penelope's Postscripts*, 1915; *The Romance of a Christmas Card*, 1916; *Ladies-in-Waiting*, 1918; *Homespun Tales*, 1920; *Creeping Jenny and Other New England Stories*, 1924; *Love By Express*, 1924.

PLAYS: *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (with Charlotte Thompson) 1909; *The Birds' Christmas Carol* (with Helen Ingersoll) 1914; *Bluebeard* (musical fantasy) 1914; *The Old Peabody Pew*, 1917; *Mother Carey's Chickens* (with Rachel Crothers) 1917.

KINDERGARTEN BOOKS (all in collaboration with N. A. Smith): *Children's Rights*, 1892; *Freobel's Gifts*, 1895; *Freobel's Occupations*, 1896; *Kindergarten Principles and Practice*, 1896; *The Republic of Childhood* (collection of preceding three volumes) 1904; *The Story Hour*, 1900; *Twilight Stories*, 1925.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *A Child's Journey with Dickens*, 1912; *My Garden of Memory*, 1923.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Nine Love Songs and a Carol*, 1896; *A Thanksgiving Retrospect*, 1928.

EDITOR (with N. A. Smith): *Golden Numbers*, 1902; *The Posy Ring*, 1903; *Pinafore Palace Poems*, 1902; *The Fairy Ring*, 1906; *Magie Casements*, 1907; *Tales of Laughter*, 1908; *Tales of Wonder*, 1909; *The Talking Beasts*, 1911.

About Kate Douglas Wiggin:

Cather, K. D. *Younger Days of Famous Writers*; Cockayne, C. A. (editor) *Modern Essays of Various Types*; Cooper, F. T. *Some American Story Tellers*; Overton, G. *The Women Who Make Our Novels*; Smith, N. A. *Kate Douglas Wiggin As Her Sister Knew Her*; Wiggin, K. D. *My Garden of Memory*.

Bookman 59:404 June 1924; 61:281 May 1925; *Literary Digest* 87:58 December 5, 1925; *Overland Monthly* 87:18 January 1929.

Percival Wilde 1887-

PERCIVAL WILDE, American playwright, was born March 1, 1887, in New York City, and lived there for the first thirty-five years of his life. His school days were acutely unhappy. He was precocious, having read the whole of Plutarch in the adult version before reaching the age of ten, and having attempted original writing in two languages. He was never given extra promotions, was graded in classes whose work he found too easy, and used his surplus energy in devising varieties of mischief "so fiendish" that he was expelled from nearly every school that he attended. His experience was turned to practical use many years later when, as a member of a board of education in Connecticut, he inaugurated a grading system adjusted to individual aptitudes.

Upon leaving the Horace Mann High School—by request—at the end of his junior year in 1903, he took and passed the college entrance examinations, thus entering Columbia University a year in advance of his high school class. He skipped another year in college, being awarded his B. S. degree in 1906, when a few months over nineteen. He played in the university orchestra, on the chess team, on the water polo team, and won one of the events in the intercollegiate swimming championships.

Four years in the banking business followed before Wilde turned his atten-

tion definitely to writing. Then he devoted a year to self-imposed literary discipline, writing essays and book reviews for New York newspapers, and attempting no creative work at all. His first short story, written in 1911 and published in 1912, brought so many requests for dramatic rights that he made it into a one-act play. Accepted by the first manager to whom it was submitted, it was produced in vaudeville, and ran four years. There followed many other vaudeville plays, the majority of which he directed himself.

This period of Wilde's life gave him first hand acquaintance with audience psychology. He experimented freely, re-writing his own plays and those of other writers, and gradually improving his command of technique.

In 1914 he became disgusted with the limitations of the vaudeville one-act play. Tho he believed in clarity and brevity, he disapproved of the over-emphasis on situation demanded by vaudeville producers, and he felt there was no artistic future for dramas tailored to fit between "coon shouters" and trained seals. Accordingly, he wrote a series of plays dedicated to audiences of greater intelligence. They were rejected as quickly as written by the vaudeville producers. The first six were published in 1915 in a volume entitled *Dawn and Other One-Act Plays of Life Today*. The title play was his twenty-first.

Wilde had hoped for nothing more than a favorable reception from the reading public. Instead, the plays were widely acted by pioneer Little Theatre organizations, there having arisen a demand for a new type of drama with the birth of the Little Theatre movement.

In 1916 he published *Confessional and Other American Plays* (containing the first play of his to be produced in England) and in 1917 *The Unseen Host and Other War Plays*.

The War brought a long hiatus. Wilde enlisted in the United States Navy in May 1917, served as chief machinist's mate, was promoted to ensign, and invented many improvements incorporated in the navy hydroplane compass. He resigned on Armistice Day and returned to civil life in January 1919 to find the



PERCIVAL WILDE

Little Theatre movement temporarily extinguished, his funds low, and his hearing permanently impaired. Needing money, he wrote a series of motion picture scenarios for Hollywood production and collaborated on several full-length plays produced on Broadway, of which one was a "hit" and another a near-hit.

On June 30, 1920, he was married to Nadie Rogers Marckres; they have two children, both boys.

For a year Wilde wrote short stories, published in *Harper's Bazaar*, *Red Book*, and *McCall's*, but returned quickly to his chosen field of the one-act play. His fourth collected volume, *Eight Comedies for Little Theatres*, was published in 1922. In the next year came *The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play*, an exhaustive work on technique which is today the standard text in more than twenty universities.

The books that followed during the next ten years included a series of five children's plays published in 1922-26, a volume of short stories, two novels, and a collection of *Ten Plays for Little Theatres* in 1931.

With the spread of the Little Theatre movement thruout the world, the use of Wilde's plays multiplied and by 1932 his plays had been acted in 1,211 cities and towns in the United States, the Canal Zone, Hawaii, and the Virgin

Islands. They have been produced in more than fifty Canadian cities, and in more than one hundred in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Productions and radio broadcasts are frequent in the Union of South Africa, in Australia, in Egypt, and in the English-speaking Asiatic settlements. Foreign language versions of his plays have been acted in many countries.

The plays of Wilde appear in four formats. Following the cloth-bound American and English editions, the individual plays contained in each volume are separately reprinted: in America from the original plates, in England from new plates. Translations of his writings have been published in the European languages and in Japanese. Plays or stories of his authorship have appeared in forty-three anthologies. By 1932 he had written ninety-eight plays in all.

Wilde's summer home is "Wildecree," at Sharon, Connecticut, and he spends the winters in Miami, Florida. He rises regularly at 11:30 A. M., plays tennis or swims during the afternoon, and goes out every evening. He begins writing at midnight, and frequently works until sunrise.

He believes in the overwhelming importance of character, and feels that logically conceived character is the root of all worthwhile drama. The only element of novelty that he admits in his own plays is their fidelity to the probabilities of life. In the title play of his first volume a brave man places himself in a position of great physical danger. He does not escape; he is killed. In another play in the same volume a clever, pretty girl tries to capture a husband. She does not capture him; instead he makes a fool of her. In the title play of his second volume a man suspected for his probity is offered a huge bribe. He resists, but succumbs. In another play a rich, elderly man and a poor, young one compete for the same girl. She chooses the rich one. In the first play of *Ten Plays for Little Theatres* a business man, learning he has but three months to live, becomes a philanthropist overnight. In a mechanical world the doctor's prognosis is found to be based on a mechanical error. The business man slips back

inevitably into the accustomed groove. Happy endings, believes Wilde, have their place when they are logical endings; but the truth must come first.

Wilde has been director and secretary of the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America (The American Dramatists) since its foundation in 1921. He is visiting lecturer on drama at the University of Miami and a member of the committee of one hundred of Miami Beach.

According to the *Theatre Arts Monthly*, Wilde "has an undoubted sense of theatre, a tried and sure technique, and he sets his talents on easily understandable and almost always interesting situations."

Percival Wilde's works:

ONE ACT PLAYS: *The Line of No Resistance*, 1913; *Dawn*; *The Noble Lord*; *Playing With Fire*; *The Traitor*; *A House of Cards*; *The Finger of God*; *Confessional*, 1916; *The Villain in the Piece*; *A Question of Morality*; *The Beautiful Story*, 1919; *The Reckoning*, 1922; *The Toy Shop*, 1924; *Reverie*, 1924; *The Sequel*, 1925; *The Previous Engagement*, 1925; *The Dyspeptic Ogre*, 1925; *In the Net*, 1925; *A Wonderful Woman*, 1925; *Catesby*, 1925; *His Return*, 1925; *Embryo*, 1925; *The Enchanted Christmas Tree*, 1925; *Kings in Rumania*, 1926; *Alias Santa Claus*, 1927.

PLAY COLLECTIONS: *Dawn and Other One Act Plays of Life Today*, 1915; *Confessional and Other American Plays*, 1916; *The Unseen Host and Other War Plays*, 1917; *Eight Comedies for Little Theatres*, 1922; *The Inn of Discontent and Other Fantastic Plays*, 1924; *Three-Minute Plays*, 1927; *Ten Plays for Little Theatres*, 1931; *One-Act Plays: First Series* (edited by J. W. Marriott) 1933.

NOVELS: *The Devil's Booth*, 1930; *There Is a Tide*, 1932.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play*, 1923; *Rogues in Clover* (short stories) 1929.

About Percival Wilde:

Wilde, P. *One-Act Plays: First Series* (see foreword by Harold Brighouse).

Ben Ames Williams 1889-

Autobiographical sketch of Ben Ames Williams, American author:

I WAS born March 7, 1889, in Macon, Mississippi. My grandfather Williams came to this country from Wales about 1835, my father was born and grew up on a farm in southern Ohio,

and went to Ohio University at Athens, where he met Sarah Marshall Ames, who had come north from Mississippi to college there. Her father had been born there, in the early nineteenth century, after his father came from Massachusetts to the new Ohio country. For a year or two after my father and mother were married, they lived in Macon, moving north to Jackson, Ohio, when I was a few months old. My father was editor of the *Jackson Standard Journal* for about forty years, with an interruption when he served as consul in Cardiff, Wales. Later he was appointed to the Ohio Board of Clemency and served on that board until a few years before he died.

I finished grammar school and a year of high school in Jackson, had a year in the Allen school in West Newton, Massachusetts, studied under a tutor for a year in Cardiff, and returned to enter Dartmouth, graduating in 1910. In September of that year I found a job on the *Boston American*. Two years later I married Florence Trafton Talpey, daughter of a sea captain in the China trade. Of our three children, the oldest, Roger Chilton, is in Dartmouth; the second, Ben Ames, Jr., is in Deerfield Academy, and Penelope Ann is nine years old [1933].

I began in the fall of 1910 to use all my spare time in trying to learn to write fiction. Without any particular aptitude, I nevertheless liked this work well enough to keep at it; and after four years I finally sold a short story. In 1916 I resigned from the *American*, and since then except for three months on the Fox lot in Hollywood I have never drawn a salary. The results of my work in the meantime include two hundred and seventy magazine titles, twenty-two books, and fifteen or twenty moving pictures. Of my books the majority were originally magazine serials, but the list includes three novels not serialized. *Splendor* was an attempt to suggest the glamor and beauty in the life of an ordinary man. *Honeyflow* was a portrait of a woman who used her physical beauty to buy a career, only to find this weapon blunted by too much vain use when she wished at last to win and hold



BEN AMES WILLIAMS

the man she loved. *Great Oaks* was the story of a lovely island off the coast of Georgia, and the effect it had upon the lives of those who dwelt there, over a period of some three hundred years.

If there be an underlying theme in the tales I write it is most definitely expressed in this book; for I believe in the potency of place and the impotency of man. In my stories the physical background is usually stressed, because it seems to me usually to explain the character of the actors. The New Englander is as much the product of his rocky acres and his bitter winters as is the Southerner the result of his calm and pleasant land. The Mid-Westerner is but just emerging from the generation of the pioneers, accustomed to rely upon the fruitful soil for bounty which needs only to be seized. I believe that a wise eye, looking across a certain countryside, can with some certainty predict what manner of men he will find dwelling there.

But if this be true, I am myself a hodge-podge. Born in Mississippi, I spent some months of each year for eleven years in Macon, and the South persists in me. For my first fifteen years, home was Jackson, Ohio. Since then I have lived in Boston, but "lived" is a broad word, and it leaves room in

my own case for three or four months out of every year to be spent either in Maine or in New Hampshire, and for another four months or so to be spent on the Georgia coast. In addition I have seen something of the Far West, the Southwest, and in the opposite direction, of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The result of these climatic and geographic contacts is a large, calm man who likes first of all to write, who likes next to do anything out of doors so long as that doing has a purpose. Hunting or fishing preferred, golf will serve, tennis belongs to the past, swimming is routine, flying is a recent and major interest. I can enjoy walking miles thru tangled cedar swamps so long as there is a gun in my hand, even tho I never see a bird; but to walk for exercise is pure boredom, to which I never submit.

Indoors I play bridge avidly, backgammon recklessly, dominoes for companionship and like to substitute such problems as finding the sum of six and four and five for other problems concerning heroes and heroines. I read practically no good fiction, use Edgar Wallace and his disciples for distraction, "train reading," or the like. For my pleasure, biography, history, criticism.

My favorite locality is the region round about Searsmont, Maine—the Fraternity of some of my stories—where I used to fish and hunt with Bert McCarrison, who died and bequeathed to me his small farm there. By way of favorite occupations, Mrs. Williams and our children and I to a considerable extent agree that those things we can do together are the most fun to do.

Despite the fact that I am about thirty-five per cent above the normal weight for age and height, the insurance companies find me a good risk. I hope they are right. I enjoy life each year more and more, and propose to continue so to do.

Ben Ames Williams' works:

All the Brothers Were Valiant, 1919; The Sea Bride, 1919; The Great Accident, 1920; Evered, 1921; Black Pawl, 1922; Sangsue, 1923; Thrifty Stock, 1923; Audacity, 1924; The Whaler, 1924; The Rational Hind, 1925; The Silver Forest, 1926; Immortal Longings, 1927; Splendor, 1927; The Dreadful Night,

1928; Death on Scurvy Street, 1929; Touchstone, 1930; Great Oaks, 1930; An End to Mirth, 1931; Pirate's Purchase, 1931; Honeyflow, 1932; Money Musk, 1932; Pascal's Mill, 1933; Mischief, 1933.

About Ben Ames Williams:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*.

American Magazine 115:48 March 1933; *Saturday Evening Post* 197:54 October 18, 1924; 205:14 January 28, 1933; 205:15 April 1, 1933.

Thames Williamson 1894-

THAMES ROSS WILLIAMSON, American novelist, has successfully avoided all the more conventional patterns of American life. He writes out of a "life-experience as varied and full and odd as the Great God Chance can make it."

He was born February 7, 1894, on the Nez Perce Indian Reservation in the Snake River Country, Northern Idaho. His father, Benjamin Franklin Williamson, a former Indian scout who became an Indian trader, was half Welsh, half Norwegian; his mother, Eugenia May (Ross), was half French, half Irish. This mixture of races may explain his remarkable facility at languages: he is master of ten or more.

At fourteen young Williamson, "impelled by notions of grandeur," ran away from home and lived the life of a hobo before going to sea on a treasure hunting trip to Peru. His next venture was as a cabin boy on a whaler, which he deserted off the coast of Alaska after fruitless months of searching for whales. He became an itinerant worker, circus hand, railroad employee, sheepherder in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and eventually newspaper reporter in San Francisco.

Drifting east, Williamson at twenty was private secretary to the warden of the Iowa State Prison, and soon became a fingerprint and Bertillon expert. One of his duties was to edit the prison magazine. He still remembers a very touching tale that he wrote about a repentant forger on New Year's Eve. After the distribution of the magazine, a prisoner asked to talk with the editor. Williamson went to see him. The prisoner happened to be the brother of a celebrated

lawyer. He gently reproved Williamson for writing such sentimental stuff and advised him to master a truer, better prose. That was how Williamson was first encouraged to be a novelist!

Abandoning his prison job, Williamson went to work under Jane Addams at Hull House in Chicago, where he served as interpreter of modern Greek, Italian, and Spanish. Suddenly he decided that he needed an education, and in 1917 he secured his A. B. degree from the University of Iowa, *cum laude*, "with six languages in the mouth." In the same year he married Florence Louise von Zurawski of Burlington, Iowa.

A scholarship took him to Harvard, where he received his Master's degree in Economics and Anthropology in 1918. He began to study for a Ph.D., and altho he was already becoming restless, he might have gone on to take the examination, if it had not been for a dreadful evening.

"A dreadful evening," he confided in his staccato manner to an interviewer. "Head buzzing. The culmination of a series of bitter disappointments. A hideous quarrel with my first wife, and worst of all, a raging earache. I have one bad ear, you know. Agony! 'Hell,' I said to myself, 'what's the use?' I threw up the game. . . the Ph.D. business. But for some time yet I had to put off the fiction."

He was an instructor in economics at Simmons College, 1920-21, and assistant professor in economics and sociology at Smith College, 1921-22. During this period he was at work on a number of textbooks dealing with different phases of the social sciences. His first published book was *Problems in American Democracy*. He has published seven textbooks in all. In a few years the income from his textbooks, which are used in schools thruout the country, was sufficient to permit him to abandon teaching. Thames Ross Williamson, sociologist, became Thames Williamson, novelist. He conceived the ambitious project of writing a vast series of novels—"The American Panorama"—as a memorial to the heterogeneous and, in many cases, fugitive aspects of life in the United States.

Williamson's first three novels—*Run Sheep Run*, the tragedy of a lonely herder in the West; *Gypsy Down the Lane*, a story of migratory gypsies; and *The Man Who Cannot Die*, a symbolic and mystical interpretation of the American spirit—were intended as chapters in "The American Panorama." The critics liked the first book, were indifferent to the second ("my style had suddenly gone poetical"), and derided the third ("I had swooned into poetical prose with an apparently deathless clutch"). Williamson's publishers failed; and Williamson, forsaking (at least nominally) the "Panorama" notion, decided to overhaul himself as a writer.

The Man Who Cannot Die was "abstruse and confused, a philosophical muddle," says Williamson. "It was a mistake; but a mistake from which I learned a valuable lesson. . . to get off my literary high horse, to come down to earth and express myself simply. . . No more attempts at fine writing. Everything to be plain. And when it came to rewriting, to revise with a view to simplicity, instead of elaboration. Above all, no preaching."

With these precepts in mind Williamson set to work on his next books: *Stride of Man*, and *Hunky*, the story of a baker's boy. In the latter novel he believes he struck his true style. It was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club. *The Earth Told Me*, is a novel of the Eskimos; *In Krusack's House* continues Hunky's story; *Sad Indian* tells of Juan, a full-blooded Mexican Indian, who comes to the city to sell his maize; *The Woods Colt* deals with the mountaineers of the Ozark hills and was Williamson's second novel to be a Book-of-the-Month Club choice.

With this series of diversified, but fundamentally related, novels, Williamson attained a unique position among American novelists. It became generally conceded, in the words of one critic, that "no one excels Williamson in the field he has chosen to make his own—the field of primitive men and women behaving according to their emotions, governed by simple direct ideas and ingrained custom."



THAMES WILLIAMSON

Now Williamson is planning to abandon the field in which he has earned his reputation. "Reason: Americans are too close to their ancestral slime to want to read about primitives." In the next few years, I shall make a transition into the field which I consider more closely allied to my instincts and real powers: the picaresque novel in the American version."

Williamson admits that he works "like the devil." "Up at six in the morning—writing till noon very often. Revision, revision, constant revision, new stuff, revision." There should be five revisions in that last sentence to provide an accurate description of Williamson's method of writing. He keeps regular working hours because "constant writing, day in and day out, begets a constant flow of ideas."

Williamson's mind is a fertile one: he would rather publish two novels a year than one, and he might conceivably, without much urging, be persuaded to do three. As it is, he fills in his time with the writing of books for children under two names, his own and a pseudonym—"S. S. Smith." He has "fifty or sixty ideas for books for boys from ten to sixteen."

After the failure of his first marriage, Williamson was married again, in 1927, to Sarah Storer Smith of Waldborough,

Maine. They have lived in Canada, France, Maine, Cambridge (Massachusetts), Mexico, and in the spring of 1933 they sailed for Sweden and Lapland, with the expectation of remaining for two years. Williamson has two children; a daughter by his first wife, and a son by his second.

A description of Williamson in the *Boston Transcript* reads: "Dark as a gypsy, nervous as a cat. Impish at one moment, solemn at the next. Mercurial in temperament, intellectually restless. . . a sort of thinking elf. Eager, sensitive, stimulating. Drowning his real self in torrents of talk, as some men do in silence. . . A low, clear, musical voice. . . A queer, nervous, theatrical, apologetic laugh. . . A sincere and patient craftsman, afflicted with shyness and terribly sensitive about the quality of his work. His flippancy and his slangisms. . . a camouflage for his sensitiveness. And his loquacity. . . born of some unconscious desire to be interesting at any cost, of a curious fear that if he relaxed the momentum of his speech, he might suddenly become tongue-tied and ridiculous."

Williamson names his hobbies: "traveling in out-of-the-way places, picking up new languages, cussing the human race, and eating queer dishes. Considered an authority on stuffed rooster's combs and pickled squid."

The author's Christian name is not pronounced "Tems." "Pronounce it Thames. The way it's written, with a lisp at the start and the rest to rhyme with James."

Thames Williamson's works:

NOVELS: *Run Sheep Run*, 1925; *Gypsy Down the Lane*, 1926; *The Man Who Cannot Die*, 1927; *Stride of Mau*, 1928; *Hunky*, 1929; *The Earth Told Me*, 1930; *In Krusack's House*, 1931; *Sad Indian*, 1932; *The Woods Colt*, 1933.

JUVENILES: *Opening Davy Jones' Locker*, 1930; *The Flood Fighters*, 1931; *On the Reindeer Trail*, 1932; *The Glacier Mystery*, 1932; *The Feud Mystery* (the last two under the pseudonym S. S. Smith); *Against the Jungle*, 1933.

TEXT-BOOKS: *Problems in American Democracy*, 1922; *Readings in American Democracy*, 1923; *Introduction to Economics*, 1923; *Readings in Economics*, 1923; *Introduction to Sociology*, 1926; *Civics at Work*, 1928; *Principles of Social Science* (with E. B. Wesley) 1932.

About Thames Williamson:

Boston Evening Transcript Book Section August 22, 1931; *Bookman* 75:669 November 1932 ("Are Publishers Feeble-Minded?" by Thames Williamson).

Harry Leon Wilson 1867-

HARRY LEON WILSON, American novelist and playwright, was born in Oregon, Illinois, on May 1, 1867, the son of Samuel and Adeline Kidder Wilson. He attended the local public school but hated it and left at the age of fifteen, he said, to "live his own life."

His father being publisher of one of the two weekly papers in Oregon, he worked as "a sort of printer's devil at odd times; inked the Washington hand press, ran off things on the job press, folded papers every Wednesday, and typed." By the time he was twenty he had gone west to the Sierra Nevada country as stenographer to the men who were sent there to write a life of Fremont. He lived in mining camps and played poker with professional gamblers.

"My first writing," says Wilson, "was sent to *Puck* about 1887 from Denver. I sent the paper things from time to time for the next five years. Then—I was in Omaha at the time—an offer came to join the staff. I couldn't believe it. But I went."

For ten years from 1892 he lived in New York City, first as associate editor of *Puck* and then, after the death of H. C. Bunner in 1896, as editor. His first book, *Zig Zag Tales*, appeared in 1896, when he was twenty-nine. Wilson's nostalgia for the West increased until he decided, in 1902, that "the only way to get out of New York was to write a successful novel." He wrote *The Spenders*, basing the story upon certain contrasts between Eastern and Western people that he had observed since coming to New York, and took the title suggested by Irving Bacheller as being superior to his own title, "The Third Generation." He secured an advance of two thousand dollars on the book, quit his job, married Rose O'Neill, the author and illustrator, on June 7, 1902, and went to the mountains of Colorado, where he camped all summer beside a lake.

The Spenders was a successful novel, as was *Lions of the Lord*, the story of the Mormon trek to Salt Lake, which followed in 1903. Both books were illustrated by Miss O'Neill, from whom Wilson was later divorced.

About 1904 he met Booth Tarkington at the home of Julian Street. According to Street, "Tarkington's subtlety appealed to Wilson no less than Wilson's robust and often sardonic comedy appealed to Tarkington . . . and they became devoted friends."

Commissioned by the theatrical manager George C. Tyler to collaborate in the writing of a play, Wilson and Tarkington went to Italy late in 1905 and spent the winter on the island of Capri, near Naples, in Elihu Vedder's villa. Here, says Julian Street, who went along with them, visitors continually dropped in upon the two authors, and Wilson "developed a technique for entertaining itinerant males. Ignoring the Blue Grotto and the ruins of Villa Jovis, palace of the Emperor Tiberius, he would take them to the Café Morgano for a study of the flora of Capri, with special reference to the vine, followed by postgraduate courses in the products of Scotland, Cognac, and Rheims."

During most of the succeeding three years, 1906-09, Wilson lived in Paris, the only city he ever lived in contentedly, he says. Tarkington and Street were there too, and in the late afternoons the three would gather at the Café du Dôme in Montparnasse; when they wished to give themselves a party they would dine at the Restaurant à la Tour d'Argent.

In the little French town of Champaign, southwest of Paris, where Tarkington took a villa temporarily, the collaborators turned out their most successful play, *The Man From Home*. "I did most of the work," says Wilson. "In fact, I did all of it. From start to finish he never struck a note on the typewriter. All he did was to sit around and smoke those giant cigarettes. He did, to be sure, outline the action, describe the characters and recite their speeches, but I had to take it all down and I even worked in one speech of my own. . . ."

The Man From Home was first produced by George C. Tyler in Chicago



HARRY LEON WILSON

in the fall of 1917, with the co-authors present. The comedy was so successful, says Wilson, "running six years with our first star, Bill Hodge, that we at once wrote some more plays, ten or a dozen, following our original scheme of collaboration." But none of them achieved the popularity of *The Man From Home*.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice reports the next move in Wilson's career: "Fighting all those plays to the footlights once more kept Mr. Wilson around New York too much for his liking, so again, when opportunity came, he broke for the West. He took four months in the Canadian Rockies, cleared his system of Broadway, and decided to stay West. He wanted a camping place with an ocean in the front yard and mountains in the back. He struck down the coast of North America looking for this and by now would have been 'somewhere in Patagonia' if he had not found it in Carmel, California."

There, from 1912 to 1919, he wrote the books for which he is best known: *Bunker Bean*, in which the hero does a number of startling and unusual things, one of them being the purchase of an Egyptian mummy supposed to have been himself in one of his previous incarnations; *Ruggles of Red Gap*, the tale of an impeccable English butler who brings

old world culture to the North American community; and *Ma Pettengill*, a group of eleven stories about the mistress of Arrowhead ranch.

In 1922 came *Merton of the Movies*, the story of a raw country youth who goes to Hollywood and displays such an innocent talent for over-acting that he is made the star of a cowboy parody. This story was dramatized in 1925 by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly and achieved extraordinary success on the stage, starring Glenn Hunter. Twice it was filmed in Hollywood.

Wilson broke a silence of four years in 1929 with *Lone Tree*, the story of a rancher, and in 1931 he published *Two Black Sheep*, a tale of Hollywood.

Thomas L. Masson writes: "Mr. Wilson has other qualities besides the talent of writing humor. Indeed his humor may be said to be a by-product. He is a novelist; he is a satirist. He is one of the few humorists in America who have risen above the personal pronoun 'I' . . ."

In his hey-day Wilson had the reputation of a prankster and a wit. One time he and Tarkington abducted a strange man from a barroom and entertained him lavishly for several days in Indianapolis because he bore a resemblance to Edgar Allan Poe. It was Wilson who, looking for the first time at the Grand Canyon, delivered the famous line: "At last I know where to throw my old razor blades."

Wilson continues to live at Carmel, California. He has married again. He says he has traveled around the world except for the stretch between Tripoli and Singapore, but has never visited England because the authorities would not admit his bull pup without a six months' quarantine. He thinks New York is the ugliest city in the world and he prefers country weeklies to all other newspapers. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Harry Leon Wilson's principal works:

NOVELS AND STORIES: *Zig Zag Tales*, 1896; *The Spenders*, 1902; *The Lions of the Lord*, 1903; *The Seeker*, 1904; *The Boss of Little Arcady*, 1905; *Ewing's Lady*, 1907; *Bunker Bean*, 1912; *The Man From Home*, 1915; *Ruggles of Red Gap*, 1915; *Somewhere in Red Gap*, 1916; *Ma Pettengill*, 1919; *Merton of the Movies*, 1922; *Oh, Doctor!* 1923; *Professor. How Could You!* 1924; *Consin Jane*.

1925; Lone Tree, 1929; Two Black Sheep, 1931.

PLAYS IN COLLABORATION WITH BOOTH TARRINGTON: *The Man From Home*, 1908; *Gibson Upright*, 1919; *Tweedles*, 1924; *How's Your Health?* 1930.

About Harry Leon Wilson:

Baldwin, C. C. *The Men Who Make Our Novels*; Masson, T. L. *Our American Humorists*.

Bookman 61:458 June 1925; 70:499 January 1930; *London Mercury* 23:467 March 1931; *Saturday Evening Post* 205:43 August 20; 10 November 19; 18 December 17, 1932.

Margaret Wilson 1882-

Autobiographical sketch of Margaret Wilson, American novelist, who in private life is Mrs. G. D. Turner:

I WAS born in Iowa in 1882, the most Middle Western of all Middle Westerners. Not only is my mother not a Daughter of Eastern Revolutions, but my father, that unambitious man, is not even eligible to membership in the Ku Klux Klan.

My forebears were in no sense gentlefolk. Yet they were strong and loving humans. Being farmers, they were not good at keeping up appearances. Indeed, they were too poor to have an appearance to keep up. Yet they could stare reality in the face without batting an eye. They were pleased with good crops, but they would have been transported with delight if their continual attempts at versification had in the generations brought forth a slight harvest of poetry. It is lamentable to consider how greatly they lacked books of etiquette. I do deplore that. Still, their creditors slept easy, knowing they scorned the lazy evasions of bankruptcy. They had, in fact, a rather interesting collection of scorn, including a Scotch abhorrence of American methods of land exhaustion. They appreciated themselves too thoroly to wonder whether the world appreciated them or not, and they plowed with long heads and high hearts. And when their crops failed, they groaned internally only, attributing their failures not to lack of legislation, populist or otherwise, but to their own lack of knowledge of the resources of their soil. While some agitated and paraded, they ex-

perimented, and devised better methods, and their wisdom has been justified by the children of their minds. To their lesser offspring they bequeathed a certain inclination towards the simplicities of life, so that to this day my nose prefers the fundamental and rhythmic odors of a sunny manure pile to such jazzy intricacies of incense as burns, say, in St. Mark's in the Bowery.

I spent the allotted years in the University of Chicago, where I heard for the first time the venerable eastern method of pronouncing my native tongue, and upon graduation I proceeded to India as a missionary—why, I am not altogether able to say, nor am I sure I would say should I be able. Being of a submerging disposition, I sank deeper into that country than the wise do, into Hindustan and Hindustani, into the Punjab and Punjabi, into Curmukha and Curmukhi, all of which are unsettling elements. I associated there happily with those who live without clocks, without money, without newspapers, without reservations, without intelligence, without despair. But of all that I shall write, perhaps, in my missionary book, "The Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades" which may appear sometime, maybe.

I left India when I did because if I had not I should have died quite futilely of compassion. And when I wrote of India then, I signed myself "An Elderly Spinster" because I was at that time the oldest woman in the United States.

Since I have been home, my native land has surprised me more enduringly than India ever managed to. That oriental interlude had been, I found, an isolating experience. When Americans went on writing and talking and babbling before me, I was, alas! the only one who really knew what they were writing and talking and babbling about, and they were all so young and innocent that I couldn't manage to tell them. I wanted altogether to be one of them. I concluded that while it was likely impossible for them to recover from what they fortunately didn't know, it was probably possible for me to recover from what I unfortunately did know. I didn't realize then that the years had absconded with my American point of view, and left me

in its place a mongrel attitude. I only knew that Chicago was an excellent place for forgetting any sort of wisdom.

Excellent, perhaps, but not good enough, it seems. I still find myself getting excited by wonders no one else can behold. Sometimes thru the kindness of a ticket-holder, I go to the Friday concert, and there, in the midst of the symphony, the sight of that audience seizes and shakes me, the amazing sight of those rows and rows of bodies, sitting there LOUSELESS! I am constrained to realize that perhaps not even one of them has so much as an in-law who is a habitation for cooties. Then my impotent imagination staggers as I try to reconstruct the steps of that colossal achievement of personal cleanliness, the patient and determined hours and years and generations of washing and boiling and searching which have incredibly accomplished it. I consider that because I have been one of millions of women who have both patiently and determinedly failed completely to achieve it. And I shudder to remember how near I came to selling my birthright of unbitten, uncrawling fastidiousness for not even a digestible mess of pottage, but, as it were, for a stale red pepper boiled in mustard. And I alone have to go on in my mind's eye writing the next chapter of my book on international politics, called "Cooties and Self-Determination" and then I go forth upon Michigan Avenue, and am confronted by a phenomenon of a bare-faced and uncontrolled womanhood, whose members, if one should but suggest their freedom be not always taken for granted, would but bare their bosoms and assert their legs to fortify their faces, and rage more politically than ever. And I marvel alone.

However, wild or tame, veiled or naked, I am, thank goodness, one of them. In this land, if one is to write, one should by all means arrange to be a woman. For is it not true, as the comparatively masculine novelists complain, that a predominance of feminine readers punctures the puffs of masculine gender, and disintegrates manly masterpieces by childish and sentimental interpretations; while woman's productions can only gain in worth and beauty by the instructive comments of virile critics. I have, more-

over, the great advantage of writing consciously and unconsciously for women with no fear that their desired approval may contaminate whatever purity of style I may attain, and from a point of view entirely feminine, for which—do I apologize?—I do not. I know a trick worth two of that. I learned it where women go veiled and humble, and incidentally, most awfully devilish.

But as I was saying: being what James so sweetly calls a victim of consanguinity—albeit a coddled and pampered victim—I was constrained to spend some time in Chicago, tho of course a Chicagoan is exactly what an Illinois farmer like myself most instinctively is not. I happened at that time to get a chance to teach in a real school, where I taught with delight and satisfaction to myself until human catastrophes befell the school, and I was fired, for—but that couldn't possibly interest anyone. While I was looking about trying to persuade some other institution to let me amuse myself within it, I chanced to hear an American lecture, a famous American, called by some the dean of American letters, and by others, the grandpa of American trash. That burning patriot lambasted his exotic countrymen in a way so truly diverting that I resolved then and there to write myself



MARGARET WILSON

a story wholly American. Then the fun began for me. It lasted three years, intermittently. If it continues even mildly for someone who reads it, I share her gratification.

* * *

Margaret Wilson's native town in Iowa was Traer, and the date of her birth in 1882 was January 16. West and Agnes McCormack Wilson were her parents. She received her A. B. from the University of Chicago in 1904.

Her first novel, *The Able McLaughlins*, won the Harper Prize in the year of its publication when she was forty-one, and in the following year, 1924, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. The story of a Scotch community in the Middle West during the 'Sixties, it concerned a young hero who returns from Grant's army to find that his sweetheart has fallen a victim, against her will, to the scapegrace of the community. He makes the villain leave under threat of death, marries the girl, and accepts the paternity of her child.

At the close of the year of her literary debut, Miss Wilson was married, on December 24, 1923, to Colonel G. D. Turner, of Oxford, England. Since writing the above autobiographical sketch some years ago, she has taken up permanent residence in England.

With the publication of *The Kenworthys* in 1925, Miss Wilson was said to have definitely arrived as a novelist. "She is a trifle heavy," wrote one reviewer, "a trifle long; the perfect artistry of Willa Cather and of Edith Wharton at her best she will probably never have; but she covers in this book American ground heretofore unbroken. . ."

Of the books that followed *The Kenworthys*, two were based on her experiences as a missionary in India, and two more, one not a novel but a plea for the abolition of punishment, were the result of her residence for some time in a house on an English prison wall, following her husband's appointment as prison governor. A prison novel, *One Came Out*, was first published in England as *Dark Duty* in 1931 and not in the United States until the next year.

Margaret Wilson's works:

The Able McLaughlins, 1923; *The Kenworthys*, 1925; *The Painted Room*, 1926;

Daughters of India, 1928; *Trousers of Taffeta*, 1929; *The Crime of Punishment*, 1931; *One Came Out* (English title: *Dark Duty*) 1932; *Cardinal Points*, 1933.

Romer Wilson 1891-1930

Autobiographical sketch of Romer Wilson (born Florence Roma Muir Wilson, 1891; the daughter of Arnold Muir Wilson, solicitor, and Amy Letitia Dearden Wilson) written in 1928, two years before her death:

I LIVED all my childhood in a dark old manor house on the edge of the moors in Whiteley Wood just outside Sheffield, England. I was not born here but at a house in the town. We moved out to Whiteley Wood Hall in my second year. Bolsover, who invented electroplating, and Plimsol, who instituted the leading mark on ships, had lived here before. The ruins of Bolsover's first "works" stood in a gloomy glen beyond the park.

If you can imagine Pittsburgh surrounded by miles and miles of Scotch moors with a small stretch of old Elizabethan England in between, you will know the kind of country in which I was brought up. Our house was the last house before the moors. There was nothing to break the wild gales which roared down from the heights. The whole district including the house had a mournful history and was thoroughly well haunted. In winter we were often snow-bound.

In this place I lived for fourteen years. Every summer we went to a seaside as wild and cold as could be. Often also, when we were old enough, our parents took us on the Continent. Before I was twelve I had visited Paris, Berne, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, and Amsterdam, and seen a great deal of the countries of which these cities are capitals. I spent several months in Switzerland and saw the Danube, the Rhine, and the Black Forest, but of my own country, England, I know nothing beyond my house and the seaside resort where we used to shiver in summer. In all this there was, of course, a sense of isolation and excitement. It was extremely

stimulating; also, no doubt, extremely bad for us.

When I was fifteen I went to school in a totally different atmosphere. I was suddenly transported to a very high grade private school for girls [West Heath School] situated in the soft and luxurious landscape of the Thames Valley. The house and school had historical connections, for the house had once belonged to the Duke of Orleans and Queen Mary, when she was Princess Mary, was partly educated there when it was in other hands. During my four years at school I went to London every week to concerts, lectures, and picture galleries, and one would have thought that so drastic a change would have wiped out the influence of the old days.

After school I went direct to Girton College, Cambridge, where, after taking a survey of the modern languages course which imposed an inhuman amount of study, I chose the subject which was most cut and dried, and which seemed to offer a certain amount of leisure for other reading, in short, I took up law. With considerable boredom I existed at college for three years, passed my examinations with mediocre honors, and thru the influence of one of the professors, began to imagine half seriously that I might one day write a book. I left college in 1914, just before the outbreak of the World War, hoping to have a pleasant social life such as most young women enjoy. The War immediately put an end to these hopes. In the summer of 1915, tired with inactivity, I wrote a draft of *Martin Schuler*. A famous critic saw it by chance and suggested that I should make a novel of it. In three weeks I wrote the first half of *Martin Schuler*, my first novel. Some time during the following year I tore it up and threw it in the wastepaper basket. In my absence a friend fished it out and painstakingly stuck it together. Not until 1917 could I tolerate the sight of it, when in another three weeks I finished it and shortly after had it accepted by a publisher. In the meantime, I had taken to war work. I sold potatoes for the Board of Agriculture to small holders and at intervals wrote *If All These Young Men*, a book which

no American and very few Englishmen have understood.

Immediately after finishing *If All These Young Men*, I wrote a play called *The Social Climbers*. This was followed almost at once by *The Death of Society*. I began to write *The Death of Society* in a fourteenth century house in Essex, famous now as Paycock's, which has been given to the nation by Noel Buxton. I remember that I sat scribbling at the first draft in a room which had still some of the old frescoes contemporaneous with the house. This novel, begun in so romantic a place, gained me the Hawthornden Prize in 1921.

Shortly after the War, when exactly I cannot remember, I spent three weeks in Paris, and the result of these three weeks was ultimately *The Grand Tour of Alphonse Marichaud*. Alphonse Marichaud, by the way, was a *nom de guerre* I had used myself in the very early days when writing rubbish for a type-written private magazine. *The Grand Tour* was not published until after *The Death of Society*. It came out in 1923.

One day when I was in Italy correcting the proofs for *The Grand Tour*, I had occasion to need the name and address of a certain American publisher. There was only one American available in the hotel. His name was Edward J. O'Brien. I asked him if he could kindly supply my needs. This was the beginning of my acquaintance with the man whom I shortly afterward married.

Our affection for Portofino, where we had met, was so great, our memories returned there to live almost directly of that "enchanted April" such, that we after our honeymoon, and only left it for Rapallo because there were no houses to let there.

For three years after finishing *The Grand Tour*, I wrote nothing, for no sooner was our son born than a series of severe illnesses inflicted themselves on us. It was not until 1926 that *Dragon's Blood* was published, and almost immediately afterwards I wrote *Latterday Symphony* and *Greenfore*. No circumstances of particular interest attended the writing of any of these three.

When I was suddenly commissioned to write the life of Emily Brontë in the spring of 1927, all my latent memories



ROMER WILSON

of the old times came back, and tho I feel that whatever force is in my writings comes out of the old days, it is only in this last book that I have directly drawn upon what will always be to me a complete life in a country which is no more, and that finished when I went to school.

I am now [1928] definitely settled at Locarno in Switzerland, one of the most Italian towns in the world. Here there is a great deal of life and thought. Emil Ludwig lives about three miles down the lake. All the time the best writers in Germany visit here. Other influences besides the German are also strong.

I feel myself that the nine books which I have hitherto written are a preparation and a learning for what I hope to do in the future. I cannot, and never shall be able to write what I think people want. I cannot write for the public. I suppose one reason is that when I sit down to write I lose the sense of my whereabouts and live in one of my characters, actually in the rooms and scenes they traverse, so that you will see that I could not possibly turn round and say to Smith, for instance, "Smith, you can't behave that way, my dear man, the public would not like it!"

It may surprise you, but it will also bear out my point, when I tell you the rapidity with which I write. I wrote

Martin Schüller in six weeks of actual writing; *The Death of Society* twice in seven weeks; *Greenlow* in about five weeks. People may think that this means that I scamp and hurry, but I always rewrite my books twice, word by word, from the beginning, and I have known myself to write a chapter seventeen times.

* * *

Miss Wilson's appearance has been described by Robert Nichols, who says: "Her face, of singular beauty and rendered so vivid by the light behind it as to eclipse all others present, bore an extraordinary resemblance to that of Keats. The upper lip jutted forward in the same eager, sensitive manner, the nose had the same fine line in profile, the nostrils seemed like his to breathe another air than ours and with a greater gusto, the brow was as pure, the chin as delicate, and the great eyes had the same dark fervor, brilliance, and depth. Romer Wilson's hair, however, was dark, not chestnut; she had some inches more stature than Keats and her slenderness made her appear tall. She talked wonderfully. Her speech was without drawing room prettiness or studio conceits. It was elliptical, gnomic, the flight of a winged horse."

Her work received little recognition while she lived, altho her first novel, which was the story of a German musical genius, created a mild flurry appearing as it did during the World War. The *London Mercury* remarked upon her "extraordinary power of visualization which made her able to describe, in the most vivid and compelling manner, the landscapes of countries which she had never seen. . . ."

During the last two years of her life Miss Wilson was working on two novels in Continental setting which she intended to call *Once in May* and *Polonaise*.

She died at the age of thirty-eight on January 11, 1930, in Lausanne, Switzerland, after a lingering illness. She was survived by her husband, who is the editor of the annual *Best Short Stories*, and one son. O'Brien has announced that he proposes to publish a memoir of his wife and to issue a selection of her letters.

Romer Wilson's works:

NOVELS: *Martin Schüller*, 1918; *If All These Young Men*, 1919; *The Death of Society*, 1921; *The Grand Tour of Alphonse Marichaud*, 1923; *Dragon's Blood*, 1926; *Latter-day Symphony*, 1927; *Greenlow*, 1927.

MISCELLANEOUS: *The Social Climbers* (play) 1927; *All Alone* (life of Emily Brontë) 1928; *The Hill of Cloves*, 1929.

EDITOR: *Green Magic*, 1928; *Silver Magic*, 1929; *Red Magic*, 1930.

About Romer Wilson:

Wilson, R. *The Death of Society* (see introduction by Hugh Walpole to 1928 edition) and *Martin Schüller* (see introduction by May Sinclair to 1928 edition).

Living Age 339:512 January 1931; *London Mercury* 21:292 February 1930; *London Mercury* 22:343 August 1930.

J. Keith Winter 1906-

Autobiographical sketch of John Keith Winter, English novelist:

I WAS born on October 22, 1906, in a little village called Aber on the North Wales coast. My father was professor of agriculture at the neighboring University of Bangor and ran the university model farm at Aber. My early life was spent working and playing on the farm. At the age of nine I took an active part in the milking, harvesting, threshing and various other branches of farm life. My favorite occupations were riding—horses, cows and pigs—and killing hens.

When I was twelve I was sent to a public school, in Berkhamsted. Here I spent one abysmally wretched year, followed by four very happy years. My first year was chiefly occupied in planning various methods of committing suicide. On one occasion I tried to hang myself with an old pair of braces but the partial success of the experiment was extremely painful and cured me of any further attempts in this direction. By the beginning of my second year I had more or less rid myself of an excessive inferiority complex and the rest of my school days are certainly amongst the happiest of my life. I represented my school in Rugby football and my house in Running and Gym. I was probably the worst cricketer in the school and my detestation of that dreary game remains with me to this day.

When I left school, apart from a vague inclination for acrobatic dancing, my plans for the future were vague and consequently I soon found myself installed in a travel agency in London. In the six gloomy months that followed I found time to write a little book of short stories which was subsequently published at my own expense. As far as I know no copy penetrated beyond the family circle and so the title of this early masterpiece and its shaming contents can be numbered amongst the dark secrets that will accompany me to the grave.

At the end of six months' well-meaning incompetence in the travel agency I anticipated my employers by giving notice, and became an assistant master in a preparatory school. In this profession I spent two and a half very happy years. One headmaster told me that I was the best assistant he had ever had, and another that I had committed every offence that it was possible for a schoolmaster to commit. It was all very confusing.

In 1927 I went to Oxford and read history but not very much. Oxford, in my opinion is the most demoralizing place in the world and the worst possible place (for the business) to prepare for the business of living. I spent three years there doing nothing and I must



J. KEITH WINTER

admit they passed very quickly and pleasantly. In my last term when I should have been assimilating the finer points of political economy I published *Other Man's Saucer*. What reviewers were pleased to call the "outspokenness" of that book brought my scholastic career to an abrupt termination. From that day no headmaster would even consider me as a possible candidate for his staff. A broken knee acquired while playing rugger had finally dispelled my dreams of acrobatic dancing, and so I had no other choice but to take up writing as a profession.

In February 1932 I published *The Rats of Norway*. In April 1933 my dramatized version of the novel was produced at the Playhouse Theatre, London, with Miss Gladys Cooper in the chief part. A one act play called *The Whip Hand* has been produced by the Liverpool Repertory Company, and I have a new play entitled *Ringmaster* ready for the autumn. At the moment [summer 1933] I am at work on a new novel.

J. Keith Winter's works:

Other Man's Saucer, 1930; *The Rats of Norway*, 1932.

Percival C. Wren

PERCEIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN, English novelist, was born in Devonshire, England, in Burroughs Court, the house which has been celebrated in fiction by Charles Kingsley as the birthplace of Amyas Leigh in *Westward Ho!* He is a direct descendant of a brother of Sir Christopher Wren the famous seventeenth century English architect, one Matthew Wren, who fell in the Great Civil War between Charles I and Parliament.

Wren was educated at Oxford, where he was amateur heavyweight boxing champion, besides playing cricket, football, and golf for his college.

After leaving Oxford he traveled extensively in all five continents, engaging in the various occupations of sailor, navy, tramp, schoolmaster, journalist, farm laborer, explorer, hunter, and slum-dwelling costermonger. He served as a trooper in a crack British cavalry corps and also as a legionary in the French

Foreign Legion in northern Africa, the latter giving him the material for his best known works. He met Jack London in the South Seas and Theodore Roosevelt in Africa.

For ten years Wren resided in India as assistant director of education and physical culture to the Bombay government. He held the fencing title of Western India and was a member of the Indian Army Reserve Officers. Out of his experiences in India grew the beginnings of authorship.

He began his literary career in 1912 with the publication of *Dew and Mildew*, a book of "essentially true" stories of Indian life, customs, manners, and morals. Several of the stories dealt with educational matters in which he was especially interested and others touched upon the relations between the natives and their British rulers. In quick succession followed three further Indian books: *Father Gregory*, *Snake and Sword*, and *Driftwood Spars*.

During the World War Wren fought in East Africa as captain in the Indian army until invalided home in 1917 with the rank of major. Meanwhile, in 1916, he began his famous series of Foreign Legion stories with the novel *The Wages of Virtue*, and followed it with the short stories *Stepsons of France* in 1917. After a hiatus of seven years came *Beau Geste*, a novel in which a priceless gem disappears from a noblewoman's household while her young guests are examining it, and Beau Geste, the favorite nephew, takes the blame upon himself and leaves.

Reviewers called the story fantastically incredible, but admitted that it made exciting reading. Isabel Paterson said: "The behavior of the three Gestes from first to last was nobly idiotic. But the author's knowledge of the North African terrain, its inhabitants and customs, is extensive and colorful and bears the stamp of accuracy. So the Gestes may pass as excuses." The book was sensationally popular and subsequently was staged and screened.

During the next nine years Wren produced no less than eight more books about the Foreign Legion, but none of them approached the success of *Beau Geste*, *Beau Sabreur* and *Beau Ideal*



PERCIVAL C. WREN

were followed by *Good Gestes* in 1929, short stories setting forth the earlier exploits of Beau Geste and his brothers in the Legion. The philosophy of the Geste family was that courageous actions are better than words. After the publication of *Beau Sabreur* in 1926 Wren went to Morocco, where he says, "I tried to tempt the original of my hero, Major Henri de Beaujolais in *Beau Geste* and *Beau Sabreur*, to enroll me in his secret service." Ill health, however, forced the author to abandon his idea and return to England. *Soldiers of Misfortune* appeared in 1929 and its sequel *Valiant Dust* came out two years later. In 1931 Wren rewrote and edited the memoirs of Mary Ambree, an English woman who served in the Foreign Legion during the Riff campaign. The title of the book was *Sowing Glory*. In 1933 he brought out two collections of tales of the Foreign Legion. *Flawed Blades* and *Tales of the Foreign Legion*.

Wren plans future books about the sea, adventures in Mexico, Egypt, and South America. His works disregard all laws of the novel, but they are redolent of the man who has been everywhere and lived thru everything. He continues to travel widely.

"Major Wren is tall, soldierly, handsome, with blue-gray eyes and a pleasing voice," writes Louis J. McQuilland. "In

manner he is incisive, but always courteous. He has a fine sense of humor and is witty and quick at repartee. He inspires considerable devotion among his friends.

"He is a great reader. Of the Victorian writers he prefers Thackeray and Stevenson. *The Wrecker* is one of his favorite books. Among the moderns he prefers Conrad, Wells, and Galsworthy. He smokes both a pipe and cigars. He has a collection of pipes which starts with the first one he ever smoked and includes quite a number bought at Oxford during his undergraduate days." He has a great admiration for anything American, is a member of the East India United Service Club, has a military moustache, and wears a monocle.

Percival Christopher Wren's works:

Dew and Mildew, 1912; Father Gregory, 1913; Snake and Sword, 1914; Driftwood Spars, 1915; The Wages of Virtue, 1916; The Young Stagers, 1917; Stepsons of France, 1917; Beau Geste, 1924; Beau Sabreur, 1926; Beau Ideal, 1928; Good Gestes, 1929; Soldiers of Misfortune, 1929; The Mammon of Righteousness, 1930; Mysterious Way, 1930; Sowing Glory, 1931; Valiant Dust, 1932; Flawed Blades, 1933; Action and Passion, 1933; Tales of the Foreign Legion (in collaboration) 1933.

About Percival Christopher Wren:

Bookman (London) 77:62 October 1929;
Mentor 14:50 November 1926.

Elinor Wylie 1885-1928

ELINOR HOYT WYLIE, American poet and novelist, was born at Somerville, New Jersey, September 3, 1885, the daughter of Henry Hoyt and Anne McMichael Hoyt. Her father was Solicitor-General in Theodore Roosevelt's administration.

With her sister Constance (later the Baroness von Stumm) and her brother Henry (an American painter of note, now deceased) for intimate companions she spent her early childhood in Washington, D. C. The younger children were Nancy Hoyt (now a well-known novelist) and a younger brother, Morton.

Elinor Wylie started writing poetry as a very young girl. When she was eight or nine years old at Miss Baldwin's School in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, her teachers called her "the infant Keats." She read all the classics, and

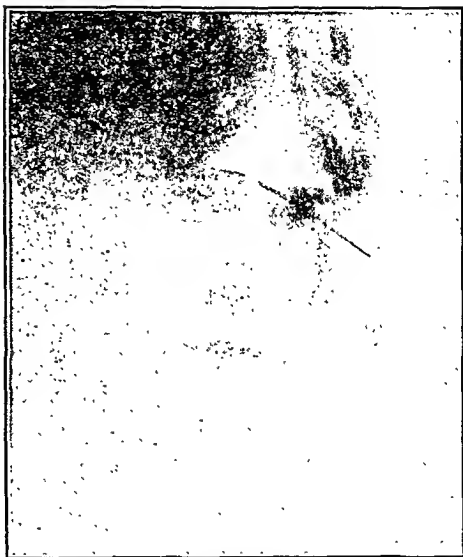
often dreamed in her sleep of being a poet. After completing her education at Holton Arms School in Washington, she led the social life of a débutante, going frequently to balls in Philadelphia, her mother's former home.

At the age of twenty she married Philip S. Hichborn, son of Rear Admiral Hichborn. They had one son, Philip. More than four years later, when Hichborn died, she married Horace Wylie. A group of poems (not included in her collected work) was issued in 1912 in her twenty-seventh year, being privately printed in London by her mother.

In 1920, when she was thirty-four, Mrs. Wylie went to New York, and began her literary career. Later she divorced her second husband. Four of her poems appeared in *Poetry* in 1921; in the same year appeared her first real volume, *Nets to Catch the Wind*. It was awarded the Julia Ellsworth Ford prize by the Poetry Society of America for the best verse of the year.

After she met William Rose Benét, poet, critic, and novelist, Mrs. Wylie flung herself energetically into literature. They were married on October 3, 1923. About that time she began to write novels, which she liked as well as poetry because "you can create an atmosphere—another world in which to live." Her first novel, *Jennifer Lorn*, "a sedate extravaganza," related in the manner of the eighteenth century the fantastic adventures of a young English aristocrat and his lovely bride in the India of Warren Hastings. She wrote four novels in succession, doing an enormous amount of research for each one (they were all historical). She pored over histories and books of travel, taking out facts and weaving them into a brilliant fabric. Her worktable was always piled high with books borrowed from the public library. For the writing of *The Orphan Angel*, an imaginative romance in which Shelley is not drowned but survives shipwreck and visits America, she assembled and mastered a whole library. She loved "learning" in the ancient sense with something of the ardor of a child confronting a cupboard of new toys.

Mrs. Wylie wrote slowly but with precision, setting her prose down sentence by sentence on the typewriter with un-



ELINOR WYLIE

usually few emendations. Five, sometimes eight hours a day, she worked. "And I am satisfied," she said, "if I write three or five pages in that time." Her poetry was composed in her head, then penciled out quickly and without erasure.

With her husband, Mr. Benét, Mrs. Wylie lived somewhat withdrawn from the noise of the New York literary world in the rear of a large second-floor apartment in one of the older houses in West Ninth Street. She worked every afternoon, surrounded by a small private library bespeaking scholarship and eclecticism. Many beautifully bound old books, rare editions, and a fine collection of Shelleyana were included in it. She was fond of blue Wedgwood jardinières and eighteenth century bird prints.

In her less serious moments, Mrs. Wylie composed light verse for the amusement of her friends, and she contributed occasionally to the columns of Christopher Morley and F. P. A. Adept at self-analysis, she did a portrait of herself in verse for the *New Yorker*, which was reprinted after her death as a tribute. She wrote a few short stories for popular magazines, but found them a great ordeal.

For the summer Mrs. Wylie preferred England. She usually sailed sometime

in April and returned to America in the autumn. Rebecca West said she was at her best there, "at once gayer and calmer." She wrote sometimes in a small house in London, sometimes in a cottage in a rural village. In London she always visited Half Moon Street where Shelley once lived (he was her great literary passion). On a trip to Rome, she visited all of Shelley's haunts there and paid twenty-four hundred dollars for two of his letters.

Fastidious about her personal appearance, Mrs. Wylie wore fine Paris frocks (often of silver cloth), always had her hair neatly bobbed and waved, and kept her nails perfectly manicured. She wore jewelry of silver and crystal. Slim, fragile, and erect, she walked with a firm, elastic tread. She was noted for her striking beauty; her face was rounded, her lips were finely curved. William Rose Benét wrote that "all her friends knew Elinor's lively, witty side, her childlikeness, her headlong sympathies, the impulsive traits that endeared. Erudite and the paragon of artistic integrity, she could flash into a mood of clever nonsense at any moment. . . Her bronze hair seemed to have wings, and her head on its beautiful throat to bear the face of one flying. Often tense with actual physical pain, her lineaments in laughter had both the surprised innocence and the mischief of a child. She loved old Scotch and Irish ballads and songs, and sang them in a high-pitched wistful way that I shall never forget."

Mrs. Wylie was generous to a fault and always took the side of the underdog. She never liked to hurt people's feelings, tho she herself was frequently and deeply hurt. She was fond of careful phrasing, epigrams, and dainty compliments. She had a strange gift of prophecy about herself and others, and was known to predict the actions of a casual acquaintance years before they took place. She had no facility for dealing with every day happenings. "On the most ordinary actions," says Mary Colum, "she sometimes wasted an amount of energy and emotion that would have constructed an epic. She would worry over the implications of some commonplace action or remark of another with

a puzzled intensity that no explanation from those near her could relieve."

Mrs. Wylie suffered from high blood pressure, and was warned about 1927 by doctors that if she wished to escape a paralytic stroke she must diet, be careful not to overtax herself. But she paid little attention to the warnings, and continued to work industriously, meanwhile attending a great many social gatherings and managing somehow to keep up on current fiction and poetry. She returned to the writing of poetry and published, early in 1928, *Trivial Breath*, a book of verse. In England that summer she wrote more prolifically than ever before, producing a sonnet sequence of forty poems despite a serious fall down a flight of stairs. The moment the poems were completed she was so impatient to see them in print that she took them to the village printer and had him get them out in a little pamphlet.

In December 1928 Mrs. Wylie returned to New York. "My migraine, her face . . . but she was planning more and more work. "Poetry is the best thing of all; I shall write no more prose," she told Mary Colum. "Work is the best thing of all. Who said, Art is long, Life is short?" On December 15 she visited her publisher and discussed the forthcoming publication of *Angels and Earthly Creatures* (whose title comes from John Donne). The following evening, December 16, 1928, she died of a sudden stroke of paralysis, while sitting in a chair. She was forty-three. Her last work was published posthumously and her poems were collected in 1932 by William Rose Benét. Her *Collected Prose* (comprising her novels and a section of "fugitive prose" edited by William Rose Benét) was published in November 1933.

Elinor Wylie's works:

POETRY: *Nets to Catch the Wind*, 1921; *Black Armour*, 1923; *Trivial Breath*, 1928; *Angels and Earthly Creatures*, 1929; *Birthday Sonnet*, 1929; *Collected Poems*, 1932.

PROSE: Jennifer Lorn, 1923; *The Venetian Glass Nephew*, 1925; *The Orphan Angel*, 1926; *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard*, 1928; *Collected Prose*, 1933.

About Elinor Wylie:

Clark, E. *Innocence Abroad*; Jordan, L. (editor) *Elinor Wylie*; Monroe, H. *Poets*

and *Their Art*; Overton, G. *The Women Who Make Our Novels*; Piercy, J. (editor) *Modern Writers at Work*; Sergeant, E. *Fire Under the Andes*; Wylie, E. *Collected Poems* (see preface by William Rose Benét) and *Collected Prose* (see separate prefaces).

New Republic 57:316 February 6, 1929;
Saturday Review of Literature 8:741 May 21, 1932.

Israel Zangwill 1864-1926

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, English playwright and novelist, was born in London on February 14, 1864. His father, Moses Zangwill, had escaped in 1848 from Russia where he was under a death sentence for a military offence. Louis Zangwill, author, is his brother.

His early childhood was spent in Plymouth and at Bristol, where he received his first schooling. When he was nine years old his parents returned to London, settling in Spitalfields. He attended the Jews' Free School in East London and became a teacher there at the age of fourteen, largely educating himself thereafter. Taking the teacher's privilege, he attended classes in London University and eventually received a B.A. degree with triple honors.

Zangwill's first appearance in print was with a prize story in a weekly paper called *Society*, later deceased. His first book was *The Premier and the Painter*, a farcical political romance written when he was twenty-four in collaboration with Louis Cowen. Resigning his teaching position, he entered journalism and founded and edited *Ariel*, a semi-comic journal. He won a considerable reputation as humorist, had his paragraphs, storyettes and jokes widely quoted, and was included in a volume, *Humorists of To-Day*, by J. H. Hammerton. He demonstrated his wit by calling Izaak Walton "The Judicious Hooker." Continuing to write books, he published a group of facetious novels, *The Bachelor's Club*, *The Old Maid's Club*, and *The Big Bow Mystery*, a burlesque of the popular detective story. His first play, a comedy called *Six Persons*, was refused by all the London managers.

A serious novel, *Children of the Ghetto*, giving an intimate picture of Jewish life in London, established Zangwill as the interpreter of his race, the

rôle for which he is mainly notable. In the same vein he later wrote *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, *Ghetto Tragedies*, and *Ghetto Comedies*.

To Jerome K. Jerome's two magazines, *The Idler* and *To-Day*, Zangwill contributed short stories and articles. In the latter his novel of a young painter, *The Master*, appeared serially before it was published in 1896. His journalistic writings were collected in *Without Prejudice*.

Children of the Ghetto was dramatized in 1899 and produced in New York; it has since been played extensively in Yiddish and English. *Merely Mary Ann*, a tale of a quaint little lodging-house slavey which appeared first in 1893, was dramatized in 1903.

Zangwill was married in 1903 to Edith Ayrton, daughter of Professor William Edward Ayrton, F.R.S., herself a novelist. They had two sons and one daughter. After his marriage Zangwill made his home at Far End, East Preston, in Sussex, and made infrequent visits to London, where he had chambers in Hare Court Temple.

The plays of Zangwill were vehicles for sociological ideas, and excited controversy. His most famous play, *The Melting Pot*, is a drama of race-fusion in America, "God's crucible, where all the races of Europe are melting and reforming." Produced in America in 1908, *The Melting Pot* was praised for its "fiery enthusiasm" and condemned for its "propaganda." It was dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt. Among the tragicomedies that followed were *The War God*, an appeal for international goodwill and a scathing indictment of the crime and folly of war; *The Next Religion*, which was forbidden public presentation by the British censor; and *The Cockpit*, a play of the restoration of a queen. Most of his sixteen plays were published in book form.

He broke a novel-writing silence of nineteen years with *Jinny the Carrier*, the story of mid-Victorian life and character in rural Essex, which was twice the length of an average novel. It was originally a drama. "I know what the merits of my writings are," said Zang-



ISRAEL ZANGWILL

Keystone

will, "better than an editor or publisher, and I don't scruple to dilate on them."

Zangwill always championed unpopular causes. He supported woman suffrage when it had a slim minority, and during the World War he was called pro-German because he pointed out the "humor" of the Entente. "I refused to take our new-found love for France very seriously. It is ridiculous to speak of friendship between nations when the next shuffle of cards is sure to find us on the opposite side. Diplomats, like professional dancers, are accustomed to changing partners." He expressed his dislike for politicians and journalists when he said, "I sometimes feel that the chief object of education is to prepare children for the sort of journalism they must face when they grow up. If the press, with few exceptions, had not aided the politicians, it would not have been possible to engulf the whole world in a whirlpool of hatred and falsehood." He called the League of Nations the "League of Damnnations" because it "damned small nations to servitude, great nations to hypocrisy."

It was said that Zangwill could be as devastating with his tongue as with his pen. He lectured in Great Britain, Ireland, Jerusalem, Holland, and the United States. He created a furore in New

York in 1923 when he delivered an address in Carnegie Hall called "Watchman, What of the Night?" asserting that Zionism was dead. He had long been an ardent Zionist and was the first man to whom Dr. Herzl, the founder of Zionism, had brought his project. Many prominent Jews took him to task for his remarks. He left America in further disfavor after criticizing the nation's "restricted immigration policy" and the Jewish life in New York for its "lack of poetry," and expressing regret that America had entered the World War. "If America had not gone into the War," he said, "a draw would have resulted and militarism would have been killed instead of reviving it in other countries." Of the newspaper critics whose opposition he had aroused, he said, "They have destroyed my market in America." He never regained his place in the American literary world, altho his final play, *We Moderns*, was produced in New York in 1924.

His friends remarked that Zangwill was never a young man. "His profile," said Hamlin Garland, "was as ugly as Savonarola's—old, immensely, sorrowfully old!" On the other hand, he prided himself on possessing the elasticity of youth all his life, and he was an energetic worker. "His cushion of thick, black, curly hair," says Garland in describing him, "was topped by a minute rag of a hat which fantastically exposed his large and very plain face. . . his ugliness was relieved by pleasant brown eyes, and by an expression of kindness and alert good humor. He walked with irregular and uncertain action. . . but as he stumbled along he kept up a stream of self-derisive and witty comment which compensated for his physical awkwardness." He was uncouth in dress.

At one time or another Zangwill served as president of the Jewish Territorial Organization for the Settlement of Jews within the British Empire, the Jewish Historical Society of England, the Jewish Drama League, and the Playgoer's Club, and vice president of the League of World Friendship. He was a member of the World's Court League and the Dramatist Club.

Zangwill died at the age of sixty-two on August 1, 1926, in a nursing home

at Midhurst in Sussex, after suffering a nervous breakdown one week before. His body was cremated in London on August 5 and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue, New York, delivered an address at the funeral service. His ashes were interred in the Cemetery of the Liberal Jewish Church. A memorial radio program was broadcast in America on September 16, presided over by Dr. Isaac Landman, editor of the *American Hebrew*, the publication which had given Zangwill his first hearing in America. Several thousand persons attended a memorial meeting in Carnegie Hall on September 26, which was addressed by Louis Marshall, Nathan Straus, Rabbi Wise, and others.

Israel Zangwill's works:

PLAYS: *Six Persons*, 1892; *Children of the Ghetto*, 1899; *The Moment Before*, 1900; *The Revolted Daughter*, 1901; *Merely Mary Ann*, 1903; *The Serio-Comic Governess*, 1904; *Jinny the Carrier*, 1905; *Nurse Marjorie*, 1906; *The Melting Pot*, 1908; *The War God*, 1911; *The Next Religion*, 1912; *Plaster Saints*, 1914;

Too Much Money, 1918; *The Cockpit*, 1921; *The Forcing House*, 1922; *We Moderns*, 1923.

NOVELS: *The Premier and the Painter*, 1888; *The Bachelor's Club*, 1891; *The Big Bow Mystery*, 1892; *The Old Maids' Club*, 1892; *Children of the Ghetto*, 1892; *Merely Mary Ann*, 1893; *The Master*, 1895; *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, 1898; *The Mantle of Elijah*, 1900; *Jinny the Carrier*, 1919.

SHORT STORIES: *Ghetto Tragedies*, 1893; *The King of Schnorrers*, 1894; *They That Walk in Darkness*, 1899; *The Grey Wig*, 1903; *Ghetto Comedies*, 1907.

POEMS: *Blind Children*, 1903; *Ibn Gabirol's Poems* (translated from the Hebrew) 1923.

MISCELLANEOUS: *Without Prejudice*, 1896; *Italian Fantasies*, 1910; *The War for the World*, 1916; *The Principle of Nationalities*, 1917; *Chosen Peoples*, 1918; *The Voice of Jerusalem*, 1920; *Watchman, What of the Night?* 1923.

About Israel Zangwill:

Adcock, A. St. J. *Gods of Modern Grub Street*; Drinkwater, J. *The Outline of Literature*; Hind, C. L. *More Authors and I*; Viereck, G. S. *Glimpses of the Great*; Williams, H. *Modern English Writers*.

Contemporary Review 130:316 September 1926; *Fortnightly Review* 127:519 April 1927; *Quarterly Review* 247:255 October 1926.